



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Naupin.

Men

It is easy to plan and easy to scheme
When the toil of the day is done.
It is easy to think and easy to dream
Of the glories yet to be won.

But the man who wins is the man
who digs
Away at his daily stunt,
And takes each task as it comes to
hand,
Keeps working away to beat the
band,
The while with a smiling front.

It is easy to dream of heroic deeds
And long for a chance to do
Some wondrous task that the nation
needs
And get in the public view.
But the man who's cast in humble
place
And sees that each duty's done,
Is the man who stands for the nation's
best
And for its strength leads all the
rest
In the victories it has won.

It is easy to gaze with a dreamy eye
On glories we long to win,
On the battlefield, 'neath the flame-
swept sky,
In the midst of the battle's din.
But we're needing more men in the
present age
Who'll bid all the war dins cease;
Who will stand forth steady and
staunch and true,
And day after day a strong man's
work do
In the world-wide marts of peace.

Mr. Bullhead

Yes, I've caught many a trout.
I've felt the thrill of many a strike
from the militant black bass. I've
fought a muskie for what seemed
hours, landed many a red snapper,
battled with many a fierce pike and
dallied with bluefish, cod, mackerel
and the like. I've fished from the
Canadian lakes on the north to the
blue waters of the gulf; from the
Atlantic to the Pacific. In short I
have felt about all the thrills of the
ardent fisherman save those that
have come to men who have battled
with the tuna, the tarpon and the
sea bass. Some day I hope to add
them to my score.

But, just the same, and with due
deference to all the "game fish,"
I want to pay my humble tribute
to the common or garden variety of
bullhead. You don't have to go far
to find him. His kind seems never
to grow scarcer. There is always
one more of him left in lake, pond
or creek. If you can not find the
bait you want, Mr. Bullhead will
take any old kind you have to offer,
so he's a handy fish to have around.
He is a philosopher after a fashion,
for he will fit into your moods. If
you are longing for fierce bites and
a quickly disappearing cork—some-
thing to make your blood circulate
faster, Mr. Bullhead is most accom-
modating. If you are just lazying
away an afternoon, Mr. Bullhead fits
right in, lazily nibbles, leisurely
drags your cork along until you can
awaken from your day dreams, then
hikes just enough to make you jump.
He knows you don't care to fish dur-
ing the hot hours of day, and that
after the first hour or two of early
morning you'd rather lay under the
shade and watch smoke wreaths. So
he goes to sleep with you, coming
out in the evening. He's a practical
joker, too. He loves to fool around
your bait without biting until your

watch tells you it is time to be hik-
ing for home if you expect to get
there before it is pitch dark, then
he begins in a manner that makes
you think the great-grandfather of
all bullheads is there with his family.
You leave feeling sure that if you
could have remained another hour
or two you could have caught a
beautiful string.

Mr. Bullhead is not so much for
looks, and he doesn't kick up much
of a bobbery on being caught, but
he's dependable. He's always ready
to do his part towards making it
bearable for us fellows who can not
always get away to the northern
lakes or the mountain streams, and
have to take ours in bobbing for
bullheads in the creek. Besides, he
isn't so worse when properly skinned
and friend in corn meal. There may
be better fish to eat, but, again,
there are lots worse. He's got the
carp and the buffalo and the shad
beat so far you can't see the distance
flag behind him. We're strong for
Mr. Bullhead. He has given us many
a pleasant hour, and eased many a
glorious appetite. We are for him
so strong that if somebody will move
to make Mr. Bullhead the emblem of
this great and glorious republic, in-
stead of the cowardly, cruel, useless
eagle, we will vociferously second
the motion.

Those Iconoclasts

It has been shown that Washing-
ton was not the real author of his
farewell address, nor Monroe of his
doctrine, nor Sherman of his law.
Presently we shall find out that
Bright never had his disease, nor
Mason and Dixon a line on anything.
And perhaps St. Vitus never danced.
—New York Evening Mail.

And maybe Missouri never com-
promised anything. The first thing
we know they'll prove that Ghent
never treated anybody, that Dover
never made any powder, that Dar-
win never monkeyed with our an-
cestry, that William Tell was a deaf
mute, that Reubens was a farmer
and not a painter, that the dogs of
war are daschunds instead of blood-
hounds, that the Ramsey button is
really a safety pin, and that Moses
really plagiarized Roosevelt when he
came down out of the mountain with
those tables of stone. Those icono-
clasts are likely to do most anything.

Explained

"Look here," growled the irate
manager; "you were late Monday
and Tuesday, and when I called you
down you promised not to offend
again. Here it is only Thursday
and you are later than ever!"

"I was on time yesterday morn-
ing, wasn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, I meant I wouldn't be late
again, consecutively."

And before the irate boss could
catch his breath the young man was
too deeply immersed in his daily
routine to be disturbed.

The Reason

"Gee, the boss must have been out
late last night. I never saw him
with such a frown on."

"Nix on the out late stuff, bo,"
remarked the wise office boy. "De
main gazabo o' dese woiks ain't
workin' off no up-late-o'-nights peeve
on us."

"Well, what's your explanation?"

"I saw him when Hannagan

struck out in de last half o' de nint'
yesterday wit' two out, de bases full,
an' two runs needed t' tie an' t'ree t'
win. It's me f'r de cyclone cellar
w'en dat happens."

Infinitesimal

A little man puffed up with pride,
Said: "I'll defy the elements;
I'll triumph o'er the ocean wide,
And I'll defy the wind and tide
With my own handwork immense.
So saying he went forth elate
To match his strength 'gainst na-
ture's laws;
Unconscious of his puny weight
In contest with relentless fate,
And found himself outclassed be-
cause
Man's but an atom, and, of course,
Goes down before Old Nature's
force.

Mistaken

"The man who said that old Bil-
kins was a pussyfooted politician is
a prevaricator," remarked Mr. Spiff-
kins as he limped painfully to his
stool in the business office.

"He's got that reputation, any-
how," said Willikers.

"Well, he got it under false pre-
tense."
"What makes you think so?"
"I asked his permission to pay
court to his daughter last night, and
I know for sure he's no pussyfoot,"
sighed young Mr. Spiffkins.

Honestly, Now

Did you ever have her little
brother hide under the sofa?
Did you ever experience any very
great trouble in getting the stove-
pipe in place?

Did you ever regret seeing your
wife's mother come?

Did you ever object to the price
your wife paid for her new bonnet?
Don't you wish that there were
more ways of cooking prunes and
fewer ways of making alleged jokes
on that fruit?

We'd Rather

Travel thirty miles an hour and
get there simultaneously than to
travel seventy miles an hour and
arrive in installments.

Fly a little lower and land safely
than to fly a mile high and have
our friends pass by and remark,
"Doesn't he look natural?"

Break fewer records than more
bones.
Arrive hungry in time for dinner
than arrive before breakfast with-
out an appetite.

Notice

I have been unavoidably delayed
in filling orders for my book, "Kid-
dies Six," but I hope to catch up be-
fore June 1. Please be patient a
little bit longer. Many have en-
closed dollar bills in their letters.
There isn't one chance in a million
that the currency has gone astray.
So do not be uneasy. Your failure
to get your book is my fault, and
I'll correct it very shortly.

A Life Line

"Dear Father: Please send me
money enough to get home."

Brain Leaks

The sermon that don't hurt is the
sermon that don't hit.
The battlefield is not the only
place that develops heroes.

A lot of precious time is wasted
in praying for things that are
merely wanted.

We have no authenticated record
of a stained glass church window
ever saving a man's soul.

Some day—perhaps—the broken
political promise will mean that the

promiser's business word is at a dis-
count.

A square meal is the best founda-
tion for a sermon calculated to save
a hungry man's soul.

And, of course, if he guessed bad
on his successor he may be mistaken
in his estimate of himself.

It will take more than millions
to compensate for manhood lost
when the supreme test comes.

Summer is approaching, but it will
produce no "closed for the summer
vacation" sign on Satan's workshop.

If these spring days fail to make
you want to grab your rod and
tacklebox it is a sure sign that you
are either growing old or growing
stale.

These may be prosaic days, but
every now and then comes proof un-
mistakable that "greater love hath
no man than this, that he lay down
his life for his friend."

A penny makes as much noise as
a five dollar gold piece when dropped
on the contribution plate, but the
recording angel makes entry by re-
sults, not by sound alone.

We don't know much about it, of
course, but a sportively inclined
friend of ours says that it takes a
shrewd man to play the game both
ways from the middle. Then he
says that a certain gentleman of
political renown seems to be doing
it with considerable success.

As an expert in the art of bobbing
for bullheads we insist that there is
no bait quite equal to the common
or garden variety of fishworm. But
we are not quite so enthusiastic in
our quest of the aforesaid fishworm
as we used to be. It's so much
easier to buy a nickel's worth of
liver.

America's Most Famous Songs

How often have you wished for a
book containing the old, old songs;
for after all, the songs nearest to
our hearts are the ones we knew as
children—and the ones our children
are singing today.

We have just examined a music
folio entitled **America's Most Fa-
mous Songs**; these comprise the
best known songs, including patri-
otic, home, love, southern and folk
songs. Songs like the following:

**Alleluia, Where Art Thou?
Battle Cry of Freedom,
Ben Bolt,
Dixie Land,**

**Gipsy's Warning,
Heart Bowed Down,
Kathleen Mavourneen,
Last Rose of Summer,**

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

and 50 other universal songs of
America with music and piano ac-
companiment, in large clear print
and on good paper.

We have been so favorably im-
pressed with this splendid collec-
tion of songs, and feel so certain
that nine out of every ten readers
of **The American Homestead** will
be anxious to own the book that we
have made arrangements with the
publisher in New York to reserve a
liberal supply for our readers.

Each subscriber to **The American
Homestead** who sends us twenty-
five cents to pay for a year's sub-
scription to the paper, and ten cents
to pay for wrapping and postage
on the book of songs will receive
a copy with our compliments.

This offer will hold good as long
as the present edition of the books
lasts, and requests for the book will
be filled in the order that they reach
this office. We caution everyone to
be prompt in sending for the book.
If your subscription is already paid
in advance, the 25 cents remitted
will still further advance your ex-
piration date for one year.

The American Homestead
Lincoln, Nebraska