



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

The Harvest

List to the music that ripples and trickles
 Out of the fields as the harvest proceeds.
 List to the rythm of swift-moving sickles
 Garnering grain that humanity needs.
 Music for millions—the sweet song of reaping
 Ringing around the wide circle of earth;
 Drying the tears of the hungry ones weeping,
 Filling their being with laughter and mirth.
 Chorus of plenty the sickles are singing,
 Peans of praise for the bountiful grain;
 Louder and sweeter the music is ringing
 Over the valley and mountain and plain.
 E'en to the uttermost parts of creation
 Carries the music of plenty and peace;
 Filling the hearts of all men with elation,
 Bidding the horrors of famine to cease.
 Clicking and clacking! The song of the reaper
 Falls on our ears with a cadence so sweet!
 Heart-touching chords that grow richer and deeper
 Out from the billows of ripening wheat.
 Listen! The nations are catching the measure;
 Heart throbs keep time to the melody clear.
 Chords that the angels in heaven might treasure—
 All when our harvest of plenty is here.

Out in the Open

In Camp, Milford-on-the-Blue, July 16.—A shady nook in a bend of the Blue river, with an ice house within a hundred yards, plenty of vegetables to be had for the gathering, channel catfish biting nicely, a red-cheeked lass bringing rich milk into camp every morning—well, that's the situation of the Architect, the Little Woman and five of the Kiddies Six right now. We've been planning it out for six months, but Dad dodged it as long as he could, because he has done this camping stunt before and knows how much work it entails. But it is a new experience for the kiddies, and that repays all the labor.
 It is really remarkable how many things a fellow just has to have to make life endurable that he can get along all right without when he is camping. And he never murmurs when things happen in camp—things that would cause him to flare up like a flambeau if they happened at home.
 Just out in front of the "big top" where we sleep there is a stretch of sandy slope leading down into the river. The water isn't deep enough to swim a good sized duck, but it is clear and cool. The bottom is sandy and a big elm tree shades the spot. Sitting over here under the tent, a hammering on the typewriter, I can hear the kiddies slashing and shouting. They are in the water before I get up in the morning, and I have to drive 'em out to get 'em to bed.

The Little Woman has a grouch on against somebody. The somebody is the woman who wrote to a household journal and said that the quickest way to shell peas was to pour boiling water over them. According to this writer the hot water would make the pods burst open and let the peas settle to the bottom of the pan. The Little Woman tried it this forenoon. As soon as the peas cooled off she hulled them by hand in the old-fashioned way. The printed directions were no good.

About 5 o'clock yesterday morning I took a 4-pound channel catfish off the throw line. Before any of the rest of 'em were up I dressed the aforesaid fish, sliced a lot of potatoes and filled the coffeepot. Then I fried out six or seven slices of bacon, leaving the grease in the skillet. Rolling the chunks of fish in some cornmeal I fried them to a rich brown, following up by frying the potatoes in the bacon-fish grease. By this time the coffee was ready—strong and aromatic, filling the grove with fragrance. Then I roused the bunch and hustled them down to the river for a wash. After that we fell to.

That's where I made a mistake. The Little Woman insists that getting breakfast is to be my regular stunt during the two weeks we are here.

This afternoon a couple of gentlemen visited camp, and after learning who I am they started to talking politics. After they left I seized the top of a crackerbox and with a bit of charcoal constructed a sign:

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:.....:
: POLITICAL TALK :
: BARRED         :
: IN THIS CAMP   :
:.....:
    
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That sign goes, too. We are out here for a vacation.

This is the third day in camp and we're not yet well settled. Haven't gotten the lumps out of my bed on the ground. But the kiddies know the woods like Indians already, and they've found enough musselshells to fill a wagonbox.

I am not pretending to write an article on camp life. In fact I'm not writing this for any other purpose than to make good on the week's job. But next week I'll try and give our friends a real story about camping out.—W. M. M.

All in the Family

It is an awfully hot day. Mother is running the sewing machine in her bedroom upstairs.

Rena is practicing her lesson on the piano.

Dorothy is practicing her lesson on the violin.

Richard is out on the back porch with hammer and nails, pretending that he is a carpenter.

Margaret is playing under the east window, using a couple of yowling young kittens for playthings.

Charlotte, the baby is trying to get the rest of the cake dough out of a tin dish with an iron spoon.

What's Dad doing?
 Dad is holding a finger in each ear and wondering when he can get a chance to take a nap.

Brain Leaks

The average man's idea of a hard time is to accompany his wife

through a big department store on a shopping trip.

If you think you are old, you are. Some people pray as if they were making a requisition.

A golf stick is merely a university trained shabby club.

Responsibility may be shirked, but it can not be sidestepped.

The man who does his level best need not fear the final judgment.

I'll be mighty glad when my youngest boy is old enough to look things up in the dictionary.

Scarcely a day passes now but what we wonder if the average woman is really as cool as she looks.

Isn't it wonderful how many things you just have to have that you can get along without when you go camping?

We know business men who are so tired after their day's work is over that all they can do is to walk around a billiard table for about three hours.

Some fellows throw away the crust they do not want, then holler their heads off because a whole bakery does not come floating back the next day.

IN THE ROLL OF A BOSS

Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald: William Jennings Bryan is giving the nation another specimen of the tremendous power behind one great political personality.

His domination of the Baltimore convention—regardless of its outcome—has been complete.

With autocratic self-complacency, he has given his party a definite personally conducted program for every situation that has arisen in this historic pow-wow in the heart of Maryland; and, in the mightiness of self-annointed virtue, he has consigned to political perdition all those who might have the timorous independence to disagree or disregard.

He has wielded a one-man power that the imagination could scarcely place in the councils of a great and partially dominant political party among ninety millions of free people.

With relentless and majestic force, he has ridden against any and all to whom his mandates have been unacceptable.

Such is the positively awe-inspiring power of one rampant personality when it is the over-shadowing factor in a given political equation!

The democracy has seemed afraid to cross his will, lest from the crossing, might come some untoward disaster.

Minor bosses—"leaders," they are called, when they are on your own side of the fence—have melted away like snow before the ONE great boss, who, in the name of the people, has austere asked acceptance for his divinity-hedged commands.

He fights the devil with fire—bossism with bossism.

The difference lies in the difference of construction which HE puts on HIS OWN motives.

HE is right, necessarily; others wrong!

When ONE personality thus becomes dominant in a political organization, there is much to command confidence and affection in its kingly premiership—just as there is much to fear.

And it is always a spectacle of surpassing charm—no matter what the party—or whether the scenes be laid at Baltimore or at Chicago.

What we say of William Jennings Bryan is without an iota of disrespect.

He is positively wonderful!

Think of a leader who has thrice led his party to the cliff of victory and then dropped them in the abyss of defeat with a dull and sickening thud! Think of such a leader—after sixteen years of failure—still holding the whip hand in the party

for whom he has never won a skirmish!

The truth is that he is a great, wholesome Christian gentleman—more nearly right today than he has ever been before in his life. His greatness in defeat gives vague suggestion of what that greatness would be in victory.

Without an entry on the credit side of his party's ledger, he has felt the right to demand and command amid the comings and the goings of a thousand free democrats in national convention assembled. No matter what the final outcome (not known as this is written), he has "bossed" Baltimore to near perfection. What; what would have been his power had he possessed the credentials of even ONE victory to back him up!

It's a contemplation well worth thinking on!

When Mutt and Jeff were discussing him the other day, Jeff quoted "William Always Tryan" as follows: "I should like to be nominated at Baltimore. I don't care anything about being elected. But I would like to run. You see I am trying to solve the problem of perpetual motion."

Our view is that he still has wanted an ELECTION—and what a power he would be if he ever WERE elected.

In his assaults upon Tammany, Bryan has earned public commendation from party friend and party foe alike. What were HIS DREAMS, sixteen years ago, are sedate statutes in many instances today. Let none discount his wisdom or his brain.

But after Baltimore—another example of ONE personality dominant in a political crusade—it is not interesting to think of what such a "boss" would be with the power of the White House added to the dynamic forces of his unsupported individuality?

This "one man business" has dangers as well as charms.

MR. CLARK'S MISTAKE

Dallas (Texas) News: Mr. Clark is evidently angered. He thinks that "Bryan's slanders" lost him the nomination, but when his mind recovers whatever equipse it is capable of he will probably conclude that he lost whatever chance he may have had to get the nomination when he faltered and sought to compromise the issue presented by the selection of Judge Parker to be temporary chairman. One can readily understand why he should have regretted the making of that issue; one can even understand why he should have thought it unnecessary to make that issue. But once it was made, one can not understand, on any hypothesis creditable to him, why he did not assume a definite attitude with respect to it. But assuredly he did not do that; on the contrary, he sought to straddle it, to divide the votes he could control between Judge Parker and Mr. Bryan. Thereby he betrayed his characteristics as a politician better than any one had been able to disclose them, and when he betrayed his characteristics he likewise proclaimed his unfitness for the nomination. Apparently the thought has never entered Mr. Clark's head that these are not compromising times; that all the disturbance in both parties is, in the final analysis, a protest against the practice of compromise and barter. No matter what Mr. Clark and the platform might have said, his nomination would have been an essentially reactionary step, for Mr. Clark's mind has not kept pace with the march of events in this country.

President Taft has a new private secretary. Carmel A. Thompson is his name.