



# Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

## Some Awakened Memories

The Architect of this department has just received a letter from an old schoolmate, Henry L. Williams, of Farmer City, Ills. We'd like to publish it, but there are some personal matters therein that prevent. But the letter recalls a lot of boyish escapades that might be of interest. For instance, Henry asks if we remember the "Ancient Order of Centipedes." Well we should smile! The Ancient Order of Centipedes was organized by a half-dozen youngsters like myself, and its lodge room was the loft in father's barn. Its mission was to—well, let that part of it remain buried in the past. One of the things we did was to organize a dramatic company and put on plays of our own devising. Of course Indians and scouts and soldiers played a very prominent part in the cast of characters. We pulled off several entertainments, and so long as we charged ten pins admission we prospered. But one day Henry, who was treasurer and tired of accounting for pins, suggested that we resume specie payments and charge one cent admission. We announced the change, but we had no audience. Disgusted with this reception of our dramatic talents we decided to quit the show business. Perhaps the most diligent tasks we set about as "Centipedes" was to devise ways and means of creating excitement in school. Our teacher those days was a firm believer in "lickin' an' l'arnin'," with the accent on the "lickin'." I'll not give her name for obvious reasons. Being now verging close upon the half-century mark we'll express the hope that she did not fare in after life as we wished than that she would. One day The Architect tied a string to the lid of the inkwell on Sarah Collins' desk, dropped the string down through the hole made by lifting out the glass inkwell and ran it back to his own seat. Sarah sat well up in front and was as full of mischief as any of us. By pulling the string the lid of the inkwell was made to rattle in a most exasperating and mysterious manner. It took the teacher a half a day to locate the trouble—and the trouble-maker. The resultant application of a well seasoned raw-hide resulted in some scars that The Architect can still show. That the teacher believed in doing the "lickin'" job well when she started may be fully understood when you know that she started after Thompsy Price one day, and Thompsy jumped out of the second story window to escape. He showed up next day and took the punishment, but later confided to his brother "Centipedes" that he had thoughtfully donned three pairs of trousers before coming to school. Finally, when things in that room looked mighty bad the teacher decided to quit the rawhide business and appeal to our boyish sense of fair play. She talked to us frankly and freely and we finally agreed that if she would stow the rawhide away under the rostrum we would endeavor to behave better. She agreed. The Architect remembers that he and Thompsy Price and Henry and Bat Stacey and Asa White and Johnnie Garver and two or three others lifted the rostrum, while the teacher with due ceremonies placed the rawhide thereunder. It came out a few weeks later, but not because of any violation of the promises made by members of the "Ancient Order of Centipedes."

The Architect could maunder along to the extent of columns writing down the memories recalled by Henry Williams' letter, but he will refrain. He says his hair is getting a bit thin on top, and that he has four grandchildren. The Architect has got the best of Billy on hair, but admits his superiority in the matter of grandchildren. The one sad part of Billy's letter is his information that Will Pryor, who was The Architect's closest chum and grand panjandrum of the "Ancient Order of Centipedes" is in falling health. Here's hoping Pryor will regain his health, and that before either of us is called hence we may meet again, together with all surviving members of the first secret order The Architect ever belonged to.

## Snap Shots

Diaz didn't have much more trouble about it than ol' Winfield Scott had some seventy years ago.

It seems that both factions of the g. o. p. are anxious to get together. And both are anxious to get in the first blow.

It's a mighty intelligent farmer who knows as much about farming as the average city man thinks he knows.

"Economy," as we understand it, is something that the other party ought to practice when it is in control.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of intervention.

Conservation does not mean holding out of practical use.

It seems that those cash register officials struck the wrong key thus throwing themselves out of balance.

## Shakespeare vs. Bacon

The old Bacon-Shakespeare controversy has broken out again, this time with greater violence than ever. We don't know a thing about it, but if Bacon did write 'em all, and didn't have sense enough to claim authorship while alive, he doesn't deserve any consideration at this late date. Every time we write anything as good as some of Shakespeare's productions we let people know about it. They are not going to get into any row over the authorship of our "stuff" after we are as dead as Frank and Bill.

## Business Prosperity

"I tell you business is booming. I never saw such an active demand for stocks."

"Something doing, eh?"  
"Well I should say so! Yesterday Skinem sold 500,000 shares of Steel Common and bought 750,000 shares of Kerosene Preferred with the money."

"That's good."  
"Sure! And on the same day Graball sold 750,000 shares of Kerosene Preferred and bought 500,000 shares of Steel Common. I tell you business is looking up."

## A MORGAN DEAL IN COAL

"I like a little competition, but I like combination better."—J. P. Morgan before the Pujo committee.  
In the coal trust, for instance. Sixty-three per cent of the supply

of anthracite in Pennsylvania is owned or controlled by the Reading, in connection with which there is a Morgan voting trust. The Jersey Central, which is a large coal-owner, is owned by the Reading.

Included in the 37 per cent outside of the Reading's 63 per cent of all the unmined anthracite coal are the holdings of the New York, Susquehanna and Western, which is owned by the Erie. In connection with the Erie, which also has very large coal deposits of its own, there is a Morgan voting trust.

Eleven years ago Mr. Morgan arranged for the purchase by the Reading, the Erie and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, all three anthracite railroads, of about one-third of the stock of the Lehigh Valley, a large owner of anthracite.

The Reading, the Erie, the Lehigh Valley, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, the Delaware and Hudson and the Pennsylvania, with their subsidiary companies, own or control 87 per cent of the anthracite supply. They all figure in the list of railroads which, according to the statement prepared for the Pujo committee, have directorates interlocking with those of banking or financial corporations in which Mr. Morgan or his partners are interested.

There is no competition, but plenty of the kind of combination that Mr. Morgan prefers, among the anthracite-coal railroads.

The consumer sees the result in his coal bills.—New York World.

## AGUINALDO AS Y. M. C. A. WORKER

"General Emilio Aguinaldo, former leader of the revolt against American rule in the Philippines, has become a Young Men's Christian Association worker," said J. M. Groves, secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Manila. "Up to last year our work was confined entirely to the Europeans and Americans of the islands, but in 1912 we launched a campaign to raise funds for a building for the Filipinos as well.

"In the course of the campaign General Aguinaldo received one of our circular letters and immediately came to Manila to see Theodore R. Yango, a wealthy philanthropist of the island who was backing our endeavors. General Aguinaldo told Mr. Yango that he believed our association would be of the greatest importance to his people and promised not only to subscribe, but to interest his friends as well. General Aguinaldo, by the way, is now a large rice farmer in Cavite province.

"All told we now have about \$155,000 for our Filipino Young Men's Christian Association at Manila. Of this \$55,000 was given by American friends for a building to serve the thousands of Filipino students in government and private institutions, and \$60,000 was also donated from this side of the water for a city building devoted to the needs of the still larger number of Filipino young men employed in business, government and professional life. The remaining \$40,000 was raised among the native Filipinos themselves.

"From the first the natives as well as the government have been most friendly to the movement for a Filipino Young Men's Christian Association. The race is notably sociable by instinct. Their love of getting together explains partly the hold of the cockpit and the fiesta. They realize that to combat the cockpit, low dance halls and other evils that assail their youth, wholesome substitute recreations must be provided, and for this they look to the Young Men's Christian Association."—Washington Post.

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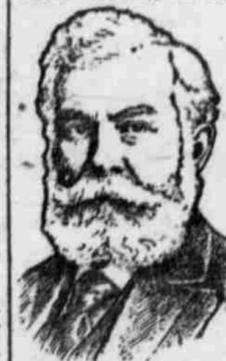
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