



# Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

## Speaking of Bread

Our compliments to Paul Schulze, president of the National Association of Master Bakers, but he is vociferating through his headgear. His statement that homemade bread is more fatal than an army with banners is unfounded. We frankly admit that poor bread has wrecked many a home, but we insist that most of the indigestible stuff originated in a bakeshop, not in a kitchen.

It must be admitted, however, that the bakers have made wonderful improvements in their art during the last four or five years, but we have yet to see the baker's loaf that can compare in toothsome or healthfulness with the loaves turned out a couple of times a week from the oven presided over by a certain Little Woman. If you have never put your teeth through a slice of real, genuine old-fashioned "salt-ris'n'" bread you have a rare treat in store, provided you can find some old-fashioned breadmaker who has not forgotten how to make it. We have attended many a high-falutin' banquet in our time, but never a one that afforded the gastronomic joy that was ours in days long gone by when we had handed to us a slice of "salt-ris'n'" bread about two inches thick and liberally smeared with butter.

If ever we accumulate a pile of money so big we can't haul it in a hayrack we're going to dodge library endowments and all that sort of thing, and offer splendid prizes for the homemade bread. The genuine article is worth its weight in gold. The baker's business is thriving because too many girls are allowed to become prize fudge and angel's food makers while growing up in ignorance of the greatest of all culinary accomplishments—the making of good bread. And do not become obsessed with the idea that wheat is the only breadmaking material! Cornbread, the making of which is rapidly becoming a lost art—dying out with the generation of "befo' de wah" negro mammies—is a most toothsome dainty. The hoecake, the johnnycake, cracklin' bread, pumpkin bread, corn loaf and flapjacks—say, there was never a baker's loaf that could compare with the corn concoctions put up in years gone by in kitchens presided over by those old-time cooks. No, sir; we're not of the jaded palate class. We like real corn bread just as much as ever, and we'll walk a long ways any old day to get it. The difficulty in getting good corn bread is not so much the lack of skill on the part of the breadmakers as it is the lack of skill on the part of millers. If somebody will locate for us a grist mill operated by water power and using the old-fashioned stone burrs, we'll put in our order for a few hundredweight of meal ground from selected corn.

## Small Consequence

"It was just the loveliest wedding that Mayme had. Her bridal gown was a perfect dream of loveliness, the decorations were simply exquisite, the wedding dinner was the most elaborate I ever sat down to, and the ring bearers were the loveliest little girls, and the floral display was just too utterly magnificent, and the presents—O, I never saw such a profusion of expensive presents in all my life—and the—"

"Who did Mayme marry?"

"Why, she married—well, don't

that just beat all? I've actually forgotten the name of the fellow Mayme married!"

## Nomenclature

The man across the aisle looked up from his newspaper and remarked:

"Don't they have the most outlandish names for men and places over in England?"

We nodded assent, not knowing what else to nod.

"I've been reading about those British strikes, and some of the names are enough to make a horse laugh. 'Elvynhym-on-Tyne,' and 'General Sir MacKenzie FitzMaurice-son,' and 'Blyme-by-the-Thames,' and a lot more like that. I wonder how they ever remember them."

The conversationalist preceded me into the hotel and was the first to register. I couldn't help but note what he wrote:

"Jerrold Spudberryson, Winnepecumsitscoggin, Maine."

## Tempus Fugit

The summer days are flitting by, The autumn days are drawing nigh. The blasting waves of torrid heat Will soon give way to snow and sleet. Soon o'er the sky gray clouds will roll— And still I haven't bought my coal.

Ere soon the sun will southward glide

And chilling blasts will blow outside. Jack Frost will come long at night And paint his pictures soft and white. The leaves will soon be falling fast To prove that summertime is past. Then will I be deep in the hole— My wages gone and still no coal.

## Foiled

"Why don't you go to work?" queried the housewife. "A big, strong man like you ought to be ashamed to beg."

"I ain't doin' dis because I like it, mum," replied C. N. Dodgeit. "You see in me a brokenhearted man."

"What broke your heart?"

"It's dis way, mum. You see I was makin' a big success in life when along comes de supreme court an' says me business is a violation o' de anti-Sherman law an' makes me dissolve. My heart was in dat business, mum; an' when it wuz taken away fr'm me I lost all me am-bishun."

## Wonderful

"No dogs or mules in your new play?"

"No."

"No trick scenery, no ballet, no acrobats?"

"No."

"No tank, no gangsaws, no old mills?"

"No."

"Then in the name and tradition of the state what will you have in your new play?"

"Nothing but real actors and actresses."

## Changed His Tactics

"Has Binks found a position yet?"

"No, he tried for a dozen and failed. I saw him yesterday and he said he'd quit trying for a position and had landed a job."

## Opportunity

Biggs—"I see by the newspapers that an Independence, Mo., girl who

accidentally bit off the end of her tongue is offering to pay liberally for a bit of tongue to splice on her disfigured member."

Jiggs—"Great Scott! Where's a telephone?"

Biggs—"What do you want with a telephone?"

Jiggs—"Want to call up my wife. Maybe she would like to take down that money!"

## A Wild Orgie

"They knocked Smithers out of the box."

"They stole bases at will."

"Bills, Sills and Dills died at first."

"Pitcherly whiffed three men in a row."

"Simpson was cut off at the plate."

"Jones was thrown out trying to pilfer the third bag."

"Baggs died on a foul."

No, not extracts from a free-for-all fight, nor an account of a riot. Merely extracts from a report of a base ball game.

## Impossible

Baggs—"I read an awful good joke today about the price of potatoes."

Skaggs—"Gee, but you must have a mighty highly developel sense of humor to see anything funny about the price of spuds."

## Old Saw Modernized

The lazy youth made a belated appearance.

"Go to the ant, thou" began the man who is always quoting.

"Nix on the ant thing," retorted the youth. "I get quicker results from my uncle."

## Several

"Are there any bright spots in the life of a farmer?"

"I guess there is!" exclaimed Farmer Tollsome.

"What are they?"

"Breakfast, dinner, supper and bedtime."

## Firm Believer

"Is Jillson a believer in reciprocity?"

"I should say he is! He is always willing to trade anything he has and doesn't want for something he hasn't got and would like to have."

## Sarcastic

"I hear your husband has been fishing."

"Yes."

"Did he bring any fish home?"

"Yes; one sucker."

## Brain Leaks

Length of years is not the sum total of life.

A great deal of the luck some men have is founded on hard work.

The trouble with a lot of leaders is that their crowds will not follow.

About the greatest waste of energy we know of is the bearing of a grudge.

A lot of fellows are so intent on defending their rights that they are always wrong.

The man who has a good vocabulary does not find it necessary to resort to profanity to express himself.

We do not know just which commandment it is but the fellow who is wasting good watermelons manufacturing sugar therefrom is surely breaking it.

Some people hurry through; some people worry through; wise people do neither.

Most of us would rather tell our troubles than listen to the trouble tales of others. And we always love the one who listens well when we tell 'em.

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