

Whether Common or Not.



Buttermilk and Corn Pone.

I've travelled a bit in my brief career, to the west,
north, south and east;
I've eaten the fare of a soldier's camp, and sat
at many a feast;
I've sat at the boards of the rich and great and
dined on the best of meals,
But when I sit down at a banquet board a mem'ry
o'er me steals.
Again I can see the worn old churn as it stood in
the corner there,
With the dasher straight and the scent of cream
afloat in the morning air.
And I think of these as I sit and feast and long
for a day that's dead,
For a brimming cup of that buttermilk and a
chunk of cold corn bread.

When the cream was "ripe" in the old stone churn
then I had to cease my play,
And work the old dasher with might and main—
for no patent churns had they—
While mother would come ev'ry now and then with
a teakettle boiling hot,
And washing the cream from the old churn lid
would notice how far I'd got.
And just as my back would begin to break and
muscles and nerves were numb
She'd give me a smile and cheer my heart with
the news the butter had come.
And after she'd gathered the golden crumbs and
packed in jars of stone,
She'd give me a mug of the buttermilk and a chunk
of her good corn pone.

Then tired and happy I'd seek the shade of the old
trees standing nigh,
And sitting in state at my humble feast no king
was so proud as I.
Then curling up in the cooling shade I would sleep
till the sun changed place
And awakened me from a dreamless sleep with his
hot rays on my face.
Those halcyon days in my boyhood home will
never come back to me,
And only in dreams as the nights drag on my
mother's dear face I'll see.
But were I a monarch that ruled a race and sat on
a golden throne,
I'd barter my place for buttermilk and a chunk of
her cold corn pone.

Another Claimant.

Weary Wilkins—"Please, mum, will youse give
a reduced literary gent a small bite o' sumthin' t'
eat?"

Mrs. Oldgirl—"Are you a literary man? What
literary work did you ever do?"

Weary Wilkins—"Mum, I'se de aut'or o' 'De
Breadwinners.'"

A Woman's Reason.

"But you have never been divorced and you
have no diamonds to steal," we said when the act-
ress asked us to engage her as leading lady.

"True," she replied, "but I made \$30,000 in
Northern Pacific and have twice been arrested for
kleptomania."

Her argument was unanswerable.

Her contract reads "\$500 a week and expenses."
She will get \$8 ana board.

A Fleeting Glimpse.

"I passed Mr. and Mrs. Bijones on the boulev-
ard this afternoon," said Mr. Kerjames to a
friend.

"What did she have on?" asked the friend,
who was, it is unnecessary to state, a woman.

"I couldn't see. Perhaps Mrs. Kerjames can
tell."

"No, I couldn't see well," said Mrs. Kerjames.

"We were driving too fast. All I could see was
that she had on the old hat she wore all last win-
ter—the one with the gray plume drooping over
a bunch of blue flowers that caught up the brim
behind; a gray dress with four rows of flouncing
on the skirt and the overskirt caught up on the
side with a silver buckle I saw on Smithson's 10-
cent counter last week; a pair of pearl gray kid
gloves that had holes in both thumbs; a pair of
shoes run down at the heel; a red ribbon around
her throat and one of those double linen collars;
a pink shirt waist with white pearl buttons and
detachable cuffs; link cuff pins and a glass brooch
at her throat. I wanted awfully bad to see how
she was dressed, but Mr. Kerjames whipped up
the horse just as we drew near them."

Comfort First.

Early to bed and early to rise
May make men healthy and wealthy and wise,
But the man who is never an early riser
May be poorer in purse, but he's a lot wiser.

Noah Webster up to Date.

Stocks: A gambling device used by many
who shudder at the thought of cards.

Bonds: A business term meaning a mortgage
on posterity.

Usury: What you pay; it is interest when
you collect it.

Speculator: A name applied to a man who
would be insulted if called a gambler.

Tariff: An instrument of torture cheerfully
used by the many for the delectation of the few.

Dairy Item.

When Greek meets Greek a tug-of-war is seen.
When grease meets grease—that's oleomargarine.

Uncle Eben.

"A philanthropist," remarked Uncle Eben as
he replaced the cover on the dried apple box, "ac-
cordin' t' th' modern way o' thinkin', is a feller
that gives away a few thousand dollars after he's
made sure he can get more thousands from th'
advertisin'." —W. M. M.

Breaking It Gently.

"What do you want, little boy?"

"Is this where Mr. Upjohn lives, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"The Mr. Upjohn that runs the bank?"

"He is an officer in a bank."

"The Mr. Upjohn that went down town on a
trolley car this morning?"

"I presume he went on a trolley car. What—"

"Is he the Mr. Upjohn that was in that hor'ble
street car accident?"

"I haven't heard of his being in any street car
accident."

"Didn't hear 'at he'd sprained his ankle jump-
in' out o' the car when the train run into it?"

"No. Little boy, you frighten me. What
has—"

"Didn't hear how he run to a drug store fur
a piece o' court plaster to stick on a little cut he'd
got over one eye."

"Not at all. For mercy's sake—"

"He isn't in, is he, ma'am?"

"No, he's—"

"Name's John U. Upjohn, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is his name."

"Then he's the same man. He won't be here
for an hour or two, I guess, 'cause he's stoppin' to
have one of his teeth tightened that got knocked
a little bit loose when he was jumpin' out o'
danger y' know."

"Little boy, tell me the whole story. I think
I can bear it now."

"Well, ma'am, he's in the hosspittle with four
ribs broke, an' one leg's in a sling, an' his nose is
knocked kin do' sideways, but he's gettin' along
all right, n' he'll be out again in about a month,
an' here's a letter f'm the doctor, tellin' ye all
about it, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

Falling Price Level.

The recent declaration of Prof. Shaler that
gold was becoming so plentiful that within forty
years it would be useless as a standard of value,
has no present evidence to support it. With all
the new gold fields and the improved methods of
extracting gold, its value, as shown by the gen-
eral price level, is increasing. Since the end of
1900 quite a pronounced fall has taken place in the
average price of commodities, which were then at
a lower level than at any period during the year.
As measured by the London Economist's index
number, which shows the net result of the move-
ments in a number of selected commodities, the
average is now lower than at any time since the
end of June, 1899, up to which time it had been
gradually advancing. It will be seen from the
following index number that the spell of high
prices was comparatively short-lived, lasting only
for the first three-quarters of the year 1900:

February, 1901.....	2,075
December, 1900.....	2,125
September, 1900.....	2,235
June, 1900.....	2,211
March, 1900.....	2,240
December, 1899.....	2,145
September, 1899.....	2,085
June, 1899.....	2,028
March, 1899.....	1,973
December, 1898.....	1,918
December, 1897.....	1,890
December, 1896.....	1,946

The reaction so often predicted by the Sentinel
is occurring. The fall during the two months is
exactly 50 points, equal to 2.4 per cent. Among
articles of consumption wheat has not moved ap-
preciably, but declines have occurred in tea and
tobacco and in butchers' meat. As regards metals,
iron and lead have fallen heavily, while copper is
practically unchanged on balance, and tin has
moved up slightly. There has, as is well known,
been a drop in the price of coal, though this is not
yet apparent to London householders. Textiles
have moved somewhat divergently. Raw cotton
is slightly cheaper, but the fall is very small com-
pared with the decline in the price of yarn. Flax
and hemp have firmed a little, and a partial recov-
ery has occurred in colonial wool. It would be
absurd to claim that these movements of the same
character in so many diverse lines were the re-
sults of special causes affecting each line. The ob-
vious explanation of the fall of prices is the ap-
preciation of gold.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Stock Watering.

Stock-watering by New Jersey corporations is
made a delicate, not to say a dangerous, opera-
tion by the recent decision of the court of errors
and appeals of that state in the Smelting com-
pany case. We know, in fact, that counsel for
some of the great New Jersey corporations are
reading Judge Dixon's opinion with searchings of
heart and much inward quaking. It is to the ef-
fect that, under the laws of New Jersey, "when
an original issue of corporate stock for property to
be purchased is contemplated, it is the duty of the
directors to see that the real value of the property
is at least equal to the face value of the stock."
Furthermore, even "the bona fide judgment of the
directors" is not to be held as conclusive, but
"may be reviewed at the instance of existing
stockholders;" and if a court of equity finds that
the value of the property purchased is "less than
the face value of the stock, the issue should be re-
strained." This, of course, is a remedy available
only before the stock is issued as full-paid; after
it is issued, the transaction cannot be set aside ex-
cept for "actual fraud." But the general and
sweeping principle is laid down that "an increase
of corporate stock, voted for by the board of direc-
tors and by the requisite majority of stockholders
in order to issue such stock for property worth
less than the face value of the stock, should be re-
strained at the instance of dissenting stockhold-
ers."—New York Post.