

Whether Common or Not.

My Exemptions.

They can pile on heavy taxes as the world I travel through,
They can tax my poor apparel as desired;
They can elevate the tariff to the dome of heaven's blue
To give trusts the great protection they've desired.
But I'm filled with deep rejoicing that I own a thing or two
Far beyond the taxing power's cunning wiles,
For they cannot levy taxes on the baby's heart so true,
Nor reap a revenue from baby's smiles.

I've no wealth in lands or houses, neither silver nor of gold,
But I'm richer far than Midas ever seemed;
For in smiles and sweet caresses I've a store of wealth untold—
I am richer than old Croesus ever dreamed.
All the fabled wealth of Indy or of Afrie's golden sand
Could not purchase, though I starved for lack of bread,
E'en a single soft caressing from my baby's dimpled hand
Or a curl among the ringlets on her head.

Up to Date.

When DeRoar trod the tragic boards
Upon the opening night,
He gazed upon the gathered hordes
And felt a sudden fright.
And when upon the fatal field
He made his final spiel,
He shouted forth with might and main:
"My kingdom for a wheel!"

Safe.

The bank president softly closed the door of his private office and motioned the private detective to a seat.

"What have you learned?"

The private detective's face bore a look of disgust as he replied:

"Ain't nothin' in it. I've shadowed him f'r t'ree mont's an' all dat time he ain't played a race nor superintended a Sunday school. An' in my experience o' twenty years I ain't seen no cashiers go crooked that didn't do one or the other."

A Question of Veracity.

"What time is it, John?" asked the wife of his bosom as he mounted the stair with unsteady steps.

"It ish jus' 'leven clock," he replied, gravely.
As he spoke the clock struck thr 3.

"How can you lie to me so?" sobbed the wife of his bosom.

"M'ria, you do me greash injushise. I'm humiliated thash you would believe a two-dollar clock 'fore you would your lovin' hushban'. Thish is shorries' momen' o' my life."

Cause For Thankfulness.

City Editor—"I see that Chauncey Depew says his son is going to be a newspaper man."

Night Editor—"Thank goodness."

City Editor—"What, what difference does it make to you?"

Night Editor—"Why, can't you see that if young Depew becomes a newspaper man he won't be everlastingly talking like his father?"

Never Satisfied.

We shivered and shuddered in May
And wanted hot weather real soon.
Now we grumble and fret and swelter and sweat
Because it's too torrid in June.

Uncle Eben.

"Some men remind me of th' circus business," remarked Uncle Eben as he closed the lid of the cheese-box and headed toward the cracker caddy. "Some men remind me of th' circus business because their promises is allus th' biggest featur' o' their shows."

An Appeal.

Forward, hop forward, O, Time, in your flight!
Give us a spell of cool weather tonight.
We are so weary of swelter and sweat;
Weary, so weary, of worry and fret.
This scrt of weather is making us sick—
Forward, hop forward, and please do it quick.

The Prevailing Fad.

"I see Bagley is following the prevailing fad."
"What's that?"
"Preparing to make a dash for the north pole."
"What's he doing?"
"Courting Miss Backbaigh Beenze of Boston."

The Bildad Household.

"My dear," remarked Mr. Bildad as he laid aside the evening paper and watched his wife wiping the last of the supper dishes. "My dear, I believe we should be more companionable, more sociable, in our home life."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, dear," chirruped Mrs. Bildad.

"Yes, Sarah; let us be more companionable. Now finish the dishes and we will play a game of cards."

Fifteen minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Bildad were deep in the mysterie of "hearts." —W. M. M.

Criticism of the Court.

Mr. Bryan's severe comments upon the recent supreme court decision have been denounced as reckless and wanton, but when it is recalled what Chief Justice Fuller and the senior associate justice, Mr. Harlan, said concerning the same decision, Mr. Bryan's comments do not appear so reckless. Justice Harlan declared from the bench that the result of the views of the majority of the court, if maintained, "will be a radical and mischievous change in our system of government. We will, in that event, pass from the era of constitutional liberty guarded and protected by a written constitution, into an era of legislative absolutism." The chief justice almost outdid Mr. Bryan by saying that the majority view meant this, "to overthrow the basis of our constitutional law." When four out of nine justices manifest such opinions in the quiet, sedate atmosphere of the supreme court room, it can hardly be expected that politicians whose function it is to stir the feelings and focus the views of the people will be Chesterfieldian in their language.

It is easy to deride Mr. Bryan, but suppose you tackle Chief Justice Fuller or Justice Harlan. They are not in politics. They want no office. They aspire to lead no party. It is a serious matter if this country is on the brink of any kind of an "absolutism"—Justice Harlan's word; and it is no joke if "the basis of our constitutional law" is about to be overthrown, or already has been overthrown. If those judges were justified in speaking as they did the use of strong language in the press or on the stump is justified. Was the cry of anti-imperialism a wanton or a foolish one—the Republican was the first newspaper in the United States to raise it—seeing that four out of nine justices of the supreme court agree in the sentiments uttered by Messrs. Fuller and Harlan? Was Mr. Bryan an enemy of his country or untrue to the real interests of a democracy, in taking up the issue and assailing his opponents in the last presidential campaign because of their imperialist program? Four out of nine justices answer no. If the four minority justices are within hailing distance of the truth then the anti-imperialist agitation was a cause

which its supporters can never cease to be proud of.

Conceding that the four minority judges have some basis for their views, then the only persons, not wedded to aristocratic ideals, who in the end will be able to derive much satisfaction from their course will be those who fought consistently the entire imperialistic program from its inception down to the present day. They have no reason, and never will have, to regret opposing the peace treaty, or denouncing the Philippine war, or supporting the presidential candidacy of W. J. Bryan in 1900. For they were striking their blows, unavailing though they were, at the great critical hours of the struggle when those "necessities" were being made which have now been forged by the majority of the court into an argument for the constitutional validity of an imperialistic regime. —Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Farming in New York.

The recent failure of a banking house in Seneca county, New York, has proved a severe calamity to that part of the state. Among the reasons given for this failure is the following:

"The failure was a direct result of the decline in farm values. Many of the mortgages held by the bank were taken when farms hereabouts were in demand at \$75 an acre. The same farms can be purchased today for \$40 an acre. As an inevitable result the bank was more than \$50,000 short in its April collections and failure followed."

We have no doubt that this statement of cause is correct. When these mortgages were given, the higher values were justified by the earning capacity of the farms. Through no fault of owner or tenant farm values have been forced down by reduced prices and increased competition. This shows what we have always maintained—that there can be no permanent prosperity in this country unless the farmers are generally prosperous. A shrinkage of farm values through reduced prices or inability to sell farm products is sure sooner or later to affect injuriously all forms of business and property. Money invested in land ought to be the safest possible investment, for the soil is the great mother of all industrial life. The farm that has shrunk 40 per cent in earning value cannot pay off the debt contracted at the higher figure without pinching the pocketbook of the men who lent the money, or the life of the farmer who struggles to pay it. Since the civil war the national policy of this country has been to build up the town and city at the expense of the farm. Such prosperity will surely prove to be hollow unless the farm be given a fairer chance and the special favors granted to other classes be taken from them. —Rural New Yorker.

A Progressive Newspaper.

The New York World has got the cost of printing down to a minimum. Its latest offer of its monthly newspaper-magazine is interesting if from no other cause than that it shows the acme of "how much for how little." The Monthly World is a 32-page magazine with colored cover. Its pages are about the size of the pages of the Ladies' Home Journal, and it is copiously illustrated in half-tone. The illustrations are the result of the best artistic skill, aided by all the latest printing-press appliances, making a magazine unrivalled in the quality of its contents and its appearance. Each issue contains stories of romance, love, adventure, travel; stories of fiction and fact; stories of things quaint and curious, gathered together from all over the world; the results of scientific research, and editorial reviews. It numbers among its contributors the leading literary men and women of the day. A feature each month is a full-page portrait of the most famed man or woman of the moment in the public eye. In collecting and preparing for publication the literary matter and art subjects for the Monthly World no expense is spared. The New York World will send six numbers of this newspaper-magazine on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps. Address The World, Pulitzer Building, New York.