



Whether Common or Not

By WILL N. MAUPIN.

Ask Them.

There are issues of tariff, but I must declare, if

You ask how I stand on the case, In a judge's dominion on spoken opinion

Is right in political case. So I'm as still as the tomb and alone in my gloom,

And if my position you'd know, You must take up the task and all questions ask

Of August and David and Joe.

As for trusts—well, you see, it don't become me,

A judge on the bench, to make talk. I've got my own views, but you'll have to excuse

If at telling 'em I buck and balk. I'm tongue-tied and mute—that's beyond all dispute.

I'm not running—just taking a jog. And to all who ask me I just tell 'em to see

Either Joseph or David or Aug.

And if by a chance you should speak of finance

I'll have to close up like a clam. But I don't hesitate at this moment to state

I'm a democrat, "still," so I am! Finance is a theme, which to me doesn't seem

At this present time to be grave— But mind what I say, I'll refer you to-day

To August and Joseph and Dave.

How It is Done.

The horny handed son of toil stopped the team in the middle of the furrow to shake hands with the candidate.

"Fine weather for plowing," remarked the candidate.

"Purty good," replied the farmer.

"I love to meet the farmers in the fields," said the candidate. "I love to smell the freshly turned soil; to see the sleek horses, and to think of the abundant crops that are sure to follow."

"Y-e-s," drawled the farmer.

"The farmer is the man who feeds us all," continued the candidate. "What would the world be without the farmer? It would be a wilderness. He furnishes everything. He is the base upon which the nation rests."

"Y-e-s," said the farmer.

"Indeed he is. I am a candidate for county recorder, and I'd like to have your vote. I'd rather be defeated with the farmer vote in my favor than to win without it. That's the way I love the farmer."

"What do you stand for?" queried the farmer.

"I am for protection to American industry, for sound money and for expansion. Of course you are, too. Protection prevents pauper wheat from coming in competition with your wheat. Sound money—or gold, bright yellow gold—means one hundred cents in every dollar, and expansion means opening newer fields for the marketing of your produce."

And thus the siren song was sung. A great many farmers believed it. They vote for all those things.

And they get it.

Where?

Do you know where Cora wears her beads?

The farmer blithely votes for protection to American industry; and pays from 20 to 100 per cent more for

everything he has to buy. He sells his wheat in the open market against the competition of East Indians who can live on 3 cents a day and save money. He pays the gold price for his labor and sells it in competition with the products of labor paid for in silver that has been depreciated at his expense. And he shouts for expansion that means the opening of another country that will go to raising stuff to compete with the products of his toil.

Then, when the victory is won, the farmer whoops it up and rejoices because he has elected the advocate of protection. He throws into the air a hat taxed 40 per cent. He dances until he wears the soles off of his sweat shop shoes, taxed 60 per cent.

"Rah f'r protection!"

"Rah for 'sound money!'"

"Rah for expansion!"

And Mr. Candidate, smiling a knowing smile, prepares to draw a fat salary.

Then the trusts go right on with their graft.

A St. Louis Housewife's Lament.

They are coming by the dozens— Brothers, sisters, uncles, cousins— To the fair.

They have written notes so tender, Telling how each loving sender Will prepare

To pay a visit long belated To the loved ones thus related— And forgot—

Till they, good and free board craving, Thought it would be quite a saving

If the lot

Paid a "visit" to St. Louis,

For they felt a visit due us,

So you see,

They to visit us are willing,

Thus two birds with one stone killing,

Easily.

From the confines of the nation;

From the bounds of all creation,

Every day,

Trunks are packed and dresses finished,

Write they, with love undiminished—

So to say—

"Don't fix up a bit; don't worry;

We'll be there two weeks; don't hurry;

Not a thing.

Long this call we've been intending,

But we thought we could be spending

During spring,

Some weeks at the exposition

Having time at disposition."

This and more.

And they're coming, cousins, brothers,

Uncles, nieces, aunts and others,

By the score.

And the worry don't diminish,

And I clearly see my finish

Long 'fore fall.

I'll be driven to distraction,

And the fair'll be no attraction—

None at all.

Night and morn will I be baking,

Washing dishes or bread making—

Ah, the woe!

Relatives I never heard of,

Never saw and heard no word of,

Visits owe.

Or at least they say they owe it

And right now they will bestow it,

So prepare.

'Tis a time when each one knew it

Would be just the time to view it—

View the fair.

Costly Communication.

When Judge W. L. Stark of Aurora, Neb., was making his second race for congress as the fusion nominee in the Fourth district, he held a great meeting at Wahoo. Enthusiasm was running high and the crowd was large

enough to spur Judge Stark to his best efforts.

After dwelling at length upon the subject of imperialism and criticising the republican colonial policy, Judge Stark began showing how expensive imperialism is in dollars and cents. One of his most interested auditors was Pat Sheean, a rock-ribbed Irish democrat who, although quite deaf, never missed a democratic rally. Pat occupied a front seat and leaned forward with his hand behind his ear to catch every word that the speaker uttered.

"The one item of cabling alone," said Judge Stark, "amounted to \$360,711.59 for the year ending on September 15. Just think of it, friends—over one-third of a million for cabling between here and the Philippines!"

"Phwat's thot?" queried Pat, who had not quite caught the remark.

"I said that it cost us more than one-third of a million dollars to talk to the Philippines last year," repeated Judge Stark.

"Thot much for talkin' wid th' Phillypeens?" asked Pat.

"Yes, sir; that's what it cost, Mr. Sheean."

"Shure," said Pat, "talkin' is growin' thot expinsive thot I'll keep me mouth shut aafter this."

What Is It?

"I was much interested in the account of Japanese rejoicings at To-ki-o."

"Yes, I presume the Japs painted To-ke-o red."

"Say, you fellows make me tired. What's the use of wasting time reading stuff from Tok-i-o?"

"That's what I say. I always skip the Tok-e-o date line."

The Graduate.

Erect and proud he stands and looks The whole wild world about.

He's laid aside his dingy books

And is prepared to rout

The foggy notions, musty dim

The earth so long has had.

He's green, but still we're proud of him—

The optimistic grad.

Hardly.

"Did you take in the Louisiana Purchase exposition?"

"Well," replied the man, jingling three pennies and a souvenir medal, "I doubt if the exposition was taken in."

Cinch.

"Went broke? Why, I thought you were betting on a sure thing."

"I did."

"Then how comes it that you went broke?"

"I was at the wrong end of the sure thing."

Lucky.

"There goes the luckiest man in St. Louis," remarked the old resident of the exposition city.

"Lucky! He don't look it."

"Well, he is. He hasn't got a relation in the world outside of St. Louis."

Hirsute.

There was a young man in Monroe Who wanted his mustache to groe.

Every morning at nine

He stroked the down fine

And muttered, "O, pshaw, ain't it sloe?"

Enough.

"Geewhilkins, what's the matter with Biffins? Has he lost his money in speculations?"

"O, no. Biffins is all right. That is merely his housecleaning time face."

Brain Leaks.

Hurried work is usually slighted. Doing the hard thing first makes the day easier.

Satan is always finding "short cuts"

for the Christian who gets tired of moving straight ahead.

The pleasure of doing increases the pleasure of being.

When Doubt opens the door, Faith prepares to move out.

We become accustomed to the thought of big sins by compromising with the little ones.

John Barleycorn is a long fighter. The longer you fight with him the stronger he becomes.

When a fellow is in trouble he gets cold comfort from the friends who give him nothing but "hot air."

The average man finds it easy to dig up a dozen excuses for neglecting duty, when the reason for doing it is close at hand.

"State" or "States."

It would be a poor tribute to Dave Hill's characteristic shiftiness if he had drawn a platform or a plank in one so candidly, so succinctly expressed, so lucidly stated that there could be no doubt of its meaning. Because David's methods appear in that New York platform, our skillful contemporary, the Globe, is put to its exegetic stumps to explain that it does not mean what its words imply. If it does not mean that corporations chartered by the state should be regulated by the state that creates it, but means that they should be controlled and regulated by the forty-five states incarnated in the United States, then the Globe casts a severe reflection upon the ability of the draftsman of that plank to write intelligibly.

The severity of the task laid upon our contemporary is farther shown by its argument that, as the constitution vests in congress power over commerce "between the states," it vests power in the United States as "the state," and, therefore, when the New York platform speaks of "the state" it means the United States. The missing link in this chain of argument is the language of the constitution, which so clearly recognizes the difference between "the state" and the "states." Had it been the thought of the framers that "the state" meant the United States they would have shortened the grant of power to one of a simple grant to regulate commerce in the United States. There is more bother over the matter, however, than it is worth. It only serves to show the disadvantage of ambiguity in platform declarations, and also Hill's artfulness in beclouding purpose with words.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Brazen Effrontery.

If Grover Cleveland had any sense of shame he would not revive a scandal that eternally damned his administration with the American people and made it a stench in the nostrils of public decency. Instead, with assumed gaiety, he assures his audience that "without shame and without repentance I confess my share of the guilt; and I refuse to shield my accomplices in this crime, who, with me, held high places in that administration. And though Mr. Morgan and Mr. Belmont and scores of other bankers and financiers who were accessories in those transactions may be steeped in destructive propensities, I shall always recall, with satisfaction and self-congratulation my collusion with them at a time when our country sorely needed their aid."

When the historian comes to pass final judgment upon the transactions, it will be difficult for him to determine which deserves the greatest censure, the raid upon the treasury by the Morgan syndicate and its official abetors or the brazen effrontery of Grover Cleveland.—Milwaukee News.