

Whether Common or Not

A Boyish Nightmare.

When the load of life is heavy and I bend beneath its weight;  
When I think my luck has left me, and I mourn and rail at fate;  
When I long for days of boyhood, for the days when life was gay—  
As I picture it in fancy, now my hair is tinged with gray—  
It is then a mem'ry rises till I fully realize  
That e'en in the days of boyhood clouds oft hid the azure skies;  
For what woe e'er comes to manhood that is half as hard to bear  
As those cut-down pants of father's that my mother made me wear?

I can see them yet, in fancy, always short, with ample slack  
That would puzzle as to whether I was gone or coming back;  
Built on plans of architecture that were certainly unique,  
With the nap well brushed and dusted till the cloth was thin and sleek.

And when manhood's cares beset me I recall those days of yore,  
Full of second-hand apparel and a heart with anguish sore—  
For no matter what my sorrows, none as great can ever be  
As those cut-down pants of father's that my mother made for me.

Stocks and bonds may lose their value; markets wobble till they burst;

But a moment's thought convinces that long since I passed the worst

Of life's trials and afflictions, so I smile and try again,  
Knowing that the "now" is better than the mournful days of "then."

For the man that strives the hardest never gets the ridicule  
That was heaped upon me when I wore those awful pants to school.

So I grin and bear the burdens, and am thankful as can be  
That no cut-down pants of father's will again be put on me.

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Borrowing Trouble.

No sooner had he discovered the use of oil than Aristeus began to weep.

"Why weapest thou?" queried Atlas, shifting his load to the other shoulder.

"I fear that my fame as a discover of the use of oil will be eclipsed in about four or five thousand years by one Rockefeller."

At this Atlas also began to weep.

"Why weapest thou, Atlas?" queried Aristeus.

"Alas, when that day comes I will be bearing upon my shoulders property belonging to another."

How fortunate for man that he can not penetrate the future. The gods could, hence their proneness to sorrow.

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Woman.

When bird or beast was suffering  
She could not look upon it—  
But just the same she had to have  
A stuffed bird on her bonnet.

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Exonerated.

A committee of Indignant Citizens waited upon the Returned Legislator.

"It is reported that you got money for your vote in the senatorial fight," said the chairman.

"It is false!" shouted the Returned Legislator. "Before leaving for Washington the man I voted for ordered the bank not to honor the check."

At the next election the Indignant Citizens refused to return the Legislator, properly arguing that the man who would accept a check for his vote and fail to cash it before voting was not of sufficient mental caliber to reflect credit upon our Public Institutions.

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Impudent Demands.

The multi-millionaire arose in the morning, his nerves shaking and his eyes looking like two holes burned in a blanket; all because his sleep had been broken by horrible dreams of dying disgracefully rich.

"Let us close up the matter I was considering last evening," said he to his faithful secretary.

"What was that, sir?"

"The matter of giving a check for \$2,436,984.27 to found a home for indigent and blase millionaires. At any cost I must give away my fortune in time to die respectable."

"Very well, sir. But a committee waits without, and would have a conference with you."

"Good! Doubtless it means another chance to

escape the disgraceful end I hold in such dread. Who is it?"

"A committee representing the employes in your mills. The men want an increase in wages from 70 cents to 72 cents a day."

"I can not see them! Their demands are impudent! Can they not see that if I listen to them and grant them what they ask I will not be able to give millions to municipal corporations that are amply able to build their own buildings? Tell the committee I am busy giving my money away to worthy municipalities."

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The Difference.

The politician faced the school  
A question to propound.  
The pupils sat and waited for  
His thrilling voice to sound.  
"What difference twixt George Washington,"  
He slyly asked, "and I?"  
"George Washington," an urchin cried,  
"Would never tell a lie!"

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Gold, Not Love.

Cupid sat and gazed upon a quiver full of bent and blunted arrows.

"Alas!" he cried, "I have run up against the metallic heart!"

Better for Cupid if he took a course in a modern school of financiering.

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Uncle Hiram.

"I hev noticed," remarked Uncle Hiram, shifting the straw to the northwest corner of his mouth, "that th' fellers thet air so terribly afeered thet Uncle Sam will git too much fiat in his money don't sweat no hairs about th' feenawnciers gettin' too much water in their stocks."  
—W. M. M.

Borrowed Fun

Not a Bit Afraid.

Employer (to clerk who has been sent to collect some money): "Well, what did he say?"

Clerk: "That he would break every bone in my body and pitch me out of the window if I showed my face there again."

Employer: Did he? Then go back at once and tell him that he is vastly mistaken if he thinks he will intimidate me by his violence.—The King.

His Rule, Too.

"See here, sir," exclaimed the successful manufacturer to his dilatory bookkeeper, "you are not as attentive to business as you might be. It has been my rule through life to be at my desk early and late, and—"

"Me, too," replied he, "sometimes I get there early and sometimes late."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

"To My Books."

Dear books, I greet you! May you live  
To greenest old age,  
And may your backs be ever whole,  
Nor missing be a page!

I love my books more than my friends,  
—Their standing, wealth, good looks—  
For when I weary grow of them,  
I can shut up my books!

—S. J. Steinberg in the Book Lover.

Clerk—What style of hat do you wish, sir?"  
Cholly—Ah, I'm not particular about the style, something to suit my head, don't you know.  
Clerk—Step this way and look at our soft hat department.

How shall we reach perfection? List  
My poor misguided brothers;  
Just follow the advice you give  
So freely unto others.

—Philadelphia Press.

Miscellaneous.

The saddest consequences of the military operations abroad in which the so-called Christian nations have been indulging in recent months is the fact that they have laid what is known as Christendom open to criticisms on the part of what have always been considered heathens and pagans. However much we may hope that the war in the Philippines, South Africa and China may result at least in a wider reach of Christian influence, it is hard to make the victims of the present slaughter understand that these processes are the work of a merciful God. From interviews with the leading Orientals of late it appears that they have taken the Gospel message quite literally, and why should they not do so? When they read the injunction that we should love our enemies, and should not covet, and should not steal, and should not bear false witness, they naturally conclude that these to us are divine commands which should be literally obeyed. It is difficult for them to reconcile these to their gross violations, which are seen in foreign parts of the earth today. The so-called punitive expeditions in northern China carried on by some of the Christian powers are mere covers for grand looting enterprises, which leave in their trail murder and misery, and a prejudice against Christian civilization which will not die in a thousand years.—The Ram's Horn.

There are brighter prospects of peace in the Philippines. So the country is assured by an Associated Press dispatch from Manila, which has earmarks of military influence in dictating its composition. These reports of early peace are now an old story. They began to come in early in the spring of 1899. One of them was personally vouched for by President McKinley in the early summer of that year. They preceded every battle and followed every victory. In the presidential campaign they punctuated all the public documents, with the reservation, however, that their verification would depend upon the result of the election. Just before that event the period was fixed at sixty days, provided Bryan was defeated. All these reports have given some reason for expecting the peace they predicted. The latest one is based upon the rigor with which the campaign of arrests has been made. The Manila "prisons are daily becoming more crowded," says the Associated Press, "and an additional one is being built on Subig bay." General MacArthur probably expects to produce peace by putting the whole native population into jail. Even that is a better mode of "benevolent assimilation" than the earlier one of putting them into their graves.—The Public.

Not content with reducing the price of water one-half by city ownership of the plant, and with deriving a revenue of about \$200,000 a year from ownership of the street car lines, Toronto intends to municipalize the gas service. The voters have given an overwhelming majority in favor of the city buying the gas plant. The company supplies gas now for 90 cents per thousand feet, but the city expects to reduce the price to 50 cents.

In every part of the world the tendency to place public utilities in the hands of the people, instead of the hands of private corporations, continues to increase in strength. Before the twentieth century is half over people will wonder at the simplicity of their forefathers of the nineteenth century who permitted individuals to derive great fortunes from control of public service.—Denver News.

The anthracite coal combination now controls so many mines that it can impose upon the miners any terms that it chooses and defy any strike that is not general. The trust method of limiting output and keeping some of the mines idle enables the combination to shut down "struck" collieries and reopen others in their place, and the managers have announced that such is to be their policy. "Divide and conquer" is the motto of the coal trust.—Philadelphia North American,