

Whether Common or Not.



His Final Defeat.

He worked a syndicate in steel,
In railroad stocks and oil;
And syndicated wool and coal
And battened honest toil.
He formed a combine big and strong
In sugar, gas and soap;
And gobbled up the salt and lime,
And cotton, pulp and rope.
He syndicated crock'ryware,
Tobacco, oats and wheat;
He formed a trust in eggs and milk,
In alcohol and meat.
He organized a lumber trust
And syndicated rum;
And all who had to buy of him
Were well beneath his thumb.
He syndicated all in sight
And then he longed for more,
But suddenly he was called hence
To Jordan's further shore.
Once there he tried to syndicate
The harps and crowns of gold,
But Justice met the man at last,
And now he's never cold.



Definitely Fixed.

The American diplomat and the Russian diplomat foregathered for the purpose of coming to an amicable understanding.

"Pray tell me," said the American, "when you will remove your troops from Manchuria and allow the territory to reassume its former relations?"

It will be noted by the bluntness of the question that the American belonged to the shirt-sleeve school of diplomacy.

But the Russian was not caught unawares.

"I opine," said the representative of the bear that walks like a man, "that our withdrawal from Manchuria will be at a time satisfactory to you. We are arranging to withdraw the day after the government of Cuba is left to the people of the island in accordance with a congressional promise."

Winking solemnly at each other, the diplomats wiped their lips and made out their expense accounts.



Our Own Omar.

A lot of water first of all;
A pull, and then a lot of gall;
Some purchased laws to give it weight—
And there you have a syndicate.



One Exception.

"Never," said Scraggson, "put off until tomorrow what you can do today."

"That's all right, old man," retorted Wraggson, pushing back from the dinner table, "but how about breakfast?"



The Shock That Woke.

As the constituent walked down the street he met the representative in congress from the district.

Clasping the congressman's hand the constituent said:

"Truly we are well met. Pray tell me what you have done for us?"

The congressman inhaled a bale or two of air and said:

"I have tried faithfully to represent the sentiments of the people of my district. I voted against all unnecessary appropriations; I did not trade my vote for political pie; I did not speculate in commodities affected by congressional legislation; I did not abuse my frank; I worked early and late to destroy the trusts by securing the repeal of tariff laws that rob the consumer for the benefit of

the manufacturers; I declined to accept a pass to Europe on a palatial steamship owned by men who want to secure a slice of the government's money, and I did not demand and secure any concessions in our insular possessions. On the whole I have—"

Just then the constituent woke up and arose to attend to the morning's milking.



Mr. Bildad's Lesson.

As Mr. Bildad arose from the supper table and lighted a cigar, he sighed with satisfaction and prepared to sit down in his easy chair to read the evening paper.

"Mr. Bildad," said the wife of his bosom, "I wish you would step down to the grocery and get a few things for breakfast."

"That's always the way with you women!" shouted Mr. Bildad. "You never seem to think that a man becomes tired hustling from morning till night trying to make both ends meet. Ain't it enough that I've been working like a slave all day? What's the matter with you throwing a shawl over your head and going after the groceries?"

"What have you been doing all day, dear?" queried Mrs. Bildad, a steely glitter showing in her eyes.

"Working like a slave while you loitered around the house."

"Mr Bildad, you got up this morning at 8 o'clock. You ate a leisurely breakfast and got to the office at 9:30. You dictated seven letters to your stenographer, read a noon extra, went out to lunch with Tom Smartlegh, drank three bottles of ale, returned to the office and read three letters, answered them, went over to the court house and copied a few names, returned to the office and read 'The Policé Fake,' went down to the bowling alley and rolled three games, played a game of billiards and got home at 5:30. That's what you call a dreadfully hard day's work."

"Now, Mr. bildad, I got up at 6 o'clock, got breakfast, washed the children and got them ready for school, cleared up the breakfast dishes, made three beds, swept seven rooms, darned nine pairs of stockings, got lunch ready for the children at noon, cleared up the luncheon dishes, turned that old Sunday skirt of mine, wrote a letter to mother, put a patch on Willie's trousers, mended Katie's apron, sewed up the lining in your coat, pared potatoes, chopped slaw, made biscuits, set the table, had supper ready when you got home; am now about to wash the supper dishes, then I must mend Willie's pants where he tore them today, wash out Katie's aprons, darn a few more stockings, get the children ready for bed, think about what we'll have for breakfast and—"

But Bildad jammed his hat down over his head and started for the grocery store, muttering to himself.

—W. M. M.

Loving Word and Act.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go;
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of day,
And it smoothes the furrows plowed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;
I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find—
For love is tender, as love is blind—
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress;
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some souls to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

—Exchange.

An Expert Penman.

Rila Kittredge, of Belfast, Me., champion small writer of the world, has retired from the field, leaving his record of 46,000 words written with a common steel pen on an ordinary postal card for ambitious microscopic penmen to equal or beat. Up to two years ago he wrote a great deal, but now, being within a few months of 90, he has given up the laborious practice of writing volumes upon small cards, his hand being less steady and his eye less bright than in his best days.

Mr. Kittredge has long been famous for his penmanship. He is a Vermonter by birth. His practice of miniature chirography began early in life and many a time he has gone without his dinner rather than leave unfinished a piece of work.

His first serious competitive effort was made in 1887, when some one sent to the Belfast Journal a postal card upon which 600 words had been crowded, and defied any one to beat it. A few days afterward Kittredge handed in a postal card upon which he had written 1,000 words, and this being beaten he produced one with 3,000 words.

The 3,000-word postal card ended the competition, but Mr. Kittredge kept on crowding his letters and words into still smaller space, turning out in succession cards bearing 6,000, 10,000 and 20,000 words. His finest work was done in 1889, when he wrote 46,000 words upon an ordinary postal card, and the entire text of the New Testament, about 181,000 words, upon four postal cards.

He has written several presidential inaugural addresses upon postal cards and has always considered it easy to write the Lord's prayer eight times within the space covered by a five-cent nickel. He wrote one of Gladstone's speeches upon a postal card and sent it to the statesman, who wrote a letter in reply, thanking Mr. Kittredge and praising his skill.

Mr. Kittredge never used any magnifying glasses or other aids. He has always worn a pair of ordinary spectacles, such as most elderly men use, and all his writing has been done with an ordinary steel pen and common black ink. He has competed with many would-be champions who have used magnifying glasses and sharp-pointed hard lead pencils, and he has easily beaten them all in spite of their advantage in the matter of equipment.

His writing is distinguished by its beauty and the artistic arrangement and uniformity of the letters. Each letter is separate and distinct, and some framed specimens were shown at the Paris exposition. He says that his eyes naturally magnify.—National Watchman.

Unappreciated Genius.

The editor of the Automobile, a young magazine published in Lawrence, which is the seat of the University of Kansas, adds this hitherto unknown chapter to the history of Mr. Kipling: "During Rudyard Kipling's attendance at the Kansas university he had constant difficulty in making passing grades on his English composition. He would write of 'smoking seas' and the department would substitute 'misty,' informing Rudyard that seas do not indulge in smoking. 'Far flung battle line' was converted to read 'far extended.' Rudyard had a habit of using both the active and passive voice in one sentence and the department labored long to break it. Finally he flunked in English and went his way. Pretty soon the wind brought back the echo of a voice singing of the smoking seas, and the English teachers crawled down from their musty chambers to join the rest of the world in its clamor of approval." By the same authority we are also informed that Elbert Hubbard also attended the same university and also flunked in English!—Houston Post.

"Then what is your reason for marrying her?"
"I have no reason. I'm in love."—Philadelphia Times.