

Whether Common or Not.



The Better View.

Mr. Morgan, Mr. Morgan, with your stacks of yellow gold,

And your hold upon the country's sail and steam;
With your planning and your scheming and your brain with business teeming,

You are merely chasing down a phantom dream.
Always thinking, always grasping, for a larger share of wealth,

You are missing richest blessing every day,
For your gold is dead dross merely—dross that's sure to cost you dearly,

For it makes you miss the blessings by the way.

Rockefeller, Rockefeller, as you hunt around for oil,

With your eyes upon the ground beneath your feet,

And your thoughts on treasure turning and your greedy gold lust burning,

You are missing all that makes life's bitter sweet.

Always hunting, toiling, longing, for a greater stock of wealth,

You are missing richest blessings every day;
For though gold may bring you power it will not buy you one hour

Of contentment as you tread life's weary way.

Just a toiler, singing, merry; with a heart that's full of hope

And a smile at those who only think of pelf;

I am happy if my singing only one result is bringing—

Joy to those whom I love better than myself.

True I'm missing gold and glory, but you're welcome to it all—

I've no time to waste in wielding mammon's might.

All the gold that's in your coffers less of real true pleasure offers

Than a welcome from my loved ones every night.



Not Eligible.

The managers of the great trust were seeking a man to put at the head of their mammoth concern.

Many had been considered but no selection made. At last an applicant appeared. He was questioned, and all his answers were satisfactory.

"I move you that he be selected," said one manager.

But before the motion could be put another exclaimed:

"One moment, please. Did the applicant begin life as a boy in our office?"

With a shriek of dismay the applicant fled from the room, knowing that his chance for getting the job was nil.

"I have never been an office boy," he sobbed.



An Unfinished Job.

"I am a self-made man," proudly exclaimed the great financier.

We gazed upon his bald head and were impelled to ask:

"Why didn't you thatch your roof better?"

When too late we discovered that we had queered our chance of becoming a partner in the business.



Political.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,
And a political "pull" is what keeps a man in the "push."



Uncle Eben.

"I hev bin readin' th' papers considerbul of late," remarked Uncle Eben as the grocer carried the cheese into the back room and locked it up,

"an' I hev noticed thet th' fellers thet air makin' th' most money these days is the fellers that buy nothin' an' sell it ag'in at a higher price."



Modern Definitions.

Water—A stock dilutant.

Margin—The difference between a sucker and a steerer.

Hope—The only thing a poor man can use without paying rent.

Subsidy—The measure of public credulity.

Dividend—A chemical mixture of oil and water.

War—An excuse for highway robbery.

Indemnity—All there is left.



Now and Then.

The man who thinks of naught but pelf
And centres all his hopes on self.

Will be discovered by and by

Stuck tight and fast in the needle's eye.



Financial Failure.

"Hello, old man! What makes you look so sad?"

"Just lost \$200,000."

"How in the world did you come to lose so much? Speculation?"

"Yes. Miss Gotrox refused me."



A Needed Precaution.

"I move you, Mr. President," said the small stockholder, "that this company appropriate money enough to buy a life boat."

Naturally the motion had to be explained, for the meeting was one of directors of a railway corporation.

"I want it," explained the small stockholder, "so that I can row to shore when the water is squeezed out of our stock." —W. M. M.

An Officious Censor.

A Russian press censor named Krassovsky, in the reign of Nicholas I., was the bugbear of poets. He not only blacked out all that he did not approve, but he often favored the poet with criticism. A poet named Olline wrote the following verses, and was rewarded with the following criticisms by the censor:

What bliss to live with thee, to call thee mine,

My love; thou pearl of all creation!

To catch upon thy lips a smile divine,

Or gaze at thee in rapturous adoration.

Censor—Rather strongly put. Woman is not worthy for her smile to be called divine.

Surrounded by a crowd of foes and spies,

When so-called friends would make us part,

Thou didst not listen to their slanderous lies

But thou didst understand the longings of my heart.

Censor—You ought to have stated the exact nature of these longings. It is no matter to be trifled with, sir; you are talking of your soul.

Let envy hurl her poisoned shafts at me,

Let hatred persecute and curse,

Sweet girl, one loving look from thee

Is worth the suffrage of the universe.

Censor—Indeed?!! You forget that the universe contains czar, kings and other legal authorities whose good will is well worth cultivating—I should think!

Come, let us fly to desert distant parts,

Far from the madding crowd to rest at last,

True happiness to find when our (two) hearts

Together beat forgetful of the past.

Censor—The thoughts here expressed are dangerous in the extreme, and ought not to be disseminated, for they evidently mean that the poet declines to continue his service to the czar, so as to be able to spend all his time with his beloved.

—Current Literature.

"Pay, Pay, Pay."

The address of the British chancellor of the exchequer shows that the nation last year spent \$265,000,000 more than its revenues. Besides running in debt \$265,000,000 last year the people of the British islands paid about \$77,000,000 of war expenses out of their taxes. The war expense therefore approximate \$1,000,000 a day. The debt has been increasing at the rate of about \$750,000 a day.

Under the new budget the income tax will be 14 pence in the pound, which is nearly 6 per cent. The loyal Briton, in addition to his other taxes, must pay 6 per cent of his income into the national treasury. Last year the income tax was 5 per cent.

Among the other new taxes imposed are \$1 on every 112 pounds of sugar imported, 50 cents on every 112 pounds of molasses and 40 cents on every 112 pounds of glucose. An export tax of 25 cents a ton is placed on coal.

Notwithstanding the additional revenue which will be derived from these taxes, the chancellor estimates the deficit for the coming year at about \$205,000,000, and asks authority to borrow \$300,000,000 in order that there may be no danger of running short of money.

The cost of the Transvaal war to date is placed at \$750,000,000 in money expended by the government alone, taking no account of the losses to individuals, the cessation of gold mining, the loss of life and the large number of men reduced to invalidism by wounds or disease.

Rudyard Kipling wrote some verses at the beginning of the war. They were intended to inspire contributions to the support of families of soldiers at the front. The refrain was, "Pay, Pay, Pay."

When Great Britain has paid the bill for the South African war it will, indeed, have paid the price that Kruger said "would stagger humanity." —Denver News.

The Dry Goods Trust.

A New York dispatch to the Chicago Tribune tells the story of the Dry Goods trust in these words:

J. P. Morgan & Co. announced today some of the details of the dry goods combination which the banking house is financing. They offer for sale \$5,000,000 of the first preferred cumulative 5 per cent stock of the Associated Merchants' company—a corporation existing under a special charter granted by the legislature of Connecticut with an authorized capital of \$20,000,000, of which \$10,000,000 is first preferred stock convertible at pleasure of the holder into second preferred cumulative stock or into common stock; \$5,000,000 is second preferred cumulative 6 per cent stock and \$5,000,000 is first preferred stock. The \$5,000,000 of first preferred is offered at par and is recommended by the firm as a mercantile investment of the highest class.

John Clafin states that the Associated Merchants' company purposes to acquire various dry goods businesses or interests in this city and in several other large cities of the United States. It has already acquired from Mr. Clafin and his associates 45,000 of the 90,000 shares of the capital stock of the H. B. Clafin company, 12,000 of the 18,000 shares of preferred stock of the Adams Dry Goods company, and 6,000 of the 18,000 common shares and the business of James McCreery & Co., of Twenty-third street, including merchandise, good will, leasehold, and working capital.

Mr. Clafin agrees to undertake the work of making the investments for the company in other business. Mr. Clafin in his letter remarks that "the advantage of close co-operation between wholesale and retail business is recognized, and the remarkable earning power of the great retail stores in hard times as well as in good times is shown by their success in the last decade."