

Whether Common or Not.



Contentment.

A king whose store of worldly wealth
Would not suffice to purchase health,
Called in physicians and inquired
What kind of drugs his case required.
One said he needed tonics strong;
Another said that this was wrong.
One said the king's veins should be bled;
Another said 'twould kill him dead.
At last one wiser than the rest
Said, "Sire, life has lost its zest.
Go out and all the wide world scan
And find a well contented man.
And when he's found require that he
Shall sell his shirt for gold to thee.
Then wear the shirt a single night,
And you will find your health all right."
The king set out upon his quest
And traveled north, south, east and west;
But in his search he never ran
Across a well contented man
Until one day he chanced to spy
A beggar singing, standing by.
"Art thou contented," cried the king,
"That thou should idle thus and sing?"
"Of course I am," replied the man
As smiles across his visage ran.
"I've health and strength and nought to do
As life's sweet journey I pursue.
The world's my home, the ground my bed;
My cover is the sky o'erhead.
And richest music man e'er heard
Is mine from silver-throated bird.
Contented? Well, none more than I,"
Was this gay beggarman's reply.
"Then sell your shirt to me, I pray,"
The king unto the man did say.
The beggar laughed till his sides did hurt,
And shouted, "I never owned a shirt!"

Paradoxical.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the citizen as he hastily left the room where the public meeting was in progress. "I never saw such a speaker in my life. For such a small bore he is the greatest gusher in the district."

For This He Toiled.

He toiled and pinched to pile up wealth—
In divers ways did earn it—
And now some distant relatives
Are hastening to burn it.

Hopeless.

The youth was plainly disconsolate, and in the goodness of our heart we wanted to comfort him. "Alas!" he cried; "I can never become great." Naturally we asked why. "Because," he replied, sobbing bitterly, "I was born in a mansion and I have never been compelled to support a widowed mother and a lot of little brothers and sisters." When we stopped to think we realized that this was a case where mere words would not avail.

Premature.

"I tried to fly high in Wall street the other day."
"How did you succeed?"
"Well, all I've got to say is, the practical flying machine has not yet been invented."

The New Time.

"What time is it?" queried Mrs. Staylate, peering over the balustrade.
"It ish jush' 11 'clock, m'dear," replied Mr. Staylate in his fusel oily tones.
Just then the new clock struck 2.
"What do you mean by telling me such an un-

truth?" demanded Mrs. Staylate, and her voice was full of wrath.

Among his friends Mr. Staylate has the reputation of having a ready wit, and on this occasion he lived up to his reputation.

"Don't get excited, m'dear," he said, soothingly. "You mishundershand th' clock. Thash new clock—new-fashioned clock. It struck one twish, m'dear; an' two ones make 'leven."

The Paperhanger.

The paperhanger is the man—
As we've learned to our sorrow—
Who knows he will not come for weeks,
And promises tomorrow.

Sure Sign.

"I know spring is here now?"
"How do you know?"
Mr. Titephist has just allowed his wife to buy her last winter's bonnet."

Naturally.

"Hello, Billkins! Been over on Wall street this morning?"
"No!"
"Better go over. There's big change in Wall street since yesterday."
"Well, there ought to be. I left all of mine there within the last twelve hours."

Modern Definitions.

Confidence is what you have that the other fellow trades on.
Luck is what someone else always has.
Tariff is the word that covers the act of taking what you have earned to give it to a man who has a pull.
Option is what the banker uses when he pays you and what he refuses to let you use when you pay him.
—W. M. M.

Memorial Day.

Sleep, soldier, sleep! The clear notes of the bugle
Call thee no more to the heat of the fray.
Bright on thy resting place, grave of the hero,
Bloom the fair flowers of Memorial Day.
Under the sod which thy life's blood has hallowed;
Under the flag you so long fought to save—
Sleep, soldier, sleep! God watches thy slumbers;
A nation pays homage today to the brave.

Soldier in blue who gave life for the Union—
Soldier of Southland who fought in the gray—
God has decided the right of your struggles—
Under one flag you are sleeping today.
Garlands of laurel and garlands of willow
Strew we today on the graves of our dead.
Sleep, soldier, sleep! For thy warfare is over;
Rest thee in peace in thy power-strewn bed.

Sleep, soldier, sleep! O'er thy grave in the jungle
Love stands on guard through the long hours of night;
Honor stands guard through the heat of the noonday—
You who have fought for God and the right.
Millions will kneel in deep prayer for the heroes
Giving their lives for humanity's sake.
Sleep, soldier, sleep! Thou hast died for thy brother—
Sleep till God's reveille bids thee awake.

Sleep, soldier, sleep! The bright flag of the union
Still proudly floats o'er the land and the sea,
Beacon of hope to the world's weary peoples—
Banner of truth and the flag of the free.
Sleep, soldier, sleep! The flowers of springtime
Strew we today on thy low, narrow bed.
Sleep, soldier, sleep! While the hands of the living
Garland today all the graves of our dead.
—Will M. Maupin, in Omaha World-Herald.

The College-Bred Negro.

The fifth number of the Atlanta University Publication is a study of the negro as a college graduate. It bears evidence of extreme care in the collection and collaboration of statistics and is characterized throughout by that scientific fairness which should characterize all inquiries into social conditions. The colleges of the United States have graduated about 2,500 negroes, beginning as far back as 1826. Naturally there were but few prior to the civil war, the total number recorded from 1826 to 1860, inclusive, being but twenty-six. From 1861 to 1868 there were twenty-eight and since then there has been a steady increase, as shown by the following table:

1826.. 1	1860.. 6	1874.. 27	1888.. 87
1828.. 1	1861.. 3	1875.. 25	1889.. 85
1844.. 1	1862.. 3	1876.. 37	1890.. 95
1845.. 1	1863.. 1	1877.. 43	1891.. 96
1847.. 1	1864.. 2	1878.. 37	1892.. 70
1849.. 1	1865.. 5	1879.. 48	1893.. 137
1850.. 1	1866.. 1	1880.. 50	1894.. 130
1851.. 1	1867.. 4	1881.. 54	1895.. 130
1853.. 3	1868.. 9	1882.. 59	1896.. 104
1855.. 1	1869.. 11	1883.. 74	1897.. 128
1856.. 5	1870.. 26	1884.. 64	1898.. 144
1857.. 1	1871.. 15	1885.. 100	1899.. *57
1858.. 1	1872.. 26	1886.. 94	
1859.. 1	1873.. 29	1887.. 90	Total, 2209
			Class not given..... 122
			Grand total..... 2331

*Partial report.

Of these the white colleges have graduated 390 and institutions dedicated exclusively to the blacks 1941. About 10 per cent of the graduates are women. Over half of these educated negroes are teachers, one-sixth preachers, another sixth students and professional men and the remainder farmers, artisans and merchants. Four per cent are in the government service. Five hundred and fifty-seven of them own real estate valued at \$1,342,862, the average holding per individual being \$2,411, and a very handsome showing it is. The argument that education spoils the negro finds little support in these figures.

It may be said, however, that the negro has been fortunate in that the colleges founded for his benefit since the civil war have been well adapted, in most cases, to his needs. They have taught him to be self-supporting and to impart useful knowledge in turn. In this respect it may be said, with no disparagement of other institutions, that Booker T. Washington's Tuskegee Institute is performing the most practical work of all. It supplies a common school education, with manual training added. It sends forth mechanics, farmers and teachers. Its graduates are self-reliant, useful members of society as a rule and if there are exceptions it is not the fault of the school, but of the individual. In their spheres Atlanta, Howard, Shaw, Talladega, Fisk, Lincoln and a score more have done a noble work in the academic line as well as in industrial training.—Minneapolis Times

A New Invention.

A dispatch from Stockholm to the Chicago Tribune gives an interesting description of a practical and valuable invention as follows: An employe of a Stockholm telephone company has invented a device by which the telephone user can tell when a third party is listening to his conversation. The visible part of the device is a small metal box with a glass front. This is attached to the wall or desk near the telephone instrument. The pressing of a button connects the "listener detector," as it is called with the telephone. The intrusion of "central" is indicated by the illumination of a red Maltese cross behind the glass of the "detector," which remains lighted up as long as "central" is on the wire. The connection of the operator at the second exchange with the wire is indicated by the illumination of a white cross, so that the telephone patron can tell not only when and how long the operator is on the wire, but also which exchange "cuts in" to ask him whether he is through talking or to listen to what he is saying. The device, including its installation, costs less than \$2, and is being put in by a large number of business houses which use the telephone for transacting more or less confidential business.