

Whether Common or Not.



Waiting.

What will I get when my ship sails home?
Wealth of India in jewels and gold?
Laces and silks from quaint looms old?
What will I get when my ship sails home?
Oft in the past I have had my dreams,
Dreams of the day when my ship hove to
Out in the harbor of golden gleams;
Safe though the tempest of ill luck blew.
Riding hull down with its precious freight,
Jewels and gold and its spices rare;
Anchored and safe from an adverse fate,
White sails furled in the evening air.

What will I get when my ship sails home?
Riches and wealth beyond compare?
Gold and jewels a king might wear?
What will I get when my ship sails home?
Sitting I dream of a cargo rich
Freighting my ship as it sails to me;
White sails set to the utmost stitch,
Plowing its way through the sunset sea.
Well do I know there is naught of gold,
Naught of jewels, nor silks, nor lace,
Filling the space in my good ship's hold—
Some thing far better now takes their place.

What will I get when my ship sails home?
Something far better than yellow gold.
Never did ship such a cargo hold—
This will I get when my ship sails home:
Two little hearts beating warm and true;
Two baby faces that smile at me;
Four dancing eyes with a glint of blue
Keeping close watch o'er the sunset sea.
Two baby voices that lisp my name;
Mother the sweetest 'neath heaven's dome;
Laughter and love—not gold and fame—
These will I get when my ship sails home.

Ready.

The haughty manager of the Consolidated Manufacturing Co. tapped the golden bell that stood upon the desk. The private secretary at once obeyed the summons.

"Have the men been notified that wages are to be reduced 15 per cent?" queried the manager.

"Yes, sir."

"Have they been notified that the rent of the company cottages is to be increased 25 per cent?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have they been notified that their union will no longer be recognized?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good! Now send for the reporters of the Daily Administration Shrieker and I will detail my plans for aiding our employes by permitting them to purchase stock in the Consolidated Manufacturing Co. We must make some sort of showing to deceive the public.

Mixed.

The delegation of agriculturists called upon Senator Taxemall and expressed a desire for an audience.

"Why do you advocate a continuance of the protective tariff?" queried the chairman.

"Ah, to prevent our manufacturers from being swamped by the competition of foreign manufacturers," replied Senator Taxemall, swelling with conscious pride.

"But what will happen to American labor when our home mills manufacture too much for home consumption?"

"That time will never come, because we are to-day enlarging our foreign markets and underselling the foreign manufacturer."

"Then we are to understand that the protective tariff which prevents foreign competition enables us to compete with foreigners?" queried the puzzled agriculturalist.

"Yes, that is what I mean. By preventing the

competition of foreigners we are enabled to compete with foreigners because the competition of foreigners being prevented, foreign competition becomes—that is to say, by enabling our manufacturers to compete with foreigners by preventing foreign competition—or, as I was about to say, by competing with foreigners our home manufacturers are protected against the foreign competition that competes with our—gentlemen, I have here a few copies of my famous speech on the irrigation question. Take them home and read them. As you pass out you will notice a box of cigars on the hall tree. Come again, gentlemen."

Then the delegation walked thoughtfully away. "Whew! That was a narrow escape," said Senator Taxemall. "These farmers are becoming too almighty inquisitive. We've got to divert their minds.

Suspicious.

"I see by the papers that one man has succeeded in cornering the prune output."

"I'll bet he is the agent of the landlady of our boarding house."

Slow.

Why should the Constitution be
A flying racer of the sea?
Of course behind its bound to lag—
It can't keep up with e'en a flag.

Poets' License No. 22,333.

A British commander named Kitchener,
Said, "The Boers are in the last ditch, or near."
But the grand proclamation
Aroused the Boer nation,
To give Johnnie Bull a new pitch on ear.*

*Somewhat mixed, but warranted by the facts.

In Bugdom.

Dr. A. M. Osquito—"Victory! At last I have preserved my name for future generations!"

Mrs. A. M. Osquito—"What have you done now, dearest?"

Dr. A. M. Osquito—"See this little vial, love? Well, the whitish substance you see therein will make me famous. It is the virus which will render our kind immune from the terrible disease known as Standardicus Oilibus."

Wu.

Goodby, Wu,
We'll miss you
When you've gone to Lun'non.
Fact, might say,
You're O. K.
Such a jolly rum 'un.
So long, Wu,
We'll miss you,
Hope our memory haunts ye.
We're bereft,
As that's left
Is our uncle Chauncey.

Experiences.

Nothing is quite so unsatisfactory as boarding 'round while waiting for your household goods to arrive.

There are times in a man's life when he would give all he has to be aroused from sleep by the crying of his baby.

A crust of bread where love is affords greater joy than a feast in a restaurant where rush and hurry are the watchwords.

Not even the most ardent sportsman can find pleasure in house hunting.

Easy Board.

The grizzled old Boer warrior stood unabashed in the presence of the haughty British officer.

"Why do you persist in fighting? Are you not aware that you have been thoroughly subdued?"

"Vas iss dot? Kervit fightin' ven dose British

sopply tarins vos plenty eatin' givin'? Nein! Dos iss vot I call pooty gude board, ain't it?"

However the sarcasm was lost upon his majesty's military representative.

Next year, or the year after, perhaps, the haughty warrior will take a tumble. Peradventure he may do so the next time he gets within range of Boer riflemen.

Mental Diversion.

"These critics of Kipling make me tired. Kipling is writing for future generations."

"Perhaps he is, but what he writes sounds like he wrote it to keep from thinking of his American brother-in-law."

—W. M. M.

Shark or Whale?

Is the billion dollar trust a shark or a whale? It is a ferocious and formidable monster ready to devour everything in its way, or is it a huge, helpless mass, easy prey for smaller and more active enemies?

These questions are hard to answer just now, but some light may be thrown upon them by the outcome of the steel strike. The United States Steel Corporation, the type of the overgrown trust, has some advantages and some disadvantages as a fighting organism. It has a certain advantage from its control of the bulk of the industry. When a small factory is closed by the strikers its business goes elsewhere. When half the factories of the Steel Trust are closed it can make up for the loss by working double time in the other half. It can dismantle mills and move them to more favorable locations. Even if its whole business should be temporarily suspended it would not be lost, for the work could not be done outside, and orders would simply be delayed.

Again the strikers in a single establishment could be supported indefinitely by the other union workers in the trade while their employers were losing money. But if all the workers in the trade strike there is nobody to pay benefits, and the men must face destitution unless the men of other unions come to their rescue. Thus, though the employers in a universal strike suffer less than in an isolated one, the strikers suffer more.

On the other hand, the trust has troubles from which the independent employer is free. If there had been no United States Steel Corporation there probably would have been no steel strike this year. Each constituent company of the trust could have settled its relations with its men, either on a union or a non-union basis. If there had been a strike in one of the companies the others would not have been affected by it. But by the extension of a common ownership over the entire field of the industry scores of mills were dragged into a quarrel with which they had no direct concern. The American Tin Plate Company, which had no dispute with the union, and the Carnegie Company, which had not even a discussion because the union had no foothold in its works, were alike caught in the strike whirlpool.

Again, the relations of a gigantic trust with the stock markets are so delicate that the slightest interference with its orderly progress becomes a calamity. Wall Street has been dominated by the steel strikes for weeks. Every point knocked off the price of the stocks of the United States Steel Corporation means a shrinkage of over \$10,000,000 in the property of investors and speculators. At one time the steel stocks were thirteen points below the price at which they might have been expected to sell had there been no strike. That meant a loss of \$130,000,000 in the market value of the securities. It meant that many margins were wiped out, many speculators ruined, and many investors frightened into disposing of their holdings at a sacrifice.

This gigantic depressing influence weighed down the whole market. Securities of railroads and industrial corporations that had nothing to do with steel went down with the rest.

No such consequences could follow a strike in a local or limited field. Even one of the \$100,000,000 trusts that were considered giants before the "Morganizing" epoch could have had a strike without notably affecting Wall Street. But a labor conflict in which a body like the United States Steel Corporation is involved is like a war among first class powers, and responsible business men will dread the one as much as responsible statesmen dread the other.—Saturday Evening Post.