



When My Ship Comes In

Working and smiling I wait the day
 When my ship comes sailing in;
 Hoping, when it shall at anchor lay
 On the rippling surface of my life's
 bay
 And the storm has hushed its din,
 That it shall bring in its laden hold
 Not ingot bars of the far east's gold,
 But smiles and joys of my lifelong
 friends
 To light my way till the journey ends—
 Then, then shall the perfect peace
 begin,
 When my ship comes sailing in.

Hope burns bright though the clouds
 hang low,
 And my ship sails on and on.
 Far out at sea where the strong winds
 blow
 And far-flung clouds 'neath the blue
 sky go,
 The captain and crew have gone.
 Love is the captain, and Faith the
 crew,
 And the good ship sails the ocean blue;
 It nearer comes with each closing day,
 Plowing the waves of the sea's high-
 way;
 On through the sun or the gray mists
 thin,
 Is my good ship sailing in.

Freighted with hopes that the years
 have borne
 Is the ship I long to see,
 Balm that shall heal all the heart-
 strings torn,
 Rest for the hands so long toil worn,
 In years that have passed o'er me.
 Shadowy forms that have long lain
 cold
 In the dews and damps of the church-
 yard mold;
 The warm handclasps that I used to
 know,
 And the laughing eyes with their love-
 light glow—
 Then shall be hushed all the world's
 rough din,
 When my ship comes sailing in.

When white sails rise to my waiting
 eyes
 And my ship shall anchor cast;
 When the hold shall yield each precious
 prize
 And lie full spread 'neath the bright
 blue skies
 And I count my joys at last,
 Then, laying my toils and trials by,
 And all of my loved ones drawing
 nigh,
 I'll rest content till the setting sun;
 Shall sink to sleep with my life's work
 done,
 And wake where eternal joys begin
 After my ship sails in.

Just Thoughts

When the first day of May dawned
 the architect of this department arose
 in a reminiscent mood. Of course he
 didn't arise just at the dawn. That's
 a little too early. But it was a little
 nearer dawn than it was noon and that
 was near enough under the circum-
 stances. And somehow or other as he
 was dressing, and his thoughts re-
 verted to other May days, he happened
 to recall a few things that used to
 happen in those springs long, long ago.
 And the minute he thought of one par-
 ticular spring attribute he made a wry
 face and spat.
 Sassafras tea!
 What memories are called up by
 that fearful decoction. Sassafras tea
 was a sovereign blood remedy thirty
 or forty years ago. Along about the
 beginning of April mother would send
 us boys down into the woods pasture
 to dig a lot of sassafras root, and we

had to go despite our complaints and
 objections. When we returned with
 the roots mother would dry them out
 and every morning every child in the
 family would have to drink a big cup-
 ful of sassafras tea. It was for the
 purpose of purifying and thinning the
 blood rendered unclean and stagnant
 during the winter. It didn't taste so
 bad at first, but after a week of it
 a dose of quinine would have been
 sweet by comparison. But we just
 had to drink it, and drink it every
 morning until our blood got so thin
 our noses would bleed if we sneezed
 hard. When that stage arrived our
 blood was considered in proper shape
 and the tea diet was discontinued.

The architect worked a great scheme
 one spring. After dopping himself with
 the tea for a week he deftly thrust a
 straw into one nostril and drew blood,
 sneezing just beforehand. And the
 mother, wondering how the sassafras
 tea happened to work so swiftly, let
 him discontinue the diet. But he made
 a mistake of trying it the next spring,
 and a few days too soon. The wary
 mother was suspicious and made an
 investigation. The result was a double
 dose of the tea, which discouraged all
 future attempts at dodging.

It was just about this time of year,
 too, that we boys had to begin lug-
 ging water out to the old ash hopper.
 Remember that old V-shaped receptacle
 for the wood ashes? All the ashes
 from the kitchen stove, the old barrel
 stove in the sitting room and the fire-
 place in the big front room were
 dumped into that hopper. If memory
 is not at fault it was the "hopper" un-
 til soap making time began, then it
 became a "leech." Anyhow, we boys
 had to soak those ashes in water, and
 the dark brown liquid that seeped
 through was lye. It was something
 awful how much water that old hop-
 per could consume.

Then, when there was enough lye
 to begin with, mother began the soap-
 making, and we boys had to chase up
 the chips and keep the fire going un-
 der the kettle. If there is anything on
 earth more contrary than the smoke
 from under an old soap Kettle we
 never found it. No matter on which
 side of the fire you got, the smoke
 would blow in your eyes and go down
 your throat in choking chunks. And
 every time the good mother would fin-
 ish up a batch of that soap we would
 shudder to think how many washings
 of neck, face and hands it would take
 to consume that supply.

Say, the boy who didn't go in swim-
 ming the first day of May was a
 "mollycoddle." We didn't call 'em that
 in those days, but that's what they
 were. Ouch. But wasn't the water
 cold? And how cheerfully the first
 boy in would restrain the chattering
 of his teeth, and disregarding the evi-
 dence of a blue and goosey skin blithe-
 ly prevaricate by exclaiming: "O,
 come on in; it's bully good and warm!"
 And this, too, is about the time of
 year we used to catch the craw-dads,
 amputate their meaty tails and pre-
 pare feasts that no French chef ever
 equalled. When the architect visited
 the St. Louis exposition he took the
 missus down on the river front and
 tried to locate some old colored uncle
 who was selling crawdads, but it must
 have been out of season. Until we
 can give a practical demonstration the
 missus will refuse to believe that craw-
 dads are good to eat. But we old boys
 know they are, don't we?

The architect was just beginning to

think of a lot of other things when the
 8 o'clock whistle blew. It blew all
 thoughts save that of getting to the
 breakfast table right out of his mind.
 But the next best thing to being a
 boy on the first day of May is to be
 able to loaf around a little while and
 think of the good times you used to
 have when you were a boy. O,
 pshaw! That old gag about having to
 work so hard when you were a boy is
 a chestnut! Course you worked hard,
 but didn't that make the playtime
 seem all the brighter?

Answers to Correspondents

"Worried Willard"—If your wife is
 acting very much like a hen that wants
 to set it is a sure sign of the disease
 known as spring housecleaning. It is
 seldom fatal.

"Anxious Artie"—We are not wise
 on skin foods. We always skin our
 food before we eat it.

"Puzzled Phillip"—The kind of
 economy you propose reminds us of
 the economy that wastes a lot of good
 sugar trying to save the watermelon
 rinds. Don't do it.

"Imogene."—Have we a better half?
 Hardly—she's a much bigger fraction
 than that.

"Penelope"—Some kinds of walking
 exercises are good. The last walk we
 took was about 2 o'clock in the morn-
 ing, and it nearly wrecked the house.
 But we finally got him to sleep.

Seasonable

The calendar says it is May,
 But why, we don't remember;
 For as we toil on day by day
 We think it is December.

Traitor

"We have expelled Crankleigh from
 our auto club."
 "Refuse to pay his dues?"
 "No, not that. He mortgaged his
 machine to buy a cottage."

Insinuating

The two trust magnates were con-
 sidering a merger of their interests
 into one gigantic whole, and had met
 by agreement in an isolated spot.
 "It is foolish for us to remain apart,"
 said one.
 "True, how can we get together?"
 queried the other.
 "That ought to be easy. You and
 I are both practical men, and—"
 At this juncture the fight began, and
 the sod was torn up for several rods
 around.

Brain Leaks

Platitudes seldom bring plentitude.
 A good mirror makes many friends.
 Prompt payment of pew rent is not
 enough.
 A lot of boys will follow where they
 can not be driven.
 A lot of graft clothes itself in "em-
 inent respectability."
 People with small principle usually
 have big self-interest.
 The frost is not responsible for the
 death of all the buds.
 Those who listen to gossip are as
 bad as those who retail it.
 We'd all be better if we followed
 the advice we give our friends.
 Recipe for becoming rich: Work
 hard and be content with what you
 get.
 The carrion crow has its uses, but
 we prefer not to associate with the
 human kind.
 After all, a stunny disposition goes
 a long way towards making the
 weather pleasant.
 "Stick to 'em a while longer," is the
 advice of the Milwaukee Sentinel.
 Huh! We're simply freezing to 'em.
 Temptation is avoided by the strong
 who are afraid of their weakness; it
 is sought by the weak who want to
 parade their strength.

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