

"Little Alexander's dead;  
Jam him in a coffin;  
Don't have as good a chance  
For a fun'ral often.  
Rush his body right around  
To the cemetery;  
Drop him in the sepulchre.  
With his Uncle Jerry.

At the end of every line the indignant conqueror punched the fallen Brimmer's ribs with her umbrella, and exclaimed:

"O you willin! D'you hear that, you wretch? What d'you mean by writin' of my grandson in that way? Take that, you serpint! O! you you willinous wiper you! tryin' to break a lone widder's heart with such scand'lus lies as them! There, you willin! I kemmere to hammer you well with this here umbreller, you wicked willin, you ow-lacious wiper, you! Take that, and that, you wile, indecent, disgustin' ragabone! When you know well enough that Aleck never had no Uncle Jerry, and never had no uncle in no sepulchre anyhow, you wile wretch, you!"

While she pounded the editor, the poet groped his way down stairs six steps at a time, and emerged from the front door with a remarkable suddenness. His journalistic career ended upon that day. When Brimmer's employees dragged away Alexander's grandparent, and carried her struggling and screaming down to the street, the editor sent for a carriage and was taken home to bed, from whence he arose a week later with an earnest determination never to permit another line of Epitaphy Poetry to enter the columns of *The Morning Glory*.—*Sunday Dispatch*.

## MASONIC EGOTISM.

Of all the sins which so easily beset mankind and lead them into a killing but very foolish captivity, there is none more common than egotism. It is said to be the sin of weak minds, but if so, small minds must be the rule, one would almost think, so frequently do we find this showing itself. The vanity of thinking one's self better than others, the conceit of flattering our vain selves that we are by nature or education superior to those with whom we must needs associate—this vanity and conceit constantly gaining the mastery and cropping out in words and gestures—is most intolerably disgusting. But never is it more than when seen in a member of the Masonic Brotherhood. Masons profess to meet their Brethren on the level, and to be united to them by the strongest fraternal bonds. Such being the case, how out of place is that egotism which vaunts itself in the assumption of superiority over others—in the haughty look or gesture—in the imperious manner which prompts to say to those with whom we come in contact, "Stand by yourself; I am greater, wiser, holier than you." In our travels we have called upon W. M.s who were so inflated with the bombastic spirit that they seemed uncomfortable until they had informed us of their Masonic standing and boasted of their great acquisitions. They understood Masonry in all its minutiae, and no other in their Lodge is capable of taking their place. From year to year they have been the soul of the fortunate (?) Lodge of which they were to be a member, and one would almost be led to believe that the