THE ROLL OF HONOR.

St. Louis Republic.

The Roll of Honor is long and solemn
    In the mourning City of Everywhere,
And they eagerly read its cold, grey column
    With eyes that blur and with eyes that stare.
It's read by the haughty and read by the humble,
    It's read by the old and read by the young,
And the young grow old and the old hearts humble,
    And it's read in every tongue.

It tells how the blood of a peasant splashes
    The dying son of an ancient line—
In the blinding shock and the roaring clashes
    They drank to death in their mutual wine,
They had scorned each other, perhaps had hated,
    When the one was poor and the one was rich,
But the barriers false by Caste created
    Weren't there in the last red ditch.

Oh, the ancient lines are thin and broken,
    With their heirs-apparent a list of dead;
But by every splendid and worth-while token
    Have the heirs-apparent inherited.
And the stark, white test of the ultimate issue
    (By the plan of a grim, inscrutable Fate)
Has proved the man of the coarser tissue
    Blood-heir to the same estate.

When the guns are still and the madness ended
    And back to Peace limp the wraiths of men,
As the heart of the world is slowly mended
    What of your laws and your customs then!
Will ye hate as of old the one the other?
    Will Caste be reared on the hallowed spot?
Will the name and the fact and the blood of brother
    And its promise be all forgot?

A KISS IN TIME SAVES NINE

A distinguished novelist recently found himself travelling in a train with two very talkative women. Having recognized him from his published portraits, they opened fire upon him in regard to his novels, praising them in a manner which was unendurable to the sensitive author. Presently the train entered a tunnel, and in the darkness the novelist raised the back of his hand to his lips and kissed it soundly. When light returned he found the two women regarding one another in icy silence. Addressing them with great suavity, he said: "Ah, ladies, the one regret of my life will be that I shall never know which of you it was that kissed me!"