POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

THE ENGINEERING STUDENTS OF THE U. N. B, AND THEIR WORK IN THEIR 1903 CAMP.

On Monday, September 14th, the engineers of the University of New Brunswick met in the engineering building for instructions with regard to going into camp for two weeks of field work. Thirty-five seniors, juniors and sophomores assembled. The cook, the cookee and (last but not least) the professor of engineering made up a party ot thirty-eight. After an outline of the work of the camp was given, the students were told to assemble next morning at 6.40 at the Canada Eastern station.

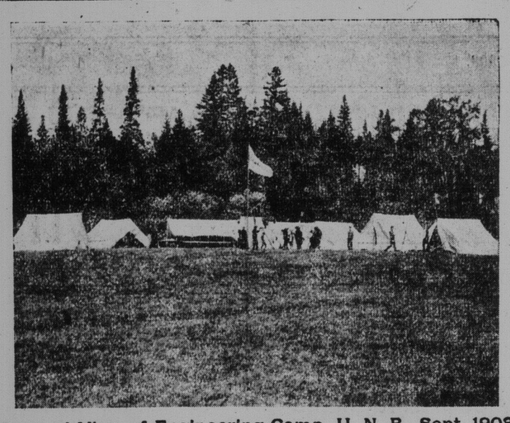
The provisions, instruments and camp equipment were taken on a freight train along with the party en route for the junction of the Nashwaak and Tay rivers, where the lovely village of Zionville, "beautiful for situation," nestles in the valley at the foot of its wooded hills.

The train stopped between stations to let the party and the baggage off at the point most favorable for reaching the place selected for the camp.

The students were divided into parties under chiefs and to each of these parties was assigned charge of a certain portion of the baggage and a certain share of the work of preparing the camp. The day was dull and rain began to fall long before the tents were pitched. But the vigorous enthusiasm and good spirits of the party were too much even for rain. If the rich man is happy save he has a cold in his head surely the young man is happy even if he has a cold in his head. "Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous!"

The Camp.

Eight tents were pitched on the bank of the Nashwaak behind a little sheltering bluff. The dining-tent was a large awning protecting two rows of tables. The seats were of fine quartered spruce with rough edges and rested upon uprights securely driven into the ground. The kitchen tent, which was connected with the diner, was a leanto with sides and contained, besides the stove, the 150 lesser instruments of the culinary orchestra from which that accomplished chef, Walter J. Brogan, drew forth three times a day his inspiring masterpieces. Pleasant, genial and efficient, with a quiet smile, he greeted the scramble that answered the sound of the dinner-whistle, the camp substitute for what Byron calls "that tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell." Between the kitchen and the diner sped later the swift-footed "cookee," having his hands full to keep the "able eaters" going and ever rang forth his cry, "hot tea!" "hot tea!" or when the griddles were heated, "pancakes, all hot, all hot!"



General View of Engineering Camp, U N. B., Sept. 1903.

In a line with the kitchen and the diner was set the large tent for the stores. This also served as an amusement hall, where to the accompaniment of the piano, song and dance filled up the leisure minutes. Forl in spite of Mr. Kipling, the U. N. B. engineers can "pack a Broadwood half a mile," and if hard pressed could doubtless "raft an organ up the Nile and play it in an equatorial swamp."

At each end of the dining tent were pitched two sleeping tents, one for seniors, one for juniors and two for sophomores. In line with the sleeping-tents at one end was placed the office tent with a flag flying at each end of the ridge pole. In this work was planned and instructions were given. Hare drawing was done in the evenings. And Kenneth Chestnut, of the senior class, as man in charge, rendered invaluable services to Professor Jack.

In the sleeping tents beds were made by strewing straw on the ground. This was held in place by logs along the top and bottom. The rest of the tent space served for storage and dressing room. Out side the door upon a tripod of stakes stood the ordinary tin basin of commerce. There was no little swimming in the river,some of it enforced by the necessities of surveying or by the large and slippery stones in the river bed.

On the afternoon of the first day the adjustment of the instruments was tested. But owing to the rain, work could not be begun till the afternoon of the second day.

The task in hand was the survey work for the Nashwaak and Tay Valley Railway. One line was run for three miles up the west side of the Nashwaak on the south bank of the Tay, another up the north bank of the Tay for one and three-quarters miles. Both parties took surveys for a bridge across the Nashwaak.

The students were divided into parties of which the seniors had charge. The chiefs of parties made out a list of what they wanted for their work and each morning went to the office tent and there received from the man in charge instruments, axes, chalk, pencils, notebooks, etc. The various articles were numbered and entered in the office record against the party-chief receiving them. Then if No. 3 axe was lost or broken the responsibility could be definitely placed. In the evening these articles were returned and checked off.

Obedience to party-chiefs was universally good. Only one case of "kicking" developed during the whole outing. This, of course, is a very important point. "A distinguished engineer-in-chief once criticized the graduates of two rival colleges which we will call A and B. He said, "the men from A know a good deal more, but I would rather employ the men from B; for they have learned one thing that the men from A haven't learned, the most important thing of all, implicit obedience to orders."

The first difficulty encountered was the crossing of the Nashwaak. There were always many wet feet in camp. Along the south bank of the Tay there was much heavy chopping. And the sophomores, the sturdy wielders of the axe, learned many points about retaining a foothold on a step bank. Many axehandles as well as trees fell before their prowess and ever the doughty Thomas bore the blame.

First, a preliminary line was run to find out the character of the country. This was plotted on paper in the evenings. And from this plot the best place for the line to run was located. The line where the rails were to be laid was then staked on the ground and stakes were driven to show just where the men should start to dig the ground and make the fillings.

In the evenings, after dinner, the sophomores had axes to grind and the seniors and juniors made drawings of the day's work.

At Work in the Office Tent, U. N. B. Engineering Camp.

Engineering Students Ready for Beginning Work.

The sophomores also made chain surveys o and and buildings near the camp. While the juniors made compass surveys of the farms in the neighborhood and did some work for one of the farmers in dividing up his land into two portions of equal acreage.

One unprogressive agriculturist, though at first minded to delay the march of progress, finally allowed the line to run across his land. But his heart was not in it, for he used to pull up the stakes before the work was completed. And when at the end parties were sent out for a general elimination of stakes, his were left that his stern spirit might soothe itself.

They Attend Sermon.

On the third day the villagers had a grand concert for the benefit of the students and incidentally of the villagers' funds. "Hiawatha was the backbone of the programme, while the engineers contributed some of their favorite.

On the first Sunday an invitation to attend service in the village was accepted and the march to church was made in order in working clothes with "General Coxey" at the head of the column. The middle of the church was reserved. And when the singing began, the innumerous choir, after a short struggle, was lost in the melee.

One day's leave of absence to attend the exhibition at Fredericton was granted and all returned eager for work after gazing upon the composite graces of the spotted lady and the more salient attractions of the ferocious hokadola.

Camp broke on Thursday, October 1. A flat car was left on the main line the night before to be picked up by next day's express train. The baggage was loaded upon it by the working parties half an hour before the train arrived and Fredericton was reached at 1.30 o'clock. All the apparatus of the camp was returned to the college and duly stored in the afternoon.

So ended the most successful camp the engineers have yet had. The only drawback seems to have been that the apples were few and inferior in the Tay district. Perhaps it is an off year. This, however, may not unreasonably be regarded as more than balanced by the fact that the land is one flowing with milk and honey. So fine was the flavor of the latter that every engineer is firmly resolved that if he ever lives in the country he will certainly keep a bee, every honey-pot accompanied by a guarantee that in gathering it off the tree you will strike no hornet's nest.

The management and arrangement of such a camp is quite an undertaking and entails a great amount of work upon the professor in charge. But everything went smoothly. The work was excellently done and the outing very enjoyable.

HARBOR RACES WILL BE TUESDAY.

Halifax Did Well in the Contests of Saturday.

WATER WAS TOO ROUGH.

Impossible to Handle Shells Under the Conditions--McCormick Boat Injured a Little, and an Oar Was Broken--The Story of the Races.

Only two of the Carnival races were finished on Saturday, and both first prizes went to Halifax. The weather on Saturday was not at all favorable for boat racing. The strong, cold, southeast wind not only lashed the harbor waters with white caps, but caused a long, heavy swell which rolled up the harbor. So rough was the water in the harbor that as the fishing schooners and other craft forged their way down, the seas breaking on the bows sent the spray dancing over the deck.

There were thousands of persons down to see the races, but many who were experienced in boat racing left the harbor front earlier, never imagining a race in shells would be started under such circumstances as those which prevailed on Saturday morning. Never once during the morning or afternoon was the water in the harbor in proper condition for a boat race, and especially a race in fine out-rigged shells, which are built for rowing races in smooth water.

It was 10.30 o'clock when the amateur fours were called out. The crews were made up as follows:

Carleton—Messrs. Hilton Belyea, James Ross, William Lanyon and Morton MacLaren.

St. Joseph's, Halifax—Frank Walsh, Ed. Pearson, Harry Young, John Young.

Neptunes—J. H. A. L. Fairweather, S. L. Fairweather, Harry Gilbert, Bruce Caldwell.

The St. Joseph's and Neptune crews rowed in new Davis-built shells, which are considered the finest built shells in the world. The boys from the West End intended rowing in the Belyea crew shell, but as the programme was so arranged, the Belyeas would not risk their new shell, built by Elijah Ross, to the amateurs before the professional race was called on. The Carleton amateurs therefore were obliged to row the old shell "St. John," now owned by the city, and at one time rowed by four of the best oarsmen the world produced, the "Paris crew of St. John." This old shell is much heavier than the boats built nowadays, and is accordingly slower, and the boys from the west side deserve great credit for the excellent contest which they put up under the circumstances.

At 10.40 o'clock Starter Fulton gave the word "go." The Halifax crew had the inshore position, with the best water, the Neptune crew were in the centre, and the Carleton crew on the outside. From the first stroke the boats began to drive into the sea. It was impossible for the oarsmen to row a clean stroke, and as the boat would drive her sharp bow into a sea it meant the shipping of water every time. The St. Josephs were slightly ahead of the other crews at the turning buoy. The Carleton crew reached the Neptune's buoy first, and turned both buoys before they squared away for home. When the Neptunes and Carleton crews squared away for the finish line together, the St. Josephs had a good three lengths of a start, the visitors having made a fine turn. The crews all steered a bad course all the way home. The Halifax boys went off into the middle of the stream, while the Carleton crew were on the east side, and Neptunes behind. The Carleton crew gained considerable on the Halifax crew, and lost the race by a bad course, for they rowed close in to the Neptune Club house. Their boat had considerable water in her, forward, and that made her steer badly. The Halifax crew won the race by about a length. When the boats reached the boat house it was seen that they all contained considerable water. The oarsmen were loudly cheered at the finish and the winners were heartily congratulated on their victory.

The Professional Fours.

After the amateur fours were out of the way the professional fours were called out. The distance judges, Messrs. Vroom and McCavour, were on board the tug Dirigo.

The distance judges, who had been well down the harbor, saw that it was not safe for shells to be rowed in the sea that was running, but the word that came from the referee and starter was for the tug Dirigo to "stand by" the oarsmen, as they were liable to swamp in the seas.

The committee suggested that the course be changed from down the harbor to up along the Strait Shore, but Stroke Belyea objected and requested that the race be rowed down the harbor.

The crews were as follows:—

Clark-McCormick crew—Clark, stroke; McLaren, after mid; Dalton, fore mid; McCormick, bow.

Belyea crew—F. Belyea, stroke; H. Belyea, after mid; Tibbets, fore mid; Lamereaux, bow.

The distance judges were on their way up the harbor to report the condition of the water and when nearing the starting line the word "go" was given and the boats were off. The Clark crew had the inshore position. Both crews caught the water together, the Clark crew starting off at about thirty-six strokes to the minute, while the Belyeas hit about a forty clip. They went even for the first 100 yards, then the Clark crew gained some. It was impossible for the crews to row a steady stroke or to drive their boat as she should go. Never before was a boat race started in such a sea. Every time the nose of the shell would bury in a sea the water would rush against the box and the spray would dash over the oarsmen. At times the bow oarsman could hardly be seen, as the sea would break over him. With the bow on one sea and stern on another a vacant space could be seen under the centre of the shell. It was a wonder the shells did not break in two parts.

The crews were game, despite the fact that every sea hit caused more water to get in the boat. The crews had reached a point off Sand Point slip when another heavy sea filled the Belyea boat. Bow and stern were submerged, and the men were sitting in the cold water. A few lengths ahead the Clark crew also stopped, for the water was up to the seats in their boat and they were in danger of sinking. A fishing boat manned by Ed. McLeod and John Campbell, went to the rescue of the Belyea crew and they were taken on board the government cruiser Curlew, where Captain Pratt looked after their comfort. The Clark crew rowed cautiously through the seas to the Blue Rock beach, and within a few feet from the beach they jumped out of the shell into the surf, picked their boat up and, dumping the water out of her, saved her from much injury. As it was, she was split some near the bow outrigger. The crew got in their places again and started to row up the harbor but the boat began to take in a lot more water and they landed again at Sand Point. The referee then declared the race off.

It is a wonderful thing that the Belyea shell kept them afloat as long as she did, and had she sunk under them there is every reason to believe that one of the crew, who could not swim, might have been drowned.

The Amateur Singles.

It was nearly 12 o'clock when the referee changed the mile and a half course down the harbor to a point off Walker's wharf, round Navy Island and back, and called the amateur single sculllers out. There were two men to respond, James Ross, of Carleton, and John O'Neill, of St. Mary's Boat Club, Halifax. O'Neill was leading Ross before they had gone 300 yards. On turning the island O'Neill took no chances on the shore and made a long sweeping turn, while Ross gained greatly by hugging the shore. On the home stretch O'Neill walked ahead of the St. John man and won his race quite easily.

As one of the Neptune Club who was to row in the double scull race was sick that race, with the professional single sculling race, was also postponed.

The carnival committee held a special meeting. It was intended that the races should be rowed on Monday, but owing to some repairs having to be made to the boats that were out in the heavy weather, and a new oar having to be made for the Clark crew, it was decided to have the races held tomorrow, commencing with the professional four-oared contest, at 1 o'clock.

When off the custom house in Saturday's race McLaren, of the Clark crew, badly cracked his oar, and he will have to get a new one made for him. The injuries to the boat will not make any difference in her racing qualities.

Nearly one-half of County Wexford has been bought by tenants under the new Land Act, at a cost of half a million sterling.

WORLD'S RECORD SMASHED TWICE IN AFTERNOON.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 10—The world's trotting record to wagon was twice smashed this afternoon by Lou Dillon and Major Delmar, and despite the strong and biting west wind Prince Alert (1.57) came within two and one half seconds of equalling the world's pacing record held by himself. The trotting record, exhibition mile to wagon, was held until today by Lou Dillon, which trotted the mile in 2.04½ at the Cleveland track. Major Delmar, with his owner, E. E. Smathers driving, reduced this today to 2.03 3-4. For five minutes Mr. Smathers held the world's trotting record. Lou Dillon as if jealous of the record which she had just lost, appeared upon the field and driven by her owner, C. K. G. Billings, reduced Major Delmar's record to 2.01 3-4.

The wine flagon of Admiral Bruery's, captured by Lord Nelson and given by him to Lady Hamilton, was recently sold in a London auction room. The flagon is engraved on one side, "Nelson to Emma. In commemoration of the victory of the Nile, Vanguard, September 29th, 1798. My fortieth birthday."

The 18th Hussars will in future be known as the Princess of Wales Own Regiment, by order of the king.

ST. JOHN MARKETS.

The country market has been veary steady during the past week, the only changes being in turkey's eggs, chickens and tomatoes. All of which have advanced in price. Tomatoes will soon be off the market altogether. Owing to the rough weather that has prevailed during the past week codfish are somewhat scarce on the market and only flat quotations are obtainable.

In the grocery line the only noticeable change is in flour, all lines of Ontario patents having dropped ten cents per barrel.

Owing to the recent rise in the price of oil in the United States all grades of kerosene have advanced here half cent a gallon. Owing to the fact that there is at present no pale seal oil on the market no quotations are furnished.

Wholesale prices to date are:

COUNTRY MARKET.

Turnips, per bbl	0.50	to	0.70
Beets, per bbl	0.75	"	0.90
Canadian beet	0.08	"	0.08½
Beef, butchers, carcass	0.06	"	0.08
Beef, country, quarter	0.04	"	0.06
Lamb, carcass	0.05	"	0.06½
Mutton, per lb	0.04	"	0.05
Veal, per lb	0.05	"	0.07
Pork, carcass	0.07	"	0.07½
Shoulders, per lb	0.12	"	0.00
Ham, per lb	0.13	"	0.15
Roll butter, per lb	0.20	"	0.22
Tub butter, per lb	0.17	"	0.20
Turkey, per lb	0.14	"	0.18
Eggs, case per doz	0.18	"	0.20
Fowl, per pair	0.50	"	0.70
Chickens, per pair	0.50	"	0.80
Carrots, per bbl	0.90	"	1.10
Potatoes, per bbl	1.00	"	1.10
Hides, per lb	0.06	"	0.07
Calfskins, per lb	0.10	"	0.00
Sheepskins	0.40	"	0.00
Cabbage, native, per doz	0.50	"	0.70
Squash, per lb	0.01	"	0.00
Tomatoes, per lb	0.03	"	0.04

FISH.

Large, dry cod	0.00	"	4.25
Medium	0.00	"	4.25
Small cod	0.00	"	3.00
Finnen haddies	0.05	"	0.00
Gd Manan herring, hf-bbls	2.30	"	2.35
Bay herring, hf bbl	2.15	"	2.20
Cod, fresh	0.02½	"	0.03
Pollock	0.00	"	2.25
Halibut, per lb	0.12	"	0.15
Smoked herring	0.00	"	0.12

GROCERIES.

Cheese, per lb	0.12½	"	0.13
Rice, per lb	0.03¾	"	0.03½
Cream of tartar, pure, bxs	0.22	"	0.23
Bicarb soda, per keg	1.70	"	1.75
Sal soda, per lb	0.00¾	"	0.01½
Molasses—			
Porto Rico, new	0.43	"	0.44
Barbados	0.40	"	0.41
New Orleans (tierces)	0.29	"	0.36
Salt—			
Liverpool, per sack, ex store	0.58	"	0.60
Liverpool butter salt, per bag, factory filled	0.95	"	1.00

FRUITS, ETC.

Currants, per lb	0.06	"	0.06½
Currants, cleaned	0.07	"	0.07½
Dried apples	0.04¾	"	0.05
Grenoble walnuts	0.14	"	0.15
Almonds	0.13½	"	0.14
California prunes	0.05	"	0.08
Filberts	0.10	"	0.11
Brazils	0.13	"	0.14
Pecans	0.14	"	0.15
Dates, lb pkg	0.06	"	0.07
Dates, new	0.04½	"	0.05
Beef tongue, per lb	0.10	"	0.00
Peanuts roasted	0.09	"	0.10
New figs	0.12	"	0.13
Bag figs, per lb	0.04	"	0.05
Malaga London layers	1.90	"	2.00
Malaga clusters	2.75	"	4.00
Malaga, black, baskets	2.15	"	2.25
Malaga, Connoiseur, clus	2.10	"	2.25
Jamaica Oranges, per bbl	5.50	"	6.00
Onions, Canadian	3.00	"	0.00
Raisins, Sutana, new	0.00	"	0.00
Raisins, Valencia, new	0.08¼	"	0.08½
Bananas	1.00	"	2.50
Lemons, Messina, per bx	4.50	"	5.00
Cocanuts, per sack	3.00	"	3.25
Cocoanuts, per doz	0.00	"	0.60
Evaporated apricots	0.12	"	0.13
Evaporated peaches, new	0.10	"	0.12
Apples, evaporated	0.06¼	"	0.07
New apples	2.00	"	3.00
Valencia onions, per case	2.75	"	0.00

PROVISIONS.

American clear pork	17.50	"	20.00
American mess pork	18.50	"	19.50
Pork, domestic	18.25	"	20.00
Canadian plate beef	12.50	"	13.00
American plate beef	13.50	"	14.50
Lard, compound	0.08¾	"	0.09
Lard, pure	0.10	"	0.10¼

CANNED GOODS.

The following are wholesale quotations per case: Hump Backed brand, $4.25; cohoes. $5.25; spring fish, $5.75 to $6. Other kinds of fish are: Finnan haddie, $3.75 to $4; kippered herring, 3.75 to 4.00; kippered halibut. 1.35; lobsters, 2.75; clams, 3.75 to 4.00; oysters, 1s, 1.35 to 1.45; oysters, 2s, 2.35 to 2.40

Meats—Corned beef, 1s, 1.60; corned beef,2s, 2.65; lunch tongue, 3.00; ox tongue, 7.00; pigs feet, 1s, 1.25; roast beef, 2.45.

Fruits—Pears, 2s, 1.60; peaches, 2s, 1.80; peaches, 3s, 2.75; pine apple, sliced, 2.25; pine apple, grated, 2.50; Singapore pine apple, 1.75; Lombard plums, 1.50; green gages, 1.65; blueberries, 1.10; raspberries, 1.65 to 1.75; strawberries, 1.65 to 1.75; pumpkin, 1.10; squash, 1.25.

General produce—New corn, per doz, 92½c; peas, 90c; new tomatoes, 1.10; string beans, 90c; baked beans, 1.00.

FLOUR, ETC.

Cornmeal	2.75	"	2.80
Manitoba	5.40	"	5.45
Canadian high grade	4.60	"	4.65
Medium patents	4.30	"	4.50
Hand picked pea beans	2.20	"	2.25
Oatmeal	4.15	"	4.40
Middlings, small lots,bag'd	23.00	"	23.50
Bran, car lots	20.00	"	20.50
Bran, small lots, bag'd	22.50	"	23.00

GRAIN, ETC.

Hay, pressed, car lots	10.00	"	12.00
Oats (Ontario), car lots	0.39	"	0.40
Beans (Canadian), h p	2.10	"	2.20
Beans, prime	1.95	"	2.05
Split peas	5.20	"	5.25
Pot barley	4.40	"	4.50

OILS.

Pratt's Astral	0.00	"	0.21
White Rose and Chester A.	0.00	"	0.20
High Grade Sarnia and Archlight	0.00	"	0.19½
Silver Star	0.00	"	0.19
Linseed oil, raw	0.00	"	0.54
Linseed oil, boiled	0.00	"	0.57
Turpentine	0.00	"	0.55
Seal oil, steam refined	0.00	"	0.59
Seal oil pale	0.0	"	0.00
Olive oil, commercial	0.00	"	0.95
Castor oil, com'cial, per lb	0.08½	"	0.09
Extra lard oil	0.78	"	0.85
Extra No 1	0.68	"	0.70

Around the Town.

They did not look as if they were natives of the city, but joyous visitors, seeing the horse show and the town in general. They were strolling blissfully along, and at a street corner turned to go down a narrow side street. A telephone post stood at the corner, and he, manlike, cut the corner and passed outside of the post. She was passing on the inside, and had almost done so when she stopped, turned back, and followed him around the outside.

Bless her dear, superstitious heart! She had heard of woes that had befallen loving sweethearts who allowed a post or any other obstruction to come between them, and she was determined that no jeering fate would ever be able to say to her that she had invited discord. He smiled at her, when he saw what she had done Perhaps it gave him courage to whisper in her ear the old, old story. Who knows? The reporter doesn't, for he had to go down the wharf and ask the price of fish and apples. But the rigging of the schooner seemed full of orange blossoms, and the beads of foam where the harbor tide swirled in were ropes of pearls and necklets of glittering diamonds.

"Yes," said the cynic, "the horse show was a great dry-goods success."

And then an enthusiastic horseman took him by the ear, led him to the door and gave him a chance to dry up.

It is a most aggravating thing that just now, when everybody has returned from his vacation to the daily grind of work, should be the most beautiful time of the year in the country. Yet so it is. The trees never looked so fair as now, and the rustling fields of corn and oats whisper of peace and contentment in the subdued sunlight. And then, too, when you went to the lake or stream fishing, earlier in the season you have a painful recollection of the number of mosquito bites you were called upon to endure; and it adds no little to the bitterness to know that mosquitoes are no longer in evidence along the streams. But we city folk have some consolation. Rockwood Park, the Old Burial Ground, and King Square, although full of the evidences of national decay, are fairer now than when summer threw her full splendors over them.

After all we are a most dissatisfied race. In the summer time it is too hot for most of us, while the winter chills our blood too much. It is well, however, to remember that in all things there is a compensational balance. There is no table of affairs, no blackness in life, but holds somewhere a silver lining, if we but have the patience to look for it.

It's looked upon by a sympathetic public as pretty hard lines when a man, plodding along, battling with a fate which seems to take a peculiar pleasure in dealing out hard knocks, finds health leaving him and knows that his failing strength means loss of the comforts, perhaps the luxuries of life for those he loves. It's looked upon as harder when death invades his home and rudely breaks the family circle, first taking a loved son then the struggling head of the house Such a case there was recently in this city. But the sympathy extended to the bereaved has received a shock. To provide against leaving his family absolutely penniless should he die, the head of the household had carried a life insurance policy for some hundreds of dollars. This was duly paid after his death, but instead of being husbanded how do you think the money went, or part of it—for nothing more or less than a piano.

Some of us in our pessimistic moods are accustomed to rail against the world and its ways. One popular English novelist in a very pathetic passage of his works puts the following sentiment into the mouth of one of his characters: "Yes, the charity of the world consists of flowers for the dead, and blows for the living."

The experiences which most of us have do not bear this sentiment out, however. The case of poverty and suffering ventilated in The Telegraph the other day goes to show that the way of the world is good and gentle and charitable. Less than 12 hours after The Telegraph of that morning had left the press $2 had been sent in anonymously, and about 24 hours after another three dollars had been sent in. Besides this good people had called at the home and left substantial marks of their sympathy. This all goes to show that the great heart of the world responds quickly to the call for help, and that we have not such a bad place to live in after all.

CHATTERER.

Ideal.

By E. H. SOTHERN.

I sat beneath the roses on a day . . .
And I was lonely, for the day was fair,
So made myself a God . . . a God of clay,
And sculptured every grace I thought most rare
Into the senseless mud, then knelt in prayer;
Crying, "I want! I want!" Vaguely, untaught,
Seeking the noble, beautiful and good,
As from the earth my nimble fingers wrought,
Not lips that spake, nor eyes that understood,
But eyes and lips that answered as I would!

The image mirrored all the best in me,
All things I craved to worship and adore:
Beauty and youth, hope, love and chastity,
Honor and truth . . . all these and something more
That men cry out, and kill, and hunger for;

That dearer self, that sweet companionship,
Which gaining, gladly from all Edens hurled,
Man sees a thousand beauties eye nor lip
Hath ever spoken, ever seen unfurled,
Lending a new-found glory to the world.

Kneeling I prayed, "Give me from all the earth
One woman, but one woman, who shall be
All that my starving soul would bring to birth
From this dead loam!" As though to answer me
The leaves fell wide, and one said, "I am she!"

'Twas thus she came, and morrows waxed and waned,
And for a moon I dreamed all dreams were true;
Then saw I both what I had lost and gained:
The one I prayed for, and the one I knew . . .
And my soul died within me at the view!

I sat beneath the cypress on a day . . .
And I was weary, for the day was bare,
So cried, "O, give me back my God of clay
Whereon my fancy sculptured all things fair!"
Then spake a voice that said, "Behold it there!"

There lay my broken image neath the yew,
Shattered past mending, all its beauties flown,
And my numbed fingers cannot build anew
As on that day when youth's bright summer shone.
O'er the poor fragments now I weep alone.

—Collier's Weekly.

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