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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

VICTORIA.

Among the women, whose names will hold a place in history, none will receive more honor in the years to come than that great and good Queen, whose death we mourned a few years ago. In some respects it may be said that in her was exhibited the culmination of the Christian civilization of the Nineteenth Century. If the historian by-and-bye shall endeavor to select one character, whose life most clearly typifies all that is strongest and best in the era of which she was such a conspicuous ornament, he need look no further than the throne of the United Kingdom. Happy, indeed, is that nation of whom such a thing can be said. There have been women, who in some lines of activity have far surpassed her; others who by single acts have achieved greater renown than attaches to any one of hers. Indeed it may be said of her that her strength lay in her influence rather than in her action.

It would be superfluous to attempt to give a biographical sketch of Queen Victoria; all that will be attempted here will be to indicate the lines along which her influence was most felt, and such biographical references as will be made will relate only to that aspect of her career. She ascended the throne at a period of some difficulty. Matters in England were far from satisfactory. The long reign of her grandfather, George III, had not strengthened the hold of the monarchy upon the affections of the nation, and the influence of her uncle, George IV, had not been good upon either the loyalty or the morals of the people. Her other uncle, William IV., was not much of an improvement morally upon his brother, and intellectually he was his inferior. A king who earned the title of "Silly Billy" was not calculated to strengthen the hold of royalty upon the intelligence or affections of his subjects. The agitation for the extension of the franchise and the reform of the representative system generally was at its height, and it is perhaps no exaggeration to say that when, a girl of eighteen, Victoria assumed the crown, the country was nearer the establishment of republican institutions than it had ever been since the days of Cromwell. If William had been succeeded by a man of equal stupidity or one with the stubbornness of George III, it is doubtful if the British monarchy would have endured for a decade.

The personality of the girl queen appealed to the innate chivalry of the British people. There have been greater statesmen, than Viscount Melbourne, her first prime minister, but none who were shrewder. He knew the people. He knew that a dainty little girl, upon whose frail shoulders rested imperial responsibilities, was a tremendous power for peace and national security. Under his advice she showed herself much in public. Jauntily dressed in semi-military fashion, she reviewed her troops. On every possible occasion she was brought into contact with her subjects, and her magnetic personality and exquisite gentleness captivated all hearts. Never for a moment during her long reign was she anything less than queen. Within three years after ascending the throne she was married, and the imagination of the kingdom was again appealed to. Then like a good Englishwoman, she bore children and cared for them with true motherly affection. She was none the less a mother for the fact that she was at the head of the greatest nation of the day. The phrase "Royal Family" took on a new meaning. It began to stand for everything which a Briton loves the most—his home, his wife and his children. The monarchy was being strengthened where it had become the weakest, that is in the very hearts of the common people. One might almost think that Providence raised up Victoria for some such special purpose. After twenty-one years of ideal married life, the queen became a widow. The nation sorrowed with her, and from this new sympathy was forged a new bond between the throne and the nation. To her subjects everywhere she stood as a widowed mother, and when, as the years rolled on, sickness and death showed that they were supreme in the palace as in the cottage, and when in the depths of the deepest bereavement this noble woman never forgot and never sought to avoid the responsibilities of her exalted station, she proved to the world that there is such a thing as royalty, which is not of birth, but arises from sources that are our common heritage. Through every trial Victoria stood out truly a queen, not simply because she was born to the crown, but because she cultivated and was influenced by the royal attributes of human nature. We note therefore, as one of the late queen's great contributions to the political history of the British Empire, her confirmation of the monarchy in the esteem, respect and confidence of the people.

The influence of Queen Victoria upon the development of parliamentary government was very profound. Few women have ever shown such an appreciation of political conditions. As a rule women in authority have inclined towards absolutism. In the early years of her reign she was subject to the influence of Baron Stockmar, who entertained exalted ideas of the royal prerogative, and was understood to have greatly impressed the mind of the Prince Consort with his views; but the Queen even at that age exhibited that high degree of common sense and that just appreciation of the opinions of the British public, which stood the nation to such good advantage in after years, and she refused to be led into paths, which were unconstitutional. The manner in which she has at all times recognized the will of the people, expressed constitutionally was beyond all praise. Her personal feelings never influenced her in the slightest degree in the choice of ministers. That she exercised her own judgment in her consultations with her advisers is well known and that on certain critical occasions she served the nation well by asserting her prerogative is now a matter of history. It was said of her in her later years that she was the wisest statesman in the world. The second achievement which we would ascribe to this great woman was the perfecting of the principles of parliamentary government.

Her influence upon the social life of her time can hardly be over-estimated. It was a fortunate thing for the nation—one might say a fortunate thing for the world, that at a period, when wealth was increasing with unprecedented rapidity and when new luxuries were constantly coming into vogue—when there was so much happening which had a tendency to destroy the sanctity of home and the development of strong, virtuous character, the most conspicuous woman in the world, and by far the most influential, was a Christian in the broadest and noblest sense of the word. It has been said that the influence of one good woman in any walk if life is incalculable. What shall we set as the limit of the influence of one who was at the very pinnacle of social eminence, the very height of political power, the very acme of personal prestige. The "fierce white light, which beats upon a throne" shone upon her, but disclosed no blemish. Doubtless she had her personal frailities like the rest of the race; but they were lost sight of in the splendor of her virtues.

Such are, briefly stated, the aspects in which the career of this great queen seem to us to be most worthy of remembrance. Along these lines we seem warranted in believing that her life exhibited its greatest force. It may be impossible to pick out any one act in her long career and say of it that it entitles her to the first place among all the women, upon whose brows crowns have rested; here is the record of a life consecrated to duty. She was faithful in many things. She is entitled to a diadem of undying fame.

The subject of the next article will be Queen Elizabeth.

LAW AND LIBERTY.

Law and liberty are not antagonistic. The absence of law is not liberty; it is chaos. Let us consider the material Universe. Let it be supposed that there was no law of gravity, no law of chemical affinity, no law of crystallation, no law as to the conservation of energy, none of the laws, with which we are in contact every day. In such a case, there would be no tangible Universe. If there were some of these laws only, there might be a tangible universe, but it would be of such an uncertain nature that the development of vegetable and animal life would be a hap-hazard thing. A complete system of laws is absolutely requisite for the free development of material objects. Freedom, in the material world means, therefore, the scope of action within certain prescribed limits, and as without the laws prescribing such limits there would be chaos, it follows that law is essential to organized existence, and hence the freedom of evolution, growth, expansion and development are processes of nature which conform to those laws. Any other conception of freedom than this is unthinkable, because, as has been said, it would mean chaos, and chaos is unthinkable. We cannot grasp what the term signifies.

In social affairs, including in that term the whole system of political government, there must be law, if there is to be liberty, and this, not because liberty means the defiance of law, but because it consists in harmony with it. If every man were free to do exactly as he pleased in every respect, no man would be free to do anything, which is a contradiction in terms and yet is true, because the absolute freedom of every individual would be thwarted by the absolute freedom of every other individual, and humanity would be paralyzed. Let it be supposed that the right of property in things was abolished as some people profess to think it ought to be, what would be the result? Note that it will not do to say that in such a case a man would only have what he could use, for when that is said, law is introduced. In the absence of any law a man would have only what he could hold against all-comers by brute force. We can easily suppose that there may have been a time in the evolution of the human race, when this was the case. We need not believe that there was such a time, but it is quite possible to suppose it existed. The Norse legends, in their weird descriptions of the time which succeeded the rebellion of the Frost Giants, seem to refer to a period when there was no law except brute force. If such a condition of things ever prevailed, it is evident enough that as men progressed, that is to say, as soon as they had obtained some wisdom from experience they would find it necessary to establish some law. It would be fixed by the stronger members of a community, and would probably be mostly in their favor, but as time went on, and the finer qualities of the human disposition became developed under the influence of orderly conditions, the rights of the weaker members would receive due consideration. But we need not go back to some suppositious period in the history of mankind for proof of the necessity of law. When a number of miners reach a new gold field, no matter where it may be, one of the first things they do is to establish law of some kind. It is doubtless usually very crude, but it is always equal to the demand of the situation. Men instinctively feel the need of law, because they realize that without it there can be no freedom of action. If a miner was not sure that the deposit of gold-bearing gravel, which he had uncovered, would be his own, if he feared that the first person, stronger than he, who came along could deprive him of the benefit of his discovery, he would hardly think it worth while to turn over a shovel full of earth. Every miner knows that without law there can be no liberty. Mankind, theoretically at least, is capable of having evolved the Ten Commandments.

If there must be law in the material Universe, if the necessities of human existence compel the development of law in the social world, it seems to follow by analogy that there must be law in the spiritual world. Of course if one chooses to deny the existence of a spiritual world, there is an end of the argument; but assuming that such a domain exists—and here let it be said that what is meant is not a world of spirits, but only that aspect of the human nature which is called spiritual, it must undoubtedly be governed by laws, which are none the less definite because they may be more subtle than other laws, it indeed that is the case. One reason why we can speak with some definiteness about physical laws is the fact that we are able to study a series of sequences of events, the conditions of which are precisely similar, or from which it is possible to eliminate all dissimilar elements. If five million apples are loosened from the stem upon which they are growing, they will all fall to the ground, unless something happens to arrest the course of some of them. Under normal conditions they would fall to the ground. Hence we can infer with absolute certainty that there is some law of nature which causes them to fall. If one apple, when released from its stem under perfectly normal conditions, should go away from the earth instead of towards it, the whole law of gravity would be upset, and scientists would have to recast their conceptions of the Universe. But such a thing never happened and never will happen. It is obvious that we cannot have this certainty of data in respect to the laws governing the spiritual world. Hence it is more difficult to ascertain what those laws are. But about some things there is certainty. There are conditions under which the natural disposition of a man becomes changed, and the change is often exceedingly rapid, so much so as to be almost instantaneous. It is idle to deny this, even though it must be admitted that very many of what are called conversions are simply temporary results of a species of hysteria. Once a fact is established, we may assume that behind the fact there is a law. Spiritual chaos is no more thinkable than material or social chaos. If man has a spiritual nature there is a law to fit it, and spiritual liberty can only be enjoyed by those who regard that law.

Granting, therefore, the three-fold nature of man, the physical, the mental, which controls his relations to his fellows, and the spiritual, which is the highest aspect of his being, he must necessarily be subject to three sets of laws, and he can only enjoy perfect liberty when he lives according to these laws. This was the idea of the very learned King, who wrote in one of the Psalms: "And I will walk at liberty, for I will have respect unto thy precepts." Hence it is logically correct to say that the man, who says that he will not be bound by the restraints of his conscience, is not gaining liberty thereby, but is placing himself in bondage. All the troubles which vex society are because men refuse to obey the laws, which nature, either physically or spiritually, and experience have framed for their government. If we would have society truly free we must have it law-abiding.

EGYPT.

Lord Cromer has put a wet blanket upon the aspirations of the Young Egyptian party by telling them that Egypt never was a nation, at any rate, since the time of the Pharoahs, and that there is some doubt whether these monarchs were not foreigners, who conquered the land and ruled over it. This is rather a startling statement, and yet it is sustained by the facts of history. As nearly as can be estimated from the very crude and irregular chronology of the ancient Egyptians that country was in a state of advanced civilization more than five thousand years ago. Very little is known of the character of the people at that time or as to whether they formed an independent or only a tributary nation. As soon as the records begin to take any definite shape, they tell of wars, invasions, and a confused condition generally. About thirty-six hundred years ago the country was conquered by a people, who came from somewhere in Asia. After a time the people of what is now Upper Egypt, and then was the Kingdom of Thebes, drove out the Asiatic invaders and established themselves as lords over the Delta. Then began the greatest period of Egyptian glory. It was during the ascendancy of these conquerors that Israel went down into Egypt. The Lybians, who were people from some undefined region in Africa, were the next to sweep over the country. Then came a people who are spoken of as the Ethiopians, to distinguish them from the Libyans, who after occupying the country for some time, were driven out by the Assyrians. Then after various vicissitudes, the Persians acquired the suzerainty of the country. Later came Alexander of Macedon, who converted it into a Macedonian province. To suit her own purposes Rome entered upon the scene and permitted Egypt to assume the form of an independent nationality under Roman protection, but after a time this semblance of nationality was abolished and Egypt became a Roman province. When the power of Rome was broken, the Arabs under Mohammedan leadership seized the region of the Nile. For a time the Crusaders were in control, but the country soon fell into the hands of the Mamelukes, a mixed race, who followed the Turks from some place around the Caspian Sea, and were in part at least of Circassian descent. Under their rule the country was the reverse of prosperous, and the Turks were easily able to subdue it, although, like the Romans, they permitted it to enjoy the semblance of independence. Since that time Egypt has been nominally at least tributary to the Sultan of Constantinople.

This is a very remarkable record. Perhaps there is no country in the world with anything resembling it; and only a meagre outline is given above of the many vicissitudes through which Egypt has passed. Only the principal conquests have been told. Nothing has been said of the occupation of the country by Timur, Napoleon and the scores of other military leaders who during the last fifty centuries have controlled it for brief periods. There never was, so far as any one knows, such a thing as an Egyptian nation, composed of the natives of the country and ruled over by native rulers, absolutely independent of any superior power. Always, with brief intervals, the country seems to have been in a state of vassalage. At times a ruler would arise, who would be strong enough to shake off for a time the control of the paramount nation, but this period of semi-independence would soon be followed by one of even greater vassalage than that from which the people had managed to escape. Compare this with Great Britain. While it is true that since the beginning of historic times that country has been subject to several invasions, it never was tributary except for a comparatively short time to Rome, and even this did not break up the continuity of the history of the British race. France has been subject to many invasions, but always, except during Roman supremacy, it remained free from foreign control. Parts of the country may have passed into the possession of invaders, but the germ of the French nation was always intact. So with every other nation, as far as we know. But Egypt's history is a succession of conquests, and for the most part a record of vassalage. Hence when Lord Cromer tells the Young Egyptian party that when they talk of restoring the ancient glory of their race, they are thinking of re-establishing something which never existed, he has the warrant of history for so doing.

The position of Egypt is such that its existence as an independent power is almost an impossibility. The country is not large enough to maintain a power of the first class, and its position is such that no weak power could hope to long remain in undisputed possession of it. It stands between Europe and Asia. Napoleon thought its occupation would be the stepping stone to universal dominion. He said that the sovereign who ruled Egypt would rule Asia, and the ruler of Asia would be the ruler of the world. Hence his remarkable expedition, which would have been crowned with success, if Nelson had not destroyed his fleet in the world-famed battle of the Nile. As mistress of India, Great Britain cannot permit any other great power to possess the Nile valley and the Suez canal. If Egypt could become strong enough to stand alone, it might be possible to withdraw, and leave the people to take care of themselves, but fate seems against such a destiny. Britain has not remained in Egypt of her own free will, but rather because of the irony of events. Successive British premiers have sought to rid the country of the responsibility. When Frence retired from the joint control and it became necessary for Great Britain to subdue the rebellion of Arabi Pasha, the other powers were asked to share the burden of restoring order. But each proposal was met with a courteous refusal. If England is in Egypt to stay, it is not because of the policy of her government, but in spite of it. Fate has been stronger than the wisdom of British statesmen.

The Story Teller

Too Zealous Prophet

A Presbyterian clergyman was praising the late Dr. Henry Martin Field of Stockbridge, who for 44 years edited the Evangelist, says the Washington Star.

"Dr. Field did so much good," he said, "because he went about his work diplomatically, sensibly, reasonably.

"I once heard him declare that reformers failed often because the moment they started a reform, they dropped common sense. Common sense was swallowed up in zeal.

"He said that a nerve cure faddist once entered a shop and, leading the proprietor to one side, whispered mysteriously:

"'Ah, friend, friend, you can do the race untold good if you will only take the agency for our anti-tea preparation. It is warranted to cure in a week the most confirmed and nerve-racked tea tippler. Never again—'

"But the dealer laughed and drew away.

"'You have made a mistake,' he said. 'I can't take such an agency as that. Don't you see that this is a tea shop?'

"'Oh, no mistake,' said the reformer eagerly. 'It's because you run a tea shop that I have sought you ought. You come into constant contact with the very people we are trying to reach.'

Wrongly Timed Deductions.

H. G. Wells, the novelist, believes that unrestricted immigration is a bad thing for America.

"I have watched the tide of immigration flowing into New York," he said at a dinner during his American visit, "and it seemed to me that this great, turbid wave would have been the better for a filtering.

"Some of your immigrants are unconsciously useless in their habits. Looking at them, I have been often reminded of the Lithuanian Sherlock Holmes.

"A Lithuanian Sherlock Holmes said to a neighbor:

"'I'll bet you a hat that I can tell what you had for breakfast this morning.'

"'I'll take that bet,' the other answered promptly, 'what did I have?'

"The Sherlock Holmes chuckled as he gazed at the yellow streaks in his friend's long black beard.

"'You had eggs,' he cried.

"'You owe me a hat,' was the reply. 'I have not touched an egg for 10 days.'"

His Great Embarrassment.

Senor Enrique Creel, the new Mexican Ambassador, said at a dinner in Washington, apropos of unpleasant truths.

"Why should we ever tell them. They are always unnecessary, and how they wound!

"I have heard of an American countess or duchess—I forget which—who said to her noble husband fondly:

"'You were embarrassed when you proposed to me, Percival, were you not?

"'Yes,' the man replied, 'I owed £60,000.'"

A Pure Mongrel.

The Princess de Montglyon was explaining to a young woman journalist her method of breeding dogs.

"But you," the princess said, "are somewhat ignorant of dog breeding, are you not?"

"I am," the interviewer confessed.

"Now, here is Jack," said the princess, "that amusing Mark Twain, who bought in the west a genuine Mexican pup, thinking the phrase meant 'thoroughbred Arabian,' or something of that sort. You are like a young friend of mine who said one evening to her husband:

"'Oh, Jack, I have such a surprise for you! Look at this perfectly sweet little dog I bought this morning. Only $25 and the man guaranteed him to be a pure mongrel.'"

A Safe Venture.

Dr. Hollis B. Frissel, the principal of Hampton Institute, in the course of an eloquent appeal, paused, smiled, and said:

"But I must not lose my head. I must not let emotion run away with me. I must not be like the young lady at the bazaar.

"This young lady besought an elderly man to take a chance on a meerschaum pipe.

"'Thank you,' the man said, 'I'd be glad to take a chance, but unfortunately, I don't smoke.'

"'Oh, but you can learn,' said the young lady. 'Come, take a chance, do! It's only a quarter.'

"'No,' he said, 'Tobacco doesn't agree with me. I'd have no earthly use for a meerschaum pipe.'

"'Take a chance, anyway,' pursued the young lady. 'There isn't the slightest probability of your winning it you know.'"

The Grey Lady

She will be numerous this spring.

Gray is to be even more favored than last year.

It is a prominent color among the new tailored suits.

These range from a pale pearl gray to dark Oxford tones.

There are more invisible plaids and checks than plain grays.

Pretty, too, are the plain gray silks and plain-tone gray pongees.

Applying the Fertilizer

Almost any good complete commercial fertilizer can be used with profit, but caution must, of course, be exercised in its application to the plants, else it will burn them up or cause a rank growth of plant at the expense of blossoms. A little at a time, say a tablespoonful, can be applied to such a plant as a dahlia, or canna, scratching it into the soil around it, and this can be repeated in ten days or so. Experience is necessary in the use of such fertilizers.

A Floral Curiosity.

A unique floral curiosity may be cultivated by the practical girl as follows: Wet a sponge, wring it nearly dry, and sprinkle a generous handful of rape seeds over it, taking care that the crevices of the sponge are not overlooked. Then hang your sponge in a sunny window and watch results, sprinkling with water daily, of course. In a short time you will be surprised to see tiny tufts of green appearing and soon the sponge will delight your eye in the form on a hanging garden.

The little Japanese receptacles, too, which hang on the wall a la pulley, are most satisfactory for vines like tradescantia (Wandering Jew), asparagus sprengeri and other dainty bits of greenery.

"You young scamp!" roared the old broker, rushing in unexpectedly. "I thought you told me you didn't smoke cigarettes, read 'Deadwood Dicks,' or whistle while you worked."

"Well?" yawned the office boy, laconically.

"And here I come in and catch you doing all three."

"Yes, but you don't catch me working."—Illustrated Bits.

First College Graduate—I hear you have a job. What doing?

Second College Graduate—Oh, running errands and cleaning inkwells and so forth.

"Like it?"

"First rate; that is until my employer had the nerve to ask me out to his place to dinner. It's pretty tough to have to associate with your social inferiors out of business hours."—Life.

His Needs.

The records in the war department in Washington are, as a rule, very dry, but occasionally an entry is found that is humorous. An officer of engineers, in charge of the construction of a road that was to be built through a swamp, being energetic himself and used to surmounting mere obstacles, was surprised when one of his young lieutenants whom he had ordered to take twenty men and enter the swamp said that he could not do it—the mud was too deep. The colonel ordered him to try. He did so, and returned with his men covered with mud and said:

"Colonel, the mud is over my men's heads. I can't do it."

The colonel insisted and told him to make a requisition for anything that was necessary for a safe passage. The lieutenant made his requisition in writing on the spot. It was as follows:

"I want twenty men eighteen feet long to cross a swamp fifteen feet deep."—Harper's Weekly.

On one occasion in an English court a prisoner was brought in for sentence who had been convicted of being a common gambler. He appeared in a loud checked yellow and black suit, with red necktie and a large paste diamond horseshoe pin. The judge from under his bristling brows looked fiercely down upon him from the bench and remarked with intense scorn: "I sentence you to pay a fine of fifty dollars."

"That's all right, Judge, interrupted the gambler, nonchalantly, thrusting his hand into his trousers; "got it in my pants pocket."

"—and to three years and six months in State prison," continued His Honor, with a slight twinkle in his eye, "have you got that in your pants pocket?"—The Bellman.

"How are you getting along?" asked a traveling man of an acquaintance who had gone on the stage.

"Oh, I have met with a share of success I played Hamlet for the first time."

"Did you get through all right?"

"Yes, except that I happened to stumble and fall into Ophelia's grave."

"That must have been embarrassing."

"It was. But I wouldn't have minded it if the audience hadn't seemed so disappointed when I got out."—Chicago Tribune.

A Missouri lawyer tells an assault and battery case that was recently tried in a Kansas City court.

To the first witness called the presiding magistrate put this question: "Why did you not go to the aid of the defendant when the fight occurred?"

"Because," answered the witness, with a smile, "I didn't know which one of them was going to be the defendant."—Detroit Free Press.

"Isn't that lovely?" said an enthusiastic young musician when a prima donna had finished her principal song.

"Perfectly charming!" replied the young lady addressed. "I never saw such a beautiful white satin in my life. How much do you think it would cost a yard?"—Life.

Among the army of Blackpool carriage drivers is an Irishman noted for his native wit. It stood him in poor stead one day, however. Pat was engaged by a gentleman to drive to a hydropathic establishment.

On arrival at the gate the fare inquired, "What's your fare, driver?"

"Well, sor," said Pat, "the manest gintleman I ever drove here gave me two shillings."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the gentleman, who was a bit of a wag. "Well, here's a shilling, my man; I like the idea of breaking records."—Tatler.

One of the brightest and nicest little patients in the surgical ward of one of the city hospitals lay on her bed moaning with pain, says the Boston Post. She had just come to consciousness after a slight operation, and, though only five years old, was exhibiting heroic nerve.

Yet she couldn't keep from occasional low cries escaping her. She was the sort of child who hates above all things to 'give trouble,' and when one of the nurses stopped before her and, as she thought, looked reproachfully at her, she exclaimed between the paroxysms, with a pitiful little smile:

"Oh, Miss Smith, I can't help it! I'm not used to operations!"

Jim was ten years of age, and of an adventurous spirit. Instead of going to school, he started out to join a band of buccaneers, leaving a letter of farewell for his mother. He had gone pretty far afield when he was caught in the rain. Growing miserable and hungry, the young adventurer then gave up his idea of a piratical career and came home very late at night. He met with a chilling reception. The clock ticked, his father's newspaper crackled, and his sister did not look up from her book. Even his mother did not seem to care whether he had returned or not. The cat, however, not being in the conspiracy of silence, came up and rubbed against his leg. Jim stooped and petted it, and then in a desperate attempt to open up the conversation he remarked plaintively: "Is this the same old cat you had when I went away?"—Tatler.

To illustrate the vicissitudes of those who die rich, Andrew Carnegie, the famous philanthropist, told at a dinner in New York an amusing Scotch story.

"George Gordon, a rich old Scot," he said, "was taken seriously ill, and decided that he had better draw up his will at once.

"Accordingly the testament was then and there written out at his dictation, read to him and placed in his lap for his signature.

"The old man took the pen, wrote 'George Gor—,' and then sank back exhausted. The heir hastily raised him again.

"'D, uncle, D,' he prompted.

"'Dee?' growled the old man; 'I'll dee when I'm ready, ye avereecious wretch.'"

As the young man was taking leave for the night his voice, as he stood at the door, rose passionately on the still night air.

"Just one," he pleaded—"just one."

Then the young girl's mother interrupted, calling from her bedroom window:

"Just one?" she cried. "No, it ain't quite that yet; but it's close on to twelve, and so I think you'd better be goin' just the same."—Answers.

"Pete, said Meandering Mike, "What would you do if you was one of dese kings of finance?"

"Well," answered Plodding Pete, "I don't say as I'm any smarter than de men dat's got de money now. I suppose I'd either try to give it away an' git made fun of, or try to use it in politics an' git into a fight."—Washington Star.

Indignant Wife—What do you mean by coming home at this time of night, sir?

Festive Husband—Every other place was shut, my love.—Siftez.

Towne—He's sorry now that he quarreled with his wife.

Browne—She's gone home to her mother, I suppose.

Towne—No, she's had her mother come home to her.—Philadelphia Press.

A young man, one of a coterie in a cobbler's shop, turned on an old man and asked him if he ever played football.

The veteran replied: "Nay, lad, I've never played at nooan o' them athletic games 'cept dominoes!"—Tit-Bits.

Jack—I tried to pay the new woman a compliment last night in my speech, but it didn't seem to be appreciated.

Bob—What did you say?

Jack—I said that the new woman would leave large footprints on the sands of time.—London Tit-Bits.

Current Verse

The Fall of the Oak

With front majestic o'er his fellows lifted
Three hundred years he watched the dawn come in,
Turn its long lances on the night-mists drifted,
And slope by slope the world to daylight win.

The gaunt grey figure at his vitals striking
Seems but an infant to the ancient tree
Whose youth looked down on grandsons of the viking
The rough newcomers from an unknown sea.

He saw Winonah's wigwams careless cluster
Where now the corn-shocks camp in ordered files.
And heard the thunder of the bisons' mutter
Where clouds of sheep now deck the fertile miles.

Much, much hath passed him down the ages ringing,
Old names of men, old towns and states and wars—
The fields, the ways, the very earth went changing—
He only stood—he and the steadfast stars.

And now, alas, low behind him wheeling
Sinks the red sun he shall not see go down.
And his own crest, in strangest ruin reeling,
Droops not the slowlier for its long renown.

The woods look on in silent grief attending
The winds no mourning make around his stem—
Too weak their wailing for a giant's ending—
The oak's own downfall is his requiem.

And now begins: his great heart-strings are breaking;
His branches tremble; now his mighty head
He stoops, and then, the hillside round him shaking,
With whirlwind roar falls crashing prone and dead.

And watched afar by many a frowning column
The woodman homeward moves while shadows run.
And leaves behind him in the twilight solemn
Three hundred years of life and work undone.

—William Hervey Woods, in Scribner's.

"Meb-be"—Simple Joe

A quiet boy was Joe Bedotte,
An' no sign anyw'ere
Of anything at all he got
Was up to ordinaire.
An' w'en de teacher tell heem go
An' tak a holiday
For wake heem up, becos' he's slow,
Poor Joe would only say—
"Wall I, meb-be."

Don't bodder no wan on de school
Unless dey bodder heem
But all de scholar t'ink he's fool,
Of wakin' in a dream;
So, w'en dey're ecleein' on de spring
Of course dey're moche surprise
Dat Joe is takin' ev'yt'ing,
Of what you call de prize.

An' den de teacher say: "Josef,
I know you're working hard.
Becos w'en I am pass meb'et,
I see you on de yard,
A-splittin' wood—now you mus' stay
An' study half de night?
An' Joe he spik de same de way
So quiet an' polite."
"Wall! Meb-be."

Hees fader an' hees moder die,
An tef heem dere alone
Wit' chil'ren small enough to cry,
An' farm all rock an' stone,
But Joe is fader, moder too,
An' work bot day an' night
An' clear de place, dat's what he do,
An bring dem up all right.

De Cure say: Josef, you know
Le bon Dieu's very good;
He feed de small bird on de snow,
De caribou on de wood;
But you deserve some credit, too
I spik of dis before—"
So Joe he dunno w'at to do,
An' only say wance more—
"Wall! meb-be."

An' Joe he leev' for many year,
An' helpin' ev'ry wan,
Upon de parish, far an' near,
Till all hees money's gone;
An' den de Cure come again
Wit' tear drop in hees eye!
He know for sure poor Joe hees frien'
Is well prepare to die.

"Well, Joe, de work you done will tell
W'en you get up above;
De good God he will treat you well,
An' geev you all hees love,
De poor an' sick down here below,
I'm sure dey'll not forget—"
An' w'at you t'ink he say, poor Joe,
Drawin' hees only breat'?
"Wall! meb-be."

—Dr. W. H. Drummond.

England, Mother England

(Edward C. Booth)

Little lonely woman, watching o'er the waters,
Tell me what you look for with your wistful eyes of grey,
"Far beyond the ocean I have sons and daughters;
What a mother's heart can love her eyes can see alway
Day by day I see them—day by day I hear them—
Hear the murmur of their voices ever in the sea;
And my heart is yearning, yearning to be near them,
Children, I your mother am; cry 'Mother' back to me.
Make me proud, my children; that one word my heart shall fill,
Grey-hair'd England is your mother, call her 'Mother' still."

Little lonely woman, watching o'er the waters,
Let your bosom swell with pride,
Your mother's heart rejoice.
Far beyond the ocean you have sons and daughters,
Sons and daughters swift as flame to leap up at your voice.
Whisper but a summons, sigh to them in need.
East and West and North and South sounds back the answ'ring hum,
Stir of children marching; beat of hearts that bleed;
Thunder of ten thousand lips "O mother; here we come."
England, Mother England, all our blood cries back to thee.
Blood of kinship beats to blood like waves that seek the shore.
Bind us close, O mother, let us gather at thy knee;
Hand in hand there let us stand, thy children evermore."

Still Waters

I have been silent, dear, you say, for long.
Aye; yet reproach for this I reckon wrong.
Does not the proverb say
That deepest waters run not loud but still?
The shallow babblings of my rhyming rill
Content me not today.

My happy heart beats to rhythm sweeter
Than can be bound a slave to rhyme and meter.
Why pen should I employ
When to the music of your love so strong,
My life is vocal with the sweetest song?
I live the poem of Joy.

—Maud Scofield Beeson, in the April Century.