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## SWIZES AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR SWIZES

DETAILS OF CREATION

Tuesday, September 22, 1908

Do you carry a pocket glass or have you anything in the house which will enable you to see the minor details of created things? If not you are constantly missing opportunities to enlarge your sphere of knowledge and losing many pleasant experiences. The knowledge may not be very valuable, but the pleasure will add a great deal to the enjoyment of life. Just as there is a universe so vast that our unaided eyes canthere is a universe so vast that our unaided eyes cannot discern it, so there is a universe so small that to
unassisted sight it is invisible. Creation is graded
from the infinitely great to the infinitely little. With
our natural faculties and without help of any kind
we only see a very small part of this enormous whole.
This is probably true of the things discernable by our other senses, but for the present we shall deal only with what is observed by sight.

Some years ago a small piece of leathery matter was handed to an expert microscopist. He examined it. To the naked eye it was simply a scrap of absoit. To the naked eye it was simply a acrap of absolutely useless material, which could have no message whatever to deliver; but the microscopist begun to interrogate it with his lens and it told him that it was a scrap of human skin that had many years before belonged to a fair-naired man. Then he was told that this scrap of leathery matter had been found attached to a nail that was pulled from a Church door in Yorkshire, and that there was a tradition in the country-side that many centuries ago a Danish robber had been slain as he was leaving the church, where he had stolen the holy yessels, and that his skin had been stolen the holy vessels, and that his skin had been nailed to the church door. Thus we see that the mic-roscope was able to read in its own way a story of a by gone day. It was able to confirm a tradition that the skin of a fair-haired man had been nailed to the

An incident like this illustrates what potency there is in the microscope when handled by a person with knowledge and developed reasoning powers. It suggests something of the wonderful possibilities of the study of the minor details of creation. Most people, however, would take very little pleasure out of a highfectively, it is necessary to cultivate the eye, and to familiarize oneself with a mass of scientific information for which the great majority of people have neither time nor inclination. But the small pocket magnifying glass is an unending source of pleasure and very frequently of the greatest value. It is necessary even with it to acquire some little knowledge of how to use it, for frequently one meets people who seem unable to see anything through such an instrument. They seem incapable of adjusting it at a proper focus, or of getting the object looked at in a proper light. There is no hard and fast rule for using a pocket magnifying glass. Practice will show how you can get the best results. Sometimes they are got by holding the glass near the eye and moving the object so as to get it in the best position; sometimes it is well to hold the glass near the object and move the head until the eye gets in such a position as to see the details best. Light is very important. The stronger the light the better can the details be seen, although something depends on the angle at which the light falls. Lying on the desk at which we write is a piece falls. Lying on the desk at which we write is a piece of ordinary white blotting paper. Although quite fresh, it looks dusty. Looked at with an ordinary pocket glass—the one we have cost 50 cents—with the sun shining full upon it it is perfectly white with minuta slives apple but as it is moved so as to bring, its surface away from the direct rays of the sun, the surface is seen to be liberally sprinkled with what seem to be small black hairs. In a square inch of the surface of the paper there are about 500 of these "hairs." They are all upon one side of the paper the "hairs." They are all upon one side of the paper, the other side, as far as the glass discloses, being of unbroken white. This particular piece of information is of no special value or interest, but it is given simply to show what can be seen in a common object by the

use of a small glass.

A flower, a leaf or a seed examined in this way assumes new and wonderful heauty. The details of structure, even when magnified only a few diameters will be seen to be marvellous, and as the power of the glass increases new mysteries are disclosed of an amazing nature. Insect life gets a new interest when examined in this way and so also do all minerals. We cannot treat here at any length upon the disclosure. cannot treat here at any length upon the disclosures which high-powered microscopes make. Indeed to give a correct idea of them it would be necessary to use drawings. We may, however, say that apparently in its minute forms Nature's work seems to be more accurate than in those with which the unaided eye makes us familiar. To what extent matter; may be subdivided we do not know. The microscope cannot help us here. A cube whose size measure the 100,000th part of an inch is at present the minimum object visible in the most powerful microscope. It is estimated that such a cube would contain 100,000,000 molecules of oxygen gas. Whether molecules represent the ultimate subdivision of matter is not absolutely contain.

MAKERS OF HISTORY

XXIII The history of the Byzantine Empire is a story of surprising intorest. We baye seen in previous articles how Constantine the Great founded Constantinople and moved his capital from Rome to the new city on the Bosphorus, and how the Teutonic tribes and the Huns swept out of Central Europe and overthrew the western empire of the Caesars. We have also seen how Teutonic customs were merged in those of Rome to form a new civilization, while in England they developed along independent lines out of which was evolved the principle of self-government. Meanwhile events were moving in Asia and castern Europe in a way, which was to have a profound effect upon the history of mankind. From the time of Constantine onward there was more or less of a partition of the Roman Empire, and indeed this was only a continuation in an acute form of the conditions existing when Julius Caesar and Pompey shared the domain betwee them. But gradually the power of the Senate over the Eastern Empire was relaxed, and the Western Empire, weakened by its own vices and the repeated shocks of barbarian armies felt, and in A.D. 476, Romulus the barbarian armies felt, and in A.D. 476, Romulus the last occupant of the throne of the Caesars, was deposed and the Empire ceased to be. The Eastern Empire, protected on the North by the Balkan range of mountains, continued and for nearly a thousand years enjoyed a prestige, which though sulfied often by incomprehensible baseness, was at times distinguished in a manner worthy of the best traditions of Greece and Rome. Of the 107 persons who ruled it from A.D. 395 to A.D. 1453, when Constantine Palacologus died in the breach of the walls of his capital, vainly resisting the Turkish onslaught; there are very few names that are worth remembering, or that are conspicuous for deeds that made history. The wealth of the empire was marvellous. Its licentiousness was at times beyond belief. In the year 527 Justinian astimes beyond belief. In the year 527 Justinian cended the throne, which he occupied for thirty-eight years. He ruled with a great deal of ability, although personally a man of vicious and depraved tastes. His policy was one of consolidation. He codified the laws, unified the church and endeavored to solidify his empire, but the task was too great for him, and the condition of society after his death was appelling. The younger element of the community organized themselves into a body known as the Blues; the Conservative element being called the Greens. The strife between these two parties was terrible, and the excesses tween these two parties was terrible, and the excesses of the Blues were beyond the possibility of description.

No crime was too abominable for them. Yet the No crime was too abominable for them. Yet the state was able to survive this awful visitation. Pestillence at times stalked abroad. For fifty years at one time the land was afflicted. Whole cities were depopulated never to be inhabited again. Enemies from without pressed upon the empire. Under the brilliant leadership of Chrosroes, Persia made her last effort at universal dominion and for a time threatened the existence of the empire. The Avars, a Mongolian race which had made its way into Europe pressed hard tence of the empire. The Avars, a Mongolian race which had made its way into Europe pressed hard upon the northern boundaries. Wers with foreign nations and rebellions at home kept the nation in a condition of almost continuous confusion and yet it was able to maintain its existence for ten centuries.

Although the institutions of the Byzantine Empire were derived from Rome, the character of the population was greatly influenced by the Greek race, the descendants of those remarkable people, who played so conspicuous a part in the history of the ancient world, and the product of the commingling of the blood of

and the product of the commingling of the blood of the Roman immigrants with that of the Greeks was a race that was hardly fitted to bear the burdens of empire. Yet the people reached a high state of civili-zation, became great in commerce and accumulated vast wealth. The palaces of Constantinople, though not so substantial as the structures of Rome, Egypt and Persia, were marvels of grandeur and lavish dis-play. The aristocracy were cultivated and lived in al-most unprecedented luxury; the merchant class was active, keen and intelligent, and a great body of slaves performed all the menial tasks and contributed by their labor to the ease and comfort of their Masters. In such a community it was natural that the study of philosophy should take a prominent place, and that the subtleties of logic should be applied to the development of the doctrines of Christianity. It may be too much to say, perhaps, as Clark in his History of Tur-key does, that it was in Constantinople that most of what has been accepted as Christian theology was evolved, but it is certain that at no time or place in the history of mankind was religious controversy so intense or so general as it was about the fourth century in the city on the Bosphorus. Nor was discussion confined to the ecclesiastics and philosophers. It permeated every rank of society. If one asked his fishmonger the price of his herrings, he might be answered by the statement that "the Son was Co-eternal with the Father." Men stopped each other in the street to discuss some phase of the dectrine of the Trinity or some abstruse problem in regard to re-generation. In the drinking places men in their cups engaged in frenzied debates on the most sacred sub-jects, and even in low brothels such themes were vehemently debated. We read little of the progress of moral reform, little of the common virtues of life. Perhaps one of the most remarkable things about Christianity is that it was able to survive this period of stress. From a very early period there were dis-sensions between the Eastern Churches and those which recognized the authority of the Bishop of Rome as the head of Christendom, and at times the organi-zations drifted widely apart, only to come together again. The final breach occurred in A.D. 1098, since which time, in spite of efforts made to bring about a union, the Greek and the Roman Churches have remained distinct.

union, the Greek and the Roman Churches have remained distinct.

This review of the Byzantine Empire is necessary to introduce the next great racial movement. We are unable to select from the list of its rulers any one man, who can be classed as among the great makers of history. Rerhaps Justinian, who has been already mentioned, is most deserving of that conor. He was of obscure parentage, being it is said, the son of appeasant. His mother's brother was a Goth who served as a private soldier in the Byzantine army. He rapidly rose in his profession and was proclaimed emperor. He took Justinian under his care, educated him and later resigned the imperial office to him. Justinian's reign was undoubtedly the most brilliant in the thousand years for which the Byzantine Empire stood. In war he met with great success, at times, but in the end the empire was weaker than when he ascended the throne. He built many churches, aqueducts, harbors, monasteries and other public works. But his chief title to fame rests upon his compilation of the laws of Rome above mentioned, the collection and editing of the decisions of jurists and the promulgation of new constitutional principles. The Code and Pamdicts of Justinian have had a great influence up-Pamdicts of Justinian have had a great influence upon the jurisprudence of modern times. They were in no sense his personal work but were done by a com-mittee of lawyers acting under his instructions. Jus-tinian became emperor in A.D. 527 and died in A.D.

THE MYSTERIOUS BORDER LAND

What is the nature of that mysterious border land, which lies just beyond our ordinary senses? We mean the land out of which all the mysterious things come, that puzzle our brains and keep us wondering what manner of creatures we are. Out of this realm come the phenomena of clairvoyance, mind-reading, hypno-tism and all those other remarkable things, for which we have different names but know very little about. The time has passed when we could dismiss such phenomena as fraudulent. Doubtless many of them are the rankest kind of fraud, but no same person will pretend for a moment to question the reality of some of them. We are prevented from a thorough investigation of this domain by our prejudices and our fears. Let us take some of the more simple and more com-Let us take some of the more simple and more common phases of the subject. Take premonitions, for example. Who among us has not had the experience of knowing beforehand that a thing was about to happen? Very few persons, indeed, who have reached middle life. A very common variety of this experience is an impression that a certain individual is near at hand. Of a sudden there will be a strong impression that a certain individual is near at hand. ence is an impression that a certain individual is near at hand. Of a sudden there will be a strong impression that a person is near, and in a few moments he will be seen. Often and often we hear our friends say, "I was just thinking of you," when we come upon them unexpectedly. So common is this that very few people think it worth a moment's consideration. But who can tell why it is so? It is just as mysterious as the more formidable things in the occuit world over which psychical researchers spend many hours. If we could explain a premonition of this kind; we might find that we had discovered a key to many mysteries. Then there is a consciousness that events have taken place at a distance. We have especially in mind the case of a lady, who very often knew of ceturrences, if they were in the nature of accidents happening to members of her family, who were away from home. Going a step further, we know of an absolutely authenticated instance where a clairyoyant told of the existence of a deposit of potter's clay on a piece of land that he had never seen, and located its position by landmarks of which the owner of the land was unaware. He also told exactly how far below the surface the clay was. Here are classes of cases in which mind-reading can play no part, and we do not see that the hypothesis of spiritism helps us in the least to reach a conclusion. Indeed we think the claim put forward that such things are the result of spirit communications prevents the adequate investigation of them.

Kindred to such matters is the curative effect of

them.

Kindred to such matters is the curative effect of mental suggestion, to call it by a name which means nothing in particular, but is accepted as meaning very much. Tell a person of a cure effected in this way, and he thinks he has explained it by attributing it to mental suggestion. When you ask him what mental suggestion is and how it works, he has nothing to say, for he does not know. It is the same in respect to what is called mind-reading. Most people have seen

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how certain individuals can discover things that they have never seen. Take a common instance. You open a dictionary and look at a word. You close the book; the performer who has not seen the book and is blindfolded, takes you by one hand and with the other rattles over the pages and finds the word much more quickly than you could. How does he do it? Some people say mind-reading is the solution. Well, suppose it is. This only raises a new question, namely: What is mind-reading? Some years ago somebody invented another name, that is muscle-reading. Suppose we accept this as the explanation. What is pose we accept this as the explanation. What is muscle-reading? So far we have only been escaping one question by asking another. It seems ridiculous to suppose that disembodied spirits have any part in

The domain of what used to be called magic seem to be a part of this unexplored realm—not the magic of the conjurer, of course, but ancient magic, and that which seems to be practiced by peoples, who are not exactly in the same grade of civilization as ourselves. Charlatanry will explain some of it, but not all by any means. Then we have what are called miracles. The other day a distinguished Roman Catholic ecclesiastic said that miracles, so called, are of very frequent occurrence. Investigation is more concerned with the fact than with the clerical explanation of it. We may safely accept his evidence that things occur that cannot be explained by any of the known processes of nature, and hence may be called miraculous. This is as far as we wish to go today. We only want, as it were, to take asbrief glance into the border land. The mists are too heavy to enable us to make out details. that is when humanity has become a little less ma terial, when it has realized that there are things which cannot be investigated by the foot rule, the balance, the microscope and the test-tube.

Famous Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

LOUIS XVI. AND HIS MINISTERS

In the art galleries of France we find more than time adviser of the king during the turbulent times of the Revolution, and the picture shows us only the twisted body, the ugly, scarred face, with its half cyni-cal, half good-humored smile. From the features delineated we cannot guess of the wonderful charm of speech and manner, the lighting glance of the eyes, the happy cordiality of disposition, the power of the master-mind, that combined to make a character almost limitless in its influences for either good or oad, whichever quality the great stateman strove to pire in the hearts of those, who, dazzled by the quence of his address, flocked about him to listen breathlessly to the words that fell from his lips, to follow without question whatever path he desired them to take. Yet though Mirabeau grew to become the idol of the people of France, and the confident of the king, he never knew either satisfaction or happiness and died a prey to the most bitter disappointment. If his early life had been different, there is gone far towards averting the atrocities of the Commune. But death came very early, brought about prematurely as a result of youthful excesses, and his efforts towards re-establishing the monarchy, and formof completely overthrowing the existing order of things in France, and bringing to the scaffold the king, whom he desired to serve.

Count de Honore Gabriel Riquetti Mirabeau was

orn in Provence, France in 1789. Whether or not it was on account of his deformity of face and figure, his father, always an unnatural sort of tyrant, showed a marked antipathy to his son, who, not knowing the protection of home was early thrown upon the questionable mercies of the degenerate society of the day. The outcome was only what might have been expected. He became popular and formed friends among those, who charmed by their pleasing manner and ready wit and contaminated by the immoral ex-Miraubeau, principally through ample of their lives. Mirabeau, principally through the influence of his father, was twice imprisoned for some misdemeanor. It is said that at one time he was sentenced to death for having induced a married woman to elope with him. He pleaded so eloquently at his trial, however, that he was set free without ent. But the errors of his youth were to fol low him through life, causing mistrust in those whom he most desired to propitiate, among them being the queen, who had no faith in and no respect for the great statesman, whose word was law to so

Early in the year 1789 we find Mirabeau beginning to divide with Necker the honors of popularity. When the Comptroller-general finally resigned, Mirabeau became the most powerful among those who essayed to lead the people. He was not as scrupulous nor as disinterested as the Geneyese. He never hesitated to take compensation for his services, but neither did he stoop to deception in any form, frankly avowing his werst qualities, while always maintaining serenely exalted opinion of his capabilities. "A man of my sort receives a hundred thousand crowns," he was fond of saying. "but a hundred thousand crowns is not sufficient to find a man of my sort."

So for a time Mirabeau took the helm and endeav-

So for a time Mirabeau took the helm and endeavored to direct the affairs of the king and people. He was not allowed to enter the ministry, as a decree of the Assembly made this a forbidden henor for all deputies. So he could not act with guite the authority that otherwise would have been his. "When it was made impossible for the great orators to assume the responsibility of the administration, France was deprived of the last chance of a strong government." prived of the last chance of a strong government"

As an instinct of the ready wit and eloquence of the great statesman, and of his thorough knowledge of his countrymen's readiness to respond to any appeal to their dramatic instincts the following may be cited. Mirabeau was a strong exponent of liberty of conscience and of the granting of license to worship to both Catholies and Protestants. Unlike him there were many in the Assembly who insisted that the Roman Catholic faith should alone be recognized. There had been a very flery debate and many fine addresses from the clergy in sympathy with the latter cause. A deputy of Cambresis had made a profound sensation and almost won the vote, reminding the people of the promise of Louis KIV, when he had said before Cambru. "I shall never permit the Protestant worship in this place." Before the applause had died away, Mirabeau rushed to the tribune. His eyes were allame, his face white with intense feeling. "Recollect" evide he this place." Before the applause had died away, Mirabeau rushed to the tribune. His eyes were aflame, his face white with intense feeling. "Recollect," cried he, "that here from the place where I speak, I see the window of the palace in which some factious men, combining temporal interests with the most sacred interests of religion, caused to be fired by the hand of a weak king of the French, the fatal musket which gave the signal for St Bartholomew." For a single moment surprise and consternation held the people silent, then a thunderous burst of applause greeted the speaker, and Mirabeau's motion was carried. It does not detract from the stery to say that see a matter of fact the statesman could not see the windows of the

palace at all from where he stood. A friend made bold enough to remind him of this after the meeting, and Mirabeau responded "Maybe you are right, but for the time being I saw exactly what I described."

Almost every cause of which the orator chose to assume the responsibility was assured of success. Day by day his power increased. He was appointed speaker of the Assembly and strove with all the energy of which he was capable to create a change in the Consti-tution, only in this way he thought could the safety of the State be secured. He pleaded eloquently with Ma-louet, the leader of "Impartialists" before the Assem-bly, "It is no longer time," he said, "to reckon up ob-jections, if you find any, to my proposals. Make a betjections, if you find any, to my proposals. Make a better one, but do it quickly for we cannot live long. If The more you insist on the existing evil, the more urgent is the reparation. Do you dispute my power! Name a man who, with the same will is in a better position to act. You have seen me in your ranks, struggling against tyranny, that is what I still light against; but legal authority, constitutional monarchy, the tutelary authority of the monarch, these I have always reserved to myself the right and authority of defending—I have done no harm voluntarily though I have often been so accused. I but pay for the faults of my youth. It is not fair that you should make France pay for them also—Ah, if I had brought to France a reputation like that of Malisherbes. What a uture my country would be sure to enjoy through me,

What glory would accrue." And Mirabeau hardly exaggerated his power when he placed his own estimate upon himself. He strug-gled with untiring energy against oppression of every kind, and perhaps had his life been spared it is not too much to say that the reformations for which he struggled might have been brought about. "The immense superiority of his political genius, and the in-creasing authority of his word were at last gaining the day," writes Guizot "when the disease, resulting from previous excesses and which had for a long time been threatening him, triumphed over his will as well as

One day after having spoken five times in the As-sembly, he left the hall with these words on his lips "I am a dead man from henceforth," and going home he took to the bed from which he was never to rise

During his illness which lasted for some days Paris was filled with consternation. The street in which Mirabeau lived was crowded day and night with an immense throng of people who spoke only in whispers, and many of whom were members of all the different litical factions crowded his doors. Royalists and Liberals were united in their common grief for the country's friend. On the 2nd of April 1791, very early in the morning the bulletin announced that the great statesman was dying, and word went forth from the wish for flowers. The message flew like wild-fire through the city and into the country beyond, "Mirabeau is dying and wants flowers." By nine o'clock the country people were flocking into the town with their carts and baskets piled high with fragrant bloom. All the hothouses in Paris sent their rarest and leveliest plants; little children brought nosegays. The statesman's house was filled with blossoms and the streets for blocks was gay with the color of millions of flowers. ers, and redolent with their sweetness.

So Mirabeau died, and trembling France on the

verge of the Reign of Terror wept for him in vain. He had been their last hope of salvation. "I carry off with me," said he at the last, "in my heart the lament for monarchy for its ruins are now to become a prey

THE STORY TELLER

Thomas A. Edison, at sixty-one years of age, and said to be worth \$25,000,000, is ready to relinquish his long-sustained and strenuous work in the line of inventions, and to do only scientific work that has special interest for him.

A certain John Simmons had been a twenty-year abstainer, but fell from the ways of grace and worshipped the vinous god with all the fervor of a convert.

Feeling the need of recuperation he sent his boy to an adjacent hostelry for a bottle of whiskey.

"But," cried the hotel proprietor, "who's it for?"

"For my father," said the boy.

"Nonsense. Your father is a total abstainer and has been to my knowledge, for longer years than than you've lived."

"Well, at all events, he sent me for it."

"What does he want it for?"

"To let you into the secret," said the boy, ashamed to tell the truth, "he's going fishing, and he wants the cork to use for a float!"

Nat Goodwin, the actor, has a friend who owns a country place in Maine that is ten miles from a rail-way station or telegraph office, a fact of which Goodwin is duly cognizant.

Now the player used often to visit this friend, whom he has ever found a lavish hospitable host, and who has time and time again advised that there is a room at the place in Maine ready for him whenever he cares to occupy it.

On one occasion Goodwin cabled from London: "May I stay over the third Sunday in September?"

The friend paid five dollars to the messenger who brought the cablegram, likewise a sum necessary to defray the cost of his reply: "Of course, but don't cable,"

Whereupon, Goodwin innocently sent this query by cable, "Why not?"

Baseball is a chronic complaint of Senator Crane. When he was governor of Massachusetts he took his entire staff out for a drive, and surprised them by having the rigs pull up at an open field and announcing there was to be a baseball game. Two nines were chosen and the game began: Pretty soon somebody came along the road. "What teams are they?" he asked one of the drivers. "Why, that man pitching is the governor of Massachusetts," the driver replied. "The one catching is the lieutenant-governor. The first haseman is a congressman, the second baseman is the judge-advocate-general." "Say," interrupted the passerby, "perhaps you would like to know who I am. I'm Napoleon Bonaparte."

William A. Perrin, secretary for Taylor & Crate, the big Buffalo lumber dealers, was recently at Tudor, Mass., visiting the big mill of the company, and in whiling away his time, dropped into the local court, says Buffalo Truth. Inside the rail were a half dozen young men who had just been admitted to the bar and who were exercising their prerogative of occupying the seats inside the bar. They all wore a serious look as though the cares of the profession were weighing heavily on their shoulders, their faces being so serious as to create interest at once. They sat there listening to the progress of a trial for some time when an old backwoods lawyer with long, grey beard, a man who looked as if he had practised at the bar since before the war, and more than one kind of bar at that, atepped up to the judge and fixing his eyes on the group of youngsters solemnly remarked: "May it please the Court, I have a request to make." "Go on," said the judge.

"I desire the court to enter an order requiring these young fellows to remove that wise and serious expression from their faces. It is misleading to the court and misleading to the public. It will be time for them to wear that wise look after thew have practised in these courts for a few years and not now before they have tried their first cases."

The wise look was gone before the lawyer concluded and no order was necessary.

## WITH THE POETS

The solitude of hills, or of the sea,

The solitude of dense far-stretching woods

Have naught in them of loneliness for me,

Who love the songs of elemental moods.

But in the city streets, where myriad feet
Pass here and you in hurried onward press,
'Tis there I find a wilderness complete,
And taste the woes of utter loneliness. -John Kendrick Bangs in the Cosmopolitan

The Weaver and His Dream

The night I saw St. Will's fantastic play—
Where Queen Titania loves the lop-eared ass—
The people laughed to see the hood-winked fay
Wasting her grace upon a lout so crass.
But I felt sad for him in duped desire,
A clown with a dream in his arms, his heavy skull
Aglow like a blazing brazier filled with fire
That soon must turn to ashes chill and dull.

So dwell we all with queens our fancies feign,
And, dream exalted, royal sweethearts take;
Then dropt from clouds to clods, are clowds again—
Always, alas! always we must awake!

-Rupert Hughes, in Broadway Magazine. On a Portrait By Tintoret

An old man sitting in the evening light,
Touching a spinnet; there is stormy blow
In the red heavens; but he does not know
How fast the clouds are faring to the night;
He hears the sunset as he thrums some slight
Soft tune that clears the track of long ago,
And as his musings wander to and fro,
Where the years passed along, a sage delight
Is creeping in his eyes. His soul is old,
The sky is old, the sunset browns to gray;
But he, to some dear country of his youth
By those few notes of music borne away,
Is listening to a story that is told,
And listens, smiling at the story's truth.
Michael Field, in "Wild Honey from Vari On a Portrait By Tintoret

Michael Field, in "Wild Honey from Various Thyme."

No singing chord of youth was dumb,
No star of youth was dim:
It seemed so long ere age should come,
I kept light watch for him,—
Light watch o'er heart, and nerve and eye,
His entrance evermore,—
And, lo! the shadow, stealing by,
Found an unguarded door:

I dreamt of far-off fields well-fought,
Fierce battle, victory bright;
"I shall have praise from him," I thought,
"Who taught me first to fight."
Then I remembered as a breath
Blows the dry rose apart;
For, lo! the sudden touch of death
Had aged me to the heart!

-John Erskine, in Century.

Mowers, weary and brown and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye knew,
Endless over-ward that the scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

-Andrew Lang.

'A Charge If thou hast squandered years to grave a gem.
Commission'd by thine absent Lord; and while
Tis incomplete,
Others would bribe thy needy skill to them—
Dismiss them to the street!

Should'st thou at last discover Beauty's grove,
At last be panting on the fragrant verge,
But in the track,
Drunk with divine possession, thou meet Love
Turn, at her bidding, back.

When round thy ship in tempest Hell appears,
And every spectre mutters up more dire
To snatch control
And loose to madness thy deep-kennell'd fears—
Then to the helm, O Soul!

Last, if upon the cold green-mantling sea
Thou cling, alone with Truth, to the last spar,
Both castaway,
And one must perish—let it not be he
Whom thou art sworn to obey!
—Herbert French.

The Caravan From underneath the carob shade
A wavering line of gray and white,
I watch it lose its form and fade
Like dreams across the face of night,

Whither it goes I can but guess,
Haply where rufned Tadmer stands,
The voiceless haunt of loneliness,
Amid the desert's swirling sands;

Or toward the Tigris' tawny tide
Into that land of ancient thrift
Where Bagdad's rich basaars apread wide,
And Haroun's minarets uplift;

Or toward the swart Arabian skies.
The homes of sempiternal calms,
Where pilgrims seek their paradise
Through Mecca girdled with its palms.

From camel-back I scan the waste
A fair easis sign to find,
And stranger to all thoughts of haste
Let my kaffeyeh take the wind.

Sandaled with silence, on I press.

Rousing before the flower of morn.

Through spaces where forgetfulness
Seems to have dwelt since time was born.

And when, with soothing touch, comes night After the round of jars and joys, Above the head, in Allah's sight, The hosts of heaven wheel and poise.

Throughout the strangely tranquil days
I join in prayer and fast and feast.
Looking on life with long, slow gaze
As does the fatalistic East.

And then—and then—the goal!—Ah, me!
At last, wherever rangeth man,
How well we know that there must be
One bourn for every caravan!
—Clinton Scellard in The Smart Set.