

Ans.—He was a *feller* who chopped down oak trees and cut them into chips to sell at church bazaars. His political conduct was considered very *bizarre*.

4. Who was the son of Ulysses?

Ans.—I don't know, but you may *tell him a cuss* he was like his father.

5. Who was the husband of Helen?

Ans.—The only clue we have to this problem is, that the Greeks are reported to have said of the Son of Atreus: "*The men he lay us before, on the plains of Troy, fought like tigers by the much resounding sea.*"

"THE POLITICS OF LABOR."

BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

WOULD you lend your ear and heedfully hear a terrible tale of woe,
How the millionaire with the iron glare grinds down the workman
low,
And capitalists on heights of mists reside in halls of gold,
And with angry frown keep poor men down in hovels damp and
cold ;
And combinations with usurpations are filling up all the land,
Till the poor man he owns no more than his bones, and has hardly
where to stand.
Then just open the door of the nearest book-store, and buy the work
written at top,
And its wonderful plan for the future of man will most scare you to
letting it drop,
For the people at large have had too much in charge ; but in days
that are shortly to be
The new government must have the whole in its trust, which means
riches for you and for me ;
All the mines they shall dig ; and each steamer so big under govern-
ment captain shall ply ;
And at government wickets all railroad tickets you want you'll have
to buy ;
Charge of fact'ries they'll get, all the farms they will let, and fix
everything under the sun ;
And of cash if you're short, as your only resort, to a government
bank you must run,
And of government butter we'll eat, and likewise of meat, and eat
nothing but government bread.
And times will be so good that we really should greatly pity all folks
that are dead ;
And the earth and the sky shall laugh till they cry, and not know
how to stop ;
And the moon spin round in its vault profound, and buzz like a
humming top,
Or at least they ought, if that which is taught in the book is likely
to be.
But wonderful things the future brings, and we shall see what we
shall see.

SOSIPATER AND I.



SOSIPATER and I have taken up our abode in the early part of the present century. We have taken it up there because we can't afford a local habitation any further back. The scale of expense, you know, is the reverse of that which the household content to be modern finds itself compelled to run on. The nearer the dearer, says the landlord of the present day, the more convenient and respectable, the better plumbed and papered, the more expensive. As you know, of course, it is the other way when you decide to live in the past. There inaccessibility is the costliest feature, the vanishing point, the point to be made. Shreds and patches are at a premium, cracks cost according to length and thickness, rust is a ruinous price, and cobwebs come high. Of

course, the further back you go the more of these luxuries you enjoy. Our neighborhood entitles us only to large bunches of cauliflower on the drawing-room paper, horse-hair furniture very conscious of its legs, a portrait of somebody else's ancestor done in worsted, three candlesticks and a snuffers. Not very pretentious, you see, but we are trying to live up to it. We could do this more easily if the snuffers would put out the gas, but it won't. We are compelled to turn the faucet just as of yore—I mean just as people do who have degenerated fifty years from our position in life. It is an unfortunate necessity which compels us to use gas. If we don't it leaks. People at the date which we occupy seem to have understood the manufacture of gas but not its proper delivery.

We note among other things, the prevalence of honesty at this period. Thus far none of our household goods have been stolen or even regarded with an envious eye. This, however, may be ascribed to the protection of the fire-dogs.

We are making a beautiful collection of anachronisms, to which Sosipater makes large additions from every ultra-Tory editorial on the duty of loyalty to Her Royal Nibs in connection with Commercial Union. Commercial Union, I may say in passing, Sosipater regards as a horrible, progressive idea born of the spirit of Modernism, which everybody knows to be the Devil, to subvert and utterly destroy all our beautiful traditional relations with Great Britain, so signally typified by the small boy's fire-cracker on Her Majesty's birthday. Any kind of relations with a country only a hundred years old must have a flavor of immaturity, Sosipater thinks, and are to be deprecated on that account. And these reproaches and persuasions as to our love for the Mother Land and her history and her tweeds and her accent and her aristocrats and her other manufactures gather a pure and holy light around them in Sosipater's scrap-book, like phosphorous.

Sosipater has also taken to snuff. He does not like snuff, but he says he never feels so truly at home in the tense in which we parse ourselves, to speak grammatically, as when he sneezes. He is constantly offering a pinch to visitors whom he has any reason to believe our contemporaries. Sometimes they take it, but generally we find it next morning in a small gray heap on the carpet beside the chair.

I carry a very large and formidable bunch of keys, one of which fits the store-room. I don't know what the rest fit, but no lady of the early part of this century ever carried one key. She invariably carried a bunch, and they always hung beside her apron, a small black silk apron, with pinked edges and pockets. There is nothing but jam in our store-room, and we all hate jam. Still it would be inconsistent not to carry the keys of the store-room, and that is what we are most afraid of being betrayed into—inconsistency. Oh!—and of course we keep chestnuts in the store-room. I had almost forgotten the chestnuts.

I might go on and tell you about the society we are organizing for the "Spread of Mediæval Practices Among the Benighted Moderns." I might speak of our old oaken bucket and the day that Sosipater had to descend in it to make a hole in the ice, when the chain broke and Sosipater made the hole with less difficulty than he had expected. I might go into private family matters still further and describe to you Sosipater's beautiful red flannel night-cap that the hand-maiden (1886) one evening took the liberty of going tobogganing in. But for the nonce, I forbear. G. G.