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POOR DOCUMENT

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SOME VERSE WRITERS.

WHAT IS POETRY?

Quotations from Hunter Duvar and Matthew Richey Knight.

In a letter addressed to the writer the late William Cullen Bryant once said, "My friend, Fitz-Greene Halleck often remarks that 'to be quoted is to be famous,' and nothing pleases me more than to know that my verses are often quoted in the newspapers and in conversation." To be quoted approvingly in conversation is undoubtedly one of the highest compliments that can be paid to a writer of verse, and it may have been no less a compliment to be quoted by the newspapers thirty or forty years ago, just as it was then a compliment to an individual's entegrity and intelligence to elect and place him in a responsible office. Times have changed, however, and the journalist, with his head full of politics, in the selection of his miscellaneous matter, especially in verse, gives more attention to the name appended than to the matter itself, and consequently the versifier most quoted by the newspapers may be without any claim whatever to the prominence assigned him. But men and women do not commit poetry to memory that they may be able to quote it in conversation. The poetry that lives does not require to be studied; once read it becomes a part of the life and the thought of the reader. The poetry that lives requires no preface, no explanatory notes, no appendix for those who are conversant with the language in which it is written and the circumstances by which it was evoked. Shakespeare is quoted daily by thousands of men in every part of the world, unconsciously; his thoughts are the thoughts of the world, and his language in expressing them has come into almost universal use. The same may be said in a degree, of Milton, Young, Addison, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge and a host of others whose names are more or less neglected.

Hunter Duvar, of Prince Edward Island, is a hardly less quotable poet than Bryant and Longfellow, the most quotable of American versifiers, and better than that of any other Canadian, his name merits mention in the same breath with theirs. A hundred years hence Mr. Duvar's poems will be surrounded with an interest which, for the multitude, they do not possess to day, but now, whoever takes up his books, finds them full of haunting passages. Note, for example the following from DeRoberval.

RAIN OF ROSES.

As I looked through my window pane
Of olive-green stained glass
I beheld, yes I did! a rain
Of snow piled on the grass,
"Why this is a marvel," cried I,
"Sure the time of snow has gone by."

Out to my garden green
I rushed with my head all bare,
And, what do you think? a sheen
Of rose leaves feathered the air,
Falling down soft in a shower
On the fountain and jessamine bower.

Now, whence did these rose leaves come?
I never yet knew for sure,
Perhaps from a whirlwind's hum,
Or a leak in the blue heaven's floor,
Or anywhere else one supposes.
But it rained, and the rain was roses.

TWILIGHT SONG.

The mountain peaks put on their hoods,
Good night!
And the long shadows of the woods
Would fain the landscape cover quite,—
The timid pigeons homeward fly,
Scared by the whoop owl's eerie cry,
Whoo-oop! whoo-oop!
As like a fiend he flitteth by;
The ox to stall, the fowl te coop,
The old man to his nightcap warm,
Young men and maids to slumbers light—
Sweet Mary, keep our souls from harm!
Good night! good night!

We made a new sensation in the woods,
The squirrels asked the blue-jays what it meant;
The sable crow gazed with a puzzled look,
Wise, yet astray, like prefect of the Seine;
The mystified wood-rabbit sat on end
And wiped his silly face with furry paws
In the astonishment whom we might be;
Boar and the fox, both crafty quadrupeds,
With worldly prudence kept well out of sight.
Having a wholesome terror for their skins,
The clumsy moose laid back his bladed tynes
And trotted off; the clean-limbed caribou,
With antlers down, sped like a flying cloud;
The red deer, sniffing danger, skirred away;
The snake, knowing himself unpopular,
In rapid undulations slid aloof,
While the small creatures of the underbrush
Fled, making patter on the fallen leaves.

The Hon. Joseph Howe was the author of many pleasant verses, so was the late Dr. Garvie, and so was the late Dr. Crosby, of St. John. Some poems in the Scottish dialect, by the late Wm. Murdoch, of this city are not likely to pass into forgetfulness. The late Miss Gallagher (Clare Everest) gave many beautiful poems to the world through the columns of the Telegraph, and so did James Hannay, while on the staff of that paper; Arthur J. Lockhart, a native of Hants Co., N. S., and Prof. Roberts of King's College, have written verses of considerable excellence, and both of these gentlemen have a number of admirers. Matthew Richey Knight, stands high in the catalogue of Canadian poets; his "Poems of Ten Years," published is 1887, from which the following quotations are made, are far above the average of Canadian poetry.

MY TREASURE.

Mine is a treasure brighter far
Than Diana's self or maiden star,
Or Cytherea's radiant car.

She is my wealth—she is my pride—
She is my fame: and by her side
All crowns are mine, whate'er betide,

Her simple words prove sages fools;
And he whose thought her counsel rules
May scorn the wisdom of the schools.

My inmost heart her temple is;
Her love, best flower of earthly bliss;
And heaven is in her pure, warm kiss.

As in her smile delight is found,
And in her presence joys abound;
So in her frown is gloom for me,
And in her absence, misery.

Though fate seem dark, and men seem cold,—
If her soft, trembling hand I hold,
I reck not if an empire scold,

When days are dark, and mists arise,
I kindle joy at those sweet eyes,
And breathe the air of paradise.

THE MERCY OF GOD.

They have a saying in the East:—
Two angels note the deeds of men,
And one is first and one is least,
When men do right, one takes his pen
And magnifies the deed, to ten.
This angel is at God's right hand,
And holds the other in command.
He says to him when men do wrong,
"The man was weak, temptation strong,—
"Write not the record down to-day;
"To-morrow he may grieve and pray."
It may be myth, but this is sooth—
No ruth is lasting as God's ruth;
The strongest is the tenderest;
He who best knows us loves us best.

W. P. Dole, of this city, is unquestionably the most scholarly of Canadian poets. This is saying much, but it does not necessarily follow that he is considered the greatest of our verse writers. Greatness in poetry is unlike greatness in anything else. At eighteen years Bryant wrote Thanatopsis; at eighty, with all the advantages of education, meditation and travel, and a fortune large enough to smother all the ordinary and extraordinary harrassments of life, he had written nothing better deserving of immortality. Annie Laurie and Auld Robin Gray and Home, Sweet Home will outlive anything ever written by Tennyson or Browning. Poetry is oftener the language of the heart than of the brain; true poetry comes from the heart, appeals to the heart and lives in the heart forever. Mr. Dole's sonnets are among the most polished specimens of this species of composition which have been produced during the last fifty years. The GAZETTE reproduces one of his sonnets and one each of his translations from the Greek, Latin and French.

FORTUNATE ISULE.

Of happy Isles, far in the unknown West,
Old poets sung, where through an endless year
Hunger, nor heat, nor darkness came, nor tear;
Where fadeless bloom enwrapt the immortal Blest;
Calm and secure on Ocean's heaving breast
Those fabled lands, which nowhere yet appear
In all the now familiar hemisphere
Man's dreams divine in radiant glories drest,
Still live the thoughts by rapturous bards exprest;
Westward afar the blissful region lies;
'Mid tranquil clouds that float in evening skies,
A path to brighter worlds seems often given;
Still as of old, the longing spirit tries
To wing its way through golden light to Heaven.

ON HIMSELF.

From the Greek of Anacreon.

"Anacreon!" the women say,
"An old man you have come to be:
Take a mirror now, and see;
You've no longer flowing hair,
And your forehead's getting bare!"
I, indeed, don't know or care
Whether my locks abundant are,
Or whether they have fallen away,
But this I do know and declare:
That it befits one growing old
The more to sport him like a boy,
And more the sweets of life enjoy,
As nearer comes Fate's shadow cold!

TO VENUS.

From the Latin of Horace.

O Venus! of Cnidus and Paphos the queen,
Thy well-beloved Cyprus now spurning,
Show thy presence divine
In this beautiful shrine
Where Glycera, burning
Much incense, is calling on thee.

With thee let thy glowing boy, Cupid, be seen.
And the Graces with girdles unbound;
And let Nymphs hasten too,
And Youth's goddess,—who so
Little pleasing is found
Without thee,—and bland Mercury.

CHANSON.

From the French of Antoine, Compte d'Hamilton.

Nor dark nor blonde is she whom I adore:
By a single stroke too sketch her,
She's the most delightful creature
The wide world o'er.

Yet of her charms 'tis easy count to take;
Five hundred beauties that are seen;
Five hundred more concealed, I ween,
A thousand make.

Wisdom divine is in her mind exprest;
By thousand sweetest traits 'tis told
The Graces in their finest mould
Have formed the rest,

What lustrous tints could paint her hue so bright;
Flora is not so fresh and fair;
And with a swan's may well compare
Her neck so white.

Her waist and arm do kin to Venus prove;
Like Hebe's are her mouth and nose;
And for her eyes,—ah! your glance shows,
Whom 't is I love.

"Vivien," of Arichat, C. B., another Canadian poet, whose name is unknown to the writer, has written verses in the Halifax Chronicle, which are remarkable for their beauty and tenderness. They are odorous of sea and solitude, and it would be difficult to conceive of their being written anywhere else than on the coast of Arichat, or some of the islands in its vicinity.

Of another Canadian poet, John Livingston, has said in the Empire, "The flights of his song are not ambitious, it is true; man's love, man's hopes, life's disappointments, regrets for the vanity of human wishes are the themes, while the great problems of existence, the longings after the sublime and infinite are left untouched. A depth of feeling which gives a strong reality to the grief his poetry expresses, may be more impressive as embodying personal experience; but whatever the cause, there is a plaintive beauty in many of his lines that touches the heart of the reader. Gifts like Mr. Spencer's deserve a wider circle of appreciation than is commonly accorded to them. It is well that poets sometimes receive a substantial reward for their devotion to the muses, else the art might fall into neglect. Many labor without such recompense, asking only the thanks and sympathy of lovers of poetry. A generous share of that sort of tribute is certainly deserved by Mr. Spencer, whose poetry one reads with pleasure and turns from with regret that the hand which has written so much that is beautiful has not attempted more."

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

PICKED UP EVERYWHERE.

Odd Items that are Overlooked by our Contemporaries.

The statement of a Milwaukee railroad freight agent that 31,250 extra barrels of beer were consumed in Chicago during the sitting of the late Republican Convention is interesting as bearing directly upon the "real sentiments" of the party on the temperance question.

A woman fell into the lake at Moosehead the other day, so it is said, and when she was rescued a fine five pound trout was entangled in her wire bustle. Her husband wanted to set her again, but she selfishly refused to consent.

Walter Blaine Harrison, a son of John Harrison, of Philadelphia, was born on the day that Blaine was nominated in 1884, and died last Monday, the day of Harrison's nomination.

The Aroostook Herald has been struggling with art and is discouraged. Its sentiments are thus tersely expressed: "We have done the best we could with our portrait gallery on the third page this week, but if none of them resemble the originals more than the one labelled James G. Blaine does him, the portrait makers better quit the business and hire out to dig clams.

The first steamship that ever made a trip from a European port to Chicago arrived there on the 29th ult. She is the "Rosedale," a new steel vessel just from the Clyde. She left London for Chicago May 25th, with a general cargo and 5000 barrels of cement. She was built to run between Chicago and Montreal, but her successful passage has started a scheme for a regular line of steamers between Chicago and London by way of the St. Lawrence.

Pat Ford, of the Irish World, has taken to the woods, politically, since Blaine's defeat in the convention. Everybody is to be congratulated on this movement except the woods.—Bangor Commercial.

Justice Field and Knowlton, of the Boston Supreme Court, have refused to entertain the motion for a new trial in the case of Mrs. Mary Jane Robertson, convicted of murder in poisoning her sister's husband, Prince Arthur Freeman, in 1885, and sentenced her to be hanged on November 16.

The people of Calais never saw a real live millionaire until they looked upon Russell Sage as he entered the town the other day to buy the Grand Southern Railroad. With true down-east hospitality a son of the hotel landlord hitched up a span of horses and gave Millionaire Sage a delightful ride about town. Uncle Russ was profuse in his expressions of pleasure and after the drive was over put his hand down in his pocket and gave the young man a nice, round, silver tencent piece. The young man was much surprised. He did not expect anything. He has had a hole punched in that tencent piece and will wear it on his watch chain.

Lord Londesborough is about to sell his collection of autographs. It comprises royal sign-manuals and autograph letters of Henry the Fifth, Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, Richard the Third, Henry the Seventh, Henry the Eighth, Catherine of Arragon, Edward the Sixth, Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Charles the First, and Cromwell. There are also letters by Dr. Johnson, Adam Smith, Byron, and Benjamin Franklin.

Statistics collected in the sixteen counties of Maine show that in the whole State there were granted last year five hundred and twelve divorces. Cumberland county being the most populous, has the largest share, seventy-eight in all, but Knox county seems to have more than its share of unhappiness, for 63 legal separations were made in that section of the State. Its neighbor, Lincoln, is the luckiest county of all, having only six of these cases. Androscoggin had its proportion and Penobscot is only second to Cumberland and Knox. It is also noticed that in by far the largest number of cases the woman is the complainant, there being only 127 of the 512 cases in which the complaint is made by the man. Intoxication is urged as the reason in only 77 of the cases. Desertion and cruelty are the prolific sources of marital unhappiness, the former causing 226 and the latter 119 of the separations in Maine last year.

A party in this city has received a letter from a manufacturing concern in New Brunswick, asking him to send six moulders, whom they guarantee permanent employment at $3 per day, or 50 cents more than they can earn here. How is this for "pauper labor" in the Provinces? Bangor Commercial.

On Saturday afternoon, says the Lewiston, Maine Journal, several bright-eyed girls were seen on our streets bearing lovely bouquets which they left at some sick persons' doors. On inquiring we learned it was a committee from the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union, and that every Saturday flowers will be sent out from their Union to the sick. The comfort and pleasure such a thoughtful act will carry to many a sick room, can never be known in this world.

A recent number of the Hearth and Home states that there are two hundred and fifty thousand chronic invalids in the United States, The names of these invalids are known, and are peddled, quoted, and sold as an article of commerce. In support of the statement, the names of quack doctors dealing in them are given.

It is told of the late Fitz-Greene Halleck, who, forty years ago, was one of the great figures of American literature, that a wealthy gentleman had ordered his portrait to be painted by one of our most distinguished artists, and Mr. Halleck went for the first sitting. "Before we actually begin," said he to the artist, "I have one request to make of you, and that is to paint me as a gentlman. As for the likeness I don't care a copper; fifty years hence nobody can tell whether there is any fault in it or not."

How many miles of railway in the United States? One hundred and fifty thousand six hundred miles; about half the mileage of the world. How much have they cost? Nine billion dollars. How many people are employed by them? More than one million. What is the fastest time made by a train? Ninety-two miles in ninety-three minutes; one mile being made in forty-six seconds, on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. What is the cost of a high-class, eight-wheel passenger locomotive? About eight thousand five hundred dollars. What is the longest mileage operated by a single system? Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system; about eight thousand miles. What is the cost of a palace sleeping car? About fifteen thousand dollars, or seventeen thousand dollars if "vestibuled." What is the longest railway bridge-span in the United States? Cantilever span in Poughkeepsie Bridge, five hundred and forty-eight feet. What is the highest railroad bridge in the United States?—Kinzua Viaduct, on the Erie Road, three hundred and five feet high. Who built the first locomotive in the United States? Peter Cooper. What road carries the largest number of passengers? Manhattan Elevated Railroad, New York; five hundred and twenty-five thousand a day, or one hundred and ninety-one million six hundred and twenty-five thousand yearly. What is the average daily earning of an American locomotive? About one hundred dollars. What is the longest American railway tunnel? Hoosiac Tunnel, on the Fitchburg Railway, four and three-quarters miles. What is the average cost of constructing a mile of railroad? At the present time about thirty thousand dollars. What is the highest railroad in the Unites? Denver and Rio Grande; Marshall Pass, ten thousand eight hundred and fifty-two feet. What are the chances of fatal accident in railway travel? One killed in ten million; statistics show that more are killed by falling out of windows than in railway accidents. What line of railway extends furthest east and west? Canadian Pacific Railway, running from Quebec to the Pacific Ocean. How long does a steel rail last, with average wear? About eighteen years. What road carries the largest number of commuters? Illinois Central, four million eight hundred and twenty-eight thousand one hundred and twenty-eight in 1887. What is the fastest time made between Jersey City and San Francisco? Three days seven hours thirty-nine minutes and sixteen seconds; theatrical train, June, 1886.—Scribner.

Sir John Millias has not escaped the charge of crankiness thus far in his life, and it is hardly to be expected that one so closely connected with Ruskin should be very sound in his statements. It is therefore doubly a pity that he does not reinforce by example his statement in a recent number of the Magazine of Art: "So fine is some of the work our modern sculptors have given us that I verily believe, that were it dug up from under oyster shells in Rome or out of Athenian sands, with a stamp of partial dismemberment about it, all Europe would fall straightway into ecstasy, and give forth their plaintive wail: 'We can do nothing like that now.'" This is very unlikely true, but the form is not fortunate, since it is one of those things which are so very easy to say, and which mean nothing or a good deal according to the clearness of judgment of the man who says them. It seems rather to cast a sneer on administration for the antique than to support the cause of modern sculpture, and in so far is hardly what Sir John intended.

An Unfortunate Combination.

The latest notion in the hoodoo line is that the mustache of a man, carried within the bodice of a woman, will insure good luck. Is the mustache detached from the face on which it grew? Why, of course. Otherwise the fetish would be easy to get and awfully improper. But to obtain a mustache all alone by itself is mighty hard. Fellows cultivate them so slowly and reap the crop so rarely that a genuine mustache, separated from its lip, is a scarce article. Once in a while a pretty girl may be able to coax an enamored chap to make a sacrifice of his hirsute treasure, but usually one must depend on a barber, in which case you never know for certain that it is really a mustache and not a partner of a side-whisker or a goatee, or even a cutting of an uncommonly coarse scalp-lock. I know a maiden who obtained the desired mascot from a devoted and betrothed dude. He called on her again and vowed he believed she had already thrown his mustache away. She produced it.

"Seems to me it is bigger than it was," he remarked.

"Indeed, it was a tiny little one when you gave it to me," she shyly assented.

"And it is half composed of redder hair than my mustache."

"Yes, so it is."

"Aha! I know. I saw Jim Brown today, and his mustache is gone. You've got his and mixed it in with mine."

"Do you mind?"

Did he mind? Jim Brown was his hated rival. The combination hoodoo mustache may bring good fortune to that girl, but not in the form of marriage with that enraged dude. He broke the engagement off with a snap like a pipestem. She will have to get along the best way she can with Jim.

Two Sturdy Little Workers.

Between Minneapolis and St. Paul, along the Manitoba tracks, and just east of Hamline, Short Line passengers are treated to an edifying spectacle. Two small girls, who cannot possibly be over nine and twelve years respectively, are yoked up to a harrow and compelled to drag it through the broiling sun. The sight has attracted so much attention that comments are becoming numerous.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

A LADY'S REFLECTIONS.

And Some Pertinent Suggestions.

"Boys are not only enjoying better school privileges now-a-day, but the world is also beginning to have a very different appreciation of the value of manual labor from what it had when I was a lad nearly seventy years ago," said an old resident, as he laid aside a local newspaper, from which he had been reading an article on "Technological Education." "There was a sufficiency of practical work," he continued "for everything had to be done by hand, but there was a great insufficiency of scientific training in those days and the results were as often chance as certainty. St. John was then a new place, and boys were sometimes driven out into the world to learn how to procure a livelihood, when they should have been, by right, at school getting that greatest of all blessings—a good education."

Apprenticeship was then in full force, and those who were about to fit themselves for handicraft became bound by indentures to some skilled or, sometimes, unskilled master mechanic whom they were obliged to both serve and obey until they arrived at the age of twenty-one, in return for which service each apprentice received his board and clothes, and also an extra suit called a freedom suit, as soon as he became his own master.

"But though the work was hard," he added, "for hands were ever kept busy, yet there was one advantage as there was little or nothing allowed for one to acquire idle habits lounging round the street corners."

"And how was it." I asked "that so many of those boys, of more than half a century ago, with such limited opportunities for education, and with comparatively no literature, not only did so much afterwards towards the industrial development of our city, but could also carve their names with scholars and statesmen on the temple of fame?"

"They did not all turn out so well" he replied "for I can remember many a genial, pleasant fellow, who never amounted to anything; but of those who did make their mark in the world, most of them might be set before our lads of the present day, as examples in employing those fragments of time called odd minutes in reading and studying what few books were then available."

While I listened to the foregoing account of the old system of apprenticeship in this city it came to my mind that Mr. Ruskin calls attention to the fact that "all the great Italian masters of painting and sculpture began by being goldsmiths' apprentices, and that they felt themselves so indebted to and formed by the master craftsman who had mainly disciplined their fingers, that they practically considered him their father and took his name rather than their own."

It is a well known fact too that Oliver Evans, "The Watt of America" was when a boy apprenticed to a wheelwright, during which time, by applying himself to study and research he laid up that store of knowledge which enabled him afterwards to invent and first introduce "The high-pressure or non-condensing engine," and to-day, in "Stationary engines the United States leads the world."

But in this age of machinery the old system of apprenticeship is almost entirely a thing of the past, without its place being adequately filled, with us, at least.

And whether so many are leaving the fields of manual labor for those of mental labor; because the sedentary life necessary for the preparations of home lessons required in our public schools gives them a distaste for active pursuits, or whether it is because they consider the professions more honorable, I am not prepared to say, but this I do know that some mothers manifest such an aversion to their sons becoming either farmers or mechanics, as would cause one to suspect that there must be something discreditable inseparately connected with both agriculture and craft. For surely the distaste to these occupations for their sons cannot arise from the idea that the manual labor connected with these occupations is too laborious, since "aching brows are everywhere where there is toil, whether it be in the study, the counting-house, the workshop, or the farm."

From my own personal acquaintance with former students of the School of Technology in Boston, I am firmly convinced that Technology lends that incentive to manual labor upon which depends to a greal extent the prosperity of any country for I know of several graduates who are working at stock in preference to accepting clerkships in the the same establishments.

In many European countries "Industrial Schools, especially designed to train apprentices and make skilful workmen and competent foremen, are very numerous."

As yet we have no such schools for the simple reason that, hitherto we have not been ready for them, but our public schools are now thoroughly established, comparing favorably with those of the world, and we have reached the critical state of affairs when the press as well as parents and teachers begin to urge the necessity of some kind of schools pertaining to the industrial arts.

In conclusion, those who feel disposed to criticize what I have written will do well to bear this in mind, that every question or suggestion carries in its train a thousand others, and that it is the duty of every parent to whom the oft-repeated questions must recur, "What shall I do with my boy?" to take into account what Sidney Smith said, "that to do anything in this world worth doing we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can."

SARAH J. PARKIN.

OUR WOMEN ARE GROWING LARGER

A Glance at a Dressmaker's Books Kept Forty Years Ago.

"Women are certainly larger than they used to be," said a dressmaker of many years' experience, and in proof of the same exhibited the measurements of women recorded in the books of the establishment, which date back some forty years. One book, dated as late as 1859, had hundreds of entries like the following: "Miss ——, waist measure, 18 inches;" Mrs. ——, waist, 20 inches; Miss ——, waist, 17 inches, or 18, 19, 18½, repeated continually, or even as low as 16 inches for a girl 17 being no uncommon measurement. Of fifty women whose gowns were cut in 1856 and '57 the average waist measure was only 21 inches. These were fully developed, rather elderly women, while the average for young women was scarcely more than 19 inches, the regulation measure for a wedding gown being 18 inches, and girls were laced down to it almost invariably. Now girls of 20 and 22 years have average waists of 23 inches, and if a woman is five feet seven or eight inches tall her waist measure runs up to 25 or 26 inches. Slender women are an inch or two taller and two or three inches larger round the waist than their mothers were, while flesh women are continually increasing in numbers as well as size. Watch the crowd of well-dressed promenaders on the avenue, the occupants of the landaus in the Park, and the strollers on the veranda of any summer resort patronized by the leisure people of society, and the preponderance of fleshy women is something astonishing. The sallow, narrow-chested, wasp-waisted specimens of girlhood are seldom seen, and the woman past 45 who retains her slender, supple shape and willowy grace is deplorably in the minority.

"What are the American women coming to?" said a plump woman, whose tailor dress fitted as if she had been run into it in a state of solution, as three out of five of the crowd of handsomely dressed women passing her displayed a generosity of girth and corpulence that would only be appreciated in a museum.

With proper diet, proper exercise, and the stimulus of some worthy life purpose, they might become a race of Amazons, but, as a wise writer expresses it, most women are "too indolent to attend to the requirements of personal beauty with proper care."

Don't Worry.

"Don't worry, my son, don't worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night, and to-morrow may find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that happened to-day, because to-day will only last fifteen or twenty minutes. If you don't believe it tell your creditors you'll be ready to settle in full with them at sunset. Don't worry about things you can't help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be penitent now and then it won't hurt you a bit to go into the sackcloth and ashes business a little. It would do you good. If you want to cry a little once in a long while that isn't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and clubbing yourself occasionally, I think you need it and will lend you a helping hand at it and put a plaster on you afterward. All these things will do you good. But worry, worry, worry, fret, fret. fret—why there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope nor resolution in it. It's just worry."

"Go fishing yesterday?"
"Yes."
"Catch anything?"
"Yes."
"What was it?"
"The groceryman kissing my wife when I came home."