

## POETRY OF THE HOUR

## The Other-Worldling.

By ETHEL ASHTON.

Beyond the forms and the faces I see  
Ineffable things,  
Above the cry of the children I hear the  
beating of wings;  
Gracing the graves of the weary are  
blossoms that never were blown,  
And over the whole of Knowledge stands  
all that shall yet be known.

The City is not my prison—the world can  
not stay me there;  
For whole wide earth and its beauty there's  
beauty beyond compare.  
The wealth of the wind-blown music, the  
gold of the sun are mine.  
In light of the light men see not—in  
sight of the things divine.

For truer than all that is written is all  
that has not been told.  
The yet unloved and unloving are truer  
than all the old.

The fairest is still the furthest; the life  
that has yet to be.  
Holds ever the Past and Present—itsself  
the soul of the three.

—From "The Outlook" (London)

I cannot sing the old songs now,  
The songs I used to chant,  
And all my friends who've heard me sing,  
Declare, "Thank Heaven, he can't."

## When Mary Died.

She only died last week, and yet  
Suns might have risen and have set  
A thousand: May's here like a bride,  
And it was May when Mary died.

Incredible! We might last week  
Have kissed her, held her, heard her speak  
Who now has travelled far, so far  
Beyond the moon and the day-star

Since she has gone all Time and Space  
Have lost their meanings: Mary's face  
Grows dim in distance, like a light  
Far down a darkness infinite.

## Weak Kidneys

It is of but little use to try to doctor the kid-  
neys themselves. Such treatment is wrong.  
For the kidneys are not usually to blame for  
their weaknesses or irregularities. They have  
no power—no self-control. They are operated  
and actuated by a tiny shred of a nerve which  
is largely responsible for their condition. If the  
Kidney nerve is strong and healthy the kidneys  
are strong and healthy. If the Kidney nerve  
goes wrong, you know it by the inevitable re-  
sult—kidney trouble.

This tender nerve is only one of a great system  
of nerves. This system controls not only the  
kidneys, but the heart, and the liver, and the  
stomach. For simplicity's sake Dr. Shoop has  
called this great nerve system the "Inside  
Nerves." They are not the nerves of feeling—  
not the nerves that enable you to walk, to talk,  
to act to think. They are the master nerves  
and every vital organ is their slave. The com-  
mon name for these nerves is the "sympathetic  
nerves"—because each set is in such close sym-  
pathy with the others, that weakness anywhere  
usually results in weakness everywhere.

The one remedy which aims to treat not the  
Kidneys themselves, but the nerves which are  
to blame, is known by physicians and druggists  
everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. (Tablets  
or Liquid). This remedy is not a symptom  
remedy—it is strictly a cause remedy. While it  
usually brings speedy relief, its effects are also  
lasting.

If you would like to read an interesting book  
on inside nerve disease, write Dr. Shoop. With  
the book he will also send the "Health Token,"  
—an intended passport to good health. Both  
the book and the "Health Token" are free.

For the free book Book 1 on Dyspepsia,  
and the "Health Token" Book 2 on the Heart,  
en" you must address Book 3 on the Kidneys,  
Dr. Shoop, Box 98, Ra- Book 4 for Women.  
cine, Wis. State Book 5 for Men.  
which book you want. Book 6 on Rheumatism.

## Dr. Shoop's Restorative

Prepared in both Liquid and Tablet form.  
For sale at forty thousand drug stores. Mild cas-  
es are often reached by a single Package.

Last week! Why this new grief we have  
Is old as Time, old as the grave:  
It was and will be: darkness spread  
Over the world since Mary's dead.

Last week she died. The lilac bough  
Her eyes watched bud is blooming now,  
The chestnut's lit her lamp since then,  
And the lost cuckoo's come again.

A week ago! O endless space  
Since Mary heavenward turned her face!  
And still the lilac's on the spray  
That budded when she went away.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

## A Woman.

By THEODOSIA GARRISON.

The great Love that was not for her  
Passed on, nor paused to see  
The wistful eyes, the hands' vague stir,  
The mouth's mute misery.

The little Love she recked not of  
Crept closer bit by bit  
Until for very lack of love  
She smiled and welcomed it.

Not hers to choose, to weigh and part  
The greater from the less;  
She only strove to fill a heart  
That ached with emptiness.

—From the October Smart Set.

## Progress.

When her husband earned their living as  
a common hired hand  
And she had to do her housework—years  
ago, please understand—  
She pronounced it always "depo" with  
an accent on the "de,"  
And the e therein she sounded as it is in  
"we" or "me."

When her husband gave up working for  
mere wages and was paid  
What they proudly called a salary and  
she could keep a maid,  
She began to call it "daypo" with the  
accent on the "day,"  
Sometimes changing it to "deppo" in a  
doubtful kind of way.

He that led her to the altar is to-day a  
millionaire,  
And a dozen willing servants try keep her  
free from care;  
You should see the grand tirara blazing  
out above her brow  
And the pearls that she possesses. Yes,  
she calls it "station" now.

## Sweetest Things.

What are the sweetest things of earth?  
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;  
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;  
Riches of gold untouched by scorn;

A happy little child asleep;  
Eyes that can smile though they can weep;  
A brother's cheer; a father's praise;  
The minstrelsy of summer days.

A heart where anger never burns;  
A gift that looks for no returns;  
Wrong's overthrow; pain's quick release;  
Dark footsteps guided into peace.

The light of love in lover's eyes;  
Age that is young as well as wise;  
A mother's kiss; a baby's mirth—  
These are the sweetest things of earth.

—The Farm and Ranch Review.

## The Sailor's Christmas.

Blow, wind, blow,  
Sing through yard and shroud;  
Pipe it shrilly and loud,  
Aloft as well as below;  
Sing in my sailor's ear  
The song I sing to you,  
"Come home, my sailor true,  
For Christmas that comes so near."

Go, wind, go,  
Hurry his home-bound sail,  
Through gusts that are edged with hail,  
Through winter, and sleet, and snow;  
Song, in my sailor's ear,  
Your shrilling and moans shall be;  
For he knows they sing him to me  
And Christmas that comes so near.

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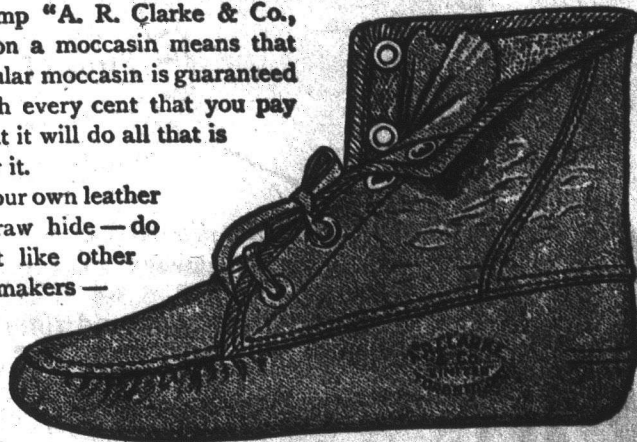
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