

AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR



THE ETHER

The late Marquis of Salisbury, in a paper read before the British Association, wisely said that "the ether was not so much a medium as a non-medium case for the verb to undulate." This was the conclusion of his statement of why "scientific" men had agreed to recognize an imponderable and unmeasurable entity, and called it ether. It was because there had been abundant proof that light and electricity moved in undulations, and undulation presupposed something that could undulate. Therefore there must be something about which nothing is known except that it is and is everywhere and that it undulates. J. Clark Maxwell, F. R. S., has attempted a definition of the ether. He says it is "a material substance of a more subtle than visible bodies, supposed to exist in these parts of space that are apparently empty," but this is not a good definition, because the undulations from which its existence is inferred, occur in parts of space which are not empty. We like Lord Salisbury's definition better, when he describes it as an entity everywhere present, but of whose nature we know nothing. Descartes said that there must be an ether, the very fact that bodies exist at a distance from each other proving that there must be something between them. In other words it is inconceivable that the ether is absolutely empty space. This is rather a metaphysical for ordinary comprehension; and at any rate the time has come when material science depending upon metaphysics to establish anything. Newton thought that the ether produced "the chief phenomena of nature," but he declined to reduce his theories to writing because of his inability to prove them. The ether may be stated briefly to be an entity, which is supposed to exist because without it no explanation can be given to certain common natural phenomena. Practically this is all that any one knows about it. Some writers have said it is the material in which the earth and the stars are held suspended. Newton thought the force of gravity might be due to its pressure. Faraday was the first to suggest that it is the medium through which magnetic electricity is transmitted. It has been suggested that the ether is constantly in motion and some experiments seem to prove that this is the case. Thus it has "apparently" been shown that the velocity of light is slightly greater in some directions than in others, which would indicate that the undulating medium is in motion; but the experiments are of such a delicate nature that it would be folly to say that they have proved anything. One of them is based upon the time occupied in the passage of light from the moons of Jupiter to the earth, observations being possible because the moons pass around that planet, and therefore are frequently in eclipse. By ascertaining the time the light requires to make the journey when the relative positions of the earth and Jupiter are different, and allowing for differences in distance, it has been thought that there is a difference in time not explained by the difference in distance, and this has been accounted for by supposing that the ether is in motion. It is evident that the opportunities for error in such an elaborate calculation are so many that no reliable inference can be drawn from its results. Other experiments have been made by means of mirrors and by casting beams of light in the direction of the motion of the earth and also across that direction. Some experimenters thought they detected a difference in the rate of motion of the light under these circumstances; others thought they did not; but it is also evident in this case that the probability of error is so great that nothing of value can be inferred from the experiments.

Scientific men are not able to agree as to whether the ether is a solid or liquid or a gas, which is the best possible evidence of how little they know about it. Some of the earlier investigators thought it was a gas, in one or two notable instances the suggestion being made that it was only the atmosphere in an exceedingly attenuated form. The gaseous theory has been abandoned because the ether apparently exhibits qualities which are unlike those of gases. The theory that it is a liquid has no adherents of note, and the best opinion is that it is an exceedingly elastic solid, pervading all space. We cannot hope to grasp what this means, but it is easy to understand that as solids vary in density and elasticity, it is theoretically possible that there may be such a solid as will comply with all the essentials, which observations seem to imply that the ether must possess. We have noted this phase of the subject at some length and in what we fear is not a very lucid way, because it seems desirable that those persons who may desire themselves in scientific study as a desultory way may have some idea of just what is known of the mysterious entity.

We will try and lend the subject a more popular interest by mentioning some of the more speculative suggestions that have been made in

regard to the ether. One of them is that it is the fundamental entity of all the visible universe, and that from it everything has been evolved by motion. In other words the first creative act was the impartation locally of motion to the ether, which is another way of saying "the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." The motion was not general, but in the form of numerous vortices. Every one has noticed the little whirling plates, which often occur in the air, even on calm days. In some way a vortex is formed, which is not different in essential feature from a cyclone. If the whirling motion were fast enough and continued long enough the air that is influenced by it would be so heated by the impact of its particles upon each other that it would become luminous, and ultimately these particles might become fused into a solid. By such vortices it has been supposed that the sun, the stars and the planets were formed, and some writers have gone so far as to suggest that solids, liquids and gases are all ether in a state of inconceivably rapid motion.

Another suggestion is that the ether affords the means of communication of force between objects separated from each other, either by the minutest interval or by the immeasurable remoteness of the stars. Newton, in one of his letters, says it is inconceivable that one body can act upon another unless there is some connection between them, which seems self-evident. How does the magnet attract a piece of steel; how does the Magnetic Pole attract the needle of the compass; how does the earth attract a falling stone; how do wireless messages speed across an ocean; how to enter upon another domain, does the pathos in a singer's voice stir the hearts of an audience; how does the power of an orator arouse the passions of a multitude; how is thought transmitted? The question might be multiplied indefinitely. Does the ether afford the explanation? No one can answer any part of the question with certainty. But this we can say definitely: There are a vast number of phenomena, affecting both mind and matter, which can be best explained by referring them to certain properties of the ether. It is true that this suggestion makes the line of demarcation between the physical and the non-physical very elusive, but so do experiments that are being carried on daily in chemical laboratories.

JOSEPHINE.
While the Empress Josephine can hardly be classed among the world's great women, the wife of Napoleon during the period of his greatest activity and his most conspicuous successes, who must have exercised a profound influence upon the formation of his character and his general course of conduct, can hardly be omitted with justice from this series of papers. Although not personally a prominent actor in the events of her time, in the sense that Maria Theresa, Madame de Maintenon and others were prominent, she was yet far from being a woman whose beauty attracted the young French general, and who was cast aside as a handicap to his career. She is usually regarded more as the heroine of a romance which ended in a tragedy than as a factor in international affairs at a time when history was being made with extraordinary rapidity. The genius of Napoleon was so resplendent as to be dimmed by the brilliance of his contemporaries; yet the woman who became his wife when he was emerging from obscurity, who consented to a divorce that he might be able to gratify his ambitions to found a royal house, and who, when those who had entered into numerous favors at his hands, deserted him, would gladly have followed him into exile, must have possessed great qualities of mind as well as great personal charm. Napoleon himself said of her: "With the battle of Austerlitz, I lost my heart." Josephine was born at Poissy, near Paris, on July 23, 1763. Her father had been a lieutenant in the French army. For two centuries the name of Joseph had been borne by the oldest son of the family of Tascher de la Pagerie, and the name was given to Josephine when she was born. She was a very attractive girl, and she was loved by all who knew her. It was at that period of her life that her fortune was told by an old negress, who foretold an early marriage, widowhood, a second marriage, and then something greater than a queen of France. Her personal appearance was very attractive, "not," says one of her biographers "according to those high and exalted rules of beauty that we admire in the statues of old, but her whole being was surrounded with such a charm, goodness and grace that the rules of beauty were forgotten."

Josephine went to France in consequence of an offer of marriage made to her on behalf of Alexander de Beauharnais. She reached her destination in October, 1779, and was married in the following December. She was then a little more than sixteen years of age and her husband was eighteen. Her marriage was unhappy. She seems to have loved her husband but he soon tired of her. He was brilliant, graceful and accomplished and a great favorite of Marie Antoinette. Her husband left her on an expedition to the West Indies. On his return he charged her with infidelity and she was acquitted after a searching trial. Her innocence was accepted as established by her husband's family, though not by him. Later there was a reconciliation. During the early days of the Revolution she was arrested by order of Robespierre and sentenced to death, but regained her liberty when that tyrant was overthrown. Her husband had been executed a short time before. Of this marriage two children were born, Eugene, who became viceroy of Italy, and Hortense, who became queen of Holland, and was mother of Napoleon III. On March 9, 1796, that is when she was a little less than thirty-three years of age, she married Napoleon Bonaparte, who was six years her junior. She accompanied him on several campaigns, but there is no doubt that he was jealous of her almost to the point of insanity. His letters, written during the Egyptian campaign, show this beyond controversy. At the same time her influence over him was great and she unquestionably restrained the natural violence and cruelty of his disposition. They were divorced in 1809, that was after a married life with Napoleon of thirteen years. She died in 1814, the year before Waterloo.

There is little doubt that if Napoleon had listened to her advice his place in history would have been vastly different to what it is. She would have had him confine his energies to the building up of France alone, and to winning himself a firm place in the hearts of the people. She vainly endeavored to persuade him not to accept the imperial crown. She labored hard and successfully to make his court popular, and while there are many things in her career which it is difficult to reconcile with wily obligations, yet she undoubtedly was in one sense of the word absolutely faithful to her husband's interests. The circumstances surrounding the divorce exhibit Napoleon in a very mean light. Josephine showed by far the greater unhappy proceeding. She died in 1814, the year before Waterloo.

FORGIVING OUR TRESPASSES
In the Lord's Prayer we are taught to say: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." If this is the test by which we are to be judged by the Supreme Lawgiver, most of us will be found unworthy of forgiveness. But we are not going to discuss that aspect of the case. We propose for a little while to examine the question of forgiveness of wrong from the purely human point of view and as between individuals. When we speak of forgiveness, we do not wish to be understood as meaning that we should submit to wrongs without resenting them. It is impossible to knock a man down for insulting you, and freely forgive him afterwards—possibly. It is easier to forgive him under such circumstances. A man may be hasty, impetuous, quick to resent a wrong, and yet be forgiving. Forgiveness that is inspired by weakness is a poor thing. Unlike mercy, it blesses neither him who gives nor him who takes. Yet one who is really prevented by bodily fear from resenting an injury may exhibit as great an amount of forgiveness as though he never knew the meaning of fear. Indeed, we think it is easier, and consequently less deserving of honor, for the strong to forgive the weak than for the weak to forgive the strong.

What is forgiveness as between individuals? The dictionary tells us that the word is of Anglo-Saxon origin. Oddly enough, the French word pardon, which we have incorporated into our language, means literally forgiveness, that is "pardon" is equivalent to "for" and "don" and "givenness" come from the verbs "donner" and "give" respectively, and these verbs are identical in meaning. In English the distinction is made between pardon and forgiveness. Pardon is a relief from the consequences of an act; forgiveness is the obliteration from our feelings of any resentment because of the act. We may pardon without forgiving; we may, perhaps, forgive without pardoning. The words have different strength as being nothing, as the result of the fight on the banks of the Sagra had proved. Thereupon arose from among the men of Krotos a tall figure, who looking upon that mocked, cried proudly: "There is one influence upon which I had prophesied the first place, we will refuse to burden ourselves with resentments and to carry into the future, the ill-feelings engendered by the present. 'Summ' is one of those supremely wise things which Jesus of Nazareth said. It is of very wide application, but to nothing more so than to the friction which are bound to arise between ourselves and others every day. If we are the product of evolution from lower forms of life, a desire for vengeance was perhaps the first thing that differentiated us from the beasts. We libel the whole four-footed creation, when we speak of revenge as brutal. Doubtless instances occur in which the lower animals exhibit traits which resemble the quality; but if brutes could talk, they could describe these infrequent instances as being very human. It is probable that what seems to be revenge in the case of the brute creation is only the instinct of self-protection prompted by fear. If revenge was the first quality to differentiate us from the brutes, so forgiveness was the first to identify us with the divine, for we may say of it, as Shakespeare said of mercy, 'It is an attribute of God himself.' Mercy presupposes forgiveness.

We do not suppose that man can hope to attain such perfect repose of mind that exhibitions of ill-will, hatred and malice towards him will never ruffle his serenity; but there ought to be a difficulty in reaching that frame of mind that will enable us to refuse to return evil for evil, even further than this, and dismis from our minds, so far as they influence our course towards others and recollections of wrongs done to us, except so far as it may be necessary to guide us in such directions as will avoid the recurrence of conditions out of which ill-will is likely to arise. Because you forgive a trespass against you, no obligation arises to put yourself in the way of becoming a victim of another trespass. We are not aware that any of the great teachers of mankind have ever advised that we should subject ourselves to the malice of others. The greatest of the teachers said: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," but he never taught that we should not avoid giving others the opportunity of injuring us. Paul in one of his Epistles says: "As far as is possible, live peaceably with all men." He recognized the limitations of human nature, and he would have been the last person to advise that we should subject ourselves to the malice of others; yet he said, "Charity suffereth long and is kind." But let us not always be sure that those who have injured us, have purposely trespassed against us. Let us remember that there are always two sides to every story, and that perhaps, if we knew both sides always, many things which seem needlessly offensive and grossly malicious, would appear to be otherwise. More than half the hatreds and vengeance acts that occur in life are due to misunderstandings, and it is very possible that sometimes, when we think we are displaying great virtue in forgiving some one, there was really nothing to forgive after all.

Ancient Teachers of Religion and Philosophy
By N. de Bertrand Lugin.
PYTHAGORAS, 540 B. C.
The vast amphitheatre was crowded, and yet over the multitude brooded a silence intense, as men and women, breathless and white-faced, leaned from their benches to watch the arena. Down below in the stadium was taking place the last and greatest event in the Olympic games, the long-course running race between Messenians, Arkadians, Corinthians, Athenians, and men from Krotos and Sybaris. The festival had already lasted four days, and in nearly every event the Krotolates had been victors. Timaeus, the Krotoliate, was in the lead now, and kept his place until the race was over, when his naked white limbs suddenly giving way beneath him, he was lifted tenderly and carried from the course. "Krotos, Krotos forever, Timaeus and Krotos" came from the benches occupied by the men from the coast of Italy, but a sneering whisper answered them as the representatives from the rival town of Sybaris talked among themselves. Timaeus and his countrymen might win the laurels at the Olympic festival, but in a case of real endurance their course was not strength were as nothing, as the result of the fight on the banks of the Sagra had proved. Thereupon arose from among the men of Krotos a tall figure, who looking upon that mocked, cried proudly: "There is one influence upon which I had prophesied the first place, we will refuse to burden ourselves with resentments and to carry into the future, the ill-feelings engendered by the present. 'Summ' is one of those supremely wise things which Jesus of Nazareth said. It is of very wide application, but to nothing more so than to the friction which are bound to arise between ourselves and others every day. If we are the product of evolution from lower forms of life, a desire for vengeance was perhaps the first thing that differentiated us from the beasts. We libel the whole four-footed creation, when we speak of revenge as brutal. Doubtless instances occur in which the lower animals exhibit traits which resemble the quality; but if brutes could talk, they could describe these infrequent instances as being very human. It is probable that what seems to be revenge in the case of the brute creation is only the instinct of self-protection prompted by fear. If revenge was the first quality to differentiate us from the brutes, so forgiveness was the first to identify us with the divine, for we may say of it, as Shakespeare said of mercy, 'It is an attribute of God himself.' Mercy presupposes forgiveness.

But so strong politically was the party of Pythagoras growing, and so exclusive were they and unfriendly to all who did not belong to their order, that the rest of the people became weary of their growing influence, and watched with disfavor, and Kylon, who had been refused admittance to the Brotherhood on account of his bad habits, began, in conjunction with Ninon, to work discord. Finally the Supreme Council of One Thousand was convened, and when the Pythagoreans were assembled in their meeting-house, near the temple of Apollo, the building was set on fire, many, if not all of the members within it perishing. Similar disturbances took place in all of the towns in which there were any followers of Pythagoras. It is not certain whether or not he perished at this time, but his death must have taken place either shortly before or immediately after, for history tells us nothing further about him.

Pythagoras the silver-tongued, Pythagoras, the far-travelled, Pythagoras, learned in the arts and sciences of the Egyptians, the Arabians, the Syrians, the Indians and the Chaldeans, came to the city of Krotos when it was in dire need of reform. Political discord was ripe, the people were humbled and confused from their recent defeats in warfare and luxury and selfishness were undermining the strength and the morals of the wealthier classes. Not only was the influence of his teachings felt in this city, but many other towns in Italy and Sicily benefited by his exhortations, which in some cases released the people from slavery. But it was at Krotos, famous for the number of victors it furnished to the Olympic games, that he became all-powerful, producing an extensive reform, public as well as private. He was forty years old when he began his missionary work, and ripe in experience and wisdom. His philosophy might almost be termed a religion, for through it ran a very pure and spiritual system of ethics. Looking at Pythagoras today in the light of the many who have lived since his time, it seems not altogether inconsistent to class him among the prophets and religious teachers. He believed himself to be inspired above and beyond the rest of mankind, though he taught that those who followed him should rise to his own spiritual level, and lead a new life, in which they would be free from all temptation and trouble common to humanity. Some writers assert that Pythagoras did not uphold polytheism, but of this we cannot be certain. At any rate he promised divine favor to the virtuous and those who were sincere and pure of heart, and insisted upon his disciples practicing severe self-restraint in all things. Before being admitted to the Pythagorean Brotherhood, the novice was supposed to maintain strict silence for the period of a year or more, until he had himself thoroughly under control. All Pythagoreans were to practice temperance in eating and drinking and to abstain from animal food entirely. He believed in the transmigration of the souls of men into other men and animals. Upon seeing a dog whipped he is said to have exclaimed: "Do not strike! It is the soul of a friend of mine whom I recognize by his voice." He believed that music could soothe anger and all disorderly passions, and he was a student of philosophy, so that he could tell at a glance the character of the people with whom he dealt. Various discoveries in music, mathematics and astronomy are attributed to him also. He was a scientist as well as a philosopher.

The city of Krotos was governed by the Supreme Council of One Thousand. As soon as Pythagoras began to teach, converts flocked about him, no fewer than two thousand persons accepting his doctrines at his first lecture. So popular did he immediately become that the Supreme Council invited him among them, and offered to make him their president. His wife and daughter were also placed in positions of the highest honor, and the women of Krotos became so impressed with his philosophy that they gave away all their rich garments and costly ornaments and clad themselves in the simplest attire. Incontinence was everywhere repressed and political difficulties overcome. Pythagoras gathered about him a select and obedient number of three hundred, who swore fidelity to him and to one another, and his brotherhood exercised an almost unlimited influence upon the affairs of Krotos as well as the other towns of Italy. The powerful city of Sybaris, the king of which had long been jealous of the increasing prominence of Krotos, seized upon a pretext to make war, demanding that some oxen from Sybaris be given over to Krotos. Upon the advice of Pythagoras this demand was refused, and Telys, with an army of three hundred thousand men, marched against Krotos. The Krotolates numbered only one hundred thousand, but they had Pythagoras to advise them, and, as their leader, the great athlete and Pythagorean, Milo. A terrible battle was fought, in which the Sybarites were totally defeated, the Krotolates following them as they retreated, taking their city and dispersing the inhabitants. To make victory doubly sure, they diverted the waters of the river Krates, so that it overflowed and destroyed the site of the once powerful city of Sybaris.

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THE STORY TELLER

Yacht Owner—So the commodore let his skipper go, did he? His Captain—Yep; he was too blamed reckless. Hadn't he nothing 'o' got 'out with only ten cases of champagne aboard, an' the commodore says as how twenty is the limit of safety—Fuck.
Servant—Every day but one, ma'am. Mistress—And didn't the pool thing have anything to eat all day? Servant—Oh, yes, ma'am. She ate the servant. —Chicago Daily News.
"Will you have this here woman to be your lawful wedded wife?" "That's what I loved I would." "Will you love honor and obey her?" "Ain't you got that switched round?" "John," said the bride-elect, "don't you reckon the parson knows his business?" "Yes, sir," said the bridegroom, meekly, "I reckon I'll have to." —Atlanta Constitution.
She had come into the store to buy tablecloths, and she stated in the beginning that she wanted something "cheap." The salesman was patient and showed her everything in stock, but nothing suited. "Oh dear!" she exclaimed, fustily, "haven't you anything different?" The clerk brought out one of the discarded tablecloths that he had put back on the shelf and said with an air of interest: "Here is one of the very newest designs, ma'am. You see the centre is in the middle and the border runs right around the edge." "Why, yes! Let me have that one," she said, eagerly.
The elder Southern, the creator of the Lord Dunsford fame, was extremely sensitive to interruptions of any sort. Seeing a maid in the act of leaving his box during the delivery of one of the actor's best speeches, he shouted out: "Another act!" The offender was equal to the occasion, however. She turned to the actor and answered cheerfully, "Oh, yes; that's why I'm going!" —Arkansas Democrat.
An old physician of the last generation was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods. One time a red and golden-haired baby who was slightly ailing, the doctor prescribed castor oil. "But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy." "Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things." —Ladies Home Journal.
Minister's wife (to her husband)—Will you help me put up the drawing-room curtains today, dear? Minister (reluctantly)—Ah, well, I suppose I will have to.
Miff—And don't forget, dear, while you are doing it that you are a minister of the Gospel—Fuck.
Wife (heavily)—George, I wonder that you can maintain that Mr. Jones is kind to his wife. He has been away in Chicago for two weeks and hasn't sent her a line, and he knows how she calls that? —Unassuming Kindness, my dear Post Standard, Syracuse.
The marble statue of the immortal Bob Fitzsimmons had been finished and a few newspaper men had been admitted to an informal view of it in advance of the great public. "It is a monumental failure!" exclaimed one of the sporting editors. "What's wrong with it?" inquired the others. "Can't you see?" he said. "This is pure white and the freckles all over him." —Chicago Tribune.
Bloetzel suffered from a weak chest, and was ordered by his doctor to a warmer climate. Arrived at the place, and wishing to assure himself of the mildness of the air, he began to make some inquiries of the proprietors of the inn where he thought of staying. "My doctor has recommended me to stay for a while in the place where the south wind mostly blows." "Well, sir, I should think this place would suit you well, for we always have a south wind here." "How is it then, that it is blowing from the north today?" "Oh, it is the south wind all the same, only it's coming from the north today." —Ben Vivant.
A little city boy and his sister Dorothy were taken to the country for the first time. The two children were happy as the day was long. In the late afternoon they were everywhere repressed and political difficulties overcome. Pythagoras gathered about him a select and obedient number of three hundred, who swore fidelity to him and to one another, and his brotherhood exercised an almost unlimited influence upon the affairs of Krotos as well as the other towns of Italy. The powerful city of Sybaris, the king of which had long been jealous of the increasing prominence of Krotos, seized upon a pretext to make war, demanding that some oxen from Sybaris be given over to Krotos. Upon the advice of Pythagoras this demand was refused, and Telys, with an army of three hundred thousand men, marched against Krotos. The Krotolates numbered only one hundred thousand, but they had Pythagoras to advise them, and, as their leader, the great athlete and Pythagorean, Milo. A terrible battle was fought, in which the Sybarites were totally defeated, the Krotolates following them as they retreated, taking their city and dispersing the inhabitants. To make victory doubly sure, they diverted the waters of the river Krates, so that it overflowed and destroyed the site of the once powerful city of Sybaris.

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CURRENT VERSE

Julia Ward Howe's New Hymn
(Sung at the National Liberal Congress at Boston, Mass.)
Hall, Mount of God whereon with reverent feet
The messengers of many nations meet;
Diverse in feature, argument and creed,
One in their errand, brothers in their need.
Not in un wisdom are the limits drawn
That give far lands opposing dusk and dawn;
One sun makes bright the all pervading air,
One fostering spirit hovers everywhere.
So with one breath may fervent souls aspire,
With one high purpose wait the answering fire;
Be this the prayer that other prayers contrive,
That light divine may visit human souls.
The worm that clothes the monarch spins no flaw,
The corn that builds works by heavenly law;
Who would to conscience rear a temple pure,
Must prove each stone and seal it sound and sure.
Upon one steadfast base of truth we stand—
Love lifts her sheltering walls on either hand;
Arched o'er our head is Hope's transcendent dome,
And in the Father's heart of hearts our home.

Autumn
In yonder field the stubble gleams, the sun's flaming rank
A rose, belated, idly waits 'mid weeds
And drops its head;
The orchard trees are low with spoil,
The moon rides ghostly white,
And loud chirps the crickets in the early autumn night.
The cattails in the marsh are dry—
At night there comes a hint
Of frost; the leaves are taking on a red and golden hue,
The river mirrors purple flags, now wilted, and the thrush
Makes sweeter music—slowly curls the smoke from burning brush.
The summer sun has browned the hills;
In garden's rank with weeds,
Within the stagnant pool stands dry
And lifeless, broken reeds.
The nights are chill; the hearth fire leaps and sheds a cheery glow—
The cold autumn days are dull where once bright blossoms used to grow.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Goodly Heritage
Could chance or fate, or heaven's decree
More highly favored lot assign
That I enjoy, with access free
To books with gold in every line,
The rarest editions of the Nine,
The lore of scientist and sage,
And deeds and lives that brightly shine?
I have a goodly heritage.
The lines are fallen unto me
In garden's rank with weeds,
Stands guardian o'er the maple tree,
And oak and elm their arms entwine,
A land of corn, if not of wine,
Of stirring annals and proseage
Of peaceful, glorious years benign;
I have a goodly heritage.
I hold domestic joy in fee
I would not part the world resign;
My children sit upon my knee,
Their mother lays her hand in mine;
And friendship's mild delights combine
With love's endearments to engage
My heart, and broaden and refine;
I have a goodly heritage.
I have a human friend divine,
A heavenly Country and a page
Of Holy Writ; should I repine?
I have a goodly heritage.
—W. M. M., in Montreal Witness.

Dusk, and the Day is Done
Dusk, and the day is done
Homeward I turn;
Bright as the setting sun
The stars do burn.
Dusk, and the shadows fold
On the hill's breast;
Dark against the fleeing gold
In the far West.
Dusk, and the waking stars
Glimmer on high;
Like candles newly lit
In the grey sky.
Dusk, and I see your face,
Soft lips upon
Waiting to find your place,
Near to my heart.
—Beth Slater Whitson in Ainslee's.

On the Cliff
I watched the amber sun sink noiselessly,
And down in amber billows of the west;
And the great crescent moon sails forth
In quest
Of a new height to sentinel the sea,
From out its silver heart the light broke free
And drop in splendor in its tide-rocked breast.
And every rose upon the cliff's broad crest
Grew rapt and bridal white, at its desire—
Across the shore-kissed waves its soft beams fell,
And, as from soul of a great violin swept
An agony of music seemed to swell
As if the sea, like a blanched mourner, kept
Divinely murmuring a divine farewell
Above the cave where the dead Triton slept.

The Blue Beyond
I had a rose bush, and it died
Just at the opening of the spring;
I had a bird—it flew away
Before it had quite learned to sing.
They tell me, in the blue beyond
I'll find them waiting there for me—
The rose bush full of scarlet buds, ..
The bird, singing on a tree.
—Archibald Sullivan in Smart Set.

Song
Light of the World, what are violets but
In eyes of you!
Perfume—your hair blowing back on the breeze!
Ah, but the fugitive, dainty surprise of you
Prieled in green on the blossomy trees!
Give me the sun of your smile to be fire to me;
Give me the moon when the passion has gone;
Give me the light, to be dream and desire to me;
Down the dark alleys that lead to the dawn!
—Helen Hay Whitney, in Century.

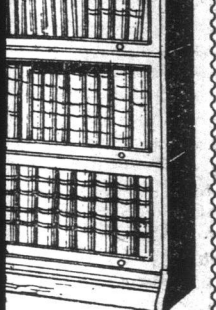
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