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# AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

"WHAT WILL MY CAPTAIN SAY?"

Tuesday, May 26, 1908

It was a wild snow storm that swept over the Solent a few weeks ago when the Atlantic liner St. Paul crashed into the cruiser Gladiator. When the fatal blow was struck one of the gallant blue-jackets of the cruiser was standing near the point of impact. Self-preservation, which we are told is nature's first law, led him to climb to the deck of the St. Paul, and as he faced her assembled officers and men, he saluted. He seemed dazed, but speedily recovered himself, and looking around him realized what he had done. The wild storm swept around him, yet he stood in safety, but he saw before him his sinking ship. With a look of amazement, he exclaimed: "My God, what have I done! What will captain say?" and saluting once more sprang to the Gladiater, which was even then in her death struggle with the sea. Whether he was one of those who met his death or was fortunate enough to be rescued, we are not told. The men on the St. Paul fold the story, and all they know of the man was that he was an ordinary sailorman of the British fleet, a man to all appearance no way different from thousands of others who man His Majesty's ships. The incident has attracted great attention, and the sailor's words have gone ringing around the world. They will have a place besides other famous utterances in hours or crisis. As an illustration of fidelity to duty nothing can be finer. The absolute absence of forethought makes them the more impressive. The brave fellow simply expressed the feelings which welled up within him, when he realized that he had found safety while his comrades were in danger. Had the prestige of the whole navy rested upon his shoulders he could not have upheld it nobly. One would like to think that he the later in the company which gathered on the sinking ship and sang, "Don't You Wish You Were a Sailor?" while

The lessons of the incident are --- but that

which occurs first to the mind-is the mind-is the of dis-

cipline. Of late years there has been a marked disposition to regard the enforcement of discipling as an interference with personal liberty. It is apparent in society, in the schools and in the family. The voice of authority no longer carries with it the weight which it once had. The result is pernicious. It is gradually but none the less surely undermining the whole body politic. Let no one suppose that --- is meant is simply that people in subordinate ---tions are growing more independent. There is -- thing ob jectionable in this, but quite the contrary. Independence is quite reconclable with discipline. In-deed, without discipline it is difficult to see how there can be true independence, for without it there is chaos, and chaos is very different from independence. In the old days we used to be taught that "to learn to obey is the first step towards learning to command," and there never was a sounder principle in culcated. If we never learn how to obey those, who are temporarily in authority over us, we will never learn how to command those over whom we are temporarily in authority. We may perhaps be able to secure obedience by brute force, but this is not true discipline, which is the recognition of authority as a necessary and reasonable thing. If we are properly disciplined, we obey not because we are compelled to do so far fear of the consequence of disobedience, but because we recognize that it is the right thing to obey, because we realize our part in the organization, social, economic or otherwise, to which we belong the tendency of modern education is to make men indifferent to the voice of authority, and to lead them to recognize no law except their own sweet will. We hear of "predatory wealth" a great deal nowadays and predatory wealth is the result of the disregar of the laws which society has evolved for its own protection, the product of undisciplined aggressiveness, of unbridled selfishness. If civilized society is danger—and no careful observer will deny that is—from the over-accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few persons, the reason of it is to be sought in the fact that the voice of authority has been weakened. "Get money, honestly if you can, but get it anyway," is the motto of thousands of men in the business world today. The old-fashioned sense of obligation to others is weakening. It is "every one for himself, and the devil take the hind-most." Hence it is that an incident like that above narrated comes like a surprise. People do not expect such heroic recognition of duty nowadays in these prosaic lands. In the days of chivalry it would have seemed reasonable enough. We are not sur-prised to read of such things in Japan, where notions of fervid devotion to duty yet are fashionable. It is very refreshing to learn that the spirit is still alive the breasts of our gallant blue-jackets. Perhaps it is more general than most of us have supposed and will make itself manifest when the hour of

### COLOR

The realm of human ignorance is boundless, and perhaps there is no part of it which has been less penetrated with conclusive results than that which call color. There are certain things about color that we know or can easily learn. We know, for example, that certain materials vary in color according to the conditions in which they are found. Thus etallic iron, which is a dark grey at a normal tem-etature, passes through red to white in proportion the degree of heat to which it is exposed increases. piece of blue glass reduced to a powder becomes The froth of a very dark beer is white. white. The froth of a very dark beer is white. Sea water may look in the mass to be a deep green, but when a green wave dashes against a rock the spray hurled into the air is white. If we mix blue and yellow together we get green. We find the green color of vegetation changing through the season so rapidly at times that the variations are observable almost from day to day. We note the marvelous manner in which colors are disfributed in a flower, say a pansy, for example, but the most subtle chemical analysis cannot discover why they should be different in different places. In these matters science stands absolutely helpless. It can tell us to some extent what are not the reasons for the diversity of colors in the same substances at different periods, but it cannot account for them. Nature has a habit of placing a placard reading "No Thoroughfare" on every avenue of research. The scientific explanation of the matter is that some substances absorb certain of the prismatic colors, reflect others and diffuse others; but this does not get us any nearer the

goal, for it does not tell us why some roses are red, some white, and some yellow.

It is worth while these beautiful spring days to look out over the landscape and see the marvelous, inexplicable color effects. The richness and variety of the greens is the first thing that is likely to strike the observer, and there is nothing in this way more striking than the firs and maples. In and around Victoria these matchless combinations can be seen in undreds of places, and this is the time of when it is most beautiful, for the firs are at their when it is most beautiful, for the firs are at their darkest now and the maples glow with a green that seems almost yellow. Yet if you glance from the maple to the flowers of the broom, which may happen to be near at hand, you will see how very diferent the color of the maple is from a true yellow. The green of the grass gives another shade. Indeed it is possibly not exaggeration to say that almost every tree and plant which is green at all, has a shade of its own. Now the prism, when it breaks up the light of the sun into the primary colors, always shows the same shade of green, blue and so on. The varying shades of vegetation, therefore, must be due

to causes which the prism does not disclose. It is said that it is absolutely impossible to produce artificially the prismatic colors exactly; and we think it is also impossible to produce artifically the various shades which Nature employs wherewith to make herself beautiful. Even when we take vegetable substances and use them as dyes we never quite succeed in reproducing the original colors. Indeed, in some cases the colors produced by the use of vegetable dyes are quite different from those of the substances em-

Experiments have shown that motion has an effect upon color, and in view of the theory, now ceiving so much acceptance among physicists, that even what we call solids are composed of infinitesimal particles in a state of exceedingly rapid motion we venture to suggest that the changing color vegetation may be due to the changes in the speed of the particles of which it is composed. It may be that in the spring-time, when Nature is building up her wealth of foliage and flower, the atoms, or whather wealth of foliage and flower, the atoms, or whatever the ultimate sub-divisions of matter may be
properly called, move with a different velocity from
that which they possess in the autumn, and hence
the coloring in the spring is brighter than later in
the season. This theory may or may not be tenable.
When the last sentence was written we were under
the impression that it had not hitherto been advanced, but in looking over a work on light to see if
it had the sanction of any writer of scientific repute,
we note that Helmholtz in 1874 suggested that there
might be a species of friction between particles of might be a species of friction between particles of matter which caused variations in color. In 1874 the theory of molecular motion in solids had not been developed, and we are not quite sure that it had been proposed. As far as we have been able to observe none of the writers on color seemed to have taken this theory into consideration. But science is conservative and a newspaper writer may advance explanations of natural phenomena which an investi-gator in his laboratory would hesitate about proposing. Our suggestion is that variations in colors may be due to the rate of motion of the ultimate subdivisions of matter.

#### MAKERS OF HISTORY

VII. It is remarkable that so very little is known of the early days of Rome. Although an antiquity of less than twenty-six centuries is claimed for the Eternal City, there is as much doubt surrounding its founding and even as to the origin of its name as there is about events in Egypt and Babylon that happened twenty centuries earlier. Legend ascribes building of the city to the twin sons of Rhea Silvia, a vestal virgin, and the God Mars. This divine paternity is a repetition of the old myth of divine parentage which is encountered in the early stories of so many lands. The Roman tradition also tells of the children being abandoned to die and being sayed by an event little short of miraculous, in this respect also following numerous precedents. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to repeat the story here, but possibly some readers may not be familiar with it, and so w eabridge the version given by Livy, who wrote just before the beginning of the Christian era.

Numitor and Amulius were the sons of Proca, a descendant of Aeneas, whose flight from Troy is told by Virgil in his celebrated epic. They were joint heirs of the Alban kingdom, the exist beality of Which is uncertain. They quarrelled, and in the end amulius conquered, slaying his brother and the latter's sons, and, under pretence of doing her honor, making Numitor's daughter Rhea a vestal virgin. When Rhea gave birth to her children she was imprisoned and her twin sons were thrown into the Tiber. But it so happened that the Tiber at that time had overflowed its banks, and the infants were fortunate enough to be set adrift in a quiet pool in what was then a vast wilderness. The little ones had been placed in an open trough, in the hope they would be carried out to sea, but the receding water left their frail vessel high and dry. Though they were the sons of a god, and so valiant a god as Mars, the infants had the usual infirmities of their race and. thirsty she-wolf, on her way to the water, heard their cry and as she stood over them as she drank, the little ones seized her teats and fed upon her milk. The king's shepherd came along shortly after demonstration of affection. He took them to his home, where they were brought up as hunters. Later they gathered around themselves some kindred souls, outlaws chiefly, and erected a fortified camp on the hills on the bank of the Tiber. A dispute arose as to which of the twins should be the leader, and, as was the fashion of those days, it was left to augury. Romulus went up the Palatine hill and Remus ch the Aventine. Remus saw six vultures, and shortly after Romulus saw twelve. This settled nothing, fo the supporters of Remus claimed that, having seen birds first, he was entitled to precedence, while the friends of Romulum made the same claim be-cause he had seen the greater number. One story has it that a fight ensued in which Remus was killed. Another is that Remus jumped over a wall which brother. But however it came about, Remus disappeared from the scene and Romulus became the first of Rome. Romulus planned a city on a large scale, and declared it a sanctuary for all outlaws Men flocked to it, runaway slaves, criminals, reckless fellows in search of adventure. Romulus ruled with an iroh hand, but not alone, for he associated Livy, because they alone of the whole company name their fathers. Later came "the Rape of the Sabines," when the young women of the neighboring nation were stolen wholesale to furnish wives for the men of the new city. Thus was Rome founded, ac-

cording to legend, and this is probably all that ever will be known about it. These traditions have been greatly discredited by modern historians. It is claimed that the name of Rome really comes from Ramnes, which in the early language of Italy means foresters. The Ramnians are said to have been the dominant element in a confederacy of three tribes, the others being the Titles and the Luceres, who were agriculturists, cultivating the unhealthy lowlands and making their residences upon the hills near the river bank. But even though we accept this explanation as more probable than the legendary account, we do not escape the fact that some great leader made Rome the most powerful city in Northern Italy some seven centuries before the Christian Era. His name may have been Romulus, or that might have been an afterthought to identify him with the inception of the national greatness, but whatever he may have been, he undoubtedly played a leading role in making history. At the same time, it must be admitted that there is an entire absence of any historical evide as to such a personage, and the story of Romulus has been given a place in this series not because any single thing told about him can be regarded as true, but because it seemed undesirable to proceed with the consideration of the careers of the great Makers of History concerning whom we have historical data eferring to the mythical founder of the

We have in these seven articles covered fairly well the great heroes of prehistoric times. In Hercules we saw the personification of the elements which afterwards were consolidated in the remarkable aggregation of states known as Greece. In Fohi we saw the beginnin gof Chinese civilisation; in Sargon

the state of the s

the genius which made ancient Egypt a power in the world; in Abraham the great champion of monothelsm; in Manu the lawgiver of India and the originator of institutions which have influenced the destinies of perhaps one-third of mankind for thousands of years; in Romulus the beginning of that remarkable nation which has exercised such won-derful sway, first by the force of arms, and afterwards as a religious power. The careers of these personages are assigned to various ages. Between time when Sargon is alleged to have reigned until the date assigned to the founding of Rome, a period variously estimated at from 4,000 to 7,000 years elapsed, and whatever it may have been, it was long enough for the development of a civilization in many ways remarkable. As we read the various at-tempts to remove the clouds of uncertainty surrounding the early history of Rome, the impression forces itself strongly upon the mind that long antecedent to the date assigned to Romulus, a civilization of a high order may have existed in Italy and the surrounding lands, which was in some way overthe surrounding lands, which was in some way over-thrown, but of which traces survived and became a part of the institutions of the great Empire of the West Before proceeding with the consideration of characters, which are unquestionably historical, it may be interesting to point out in a general way what there is reason to suppose was the condition of the lands around the Mediterranean before the beginning of what is usually spoken of as the Greek Era, and this will form the subject of the next

# Love Stories of History

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

#### LEICESTER AND AMY ROBSART

One of the most beautiful and appealing of the many romances that characterized that brilliant period of English history, the reign of Queen Elizabeth, is the love story of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Amy Robsart, only child of Sir Hugh Robsart. Many writers have used it as the subject of novel and drama, among whom should be specially mentioned Sir Walter Scott, who embodied the theme in his charming "Kenllworth," and Victor Hugo, who did likewise in his drama, "Amy Rob sart," which is of absorbing interest from a literary standpoint, but as a play proved a total failure.

Leicester was a young man of ancient and hon-orable family. He possessed courtly manners, rare personal beauty, and many intellectual gifts. These attributes won for him from the first the admiration of Elizabeth, and later the love of the Virgin Queen as well. Leicester was aware of this, and grateful for the favor of his sovereign; but her love, while it gratified and dazzled him, was a source of great embarrassment. He had abducted and secretly married a charming young girl, old Sir Hugh Robsart's daughter Amy, who was as tender and beautiful as

she was faithful and confiding.

Lord Leicester and his bride had been some days at Kenllworth Castle, the Earl's magnificent estate, when word was brought to him that Queen Elizabeth intended to make him a long-talked of visit.

Rumby had it that the visit meant the errangement of a marriage between the Queen and her favorite, but the reason given was that she wished to effect a reconciliation between Earl Dudley and Lord Sussex, for the two earls had long been at enmity, each jealous of the favor of the Queen for the other. But Leicester, knowing well that Elizabeth would brook no rival in his affections, feared to make his marriage known to her at such a time, and determined that his young wife should be kept out of the way the control of the grant determined that his young wife should be kept out of the way the control of the grant determined that his young wife should be kept out of the way the control of the grant determined that his young wife should be kept out of the way the control of the grant determined that his young wife should be kept out of the way the control of the grant dark in the dog or you can't learn him nothing."

Such (said Samuel Rogers) is the eagerness of the human mind for excitement—for an eyent—that people generally have a sort of satisfaction in reading the deaths of their friends in the newspapers. I there death of his child, or of his dearest friend, but that he feels a kind of pleasure in reading that of a acquaintance, because it gives him something to talk about to everybody on whom he may have to call during the day.

They were on the mighty deep. The great crean line rolled and pitched.

"Henry," faitered the young bride, "do you still love me?" that his young wife should be kept out of the way of meeting her, so that no embarrassing questions should be asked, and Amy be exposed to no danger from a jealous woman's anger.

There was an old disused wing at the castle, and

Leicester also went before the arrival of his royal guest, to explain the necessity of secrecy to his wife, and command her to remain in hiding until the sovereign and her court should have taken their departure. Amy, seeing his point of view, and quite agreeing with it, readily consented.

Now there was another man who had fallen a victim to Amy's charms of manner and person. One Richard Varney, confidential squire of Lefcester, was in love with his master's beautiful young wife, and was willing to move heaven and earth to possess her for himself. Hence his great interest in the love of the Queen for the earl, and his urgent persuasions that Leicester should do all in his power to make a favorable impression upon his sovereign, and even to deny his marriage, if needs be. He hoped that in the event of the Queen proferring her hand, Leicester's ambition would blind him to honor

and to his love for his wife.

The Queen had been only a short time at the castle, and was in the midst of a private interview with Leicester, when an usher interrupted them to announce old Sir Hugh Robsart, who had traveled from his home to seek justice at the hands of the Queen, for the abduction of his daughter, believing that Richard Varney had been the means of he leaving her father's house. He sought Elizabeth and told her that Amy was then in Kenilworth in the donjon at the end of the park, and imploring that she might be released. Therefore the Queen summoned Varney, and in the presence of the whole court pronounced him a vile knave and an imposter, accusing him of the crime which Sir Hugh had sworn had been committed. Varney, to the consternation of Leicester, told the Queen that there had been no dishonor, that Amy Robsart was no longer Amy Robsart, but had become Mistress Varney, his wife. So pleased was Elizabeth with this news, for she half-suspected that Leicester had been a party to the abduction, that in order to raise the squire to a rank befitting the station of his wife, she borrowed Leicester's sword and dubbed him knight. When Leicester would have explained, Varney besought him to speak with him in private first, and then easily persuaded his master that it was best to let Elizabeth remain in ignorance of the true facts, at least until her departure from Kenilworth, as it might mean not only Leicester's downfall, but the punishment of Amy also. she might be released. Therefore the

the punishment of Amy also.

Amy had been watching from the windows of the ruined tower the gay festivities in the courtyard of the castle, listening to the strains of music, and trying to catch a glimpse of the great Queen, when Varney entered her apartments. He bore a message to her from Leicester, telling her that it was expedient for her to do as Varney instructed her, that mischief was affect, and that she must go with his squire to Leicester's estate of Cunnor and abide there until he could come to her. But Amy, cognizant of Varney's feelings towards her, and heard, morevore, from him and from her father that Leicester intended to marry Elizabeth, broken heartedly refused to obey her lord's request, and with Jeanetts, her faithful maid, set out to find her father, who had returned home, in ignorance of his daughter's true name and rank, and angry with her for repudiating Varney, whom he believed to be her lawful husband.

The rest of Amy's life is shrouded in mystery. Historians agree that it did not last long, but whether she died by accident or design we do not know. We would like to think she died happily, believing fully in her Leicester's love for her. We would like also the castle, listening to the strains of music, and try-

to believe that Leicester was not the coward that some writers have made him out to be, but that in the end his love conquered his ambition, and he acknowledged Amy as his wife. However it may have been, it is such an old story now, and there are so many endings possible, that perhaps we can choose that which pleases us best, and accept ia s the true one. We know that Leicester remained only Lord Leicester until his death, and that Elizabeth went down to the grave as England's Virgin Queen.

## THE STORY TELLER

When the largest firm of wine merchants in London first started they sent Lord Derby a dozen of sherry, which they represented as being a specific for the gout, to which the prime minister was a martyr. The Lord of Knowsley replied:

"The Earl of Derby pesents his compliments to Messrs. G.; he has tasted the sherry, and prefers the gout."

Uvedale Price once chose to stay so long at my house (said Samuel Rogers in his "Table Talk") that I began to think he would never go away, so one day I ingeniously said to him:

"You must not leave me before the end of the week; if you insist on going after that, you may; but certainly not before." And at the end of the week he did go.

There was no end to Foote's jokes about Carrick's Parsimony. At the Chapter Coffee House, Foote and his friends were making a contribution for the relief of a poor feliow (a decayed player, I believe), who was nickmaned the captain of the Four Winds, because his hat was worn into our spouts. Each person of the company dropped his mite into the hat, as it was held out to him. "If Carrick hears of this," said Foote, "he will certainly send us his hat."

When Helen, aged four, for the first time accompanied her mother to church she was given some money for the collection box. It was carefully ex-plained to her that this money was "for the poor." Helen sat patiently through perhaps a third of the service, when she startled her mother by rattling the coins between her cupped hands and inquiring in a loud voice, "Mamma, when are the poor coming round? My eight cents is getting all hot and sticky!"

Samuel Rogers once said: Most people are ever on the watch to find fault with their children, and are afraid of praising them for fear of spoiling them. Now, I am sure that nothing has a better effect on children than praise. children than praise.

I had a proof of this in Moore's daughter; he used always to be saying to her, "What a good little girl!" and she continued to grow more and more good, till she became too good for this world and died.

One night, as a doctor who lives in Eastern Ontario was driving into a village, he saw a chap, a little the worse for liquor, amusing a crowd of spec-tators with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor watched him a while and said:

"Sandy, how do you manage to train your dog? I can't teach mine to do anything." Sandy, with the simple look in his eyes, so common in some rustics, said:

"Well, you see, Doc, you have to know more'n the dog or you can't learn him nothing."

They were on the mighty deep. The great crean liner rolled and pitched.
"Henry," faltered the young bride, "do you still love me?" "More than ever, darling!" was Henry's fervent

answer.

Then there was an eloquent silence.

"Henry," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly face away, "I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't."—The Southwestern's Book;

Of the Duke of Wellington's perfect coolness on the most trying occasions, Colonel Gurwood used to give this instance. He was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bed-time, when the captain of the vessel came to him, and said: "It will soon be all over with us."

"Very well," answered the Duke, "then I shall not take off my boots."

A new minister had come to the parish, and was being duly appraised by the parochial crities. One of his elders—an old farmer—met a crony in Edinburgh market, and discussed the clerical acquisition over a friendly glass.

"Ay, an' whatna kin' o' man is he likely to be?" queried the one, who was from a neighboring parish. "Weel," was the deliberate reply, "he's nae great things in the poopit; but they say he's a deevil to dance. There was a pairty the lither nicht an' my dother tel's me the minister wast the best dancer in the room. Man, I'm jaloosin' that he's been eddicated at the wrang end."

In a certain public school is a little girl pupil who is well up in most of her studies, but she has an inveterate dislike of geography, and it seems impossible to teach the study to hen. The other day her teacher, made impatient, sent to Rosie's mother a note requesting her to see that the girl studied her lesson. The next day showed no improvement, however.

"And did your mother read the note, Rosie?" said the teacher.

"And did your mother read the hote, Rosie: said the teacher.
"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.
"What did she say?".
"My mother said that she didn't know geography, an' she got married, an' my aunt didn't know geography, an' she got married, an' you know geography, an' you didn't get married."

One forengon, at his own house, Fox was talking very carnestly about Dryden, when he suddenly recollected that (being in office) he ought to make his appearance at the King's levee. It was so late that, not having time to change his dress, he set off to Buckingham House, "accourted as he was;" and when somebody remarked to him that his coat was not quite the thing, he replied:

"No matter; he (i.e. George the Third) is so blind that he can't distinguish what I have on."

Mrs. Graham is an estimable lady whose hobby is house decoration. One day the lady was careless enough to drink a glass of red ink, believing it to be claret. She was a good deal scared when she discovered her mistake, but no harm came to her.

The doctor who was summoned, upon hearing what had happened, dryly remarked to her:

"Mrs. Graham, there's such a thing as pushing this rage for decorated interiors too far."

Ban Johnson, president of the National League, tells of his experience in a New York restaurant.

"While attending a conference in the East," relates the baseball magnate, "I was presented with a handsome Boston terrier. That night, accompanied by my four-footed friend, I visited an up-town cafe. Presently a waiter, formerly from Cheago accosted me, and announced: 'No dogs allowed. You'll have to take him out.'

"Come, tome, old man,' I replied: 'he's offending no one.' no one."
"Can't serve people who have dogs, I tell you!"
continued the waiter wrathfully, collecting an armful
of dishes from an adjoining table. "You'll have to get out!"

"Just then a friend of mine dropped in, and said in a cheery tone, Well, well, Ban, glad to see you! How's basebail?"

Before I had time to reply, I was startled by the crashing of dishes. Turning quickly I beheld the waiter rushing toward me with outstetched hands.

"Hel-to, Ban!" he exclaimed, cordially, slapping me on the back; 'Didn't know you! What'll you have?

—what'll the dog have?"

### WITH THE POETS

A TOTAL OF THE STATE OF THE STA

Keats' Loveliest Sonnet. "Bright Star, would I were stedfast as thou art-Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night And watching, with eternal lids apart, Like moving waters at their priestlike task Of pure ablution round earth's human shores, Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask Of snow upon the mountains and the moors— No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable, To feel forever its soft fall and swell Awake forever in a sweet unrest, Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath, And so live ever-or else swoon in death."

My Thoughts Go Marching Like an Armed Host. My thoughts go marching like an armed host.

My thoughts go marching like an armed host.

Out of the city of silence, guns and cars;

Troop after troop across my dreams they post.

To the invasion of the winds and stars.

O brave array of youth's untamed desire!

With thy bold, dauntless captain Hope to lead.

His raw recruits to Fate's opposing fire,

And up the walls of Circumstance to bleed!

How fares the expedition in the end?

When this, my heart, shall have old age for king.

When this, my heart, shall have old age for king And to the wars no further troop can ser What final message will the armistice bring? The host gone forth in youth the world to meet, In age returns-in victory or defeat? -Boston Transcript.

> My Boston Girl. She wrote sonorous Latin verse, She knew Greek roots erratic; She quickly solved equations, too, Both simple and quadratic And she could read with greatest ease In fact her mind was quite a store Of all things scientific.
>
> She talked on topics most abstruse With aplemb quite dumbfor Her fund of esoteric lore Was really most astounding. But when she made a birthday cake—

I am a leath confessant— Her friends who chanced to eat of it Are not yet convalescent.

—From the May Bohemian

Nocturne. The tender stars That gleam above Shed dreamy bars That breathe of love; The songbird's wing Rests after flight; Soft hear him sing-"Good night! good night!" The crickets chir

The crickets chir
From copse and croft;
The south winds stir
In boughs aloft;
Before we part
Love's blissful rite
Once more, sweetheart!—
"Good night! good night!"
—Clinton Scellard, in Harper's Bazar.

The Silent
If the little sister or the little brother
Came crying through the darkness to our door;
"Beloved, thou canst help me and no other,
Ah, pity I implore!"

Would we not draw them close in tender fashion
With never word of censure or surprise.
And soothe and aid them there with all compassion,
We, who are old and wise?

How is it then, when we from one another

Praying: "Ah, comfort me, ah, guide me truly, From thy white wisdom counsel or consent." Ah, ever to these silent rises newly Our sound of discontent.

Can they forget so wholly, nor discover
The weak hands groping at their garment's hemThe little sister or the little brother,
Would we not stoop to them?
—Theodosia Garrison, in the May Appleton's,

A Tribute to the Habitant Poet, Dr. Drummond. A friend whose lips lie motionless,
Whose name I breathe, not without pain.
Yet, what rich gifts he left to us,
The cheerful children of his brain:
Leetle Batess, an Dieudonne,
Dose feller will not pass away.

You who have broken bread with him,
Have lingered, laughing late at night;
You will know why mine eyes are dim
With tears that blur the lines I write;
Dare's one, he's frien,' I'm not forget,
Dat small cure of Calumette.

Set changes of the changeless years; He passed mid early April flowers As tho' the world were moved to tears; De Rosignol sin on an' on, More sadder now 'cause he is gone.

He would not have his frien He fought and wrought and made His work—I'd gladly make it mine, Belleve, not for wealth or fame, But just because he had to go And leave it, when he loved it so. -Cv. Warman

Back to Ol' Lizzard. Lizzard crick hez never seemed In the thousan' dreams I've dreamed, Ez she seems to me today, Bein' ez I've be'n away From her graciousness so long, From her ripple an' her song; Lays here smilin' in the sun, Welcomes smiles fur ev'ry one.

Seems so good to wander back From the noisy, beaten track Of the busy world beyond Smile or handshake of a friend; An' to drop 'round hereabout When the leaves are comin' out, And the Crick is changin' hue From a chilly black to blue.

Tell you what, it seems to me I would ruther like to be Jest a durn'd ol' turkle there Sunain' in the balmy air, Nothin' in the world to do But to laze the hull day through With ol' Lizzard furnishing Food an' clothes an' ev'rything!

Fishin' days are drawin' nigh,
You kin' read it in the sky.
Sun is pokin' in an' out
Nooks an' corners roundabout,
Bringin' joy to ev'rything—
Fish a-swim an' birds a-wing;
An' ol' Lizzard joins the throng
With her ripple an' her sons.

-Joe Cone in New York Sun