



Those Children.

Vera : " Isn't you going to ask us, Mrs. Simpkins ? "

Mrs. Simpkins : " Ask you what, dear ? "

Vera : " Mamma said if you asked us to stay for lunch we would stay. "

" The World went very Well then. "

IN my dream I stood in ancient Rome. Among all the sounds of clanking armor and lumbering chariot wheels was one that seemed familiar. Yes, I was not mistaken. The pounding and buzzing became louder, and in a few moments a trolley car dashed by. Immediately afterwards darkness fell upon the street. I looked and lo, a proud Roman, transfer in hand, scowled unutterably after the fast disappearing car. He had failed to attract the notice of the conductor, whose proper place at intersections was, as even a Roman knew, on the rear platform. " Aha ! " I said, " when you have ' just missed ' a few cars you will get used to little things like that. " There, however, I was wrong. It seemed but a few minutes till the same car dashed by again. On the rear platform stood

the wronged Roman, the wicked light of triumphant vengeance in his eye, for, below him, the negligent conductor, tied by bell ropes, was limply dragging and pounding on the track allowance. The sight moved me strangely. And now, as each day brings an experience similar (in beginning, though, alas, not in end) to that of the Roman of my dream, I find myself saying, " Of a truth, the good old days are gone forever. "

W. A. C.

The Oracle Speaketh.

The man who waxes strong and great,
Who rules mankind and guides the state,
Is not the fellow who chews the rag,
But he who carries the boodle bag.