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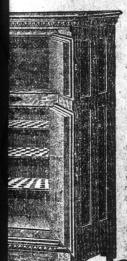
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# AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

#### EVOLUTION OF THEOLOGY

Tuesday, June 2, 1908

It is sometimes argued that one of the strongest evidences of the existence of a Delty is the fact that we cannot find any race of mankind, however degraded, that has not some trace, very shadowy though t may be, of a belief in a Supreme Being. An argument from the universal belief of humanity seems to pre-suppose some original and instinctive idea, not that one should eat when one is hungry or rost when one is tired. The late Joseph Cook, in his lecture entitled "Does Death End All?" pursued this line of rgument to prove that there must be a future life. there is such an original and instinctive idea it ould seem to be conclusive. There is a school of writers who are utterly opposed to the idea that any lue whatever attaches to these aboriginal conceptions, and they dispose of this primitive theology by explaining it as an effort to account for natural enomena. The explanation is more difficult of septance than the thing it professes to explain. If we assume that mankind originally was devoid of asoning, and that one of the first uses of his menta powers was to evolve some sort of a theology, we are met by the fact that it is by no means certain that the natural reasoning powers of the lower races are inferior to our own. It is easier to believe that the lowert conceptions of a Deity may be a perverted recollection of a higher conception than to suppose that they are the fundamental ideas of mankind out of which the later systems of theology have been

evolved. Modern research has greatly broadened our knowledge of the ideas of the ancient world in regard to the existence of God. We now know that the stories of heathen mythology by no means repre-sented the beliefs and opinions of the learned, although they may to a greater or less extent have in-fluenced the minds of the uneducated. The most ancient records of which we have any knowledge disclose that the principle of purity, justice and truth was recognized as an actual force, as something more than a mere abstraction. There seems to be good reason for saying that the worship of Baal, which was simply a perverted form of sun-worship, really was the outgrowth of this earlier belief. From the deification of the principle, which found its best visible expression in light, to the worship of the sun as the source of light the transition was easy, and with the development of materialistic ideas the worthip of Baal would come out naturally enough. We have already pointed out in previous articles that the monotheism of the Israelites was the worship of a tribal diety, who was different from the gods of ther nations only in being more powerful than they Ancient theology does not appear to have been able to conceive of a Deity possessed of any quality in the nature of mercy. If it accepted the idea of a God, it attributed to him qualities which were as relentless as fate. We say this with the qualification that there must be much in the earlier doctrines of which we can know nothing at all; but as far as we are now informed the first evidence of a God who could and would forgive sin is to be found in the Jewish Scripthers was by undergoing a series of transmigrations of which the ultimate result was the absorption of individual into the universal spirit. The idea of the individual into the universal spirit. The idea of a God of Love through whose mercy eternal joy was possible seems to be of Hebrew origin. It finds expression in the Psalms, but is more specifically set out in the Gospels. Going back to the earliest historical records and following the course of theological development through many centuries, we seem to be able to trace it from a conception of a Deity which represented all that is best and purest in man's nature. This became corrupted, and was merged in a complex and absurd polytheism, out of which came a monetheism of a limited kind in which the came a monotheism of a limited kind, in which the came a monotheism or a limited kind, in which the Deity was represented as only an exaggerated man, possessing all the human qualities, including hatred, vindictiveness, changeability and anger. Later this conception gave way to that of a God who was both able and willing to forgive sin, and from whom there could be derived a power that enabled its possessors

could be derived a power that enabled its possessors to accomplish things not possible to those who did not possess it. The idea that the Deity is revengeful and that His sense of right and justice are the same as ours has not yet been wholly abandoned. The churches still insist upon a mathematically sufficient salvation, although to do so they must deny the Deity the possession of the qualities which they claim are His essence. Old ideas die hard, and in nothing more so than in religious matters, because in this line of thought alone has it been impressed upon men that it is wrong to employ their reasoning faculties. But in spite of all priestly opposition the work of evolution is going on, and mankind is getting a clearer idea of the nature of the Deity, and the clearer it gets the more it is seen to be like that which the it gets the more it is seen to be like that which the Divine Man presented. Present day evolution of theology is towards Christ. The mists of eclesiasticism are being driven away by the strong wind of enlightened reason, and the glorious figure of the Son of Man is becoming clearer and clearer every day. As yet we may not hope to know fully what le was. As yet there is work for faith to do. It may not be possible for any one to say exactly what is meant when some devout soul tells us of the instimable value of accepting Christ. If this were the only good thing that we could not explain there might be reason for rejecting it because of the lack of an explanation; but we are surrounded with things that are inexplicable. There is nothing more sur-prising in the statement that as "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof and cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is everyone that is born of the Spirit," than in the fact that a stone released from the hand falls to the ground and we cannot tell why it falls. We are learning by slow degrees that there are phenomena which are none the less real because they are spiritual, that "God is a Spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth."

### MAKERS OF HISTORY

Western Europe derived its culture from Greece through the medium of Rome. Hence the early annals of Greece were regarded as the beginning of his-When it was learned that India and China claimed to have reliable records going much further back than the classic works of the early Grecian writers, great doubt was expressed as to their accuracy, and even today the claims advanced for an ancient civilization in those Asiatic countries are popularly regarded as very much open to question. Within recent years investigations among the ruins f the old cities of Egypt and Western Asia have reealed records showing conclusively that the culture classic Greece was, so to speak, as of yesterday comparison with what preceded it. When we folby the story of Greece and Rome seven hundred ears before Christ, we find ourselves involved in an nextricable tangle of myths, fables and traditions, would be a mistake to regard these as the inven-ions of fanciful narrators, or dismiss them as the disgited recollections of a people living under exceed-asly primitive conditions. No matter how far back are able to go we find settled institutions whose nce indicates a long period of previous develop-We saw last Sunday that the reputed mother

of the founder of Rome was a vestal virgin. The duty of the vestal virgins was to keep ever alight the sac-red fires in the temple of Vesta. Some writers have seen in this a relic of sun-worship, but it is far more probable that it was instituted for the purpose of preserving fire during an age when the art of producing flame, except by rubbing two pieces of wood together, had either been lost or had not been discovered. It is premature in view of the incompletecovered. It is premature in view of the incomplete-ness of the ancient records to come to any definite conclusion on the subject, but there seems to be rea-son for thinking that about one thousand years before the Christian Era the lands around the Mediterranean were in a condition resembling the Dark Ages, which followed the destruction of the Roman Empire. There is abundant evidence that five hundred years pre-viously a high state of civilization prevailed from the shores of China in the East to the Atlantic coast of Spain on the West and from the forests of Central Europe on the North to the equatorial regions of Africa in the South, a civilization in which Arabia and rica in the South, a civilization in which Arabia and India shared. In the article on Abraham it was mentioned that his family might have come from Southern Arabia, where more than two thousand years before Christ the Minean Kingdom had attained greatwealth, power and a high civilization. Egypt dominated Northern Africa at this time and extended her sway over Palestine and parts of Syria. In some of the oldest tombs in the Nile valley are found ornaments of amber and articles made of tin, which are prima facie proof of commerce with the people then living along the shores of the Baltie and with the inhabitants of Britain. It also shows that at that remote period, more than four thousand years ago, the people of southern Britain possessed the art of min-ing and smelting tin. It seems probable that the civilization which spread over Southern Europe this time was quite independent of that which been developed in Egypt or Babylon. It had a literature of its own, although very few remnants of it have been discovered. Babylonian civilization had made great progress and its influence was felt far north into what is now Turkestan. It probably even pene-trated into Siberia, but between its sphere of influence and that of Chinese culture was a great area inhabited by the Parthians, whose advancement does not appear to have been very great. Separating the Babylonians from the Egyptians, were the Hittites, a nation numerically powerful and ruling a large coun-

try. They possessed some culture and have left some records that have not yet been deciphered.

The degree of culture and refinement, the progress in arts and science attained by these people of forty centuries ago can only be surmised. When we think of the chances for the destruction of all evide civilization, which four thousand years would present, the wonder is not that so little is left but that anything remains at all. When we think how little is known with certainty of Aztec civilization, which perished less than four hundred years ago, we will not be sur-prised at the little we can learn of people who lived in an age ten times more remote. But sufficient is known to warrant the statement that when we treat of the Makers of History, we can only deal with those who have played a part in an era that is by comwould forgive sin is to be found in the Jewish Scriptures. We do not say that there is no evidence of such a belief in any other literature, but only that we do not know of any. We find nothing of the kind in Chinese theology, or philosophy, for the Chinese do not appear to have any definite theology of their own. We do not find it in Hindu theology, for the only way, by which man could hope to escape from him according to the teaching of the Hindu philosophers was by undergoing a series of transmigrations of which the ultimate result was the absorption of prove the suggestion, and quite easy to support it by evidence which bears every semblance of probability.

### SOME NEW BOOKS

In "The Missioner" Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim has produced a story of great strength and absorbing interest. In it he portrays the evolution of two characters, which are apparently almost at the opposite poles of social position and personal qualities. His characters are admirably drawn, Wil Hatton, the heroine, being very much out of the com-mon, and a continual source of surprise to the reader, as she certainly must have been to the Missioner, Victor Matheson. Indeed, it is a story of surprises, and if at times the author skates on rather thin ice in point of delicacy, he never quite breaks through, and only seems likely to do so on a very few occasions. It is a novel of contrasts, and the idle rich, the submerged tenth, the earnestness of mission work in a large city and the frivolity of that half-world, picted in high lights. The Missioner is in his way Their first meeting is dramatic; in fact all their encounters are of an unusual kind. The subordinate characters are admirably sketched. The book is il-Instrated. It is published by the Copp. Clarke Co., Limited, of Toronto, and the sale price is \$1.50. "The Iron Heel" is a story by Jack London, and

it is designed to show the probable working out of social problems at some time in the future. Like all his stories, it is well and gracefully written and if one should think that Mr. London has espoused Socialism for commercial reasons, he nevertheless is able to produce a very interesting book. The author's reputation and the theme of his tale will ensure a wide circle of readers for the book, which is issued by the McMillan Company of Toronto, and is sold for \$1.50.

Cassell & Co., Ltd., of London, Toronto and else-Cassell & Co., Ltd., of London, Toronto and eise-where, are issuing a work in 24 fortnightly parts entitled "Women of All Nations," The text is admirably written and the illustrations, which are from photographs, some of them being colored, are admirably selected. Part One is charly introductory, and is profusely illustrated by pictures or women of the dark races. It also contains a chapter on the women of Polynesia. If one can judge from this first part, the work will be one of very great interest and value. the work will be one of very great interest and value,

The same firm is issuing in five parts, "The Royal Academy Pictures and Sculpture," for 1998. The reproductions are in black and white, and are very beautifully done. The whole will make an exceedingly attractive book.

Love Stories of History

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH

Whatever may be our feelings in regard to those notable women who have made history by following the dictates of their hearts, we must all unite in paying the same tribute to the memory of Josephine, as the French people, who one and all adored her, gave to her while she lived; the tribute of our tenderest sympathy. Through her love she won for herself the highest position in the world, perhaps the highest position ever held by any woman, and through her love she lost all that made life splendid, all that made life dear, by making a sacrifice for the man made life dear, by making a eacrifice for the man she loved that not one woman in a million would con-

she loved that not one woman in a million would consent to make.

The love story of Josephine is not, to the same extent, Napoleon's love-story. In this wonderful man's character these were lacking the essentials to make the experience of a grand passion possible. But with Josephine, as is the case with most noble women, the object of the affection was not so much

worshipped as was the affection itself. She loved, trance before her. The swinging door held no more love, as being a gift and an attribute of God, there—the sacred meaning of the past. A blank wall confore the beauty and devotion of her life with Beau-harnals, therefore the nobility and the sacrifice of her

life as Empress of the French.

As a child she possessed the gifts of sympathy, of instinctive understanding, of personal beauty and rare charm of manner, which afterwards made her the most popular woman at the French court; as a child, too, she possessed all the winning and lovable qualities which later made her character shine out among the noblest of her time, when she was under the stress of bitterest pain and humiliation.

The first meeting between Bonaparte and Josephine

took place when the former had become known as the conqueror of Paris, and had attained a high position politically. He was already well on the road to fame, and felt that the world held mighty things in store for him. He was then twenty-six years old. The Viscountess de Beauharnais had paid a brief call upon him, to thank him for an act of kindness he had shown to her son Eugene. Her vivaclous beauty and her graceful aristocratic bearing at once impressed the young general, and the next day he hastened to return her call. After all the visitors had left, Bonaparte still remained. He had said little during the whole afternoon, and now that they were alone, he began to pace up and down the drawing room, his hands behind his back, his eager eyes upon his host

"General," said the Viscountess, in smiling perplexity, "the others have gone, and it is my hour to drive. Will you excuse me?"

"Madame," he responded, stopping suddenly in his walk, and gazing intently upon her. "Will you give me your hand? Will you be my wife?"

Astonished and amused, Josephine refused to take him seriously, and Bonaparte, for the time being, pleaded with her in vain. But every day saw the renewal of his suit, and so ardently did he pursue the Viscountess, and so flattering was the homage he paid her, that she could not fall to be impressed. She wrote at this time a letter to her friend, Madame de Chateau Renaud, in which she spoke principally of the avowed love of Napoleon for her, and stated her own unsettled feelings in regard to him. "I am frightened," she wrote, "at the power he seems to exercise over everyone who comes near him. His searching look has something strange which I cannot express, but which seems to subjugate all who meet it. The first bloom of youth has been in Can I therefore hope that this passion, which in General Bonaparte resembles an attack of madness, . The first bloom of youth lies behind me will last long? If after our union he should cease to love me, would he not reproach me for what I had done?"

Nevertheless, Napoleon had his way in this as in most things. His pleading finally won the Viscountess' consent, and they were married, though two days after the wedding the general left France for Italy. It was while away on this campaign that he sent her the letters which she carefully preserved and which have come down intact to us, letters which prove that during the first few years of their wedded life Josephine was very dear to Napoleon, though he always placed her second to his ambition. He wrote always placed her second to his ambition. He wrote shortly after his departure praying her to return to him with Junot, whom he had commissioned to fetch her. "Misery without remedy, sorrows without comfort, anmitigated anguish will be my portion if it is my misfortune to see him come back alone, my own adored wife," he wrote "Jinot will see you, he will breathe at your shrine, and perhaps you will even grant him the blessed and unsurpassed privilege of kissing your cheeks! "And I! I will be far away! You will come here to my side, to my heart, to my You will come here to my side, to my heart, to my arms! Take wings, come, come! Yet journey slowly, the road is long, bad, fatiguing! If your carriage were to upset, if some colamity were to happen, if the exertion!—Set out at once, my beloved one, but travel slowly"—and in another letter, when he hears of his wife's iliness, "I am nothing without you. I can scarcely understand how I have lived without knowing you. Your portrait and your letters are siways before my eyes. I still cling to honor, for you hold it; to fame, for it is a joy to you; if it were not for this. I would have abandoned everything to hasten to your feet. . . . What sometimes comforts me is to know that on fate depends your sickness, but that it depends on no one to oblice me to outlive one, but travel slowly"—and in another letter, wher but that it depends on no one to oblige me to outlive you. . . I love you above all that can be conceived; never has it come to me to think of other women; yeu entirely, you as you are, can please me and fetter all the powers of my soul; my heart has no folds closed from your eyes, no thoughts which befolds, closed from your eyes, no third, everything long not to you; my energies, arms, mind, everything long not to you; my energies, arms, mind, everything in me, is subject to you; my spirit lies in your the day when you will be inconstant to me, or when you will cease to live, will be the day of my death. Nature and earth are beautiful in my eyes, only

cause you live in them."

Certainly the letters of the general were fervent and glowing and full of all the passionate tenderness of a husband who was lover as well. These letters, and there were many of them, Josephine always treasured, even after she had been abandoned, and her place taken by another. They still remained to her, her most precious passessor well.

her most precious possession until her death.

Throughout many of Napoleon's campaigns his meeting him occasionally that they might enjoy for a few days, a few hours perhaps, the pleasure of one another's companionship. After his triumphs in Italy, he took a brief rest at the pleasure castle of Monte-bello, near Milan, and here began a long series of fetes and entertainments in which Napoleon and his wife were greatly honored, and where for the first wife were greatly honored, and where for the first time since their marriage they were free to enjoy themselves without letting any thought of care or call of duty disturb the serenity of their pleasure. Undoubtedly these were the happiest days in the life of Josephine. Amid enchanting surroundings, adored by her husband, her favor sought by the neblest in the land, one and all uniting to do her homage, Josephine forgot all the sorrow of the past and lived only in the dazzling present. only in the dazzling present.

But such peaceful conditions could not long exist. Napoleon was never to know contentment. The more he accomplished, the more there was to accomp There were great things to be done in Austria, Germany, France, Egypt. Napoleon could not rest. His triumphs were all shared by Josephine, who now seemed to live only in and for him. She obeyed him implicitly in all things. If he bade her follow him. no matter how rough, or how long the road, she allowed nothing to prevent her journeying to him. If he bade her remain behind, that indeed was the hardest task, but her word was law in this as well, though

she always wept bitterly at their separation.

In Josephine's ginhood, it is said she had been told by a negro prophetess that she would one day be queen of France and more than a queen. The prophety, if such it was, was fulfilled, but such exaltantian the middle of Nepoleon. tion brought no happiness to the wife of Napoleon Rumor had told her what must inevitably follow, the Rumor had told her what must inevitably follow, that in order he might leave behind him an heir to his empire. Napoleon must take a younger wife. Dramatists have pictured for us the last pitiful scene of Josephine's wifehood. At Fontainebleau the apartments of the Emperor and Empress communicated with one another by a small door to which both held a key. When the wish of Napoleon had been made known to her, and Josephine was in an agony of grief at the idea of a separation, she bethought herself of the many times she had sought her husband in grief at the ides of a separation, she bethought herself of the many times she had sought her husband in
the privacy of his own apartments, where any demand she might make he could not refuse, so great
was the charm of her presence. On tiptoe, therefore,
drying her eyes and calling smiles to her lips she
turned the knob. The door was locked. She ran for
her key and fitting it in the lock turned it noiselessly,
then gently opened the door. But with a sudden
shriek of despair she fell back. There was no en-

the sacred meaning of the past. A blank wall confronted her gaze. Napoleon had had the doorway

sealed and plastered.

Though the Empress' heart must have been breaking when the final public ordeal came, and she acknowledged her acquiescence to the act of divorcement, her courage did not fail her. She was acting for Napoleon's benefit, she was sacrificing all of her claims upon her husband, because it was his wish. and because in no other way could she serve him.

Her interest in him, her loyalty to him, her love

for him never waned. During the years that fol-lowed, when a younug wife had taken her place, and Napoleon had become the father of an heir, his joy was her joy, his pride her own. She begged him to let her see the little King of Rome, and afterwards talked to the Emperor for hours of the child's beauty, his kingly manner, his baby prattle.

Though a fathomless gulf lay between her and

Napoleon, she still had no thought apart from him. And when at last his downfall came, and he went an exile to the Island of Elba, her first and he went an exile to the Island of Elba, her first and instant demand was that she be allowed to accompany him, a request that was coldly refused by Napoleon, who bade her remember that "it was for another to have that privilege," a privilege, nevertheless, of which Maria Louise did not avail herself.

If was the misfortune of her below the state of t

It was the misfortune of her beloved Emperor that finally brought on Josephine a brooding illness, the result of which was fatal. "You will see," she said to the Duchess d'Abrantes, who visited her at Malmaison, "You will see that Napoleon's unhappiness will cause my death. My heart is broken—it will not be healed."

A few days after she had spoken thus she died, the last word upon her lips being Napoleon's name.

### THE STORY TELLER

While a small boy was fishing one Sunday morning he accidentally lost his feethold and tumbled into the creek. As an old man on the bank was helping him out he said: "How did you come to fall in the river, my little man?" "I didn't come to fall in the river. I came to fish," replied the boy.

Little Ethel is the young daughter of a contractor in Philadelphia. One of her sisters has recently entered into an international marriage. Ethel was asked the other day by one of the teachers, "Whom did the ancients say supported the world on his shoulders?" "Atlas," answered Ethel. "Quite right," said the teacher, "and what supported Atlas?" "Oh," answered Ethel, "I suppose he had an American wife,"

A. M. Downes, late secretary of New York's fire department, related at a dinner a fire story. "At the end of the first act of a drama," he said, "a man leaped durriedly to his feet. I heard an alarm of fire, he said. 'I must go and see where it is.' His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence, and he disappeared. It wasn't fire, he said, on his return. 'Nor water, either, said his wife, coldly."

A shooting party, putting up at Amos Libby's Maine camp, found their sport much interfered with by rain. Still, fine or wet, the old-fashioned barometer that hung in Amos's general room persistently pointed to "set failr." At last one of the party drew has attention to the glass. "Don't you think now, Amos." he said, "there's something the matter with your glass?" "No, sir, sire's a good glass an' a powerful one," Amos replied, with dignity, "but she ain't moved by trifles."

Douglas Jerrold had a genius for repartee. Perhaps his most famous reply was to Albert Smith, whom he disliked and frequently abused. Smith grew tired of being made the butt of the other's wit, and one day plaintively remarked: "After all, Jerrold, we row in the same boat." "Yes," came the answer, "but not with the same skulls." He hated snobbishness, and when Samuel Warren one day complained that at a ducal house where he had dined he could get no fish, "I suppose," said Jerrold, "they had eaten it all upstairs."

The scientists are finding out many things about ancient nations, some of which may be true and some not. Inference is often advanced as fact. Guesses grow into possibilities and possibilities into probabilities and possibilities into probabilities and probabilities into certainty.

Dr. M. G. Kyle tells a story which illustrates one method of argument. An Assyriologist boasted to an Egyptologist that "the Assyrians understood electric relegraphy because we have found wire in Assyria."

"Oh," said the other, "we have not found a scrap of wire in Egypt, therefore we know the Egyptians understood wireless telegraphy."

Sir John Millais tells this story on himself. He was down by the banks of the Tay, painting in the rushes of his famous landscape, "Chill' October," which has thrilled us all with the ineffable sadness and mystery of the dying summer. He worked on so steadily that he failed to observe a watcher, until a voice said: "Bh, mon, did ye ever try photography?" "No." said the artist, "I never have." "It's a deal quicker," queth his friendly critic, eyeing the picture doubtfully. Millais was not flattered, so he waited a minute before replying, "I dare say it is." His lack of enthusiasm displeased the Scot, who took another look, and then marched off with the Parthian shot, "Ay, and photography's a muckle sight mair like the place, too."

William H. Hotchkiss, one of the directors of the American Automobile Association, said the other day in Buffalo: "I believe that a man, to love automobiling thoroughly, must know all about his car—how to run it, how to clean it, how to repair it, how to take it apart. A friend of mine owns a small car. He has no chauffeur, and every time he goes out a breakdown occurs. No wonder. He said to me the other day: I took my runabout all apart yesterday. 'Did you?' said I; and, knowing his impracticability, I added, seriously: 'Well, when you do that, you must always be careful not to lose any of the parts.' 'Not to lose any of them?' said he. 'No fear. Why, when I put that machine together again yesterday, I had nearly two dozen pieces left over."

"It's a great help to be able to size up the men you come in contact with," said a business man to his son; "but it's more important still that you should first know yourself. For instance. A noisy bursch tacked out of their club late one night, and up the street. They stopped in front of an imposing residence. After considerable discussion one of them advanced and pounded on the door. A woman stuck her head out of a second-story window and demanded, none too sweetly: "What do you want?" Ish this the residence of Mr. Smith?" inquired the man on the steps, with an elaborate bow. It is, What do you want?" "Ish it possible I have the honor shpeakin' to Misshus Shmith! Good Mishus Shmith! Will you—hic—come down an' pick out Mr. Shmith. The rest of us want to go home."

Washington gas bills are printed on paper of a peculiar brownish-salmonish shade. The Washington bureau of the New York Tribune uses copy paper of about the same shade.

A few nights ago (says The Post, of Philadelphia) George Griswold Hill, of The Tribune, took a night off and went to the theatre. He sat in the third seat from the alsie. Next to him was a gray-moustached old man, of a most severe appearance. Hill left word at the office that he should be notified if anything turned up that needed attention.

Several stories broke that night and the ushers brought him various notes on the office paper. The severe man with the gray moustache was asked to hand the notes to Hill. Finally, a note came that made it necessary for Hill to go to the telephone. The usher handed it to Hill's neighbor, and Hill had to clamber over him to get out.

The old man was testy. His enjoyment of the piay had been spoiled by the notes. As Hill climbed over him he said: "Dod gast it young man, I think this is a shame. Why in thunder don't you pay your gas bill?"

## WITH THE POETS

The Singer's Love There lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless, dolorous, midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman, and none but she.
And finding life for her love's sake fail,
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
Toucht land, and saw her as life grew cold,
And praised God, seeing; and so died he.
Died, praising God for his gift and grace:
For she bowed to him weeping, and said,
"Live"; and her tears were shed on his face
Or ever the life in his face was shed. For she bowed to him weeping, and said,
"Live"; and her tears were shed on his face
Or ever the life in his face was shed.
The sharp tears fell through her halr, and stung
Once, and her close lips touched him and clung
Once, and grew one with his lips for a space;
And so drew back, and the man was dead.
O brother, the gods were good to you.
Sleep, and be glad while the world endures.
Be well content as the years wear through;
Give thanks for life, o brother, and death,
For the sweet last sound of her feet, her breath,
For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,
Tenns and kisses, that lady of yours.
Rest, and be glad of the gods; but I,
How shall I praise them, or how take rest?
There is not room under all the sky
For me that know not of worst or best,
Dream or desire of the days before.
Sweet thing or bitterness, any more.
Love will not come to me now though I die,
As love came close to you, breast to breast.
I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note grown
Strong
Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes.

I shall never be friends again with roses;
I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note grown strong
Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes.
As a wave of the sea turned back by song.
There are sounds where the soul's delight takes fire, Face to face with its own desire;
A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes;
I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.
The pulse of war and passion of wonder,
The pulse of war and passion of wonder,
The heavens that murmur, the sounds that shine,
The stars that sing, and the loves that thunder,
The music burning at heart like wine,
An armed archangel whose hands raise up
All senses mixed in the spirit's cup.
Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder—
These things are over, and no more mine.
These were a part of the playing I heard
Once, ere my love and my heart were at strife;
Love that sings and hath wings as a bird,
Balm of the wound and heft of the knife.
Fairer than earth is the sea, and sleep
Than overwatching of eyes that weep,
Now time, has done with his one sweet word.
The wine and leaven of lovely life.
I shall go my ways, tread out my measure.
Fill the days of my dally breath
With fugitive things not good to treasure.
Do as the world doth, say as it saith;
But if we had loved each other—O sweet,
Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet,
The heart of my heart, beating harder with pleasure
To feel you tread it to dust and death—
Ah, had I not taken my life up and given
All that life gives and the years let go,
The wine and honey, the balm and leaven,
The dreams reared high and the hopes brought low,
Come life, come death, not a word be said;
Should I lese you living, and vex you dead?
I shall never tell you on earth; and in heaven,
If I cry to you then, will you hear or know?
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Legend of the Kangargo

Lagend or the Kangarco

"I don't know what in the world to do,"
Lamented the poor mother kangarco;
"In hunting for food very fast I should go,
But I can't, "cause my babes are exceedingly slow;
So I often must stop
In the midst of a hop
To walt for the tots to crawl up in a row." The kangaroo couldn't help fuss, fret and fume:
For days she was plunged in the darkest of gloom.
However, a plan to her came one fine day:
A pocket she sewed in her skin right away,

And her babies now ride Snug and close by her side, And swiftly and safe she now goes where she may,

How Does It Seem to You

It seems to me I'd like to go.

Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow;
Nor clocks don't strike nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not real still stillness, but just the trees' Low whisperings, or the hum of bees, Or brook's faint babbling over stones in strangely, softly tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid, Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid, Or just some such sweet sounds as these To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'twern't for sight and sound and smell, I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust.
And get out where the sky is blue.
And say, now how does it seem to you?

The Lilac The scent of lilac in the air
Hath made him drag his steps and pause:
Whence comes this scent within the Square,
Where endless duty traffic roars?
A push-cart stands beside the curb,
With fragrant blossoms laden high;
Speak low, not stare, lest we disturb
His sudden reverle!

He sees us not, nor heeds the din
Of changing car and scuffling throng;
His eyes see fairer sights within,
And memory hears the robin's song
As once it trilled against the day,
And shook his slumber in a room
Where drifted with the breath of May
The lilac's sweet perfume.

The heaft of boyhood in him stirs;
The wonder of the morning skies,
Of sunset gold behind the firs,
Is kindled in his dreaming eyes;
How far off is this sordid place,
As turning from our sight away
He crushes to his bungry face
A purple illac spray.

-Walter Prichard Faton in American a -Walter Prichard Eaton, in American Magazine.

Watson on Tennyson "Here was a bard shall outlast you all," writes Mr. William Watson in his copy of Tennyson. The poem is reproduced in The Fortnightly Review, and here are some of its stanzas:

You phrase-tormenting fantastic chorus
With strangest words at your beck and call;
Who tumble your thoughts in a heap before us—
Here was a bard shall outlast you all,

You rack and you rive it, you twist it and man Form, you abhor it, and taste, you disdain it—And here was a bard shall outlast you all.

Prosody gasps in your tortured numbers, Your metres that writhe, your rhythms sprawl;
And you make him turn in his marble slumb.
The golden-tongued, who outsings you all.

Think you 'tis thus, in uncouth contortion.

That song lives throned above thrones that faller handmaids are order and just proportion.

And measure and grace, that survive you all.