

Verse Old and New.

IF you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they have gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them:
"Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man,
my son!

—Rudyard Kipling.

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Love a Microbe.

"An American scientist claims to have discovered the microbe of love."
Love, it is a microbe; oh, young men, beware!
It liveth in the laughing eyes, and in the floating hair;
And in the pretty parted lips, that deadly thing is there.

"Twill come at noon; 'twill come at eve;
'twill come at dawn of day,
In every inconceivable and inconvenient way;
The merry microbe moves the world, and dances blithe and gay.

In all a maiden's wraps and gowns, in every lock and frill,
Quite half-a-million strong he locks; he bites his time until
He knows the hour, he knows the man, he works his deadly will.

A champion strong man, Samson was; great-hearted, brave and tall;
Delliah, she makes eyes at him, but, ah! that was not all,
The microbes marched him to his death, he fell beneath the wall.

Young David smote Goliath sore, the Bible tells us so;
And David was a first-rate man, with any stand-up foe;
But the little microbe took him, and made him mean and low.

Just take the case of Solomon—a man we all must praise;

But the microbes came in batches, seven hundred different ways;
They ruined him entirely, and spotted his latter days.

Oh, Sunday is the microbe's day; the boldest boys will call;
The girls get on their pretty things, ay, ever since the Fall;
How daintily they dress themselves the microbe knows it all.

They walk to church; the microbe moves; they hear the organ play;
Oh, prettily they sing the psalms—the microbe feels his way;
Oh, the little microbe takes us, yes, even when we pray.

The miserable little microbe, he moves in every dance,
In every dainty flying foot, in every tender glance;
In fights, and flowers, and melody, the microbe sees his chance.

The girls are all good friends with him.
See little, not-and-Bis,
Their dresses besting every year, until no man may kiss
Their pretty mouths; the microbe knows, he rarely makes a miss.
He loves the dawn, he loves the day, he loves the bright moonshine;
When the tenderness is in our hearts, and the red blood warm as wine,
In the soft sweet time of mystery, he works his fell design.

He knows our many weaknesses, he knows the time of flowers,
In the early most delightful time, in the scented summer hours,
He walks within the wilderness, the gardens, and the bowers.

Of all his pranks by land and sea, the halt was never told;
Ay, stronger far than Life and Death, or hate or greed of gold;
He hops his hompipe in the heat, he enters in the cold.

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—SHAW NEILSON.

Vic.

As they paddled along in a nook,
She said faintly, "Why, Algernon look,
In that oak, I declare,—
I see mistletoe there!"

And the crew fished them out with a hook.

Submarines.

Down from the sun that lightens,
Down from the winds that blow,
Under the waves that riot,
Under the tides that flow;
Sun in the utter stillness,
—Where sight and sounding fail,
Hasten our bid flotillas
Nosing the blinded trail.

Along the narrow waters,
By bank, and reef, and shoal,
Through traffic-haunted channels
We ply the dark patrol,
In from the open fairways,
Up to the harbour booms,
We delve the silent valleys,
We plumb the chosen tombs.

No smoke shall tell our coming,
No funnel-flame betray
The range of instant peril
When we descend to slay,
And, when from half a cable,
The shark of doom is sped,
The lights of what avenger
Shall spy where we have fled!

In from the darkened offing,
The scouting-cruisers sweep,
Around the gloomy headlands
The lean destroyers creep,
That grope the murky shallows
And hug the tidal hem;
But these are not our quarry,—
The forts shall deal with them.

Yonder the foes we welcome,
Yonder the hulls of broad,—
The guided battle squadron,
The measured line ahead,
The guns of high destruction,
The triple-armed shield,
The grim long-range bombardier
Beyond the mining field.

So—for the hatches water-tight,
The surface-engine stifled,
So—for the full-charged Whitehead,
And the diving chambers filled,
Now, as the dipping motor
Thrills in the foundered shell,
Now for the secret's keeping!
Now for the floors of Hell!
W. A. CHAPMAN

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

Sounded Like a Warning.

MRS. JONES' favourite warning to her young progeny when they were in mischief was that she would tend to them in a minute. "Tending" was accomplished by applying her open hand where it would do the most good. When Harry was four years old he was sent for the first time round the corner to the grocery. In a few minutes he came trotting soberly back with the nickel still in his hand, but no bag of onions. "What's the matter?" asked his mother. "I'm 'fraid of the man," he said, solemnly. "Oh, he won't hurt you," reassured Mrs. Jones. "Run along and bring the onions. I'm in a hurry for them." A second time Harry disappeared round the corner, and a second time returned without his purchase. "I'm afraid of the grocer man," he explained, as before. "Well, what makes you afraid of him?" demanded his mother, impatiently. "Why," answered the little fellow, "bofe times when I goed in he looked at me and said: 'I'll tend to you in a minute.'"

The Villain Still Pursued Her.

Channing Pollock cites a certain melodrama, produced a few years ago as containing the busiest and most inconsistent villain ever created. In the first act he tied the beautiful heroine to a railroad track just as the limited was due. In the second he lured her into an old house, locked her in an upper room and set the place on fire. In the third he strapped her under a buzz saw and set the machinery in motion. In the fourth he tore the planking out of a bridge, so that her automobile plunged through to the raging flood below. In the fifth act he started to make love to her. She shrank from him. "Why do you fear me, Nellie," he asked.

General Strike Against T. P.

The best yarn in Mrs. O'Connor's book is that where T. P. and Tom Page slept together in a room at an hotel at Stalheim, in Norway. Mrs. T. P. had to visit the room for some medicine, and, needless to say, each of the two great men

was tucked up in his little bed, with the candle alight on a table between them.

"Why," asked Mrs. T. P., "has the candle been left burning?"
"Because," grumbled Tom Page, "T. P. was too darned lazy to blow it out. After this we must all strike against waiting on him." Of course, Mrs. O'Connor knows, or at least has met, nearly everyone worth knowing, and if the hero of the anecdote be distinguished, she cares not if the sting is turned against herself. Cardinal Manning once sentenced her to millions of years of extra purgatory, because, as he put it, "you know how to be good, and you are not good, and those are the people who suffer the most."

Again, the wit of Oscar Wilde was keen as well as kind. At breakfast once, Mrs. T. P. gaily remarked that T. P. did not know a pretty woman when he saw one. "I beg to differ," said Harold Frederic, "what about yourself?" "Oh, I was an accident," retorted Mrs. T. P. "Rather," said Oscar Wilde, "a catastrophe."

Abraham's Predicament.

The Sunday-school class had reached the part in the lesson where "Abraham entertained the angel unaware."
"And what now is the meaning of 'unaware'?" asked the teacher. There was a bashful silence; then the smallest girl in the class piped up, "Unaware is what you takes off before you puts on your nightie."

Why Barbara Sobbed.

Four-year-old Barbara went to church with her two sisters, and came home crying.
"What is the matter, dear?" inquired her mother.
"He preached a whole sermon—about M-Mary and Martha," sobbed Barbara, "and—never said—a—w—word about me!"

A Quaker Girl's "Yes."

A young Quaker had been for some time casting diffident glances at a maiden of the same persuasion, while she, true to the tenets of her upbringing, had given him mighty little encouragement. However, one day the opportunity of placing the matter upon a more stable footing represented itself to Seth, and he shyly inquired: "Martha, dost thou love me?"
"Why, Seth, we are commanded to love one another," quoth the maiden.
"Ah, Martha, but does thou feel what the world calls love?"
"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have sometimes thought that thou wast getting more than thy share."

His Opportunity.

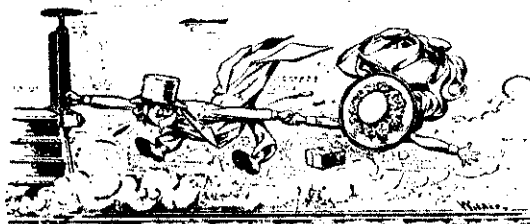
"How did you manage to go through every house on that block in broad daylight without being detected?" asked one burglar.
"Very easily," replied the other. "I selected a time when a moving van drove up to a vacant dwelling. I worked while the neighbours were hanging out of the front windows criticising the furniture."

Necessary Haste.

A passenger train started to go fast, all at once, and an old lady asked the conductor the cause of the sudden and great speed.
"Well, you see, ma'am," explained the conductor, "there is a rotten bridge just ahead and we want to get over it before it breaks down."

The Spot Spread.

"I don't know whether to accept this testimonial or not," mused the hair restorer man.
"What's the matter with it?" demanded the advertising manager.
"Well," exclaimed the boss, "the man writes: 'I used to have three bald spots on the top of my head, but since using one bottle of your hair restorer I have only one.'"



HE COULDN'T GET ON WITHOUT HIS WIFE.