

Verse Old and New.

To Children at the Hearth.

It is you, my dears, and the glad news
You bring to the tasks to do,
Who can lessen this old world's sadness
By as much as the joy of you.
It is you, my dears, and your glory
Of sunshine and word and song
Who can make life a sweeter story
Wherever you smile along.
It is you, my dears, with your beauty
And freshness of mind and heart,
Who must offer your share of duty
And play yet a nobler part.
For the world, it has need of beauty
And youth that is fine and new,
And the call you may hear to duty
Is for you, my dears—just you.

It is you, my dears, that the sages
Have written their counsels to.
It is you, my dears, that the ages
Leave legacies to—just you.
And remember that every letter
That Wisdom has graven through
The years, so the world be better,
Is for you, my dears, just you.
It is you who must be the bravest
To fight, if the cause be true;
It is you who must be the gravest
In word and deed—just you.
It is you who must be the strongest
To stand till the battle's through,
And you who must smile the longest
And never despair—just you.

It is you, my dears, and your glory
Of gladness and youth and smile,
Who shall help to say if the story
Of life and the world's worth while.
For the years of all time have shaped us,
And the lore of the Ages, too,
And to say if the Truth's escaped us
Is for you, my dears, just you!

—J. W. Foley.

The Scientist.

Professor Amaria Tibbs was all unknown to fame
Until one day he set about to make himself a name.
He got out his old telescope and aimed it at the stars,
And much to his surprise he found a brand-new wart on Mars.
No one had seen the thing before, it was a famous find,
The whole world paid its tribute to his scientific mind.
Professor Tibbs' discovery created such a stir,
A lecture bureau signed him at one hundred dollars per.

Professor James Terwillinger long occupied a chair;
The one-horse college salary gave him no cash to spare.
The future seemed quite hopeless to the scientist until
One day he found some microbes on an old one-dollar bill.

Of course the papers got the news and spread it far and wide,
And much learned comment editorial beside.
He trained a troupe of these microbes and put them on the stage,
And now in high-priced vaudeville he is the current rage.

Professor Alexander Hatts knew not the spotlight's glare,
It sometimes struck the faculty, but not his humble chair.
One day he wrote a treatise on "What Modern Dramas Mean,"
A circus was the only show that he had ever seen.
The "Modern Drama" stuff went great and he was in demand,
He spoke before the women's clubs through the entire land.

He's quoted as authority and worshipped from afar,
And when he travels now it's in a handsome private car.
—Technological Journal.

A Fancee

The Queen of Bessarabia—
Was thinking of a thing
Whereupon both queens and other folk
Are often pondering.
She looked from out her chamber,
And thought she did not know
From where she had been wafted,
And whether she would go.
What was the use of living,
Of work or love or strife?
When nobody could answer
The question, "What is Life?"
Those Bessarabian poplars
Were bending to the breeze,
And with a melancholy brow
She glanced upon the trees.
One moment they were moving,
The next were standing still,
She wondered why their sergeant
Invented such a drill.

—Henry Baerlein

Kinship.

I am aware,
As I go commonly sweeping the stair,
Doing my part of the every-day care—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of a marvellous thing:
Voices that murmur and others that ring
In the far stellar spaces where chem-
bim sing.
I am aware of the passion that pours
Down the channels of fire through In-
finity's doors:
Forces terrific, with melody shod,
Music that mates with the pulses of God.
I am aware of the glory that runs
From the core of myself to the core of
the suns,
Bound to the stars by invisible chains,
Blaze of eternity now in my veins,
Seeing the rush of ethereal rains.
Here in the midst of the every-day air—
I am aware,

I am aware,
As I sit quietly here in my chair,
Sewing or reading or branding my hair—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of the systems that swing
Through the axes of creation on
heavenly wing—
I am aware of a marvellous thing.
Trail of the comets in furious flight,
Thunders of beauty that shatter the
night,
Terrible triumph of pageants that
march
To the trumpets of time through
Eternity's arch.
I am aware of the splendour that ties
All the things of the earth with the
things on the skies,
Here in my body the heavenly heat,
Here in my flesh the melodious beat
Of the planets that circle Divinity feet.
As I sit silently here in my chair,
I am aware,
—Angela Morgan.

At Nightfall.

Sweet is the highland when the sky-
larks call,
When we and Love go rambling
through the land.
But shall we still walk gaily hand in
hand
At the road's turning and the twilight's
fall?
Then darkness shall divide us like a wall,
And unouth evil nightbirds flap their
wings;
The solitude of all created things
Will creep upon us shuddering like a pall.
This is the knowledge I have wrung
from pain
We, you, all lovers, are not one, but
twain,
Each by strange wisps to strange
abysses drawn.
But through the black intensity of night
Love's little lantern, like a glow worm's
bright,
May lead our steps to some stupen-
dous dawn.
—George Sylvester Viereck,

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

A Clear Case.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE sat at a dinner on one of his visits to New York beside a lady who asked leave to consult him about some thefts. "My detective powers," he replied, "are at your service, madam." "Well," said the lady, "frequent and mysterious thefts have been occurring at my house for a long time. Thus, there disappeared last week a motor horn, a broom, a box of golf balls, a left riding boot, a dictionary, and half-a-dozen tin plates." "Ah," said the creator of Sherlock Holmes, "the case, madam, is quite clear. You keep a goat."

A Good Name.

During the Spanish-American war the U.S. Navy Department, by way of a graceful compliment to the great universities, renamed two converted cruisers Harvard and Yale. Not long after Commodore Dewey was asked what new names should be conferred upon two little Spanish gunboats that had been captured in Philippine waters. "Oh," said the commodore, "we'll just call one the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the other the Pennsylvania College for Physicians and Surgeons."

Why They Went.

As the Sunday-school teacher entered her classroom, she saw leaving in great haste a little girl and her still smaller brother.
"Why, Mary, you aren't going away?"
"Heathe, Mith Anne, we've got to go," was the distressed reply. "Jimmy 'th thwallowed hith collection."

Literary Encouragement.

He was a budding author, and his wife, determined that his train of thought should not be trampled by domestic worries, said to the new maid, "Now, Jane, if you want anything, always come to me. Never go to Mr. Bookmaker unless I am out." A few days later there was a knock at Mr. Bookmaker's study door, and in reply to the usual "Come!" the new maid, fresh and pretty, appeared. "Please, sir," she said, "Mrs. Bookmaker said I was never to disturb you unless she was out." "Well?" said Mr. Bookmaker, inquiringly. "She's out, sir."

Couldn't Sit Down.

His curiosity had led him to visit one of the largest lunatic asylums. He became deeply interested in one of the patients, who was evidently a highly educated man and apparently very intelli-

gent. The visitor began to think it a scandal he should be detained. "Sit down," he said "and we will talk your case over." The inmate continued to stand. "Why don't you sit down?" the visitor asked. "I can't sit down—there isn't any toast," replied the other. "Not any toast?" echoed the visitor, in astonishment. "No. You see, I'm a poached egg," was the reply.

Making It Easy.

Glady's Helen Montague, her transparent red-gold hair glittering in the sunlight, sat at a mahogany desk writing her answer to Reginald Fitzmaurice's proposal. Glady's calligraphy was of the style which makes three characters perform the duty of twenty-six. In reply came:—
"My Dearest Girl. Your answer has made me the happiest man in the world. How did I dare to hope that you would stoop to bless such as I? I pray that I may be worthy of you, my darling. I long to press you to my heart. Thine, Reginald."
"My Dear Miss Montague, On Wednesday I start on a tour round the world. If at any time you should change your mind, a word or two from you will bring me to your side. My letters will

be forwarded from my club.—Faithfully yours, Reginald Fitzmaurice."
"Dear Gladys,—After a sleepless night spent in the vain endeavor to decipher your note. I have written these two answers. Will you kindly return immediately the one which does not fit? I cannot stand the strain. Your anxious Reginald."

Found Him Out.

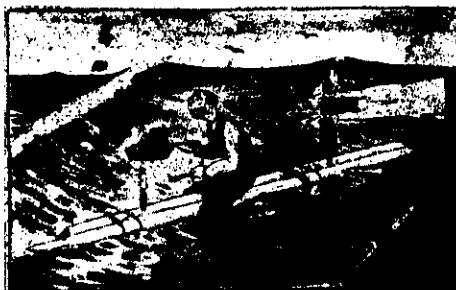
It was Sunday afternoon, and the curate, calling unexpectedly to visit a member of his flock, found him out in two senses.
The gentleman's young son came to the door and announced his father's absence. "He's gone to the golf club," said he, casually, and then, reading, perhaps, some shade of disapproval in the parson's eyes, he extenuated thus: "He's not gone to play golf, you know, not on a Sunday; only to drink beer and have a game of cards."
Having thus cleared his father's character, he shut the door on the dumb-founded cleric.

What He Needed.

The amateur golfer had not been doing very well, and toward the close of the round he turned to the caddie and said:
"Let me see; is that one hundred and ninety-five or one hundred and ninety-six strokes?"
"I don't know, sir," was the reply, "What you need is an adding machine, not a caddie."

The Letter of the Law.

A mother led her six children to the apple tree. It had borne but a single apple—no longer visible to the casual observer. "I told you not to pick that apple!" she said, sternly.
"We didn't pick it!" the children answered in chorus. And the oldest girl added, in an injured tone, "You can see yourself that it's still on the tree. I—I mean—the core is! We only climbed up an—an' took a bite once in a while —we didn't pick it!"



"There's nothing like a fresh hole for breakfast."