

ON BEING NATURAL.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

Young poets are melancholy, but so are old ones for that matter. The most perfect poem in the English language is an elegy. Teunyson's greatest poem is a dirge; "The Raven" is a wild despairing cry for something lost, never to return again; Dante wrote fearful things; Milton has no smiles in all his works; Byron was misanthropic and morose, and Cowper was gloomy and sad.

Hamlet, the darling of the stage of the world, was wrapped in a melancholy as black as death itself.

It is said of the most perfect man the world has ever known "He was a man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief." It is recorded of him that he wept and prayed and sighed, but never that he smiled.

Sorrow is univereal. Joy is but an accident vouchsafed to a few. It may be the result of temperament, but where does temperament come from?

If we were the makers of our own temperaments we might then do as we pleased. But our temperaments are left to us as an heritage. If we are so constituted as to sing like the nightingale instead of the lark, I believe it is better to sing as the nightingale. The nightingale would only make a miserable failure as a lark.

The tenderest, the sweetest things of life are dashed with pathos. Even the cheerful songs of the poets who wrote on beds of suffering are the most pathetic of all. The very thought that they wrote them in all that suffering and hardship is the reason we like them.

As long as the human heart is constituted as it is the melancholy and pathetic poems will be read. The cheerful songs soon die. They are transient. Few can understand them, but the whole human race can understand pathos and suffering.

Mind I do not say that this is right, but it is the way of the world.

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

EPIGRAMMATIC TO THE END.

The flower of aestheticism and promulgator of the epigram has lately been biting the dust, and punishment for his shocking crimes seems about to overtake him. But thus far at least this humanized essence of *fin de siecle* frivolity and vice has not shown any perturbation. His answers to questions propounded by counsel during last week's trial read like sentences from "A Woman of No Importance" or "An Ideal Husband." Referring to the publication "Philosophy for the Young" Wilde was asked if he believed what he had written, he answered, "I rarely write what I believe is true." The realization of self he said in his testimony is the primal end of man. Speaking of the man Allen's inability to understand the purport of the famous letter, Wilde said; "Art is rarely intelligible to the criminal classes." When asked whether the articles in the *Chameleon* were not immoral, he replied, "They were worse, they were badly written."

A TRILBY CONVERSATION.

"You think that because you once stood next door to a book store that you are literary. "You are one of them kind of ducks that reads the book notices and stand around and talk about literature. That 'grandeur that was Greece' dido of yours only proves you've read the pictures" said the bass wood boy, "and I'm willing to bet you didn't know any more about the French than my friend, the headless lady. During the German opera you'll be saying 'sprechen sie deutsch' to the coons that pass, and talk wise about Seigfried and the bird, when you don't really know whether Seigfried is the leading lady or a rival of Sapolio. You talk about 'Trilby!' Why, if I were to insist you'd believe he was a woman."

"Hey," said the dude cigar sign across the street to the tough boy in bass wood, with a patch over his eye and striped green trousers, who stood in front of a saloon next to the papier mache group. "Hey," said the faded dude with the long sheet-iron legs, "What are the old parties jabbering about?"

"About 'Trilby,'" responded the bass wood youth.

"What? the new corn cure? Has the old 'uns got corns?"

"Naw, you glittering idiot. Trilby's a girl in a story. If you'd listen more to the barbers that buy cigarettes over there, you'd be more in the literary push. Everybody's went up against Trilby. The bar-keep, he's played her a whirl. The cop, he made a killin' there, and the lady who brings the pitcher over for suds in the evening, she went against it, but I heard her tell the barkeep that she lose. She said there was too much oogley googley hog latin for her to keep the 'straight of what was the game and who was bein' tagged."

The old dummies were still talking, but the pretty boy at the cigar store paid no attention to them. He was interested in the story. After some persuasion he got the bass wood young man to tell more about it.

"Well, you see it was this way," began the young man with the bass wood patch over his eye: "As far as I can make out this Trilby she was a living picture, or something in that line, with a pair of pegs so fine that they looked like an 'after taking' advertisement. Well, she gets a artist on her string they calls 'Billy the Kid' or something, and she was working him fine for beer an' car fare an' fireman's annual balls an' theatres, when all of a sudden Bill he come on to her playing in the living pictures. They had to put side blinds on him for a week or two before they could get him to drive, either single or double. But after awhile Trilby she etamed him so he come right up and eat out of her hand, and then—along comes a fellow that the barkeep calls Swengally, and he makes a few passes at the lady card and he has her up his sleeve before Billy the Kid knew whose deal it was. This Swengally fellow, he had a plugger named—O! I disremember what—but the two of 'em they got that solid with Trilby that they taught her to sing like a steam piano. Then they started a troupe, or a comedy company, or something, and went on the road. Swengally, he was perfesser, the plugger played the fiddle and the lady with the pretty pegs she does a song and dance turn or something. This old Swengally he was old bizniss with Trilby, and when he hollered it was law. He was the button and she done the rest. He got her so she was great people; seemed like all he had to do to start her off was to set the think wheels in his head going and away she went, and when he wanted her to stop he just cut off the current."

"She must have been hit pretty hard, I don't think," said the tin legs.

"Hit nothing," replied the bass wood boy, "just scared up, that's all. He beat her regular, you know, and she loved him. Nothing

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE