

Whether Common or Not

Land o' Dreams

It seemed a thousand years ago—and it was twenty, maybe, And what now seems a fairy isle was but a simple farm; But, oh, the roselit rapture, when in dreaming I remember The way the huddled maples held the old house close and warm.

There were doves around the eaves and cattle on the hillside, And little lambs that nuzzled in the fragrant clover fields. I remember how we watched them in the purple light, together— Strange what a plenteous harvest each deep sown memory yields!

And then the long, brown, winding road, and you were gone—so swiftly, It seemed the night had settled, though the sun was golden bright; And I have cried you're name aloud—how foolish youth can suffer! When all was still and silent on the kindly arm of night.

It seems a thousand years ago—and it was twenty, maybe, A deathly, deep tranquility of slow years has been born; But, oh, dear Brushwood Boy of mine, I ask: Do you remember The way the sunset deepened on the gilded rows of corn?

—J. K. Brockman in Southern Woman's Magazine.

The Gary Dinner Party

This is still a free country, thank Heaven. So, if Mr. Gary or any other chap wants to gather in a few of his friends around his simple board and, mayhap, discuss such purely private and personal matters as to who ought to be president, he certainly has a right to do it. And he doesn't have to tell you what he said or what his friends said.

Mr. Gary's house is his castle, the same as yours and mine. Of course, the mob, if it wants to, can get up on its hind legs and stare in through the window, but it can't hear what is being said. Furthermore, neither Mr. Gary nor his guests are going to be browbeaten into telling what merry

quips and bons mots enlivened that frugal repast. They'll not even say what brand of grape juice was served. The sacred confidence of hospitality shall not be betrayed by those boys.

It is an admirable attitude they have taken. There is a sturdy independence about it. It may be, too, there's a good bit of prudence in it.

Let us be frank about this function. You well know that at little affairs like this the guests very often have only the haziest recollections of just what was said. If hailed to the witness stand not one of them, perhaps, could give what you might call a straight, coherent account of the occasion. At least no two versions, if put in parallel columns, would even remotely suggest plagiarism. No, at these frugal little repasts nobody but the butler could give a plain, intelligible recital of the wit and humor, the mirth and merriment, that snapped and sparkled and contributed so much to the enjoyable time that was had by all. And locked in the butler's breast the secret is as safe as if—well, as if it were in the pocket of our most notorious philanthropist. For what free-born American reporter, we should like to know, would have the presumption to address a butler?

But if Mr. Gary and his guests are protected in their reticence by the sovereign franchise of citizenship, we by the same token can imagine some of their light and frivolous chatter. We can hear Mr. Gary, turning to the guest of honor, inquire impetuously:

"Colonel, how would you like to be our president?"

"Frankly, I wouldn't take the job at all. It would seem to me nothing short of a national calamity," we hear the Colonel reply.

It looks like an impasse, as one might say.

"I fancy these gentlemen don't quite understand each other," comes a voice in the gentle gurgle of the famous Perkins soothing sirup. "And it's quite natural, too, because, you know, we have so many presidencies to fill that—"

"I had in mind the presidency of the United States," interrupted Gary. The Colonel's yawn disappeared in a twinkling.

"Why, I thought you were talking

about the presidency of the United States Steel trust."

"No," said Gary; "that place is being satisfactorily filled at present. But the other job is not being handled just as we want it, and as we know it would be handled if you were there."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I'm glad we understand each other."

A strange silence fell upon that little group of roysterers. They all looked at the Colonel, waiting for him to proceed. But he sat there, moodily pondering it all. Perhaps the drama of the situation appealed to him. Finally, when it seemed as if something must pop, the Colonel signaled to the butler. He spoke in a hoarse, inaudible whisper. That dignitary calmly withdrew only to appear again in an instant, when imperturbably, but withal impressively, he poured That Long-Delayed Third Cup of Coffee.—Bart B. Howard, in St. Louis Republic.

School Children's Ideas

Some amusing examples of school children's ideas are provided by recent examination papers in New York city. Here are a few choice specimens:

In India a man out of a cask may not marry a woman out of another cask.

Elaine gave Launcelot an omelet before he departed for the tournament.

He succeeded because he had entry price (enterprise).

Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum."

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them.

An angle is a triangle with only two sides.

The qualifications for citizenship are that you must be neutral born or made.

Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away.

Louis XVI. was gelatined during the French revolution.

A mountain range is a large sized cook (cooking) stove.

Horse power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour.

Guerrilla warfare is where men ride on guerrillas. — Washington Post.

Good Judge of Booms

"A month or so ago I met Senator Sherman, of Illinois, on the street one day and I congratulated him on his presidential boom," said Senator Simmons, of North Carolina. "He appeared astonished that I knew anything about it. But I told him that I had a keen nose for booms, even for little ones. I explained that I was a good deal like a little urchin I know of back home.

"This little child used to call on a certain old lady who lived in my neighborhood, at Newbern, every Saturday afternoon. As a usual thing she would give the child a piece of cocoanut layer cake. But one Saturday, as she expected company for tea, she decided not to cut the cake, and therefore none was offered to the urchin.

"I believe I smell cocoanut cake," said the urchin plaintively, as the time came for him to go.

"The old woman laughed, went to the cupboard, and cut him a very tiny slice. When she gave it to him, he thanked her and said:

"Ain't it funny that I could smell such a little piece?"—Washington correspondence of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Virtue Rewarded

The teacher had told the pupils the story of Washington and his little hatchet, and had then shown

them an engraving which depicted two small boys standing in a repentant attitude, "explaining things to mother."

The title of the picture was "The Truth Tellers," and the children were asked to write a composition thereon.

This was little Johnnie's effort:

"One day mother left me in the house all alone. Pretty soon Tommy Jones came along and said let's go swimming. My mother won't let me. Ah, come on. So I went. When mother came back she said what makes your hair so wet. I said mother I can not tell a lie, I went swimming. And she said Johnnie I'm glad you took a bath."—Life.

A Long Chase

Necessity is the mother of invention, and the hungry Frenchman told about in a biography recently published in England illustrates the old adage anew.

He was in an English restaurant and wanted eggs for breakfast, but had forgotten the English word. So he got around the difficulty in the following way:

"Valterre, vat is dat valking in the yard?"

"A rooster, sir."

"A! and vat you call de rooster's wife?"

"The hen, sir."

"And vat you call de childrens of de rooster and his wife?"

"Chickens, sir."

"But vat you call de chicken before dey are chicken?"

"Eggs, sir."

"Bring me two."—The Christian Family.

Proof Positive

The teacher had been giving a reading on the anatomy of the body.

"Now, you see," she said, as she closed her book and laid it on the table, "the trunk is the middle part of the body. You understand that, don't you?"

All the children except one chorused, "Yes, ma'am."

"You understand it, too?" asked the teacher of the little boy who had not spoken with the others.

"It ain't so, ma'am," answered little Stephen.

"Why, my dear child," said teacher, in astonishment, "what do you mean?"

"Well," replied the boy, earnestly, "you ought to go to the circus and see the elephant."—Harper's Magazine.

The Weight of Numbers

Malachi O'Rourke, a familiar character in Chicago, had occasion to appear before a police magistrate to answer a charge of larceny. After hearing the testimony of two witnesses, who said they saw Malachi take the goods, the judge said:

"Well, Malachi, I think you're guilty?"

"An' what makes your honor think that?" asked the Celt.

"These two men, who say they saw you take the goods."

"An' is that all?" asked Malachi, in surprise, "Why, your honor, I can bring two hundred men who will swear they didn't see me take the goods."—Case and Comment.

The Hatred of Publicity

Some people hate publicity like the young Detroit man. He was dressed in a tight fitting suit of the latest cut, and his whole costume was a dream of sartorial refinement. And he was plainly embarrassed when he entered the editor's office.

"I was intensely shocked to read a notice in your paper of my engage-

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