

THE OLD HOME.

An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree,
A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not let me be;
In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

Down deep in my heart's core I hear them, and my eyes
Through tear mists behold them beneath the old-time skies,
Mid bee-hum and rose-bloom and orchard lands arise.

I hear them, and heartsick with longing is my soul
To walk there, to dream there, beneath the sky's blue bow;
Around me, within me, the weary world made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the long-ago;
To whisper the wood wind of things we used to know
When we were old companions, before my heart knew woe.

To walk with the morning and watch its rose unfold;
To drowse with the noontide, lulled on its heart of gold;
To lie with the night-time and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees and to each listening leaf
The longing, the yearning, as in my boyhood brief,
The old hope, the old love, would ease my heart of grief.

The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree,
The wild brook, the wild brook—they will not let me be;
In boyhood I knew them and still they call to me.

—Madison Cawein.



BY ELIZABETH AGRES

WHAT Jimmy said to me at the picnic about having a kodak to take a picture of My Girl and Little Son gave me an idea. My Girl hasn't had her photograph taken since we've been married. I can't see that she's changed much, except to grow prettier. If that's possible, but since we have Little Son I want a family group with me left out. I want a large picture to hang on the wall in our parlor, in a neat but not gaudy frame, and a little one to put in my watch.

My Girl laughed when I proposed the scheme. She said it would be nice to have Little Son's photograph, but she thought we better cut down expenses and leave her out, so long as I wouldn't be in the party. "I don't want to spoil the picture," I protested. "Now can you, even with your blind partiality, say I'm beautiful?" I asked her, striking an attitude. She looked me over with a critical eye.

"Oh, you're not so bad," she answered, pretending to be indifferent. I felt disappointed. I had a sneaking idea she'd say something complimentary and that's what I wanted. Pretty soon she did. She must have read my thoughts as she most generally knows what I'm thinking, whether I say it or not. "Let me take another look," she said. I let her.

Her eyes were full of fun, but she kept her face as solemn as an owl's while she put me on parade. It took her so long I was getting nervous, but at last she spoke.

"Teddy," she began, "I think you're lovely. How did I happen to get anything half so handsome as you?" Then we both laughed and I felt better, because her eyes showed she really liked my looks. It does a man good to get a little home appreciation once in a while, and My Girl is never backward in coming forward in that respect.

I kept on insisting that she should be in the picture with Little Son and finally she said she would—just to please me—so we settled it that way and I was to make the engagement with the photographer. Talking of photographs so much reminded me of a package of old timers I had put away somewhere. I hadn't thought to show them to My Girl so I knew she had never seen them, for she would not dream of examining my belongings without speaking to me first. She's that kind of a girl. I hunted around among the relics and brought them out, and Little Son being safely asleep, we proceeded to enjoy ourselves. They were done up in paper that had once been white, but time had yellowed it and the pink ribbon with which it was tied was soiled and faded. Honestly, when I saw that package, I got a shock. It looked for all the world like a sentimental girl's good-by-to-love-forever. I don't know where I got that pink ribbon, but there it was, and when My Girl saw it she began to giggle and said, "Here is a cemetery of buried hopes and joys. Did it hurt you much, Teddy?"

I smiled a feeble, sickly sort of a smile. Really I didn't quite know whose pictures were in that collection. Of course I'd been introduced to other girls before I met My Girl, but she's the last and best.

As it happened, my photograph, taken when I was a bald-headed infant, was the first to come out. You would

have thought it was a gold mine when My Girl saw it.

"Teddy!" she exclaimed, "why didn't you give this to me before? It's too dear for words. Isn't um sweet," she chirped, snuggling it up to her cheek. Then she held the little shabby card away from her and gazed and gazed. "You look just as Little Son does now, only—" she hesitated as if afraid of hurting my feelings—"don't you think he has a little, just a little mite more hair?" She said this very gently.

"Oh, yes," I told her cheerfully, "but mine grew, maybe his will fall out." "The idea," returned My Girl; "the very idea!" She put the picture down carefully and lifted out the next. It was a photograph of my father and mother taken together when they were first married.

"How sweet your mother was; she must have been a pretty woman; and your father is very nice looking, too. Their faces show they were happy." My Girl said, poring over the photograph. "Poor Teddy," she went on, laying her soft hand on my hair, "they died when you were a little bit of a fellow, didn't they?"

"Yes," I told her. "I can't remember them at all. You see I was so young I didn't realize what I had lost."

My Girl seemed thoughtful. "I can't remember my father and mother, either; they went away so long ago," she sighed.

She thought some more for a minute, and then she said: "Teddy, suppose that we—suppose that Little Son should be left alone—"

She stopped speaking, and I saw the tears in her eyes.

"Now, My Girl," I consoled, "chick up and don't be foolish. Look at us how strong and well we are; does it seem as though we would fade away very soon?"

"I don't know," answered My Girl, still worried and thoughtful. "I don't know."

I put my arm around her waist and walked her to a mirror where she could see there was no immediate danger of our being cut off in the bloom of our youth.

"Look at that and cheer up, My Girl," I advised, and My Girl looked and smiled at what she saw. Then she cheered right up and got the sunshine back in her face again.

"Show me some more pictures," she asked, when her scare was over. She'd been into the bedroom to make sure that Little Son had neither absconded nor escaped, so everything was propitious for the next chapter.

Photographs of several fellows I used to know came out of the bunch next. My Girl was interested because they were friends of mine, and she made me tell her everything I could think to tell about them.

"What a lot of good friends you've had, Teddy," she observed, when I had told all I knew, and she said it in such an admiring way I began to have a large and joyous opinion of myself. "Oh, there wasn't such an awful lot," I answered, modestly.

"Yes, there was, Teddy; yes, there was," My Girl insisted, "and you deserved them."

We filed those away and that left only one more. With the first glance I gave it, I knew it was the fatal card. It was the photograph of a girl. I once thought was the sun, moon, stars and all the earth, and then, pretty soon, I changed my mind. I don't know how her picture got put away with the rest, but there she was and My Girl had her.

"Who's the pretty lady, Teddy?" she asked, looking at the picture long and hard.

"Oh, just a girl I used to know," I told her in an offhand way.

"She has a real pretty face and she looks like a real nice girl," she commented graciously.

"Oh, she was," I returned, with more enthusiasm than was strictly necessary, and with more than I felt. You see, I had forgotten to mention her to My Girl and I wasn't sure how she'd take it, having the news broken without warning. You never can tell what these girls are going to do, and even My Girl gets quirky sometimes, but it doesn't last.

She laid the picture down with an air of having finished with it. "I think I'll let it go and nothing has happened. I chirked up and then My Girl made a quick change and went back to the picture.

"Were you very fond of her, Teddy?" she questioned.

"I liked her pretty well," I said, beginning to whistle a tuneless tune. "Oh, you did!" My Girl observed, reflectively.

I don't know why I couldn't have come out and told all without any evasion, because there was mighty little to be told, but instead I got red in the face and wriggled all over my chair, acting guilty.

"Did you know her when you knew me?" was My Girl's next question. "Well, I should say not," I declared emphatically. "Her date was years and years ago."

"Years and years ago you would have been very, very young," My Girl returned loftily. "What was her name?"

I opened my mouth to speak it, but the name wouldn't come. I had forgotten it completely.

"I don't know," I finally confessed like an idiot.

"I don't believe you," My Girl said looking scornful.

Just then Little Son woke up and called for help. My Girl walked off with her head high and perky, and I went out on the front porch and sat down, mad as fury, and feeling misery.

"I never knew My Girl to be unreasonable before," I was thinking; "now what's the use of getting excited over nothing? I couldn't even remember her other girl's name and I'd forgotten her for years. Well," I decided, "a man better give up trying to understand a woman. Every one is worse than a Chinese puzzle."

Those were my happy thoughts.

I could hear My Girl singing around the house, but it was the kind of singing she does when she's having trouble with her mind, and I didn't like her manner. She kept on singing and talking to Little Son, and presently I heard her voice growing chirrier and chirrier until it sounded like the birds in the morning, and I began to feel that way myself.

"Teddy," she called, "just as I was ready to go into the house and embrace my family, what did you say her name was?"

My heart dropped four feet. "There," I thought, "it's coming again."

Then she came to the door and I saw the mischief in her eyes and the smile on her lips. I got encouraged.

"I don't know, and I don't care," I answered recklessly. "Let's tear her up."

"Oh, no!" said My Girl; "let's keep her as an awful warning against jealousy."

I had to laugh and so did My Girl. The jar was over and nothing broken, but it was sad while it lasted.

Those photographs are taken and you should see them. There's one for the parlor—a big one, and one for my watch—a little one, and that I like the best, for now I have Little Son and My Girl always with me, and they're mine, all mine."—Toledo Blade.

SOCK RATES' WISDOM.

"I have found a new way to a man's heart," said the girl who has had three proposals this early in the season.

"It is through his socks. The stomach as a short cut to a man's affections is a regular continental railway route compared with the hosiery line of travel."

"The modern young man is excessively proud of his socks. There may be things that he is valuer of, but I have not discovered them. He exercises his best taste in buying them, and he likes to have that taste appreciated. He gives you every chance in the world to show your appreciation. Invariably he manages to leave a hiatus between his shoe tops and his trousers, and then, if you have designs on that young man, all you have to do is to cast sidelong but admiring glances at the revealed expanse of embroidered hosiery and murmur, 'What a pretty pattern!' and the trick is accomplished. You don't need to go into particulars. He understands. Those socks are the pride of his heart, and the minute he finds that you admire them, too, he is yours—for the summer season, at least."

It was a cheap philosopher who said knowledge is power. There is really nothing so helpless as the man who knows all about the things that happened long ago, and who contracted a hacking cough in acquiring his knowledge.



BONNY DUNDEE.

To the lords of convention 'twas Claver's who spoke:
"Ere the king's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each cavalier who loves honor and me
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."

"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee."

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The gude town is weel quit of the de'il of Dundee."

With sour featured wings the Grass-market was crammed,
As if half the west had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each ee,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

These crows of Kilmarnock had spits and spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to gill cavaliers;
And they shrunk to close heads, and the causeway was free
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks!
Ere I own an usurper I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnets and me."
—Sir Walter Scott.

LAST NIGHT.

Last night the nightingale waked me,
Last night when all was still;
It sang in the golden moonlight
From out the woodland hill.
I opened the window gently,
And all was dreamy dew—
And oh! the bird, my darling,
Was singing, singing of you!

I think of you in the day time,
I dream of you by night—
I wake—would you were near me
And hot tears blind my sight.
I hear a sigh in the lime tree,
The wind is floating through,
And oh! the night, my darling,
Is longing, longing for you.

Nor think I can forget you!
I could not though I would!
I see you in all around me—
The stream, the night, the wood:
The flowers that sleep so gently,
The stars above the blue,
Oh! heaven itself, my darling,
Is praying, praying for you!
—Theophile Marzials.

THEY KNOW GOOD FICTION.

Publishers Do Not Turn Away MSS. of Saleable Stories.

"An idea that does us a great deal of injury," said a New York publisher, according to the Washington Star, "is the fool notion that publishers, as a rule, don't know a good, or even a saleable, piece of fiction when they see it in manuscript. It would be fully as sensible to say that men who make a business of dealing in paintings don't know a good picture when they see it."

"You'll often hear these incompetent persons who are skeptical as to the competency of publishers to pass upon books in manuscript cite that incident of the British barrister who went to the prodigious trouble to copy Sir Walter Scott's 'Ivanhoe' from end to end, and sent the manuscript to a famous publishing concern as an original work, and who, in the course of time, got the manuscript back, with a letter from a member of the firm, stating that the book was dull, stupid, inaccurate and quite unworthy of being put between covers. That story may or may not be true. It has always seemed to me to be a heavy dose to swallow; anyhow, if it happened at all, it happened in England, which is some few thousand geographical miles from the United States, where publishers are live people, if I do say so as shouldn't."

"But even admitting—that I certainly do not—that publishers themselves are incapable of passing on the quality of manuscripts submitted to them, what do we all employ professional readers for?"

"It is easy enough to cite cases of books that eventually achieved fame that have been hawked about from publisher to publisher and turned down by one professional reader after another. But what of the great mass of manuscripts that are not peddled about that instantly capture the attention of the publisher and the approval of the professional reader, and that

are published out of hand by the firms that first get hold of them?"

"The fact that publishers decidedly do know a good book when they see it—or see even a part of it—was illustrated not so long ago in the case of a novel that, after an almost unprecedented sale, has already been translated into all of the languages of Europe. The man who wrote this book was following an extremely exacting profession at the time the scheme of the novel took shape in his head. He couldn't see much chance of his ever getting the thing written, for he had to make a living for himself and his family, and, in these days, when a man gets through the business of making a living he hasn't much of a head left for good literary effort.

"But he started to 'plug away' at the novel, as he expressed it, jotting down passages in trains and even in cabs, any place at which he happened to be at leisure for a while. In this way he completed the first few chapters of the book. He wasn't a particularly indulgent critic of his own work, but the embryo novel struck him as being a pretty good sort of a thing. So he took a few hours off one day and went to see a publishing firm with his few first chapters in his pocket.

"The publisher told him to come back on the following day. The publisher read those first few chapters, and when the writer returned on the following day the contract for publication was all ready to be signed. The publisher urged the writer of the few chapters to resign his position and go ahead and finish the novel, and he advanced the writer a considerable piece of the prospective royalties to enable him to do this. The writer adopted the suggestion, his book was finished inside of three months, printed and immediately proved a dazzler of a seller. Not only was it a seller, but it was a good piece of fiction writing. If you will permit me to screen my blushes, I will inform you that I was the publisher in this instance. But I am only one out of scores of publishers who are on the lookout for such opportunities all the time."

ON NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson's Reply to the Assault of Henry James.

The defense of "newspaper English" by Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, coming so close upon Henry James' vigorous assault, seems to be intended as a reply to the latter gentleman, says the Baltimore Sun. Mr. James, in a recent speech in this city and elsewhere, uttered remarks about the newspapers calculated to make their ears tingle and their argus eyes to stare. He calls newspaper English an "eruption of black type," "hysteria," "screaming" and what not. It cannot be denied that there is some occasion for this terrific arraignment. There is also "book English," which is open to the same criticism. The language of many books is bad, hysterical, a mere eruption of type, and in some of them it is dull, involved and muddy. But it would be manifestly unjust to apply these terms to the language of all books, including those of Mr. James. Dr. Wilson said:

"I think the English used in newspaper articles is remarkably good. It is generally terse and clear and right to the point and tells in a simple way exactly what the writer wants to say. It is most surprising to me to understand how the reporters, writing as they do so hurriedly and under such a great pressure are able to write so well. I can hardly comprehend it. None need be afraid of spoiling his taste for good English by reading newspapers. The articles are almost always delightfully free from stiltedness and trite conventionality, which is more than can be said of the average collegian's effusions."

But Mr. James did not confine his criticism to reporters. The editor and the correspondent come in for their share of condemnation. It is said of Macaulay that the smooth flowing, beautifully rounded sentences which seem to have poured from his pen like rain from the clouds of summer were, in fact, written, rewritten and revised until there was not room to interline any more. The newspaper writer has no opportunity to do this. The paper goes to press at a certain hour and there is no time for revision. Nevertheless, some of the best writers in this or any other country have been newspaper writers. They were good writers, not only in the language they employed, but in the force and vigor with which they enforced their views.

ONE WAS AN OVERDOSE.

Biggs—You don't look well, old man. Are you sick?
Diggs—Yes; smoked too much today.
Biggs—Indeed! How many cigars did you smoke?
Diggs—One.
Biggs—Why, that isn't excessive.
Diggs—Yes, but it was the one you gave me last night.—Detroit Tribune.

If we visited in the country where there was a cyclone cellar, we wouldn't wait for a high wind to send us flying to see the preserved fruit kept there.