

SONG

When that I loved a maiden
My heaven was in her eyes,
And when they bent above me
I knew no deeper skies;
But when her heart forsook me,
My spirit broke its bars,
For grief beyond the sunset
And love beyond the stars.

When that I loved a maiden
She seemed the world to me;
Now is my soul in the universe
My dreams—the sky and sea!
There is no heaven above me,
No glory binds or bars
My grief beyond the sunset,
— My love beyond the stars.

When that I loved a maiden
I worshipped where she trod;
But when she clove my heart, the
cleft
Set free the imprisoned God;
Then was I king of all the world.
My soul had burst its bars
For grief beyond the sunset
And love beyond the stars.
—Alfred Noyes in Everybody's.

THOUGHT STREET WAS A RIVER

"Come on in, fellers, the water's fine," shouted Peter Lenz yesterday, as he perched himself on a garbage box at Orleans and State streets, peeled off his shirt and tried to make a high dive under the street car tracks.

Policeman Mee of the Chicago avenue station saw Lenz at the apex of his dive, made a slide for the corner and arrived in time to receive the diver on the elastic portion of his anatomy where he wears his belt.

It was one of the most thrilling rescues in the history of aquatics. One second less, and Lenz would have landed on his head and probably fractured a valuable cobblestone.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

BE A MAN, BOY

So you are 21?

And you stand up clear-eyed, clean-minded, to look all the world squarely in the eye. You are a man!

Did you ever think, son, how much it has cost to make a man out of you?

Some one has figured up the cost in money of rearing a child. He says to bring a young man to legal age, care for him and educate him, costs \$25,000. Which is a lot of money to put into flesh and blood.

But that isn't all.

You have cost your father many hard knocks and short dinners and worry and gray streaks in his hair. And your mother—ah, boy, you will never know! You have cost her days and nights of anxiety and wrinkles in her dear face and heart-aches and sacrifice.

It has been expensive to grow you. But—

If you are what we think you are, you are worth all you cost—and much, much more.

Be sure of this: While father doesn't say much but "Hello, son," way down deep in his tough, staunch heart, he thinks you are the finest ever. And as for the little mother, she simply can not keep her love and pride for you out of her eyes.

You are a man now.

And some time you must step into your father's shoes. He wouldn't like you to call him old, but just the same he isn't as young as he used to be. You see, young man, he has been working pretty hard for more than twenty years to help you up! And already your mother is beginning to lean on you.

Doesn't that sober you Twenty-one?

Your father has done fairly well, but you can do better. You may not think so, but he does. He has given you a better chance than he had. In many ways you can begin where he

left off. He expects a good deal from you, and that is why he has tried to make a man of you.

Don't flinch, boy.

The world will try you out. It will put to the test every fiber in you. But you are made of good stuff. Once the load is fairly strapped on your young shoulders, you will carry it and scarcely feel it—if only there be the willing and cheerful mind.

All hail, you, on the threshold!

It's high time you were beginning to pay the freight. And your back debts to father and mother. You will pay them, won't you, boy?

How shall you pay them?

By being always and everywhere a man!—Grand Rapids Chronicle.

OH! THANK YOU

Recently an automobilist ran down and killed a hen. He was a conscientious automobilist. Instead of racing along, unmindful of the grief of the owners of that hen, he immediately stopped, got out, tenderly picked up the unfortunate fowl and rang the doorbell of the farmhouse, from the vicinity of which it had emerged. A woman opened the door. "I am very sorry to inform you," remarked the automobilist, "that I have unintentionally killed this hen of yours." He held the fowl up to her view. "Now, I am quite willing to pay whatever value—" But she checked him with this joyous exclamation:

"Oh, I'm so much obliged to you. I've been trying to catch that hen for three days to cook it for dinner, and I never could so much as lay a hand on the pesky thing. Thank you, sir, thank you."—New York Times.

THE FIVE STAGES

There are five stages in a president's popularity:

1. On election; great acclaim and general praise.

2. During administration; continual criticism of both kinds, praise and censure; liked by some, detested and maligned by others.

3. On leaving office; popularity at zero; a feeling of relief that his power is at an end; all eyes on his successor.

4. Ten years after retirement; prevailing respect of the people; a return of popularity; a general feeling that he made a good president; comparisons in his favor with the president then in office.

5. Death; universal and overwhelming eulogy; an honored place in history.—Wall Street Journal.

APPRECIATION FOR PA

A Baltimore man had decided that he must administer a stern lecture to his 6-year-old son Harry. The boy had been naughty, but did not seem to appreciate the fact; and it was with some reluctance, therefore, that the parent undertook a scolding.

He spoke judiciously, but severely; he recounted the lad's misdeeds, and duly explained the whys and wherefores of his solemn rebuke, his wife the while sitting by duly impressed.

Finally, when the father ceased for breath and, incidentally, to hear the culprit's acknowledgement of error, the lad, his face beaming with admiration, turned to the mother and said:

"Ma, isn't pa interesting?"—Harper's Magazine.

NO TIME FOR DETAILS

"Are you aware," said the philologist, "that some of these campaign orators split their infinitives?"

"Let 'em alone," answered Senator Sorghum; "we'll be lucky if they don't split the party."—Washington Star.

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