

GREETING.

Traveler—I greet thee—  
Meeting moments, fleetly,  
Pass away.

Wherefore, greet me kindly—  
Hate strikes wildly, blindly:  
Foolish they,

When brief time will part them,  
Each 'gainst each doth arm him,  
For his Say.

Let not hatred's harvest  
Be with us our largest,  
At Doom's-day.

So, thy road go—I mine  
For, through cloud and sunshine,  
Comet the day.

When we shall foregather,  
Sowings reap together,  
Thus wise way.

—IDYLA.

SONG OF THE YUCCA.

Sharp is the edge of my  
hard rough leaves,  
Sturdy my fibrous weedy stem,  
I and the sage brush  
and cactus thorns—  
If we parch here and die—  
what then?  
But look at my great-branched  
spike of flowers.  
Look at my waxen petals spread  
Look at the cactus plains abloom  
With their gold and their rich deep red.

Starved by an empty acrid soil,  
Dried by the sweep of resistless air,  
Scorched by the glare of a brazen sky,  
Yet these are the flowers we bear!  
ANNIE PREY.

Dorothy's Inquiry.

Dorothy has a baby brother who has recently been ill with the coming through of his first teeth. I think he has the baldest head I ever saw on an infant. It has caused Dorothy great anxiety. She stood at the mother's knee one day, gently patting the little head.

"Be careful, Dorothy," said the mother. "You know poor little brother is sick. He is cutting his teeth."

Dorothy patted the bald head reflectively.

"Mamma," she said, "is it going to make him sick when he cuts his hair?"  
—Washington Post.

"On Satan's Knees."

A little girl of five or so was much puzzled on hearing the lines of the old hymn,—

And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.  
"What ever," she asked "did they want to sit on Satan's knees for? I'm sure I should not like to sit on Satan's knees at all. And why should he tremble, if they were so little?" This a delightful bit of childish misunderstanding, and is half pathetic in its suggestion of how we wander when searching for the meanings of our hieroglyphics.  
—National Review.

"Yes," said young Scapely, reflectively. "I once played the part of the prodigal son."

"And did your old man kill the calf?" inquired Chumley.

"Almost," was the sad reply. "He wore out two barrel staves on me."

Arthur—Who was the best man at your wedding?

Fred—Her father. He paid the minister, flowers, caterer, music—the whole blooming show.

It Had a Different Ring.

"As a new woman," he said, "I suppose you will object to the wedding-ring as a symbol of man's tyranny."

"Of course I shall," she replied. "Under no circumstances would I consent to wear such a thing. It is not essential to a marriage, and it stands for all that is objectionable in the marriage relation."

"And so on the same theory," he continued, "I suppose you will refuse to wear an engagement-ring also."

"Well, no," she answered slowly and thoughtfully. "That's a very different matter."

"But theoretically it —"

"There is no use arguing," she interposed. "I don't care what it is theoretically. Practically it is very often a diamond, while the wedding-ring is only plain gold, and that makes all the difference in the world."—Chicago Post.

Teacher—Can you parse the verb "to love?"

Bright Pupil—Present, to love; past, loved; future, divorced.

Had Him Sized Up.

"Now that we are engaged, Clarence," said the affectionate young girl, "I should like to call you some pet name."

"That will be nice," replied the young man.

"What is your pet name at home?"

"Well, the fact is, I was never petted much at home. Father and mother never called me anything but Clarence, and I never had any brothers or sisters."

"But surely your intimate associates among the young men do not call you Clarence?"

"No."

"And I suppose, too, that they don't call you Mr. Harkins all the time?"

"No."

"Well, what do they call you? A name that your familiar friends call you ought to be the one for me to address you by."

"They call me Coldfoot Clarry."

"What makes you think she's a contortionist?"

"She can put on her stockings without sitting on the floor."

"I can easier tell twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow my own advice," says Shakespeare. And he knew a thing or two about advertising. See how he keeps himself before the public.

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Like every other art its laws are learned only by practice; but no matter who discovers them or who expounds them, they are just as sure and unchangeable as gravitation. That is a law that a monkey can demonstrate with a coconut as completely as Sir Isaac Newton in all his glory.

Don't sit on the critic. Disprove his criticism if you can, but be impersonal about it. Discuss his principles or theories upon their merits or demerits, independent of the man who advances them. A wise man can learn from fools; a fool can't learn from anybody.

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Mama drinks Pepsotonic too!