LEWIS NIXON, NEW TAMMANY BOSS

MAN WHO DESIGNED THE BATTLESHIP OREGON AT THE HEAD OF THE GREAT POLITICAL MACHINE

many Hall organization of New York, is an interesting object-lesson to any political municipal body in the United States. He has had the amazing courage to take up the defeated elements of a great city (defeated under most violent accusations of dishonesty and demoralization), to rally the scattered forces for future electioneering warfare. In spite of flagrant proof agairst Tammany Hall, showing the personal audacity of many of its most prominent members, Mr. Nixon has stepped quietly in front of these Crokerites and said: "I will be your leader, I'll take the job." and shut his jaws tight together, committed to a most difficult undertakingfor better or for worse.

"How do you like it?" I asked him, during a talk at Tammany Hall.

'Don't like it, but I'm in it, and I'll stick to it to the end. I'll see it through," he said orisals

"What made you take it?" He was amused at this blunt inquisition, and in his answer was an indication of the sterling sincerity of the man,

They wanted a man for the place, and I just stepped in and said I'd take it." "They were glad to get you."

"Don't know; they took me, at any rate, and I'm going to stay."

"What are you going to do with all the old fellows, the trained benchmen of Richard Croker?" I asked, for there is that in Mr. Nixon's appearance that is not strictly political; he is built on very square outlines.

"I have absolutely nothing to do with selecting the officers and district leaders of this organization. The primary laws govern all members in official capacity, and nothing could put any member out of the organization.

"But you are enrolling new members all the time?"

"As fast as we can, and we look into their private histories, their political affillations. We propose to get the 300,000 Democrats in New York City on our list, for I consider Tammany Hall is the Democratic headquarters as much as the Union League Club is the Republican headquarters. Every Democrat in this city can come here, whether he be a member or not, and receive any advice, patronage, support or assistance the Tammany Hall organization can furnish. Tammany Hall is to become a straight

emocratic organization?"
"That's what we want, and that is what we are bringing about."

"And Mr. Croker has really and truly and positively retired forever and ever?" "Positively; he is an old man, and he as earned his holiday."

The Jerome of the Democrats.

It is a remarkable thing to see the Tammany men gather in the executive-room of the organization to get a little inspiration and confidence from this self-reliant. cheerful, determined young leader. They are listless, disinterested; they lounge about with their heads bowed, their eyes dull, a ghostly crew of gloom. Then Mr. Nixon grasps each one by the hand, pulls him into the chair beside him, looks him straight in the eye, infuses some of his own vitality into him, and he walks out, head erect, hopeful, elastic, freshened up. Nixon is the human symbol of success-he breathes it, looks it, is it, These is something in the confident atmosphere of the man, in his business repufor any political party, municipal, or state,

He is the Jerome of the Democrats in New York, with a good record for con-servative business habits thrown in. He is not aggressive, and he has the refresh-ment of contrast in work, between his shippard in the morning and Mr. Croker's old desk in the afternoon. He is not the olitics. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, at the head of his class, then went to Europe and took a course of naval architecture and marine engineering at Royal Naval College, in Greenwich, England. Since his return, he designed the greatest modern battle-ships, the Oregon, the Indiana, the Massachusetts. This he accomplished in 90 days. Later he opened his own shipyards, built the gunboats Annapolis, Josephine, Margreve, and the

sub-marine torpedo-boat Holland. Hall, being a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the Democratic Club, and

EWIS NIXON, the young man whom Richard Croker appointed for his successor as leader of the Taniy Hall organization of New York, is interesting object-lesson to any political republical ambition.

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The face of an independent standing as a business man, with the cumulative interest in his profession of shipbuilding, will be hampered in his obligations by interest. It acts upon every citizen who received the face of an independent standing as a business man, with the cumulative interesting object-lesson to any political ambition.

Too for they don't come around here districts and work night and day, to too, for they don't come around here will be accomplish results," he added.

"Without self-interest?" I asked.

"What is a party principle but self-interest. It acts upon every citizen who received the profession of business man, with the cumulative interest in his profession of shipbuilding, will be hampered in his obligations by interest. It acts upon every citizen who received the profession of business man, with the cumulative interest in his profession of shipbuilding, will be hampered in his obligations by interest. It acts upon every citizen who received the profession of shipbuilding interest. It acts upon every citizen who received the profession of shipbuilding interest. It acts upon every citizen who received the profession of shipbuilding interest. It acts upon every citizen who received the profession of shipbuilding interest. It acts upon every citizen who received the profession of shipbuilding interest. It acts upon every citizen who received the profession of shipbuilding interest. It acts upon every citizen who received the profession of shipbuilding interest. It acts upon every citizen who received the profession of shipbuilding interest. It acts upon every citizen who received the profession of shipbuilding interest. It acts upon every citizen who received the professi

why Did He Take the Job?

And yet, why has he assumed these responsibilities, which involve a mass of detailed labor? He said himself that he does not like it. The reasons are such as appeal to the most valuable prospects in the cest upon every cities who votes."

Tammany Hall under Mr. Nixon's leadership intends to re-establish its standing upon the platform of Democracy, and, after all, a clean Democrat is as much a reformer against dishonest conditions as a clean Republican, and in expressing this fact by industrious addience myeld on the organize, and the reconstruction plans I am making exclude everything and everyone that can in any way clog the smooth, clean running of the machine. It would not be within the principles of democracy to dictate, rather let us say



LEWIS NIXON, SUCCESSOR OF RICHARD CROKER, AS THE BOSS OF TAMMANY,

in the political future of any American city—he is a patriotic believer in the integrity of his party—a staunch Demoto the young man who hesitates assuming political office, because he sees only the entanglements, and not the principle. number of young men who will develop loyalty to their party, when the prinloyalty to their party, when the prin-ciple is shown them, instead of the spolis!" said Mr. Nixon warmly.

"All the morals but, when they come to see me, these men who are not spoils!" said Mr. Nixon warmly.
"All they need is a little advice, a It does not seem reasonable to suppose suggestion, and they will go into their to them. They seem to understand me

municipal government.

"How are you going to purify Tam-many Hall?" I asked him.
"Well certain men who have done the "It is perfectly wonderful to see the organization no good, will not be enumber of young men who will develop couraged. I cannot arbitrate the charwanted, I make my wishes quite clear

community. "So you find the man who has made politics a life-study, a useful member?"
"We want the places of the older men filled with young men. We need the young men in politics, and we are going to train them to fill the places of the old," said Mr. Nixon warmly. "You are an optimist," I said,

ANSWERS

must follow. Provide for the safety of all by selecting honest political agents." "Young men are more honest in pol-ities than the old?" I asked.

singleness of purpose, his intelligence developes the advantages of integrity of character, over craft and shrewdness. Young men, I think as a whole, are more temperate too in their habits, than the old." "The young man is more likely to have

Richard Croker has been a politician all his life, Lewis Nixon has been trained as a shipbuilder. The trend of his mind is constructive, exact, accurate. To make a ship float, she must be built on certain standard lines. There are definite rules to observe, and there is no mystery about them. The older members of Tammany Hall did not take kindly to Mr. Croker's statement that Lewis Nixon would be their chief when he resigned. He had not grown up with the organization, he had never been a captain, or a district leader. How could be know anything about the intricacies of the machine? Mr. Nixon did not care anything about previous plans. Like all young men, he was a straight out and out voter. He had certain intelligent reasons and convictions that governed his vote, that made him a democrat, as different convictions might make

another a republican. "I made a personal sacrifice in accepting the leadership of Tammany Hall, bu every man has some duty to his country, and I had mine." Gradually the old heelers, the men who have lived off the political revenue of Mr. Croker's wonderful political system, will find a different spirit in Tammany Hall. The man who designed the Oregon is planning a great ocratic ship, which he will launch in v York and send out as a specimen of what party principles look like, apart from personal political ambitions, and the private greed of municipal control. I asked Mr. Nixon if he had political ambitions, if he would run for office.
"If this organization required me to do

so, no doubt I should," he said, and except for those conditions I do not be-lieve he has any great political aspirations. Likes Hard Work.

Lewis Nixon is an interesting exam-

ple to young men who contemplate a political career, and a safe example. He looke upon his political obligations as part of his duty, a sentiment almost akin to the responsibilities of his conscience. Of course, there are backbiters and scoffers and minds that warp the least intentions and endeavors. These hint at private motives that have urged Lewis Nixon to become the leader of Tammany Hall, but I can look at the facts as I know them.

and the man as I see him.

He is an athletic six-footer, dark, swarthy, genial, with the deep resonant voice that so many Southerners have. He is a Virginian, born in Leesburg, 41 years ago. Of course, he is one of those men who has no interest in anything that does not involve work.

ccess is within everyone's reach. It simply means work," he said, and he does

He is at his shippard in Elizabeth, N. J., by 9 in the morning. In the afternoon he opens his desk at Tammany Hall. In and with his private secretary, Mr. Alfred T. Camacho, as chaffeur he scoots about the town, attending district meetings, four or five in a night. He lives at the Waldorf-Astoria with his wife and child, a

"Don't you find the work exhausting?" ome one asked him once.
"Not half so exhausting as idleness,"

he answered with a smile.

This youthful steam, this impetus of a man's energies in full action at the prime of life, is what Mr. Croker shrewd-ly recognized Tammany Hall needed, to revitalize its action.

Has No Use for Drones.

Lewis Nixon has no use for drones. He wants men about him who will work as he does himself, under the same impulse of

party feeling that he believes in.
"I see all kinds, sorts and conditions of men here," he said at the end of an afternoon's session. "Some I like and some I don't, but the first and foremost fact I satisfy myself about them is, are they Democrats at heart. You have no idea of the mass of detail this work involves, and it must all be done accurately and faith-

"And cheerfully." I added. in a principle, and every good Democrat "Cheerfulness is the outcome of faith

"Are the anti-Tammanyites coming back to the fold?" "The anti-Tammanyites were the chaps

who believed in the principles of Democracy, and since Tammany has sworn obedience to the letter, to the Democrats of New York City, to the Democrats of the United States, I might say the disgruntled members are returning to us daily."

As a designer of famous battle-ships, the new Tammany leader has made Amer-ica a sea-power. He made the plans of the Oregon in 90 days. What won't he do for municipal politics, with 300,000 Democrats to build with?

This young man in politics will be an example to every municipal organization in the United States, for he represents principles, not spoils! PENDENNIS. general welfare of the principles, not spolls! (Copyright, 1902.)

Washington's Oleomargarine Law.

What is the law of the State of Wash-

ngton in regard to oleomargarine, and to

Its sale and its use in hotels, restaurants

"The greyhound, which can cover a mile in 1:28, is the fastest of quadrupeds." Is

the greyhound faster than the horse for

Did you ever know of a horse who could

Woman's Inheritance Rights.

ing is erected, using the wife's money, how could it be arranged so that, in case

of the husband's death, the wife would have the property, without recourse to

He could make his will in her favor, but

if he made no will, the law of Oregon

What was the first steamer to pass through Cascade Locks on opening of

To Various Correspondents.

B. J., Salem, Or.-Write to the Massa-

chusetts State Historical Society, Boston.

Subscriber, Roseburg-This is the third

law, there being no children?

would give her all the property.

same November 5, 1896?

If the husband owns the lot, and a build-

what extent is it enforced?

Washougal, Wash.

one mile?

What authors of poetry and prose are called classical, and why are they so called? Are any of the modern authors called classical? Is the Bible considered classical? And isn't any and all kinds Fourth-Did President Roosevelt order an appeal to a higher court in behalf of the settlers of Clark County, Washington, against the Northern Pacific Raliroad Company overlap indemnity liet No. 1187 D. H. P. of writing considered literature? D. James Russell Lowell says "a classic is properly a book which can be simple with- 119?

out being vulgar, elevated without being distant, and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new and incapable of growing old." This means that a classic is any book or work of art that is a standard or model, any author, anclent or modern, whose work is accepted as a standard of excellence. If a book holds its own firmly as part of the world's permanent literature, standing at the top of its class, it may justly be called a classic. The Bible, that is, the King James translation, might be called a classic because of the admirable English, but all the Bible is not noble literature. Job, Isaiah, the Psalme, are noble literature. but some of the Bible is mere annals or fable or Hebrew ritualism, and is not noble literature at all, so tested as literature all the Bible is not a classic, al-

Any and all kinds of writing are not considered literature. Literature is deor, catholicity of thought, by fitness, purity and grace of style and by artistic concourse, does not include purely scientific writings or technical writings or those prepared for a class, a trade, profession, or writings which violate the principles of correct taste, or writings that are not only sustain the constitution of this readily in the markets here. Any number shapeless and without essential and or- state, but also of the United States, ganle unity. Newspaper articles are not in a strict sense literature. Literature, includes orations, representative discourse and poetry. Literature rises above professional or commonplace writings.

though many of its books could be called

First-What difference is there in the process for manufacturing creamery and dairy butter, to settle an argument of

Second-Is it lawful for a dairyman to sell dairy butter and state that it is

against the order to find why he was re-

OUESTIONS AND

1. Dairy butter is made in the ordinary

churner and generally the milk is skimmed by hand. Creamery butter is made by modern machinery under the

2. It is, if the dairyman makes it under the separator process, and in less quantities than 25 pounds a week.

3. He may bring sult, but it will remain with the court and the lodge to determine whether the reason shall be made public. Try it, if you like, The Oregonian will take pleasure in publishing a report of the trial and the result.

Rules of the National Guard.

The National Guard is at present under the jurisdiction of the state and the pres-ent members joined under conditions by the state. If the guard is transferred to the jurisdiction of the United States and thereby comes under further obligations and more stringent rules, have not the members who joined under Oregon the power to withdraw if

Yes. But there is no intention of making such a change. Where men are in the service of the United States they have to conform to United States regulations. When Oregon National Guardsmen are it would be much better to stock your sworn in, they make oath that they will pond with catfish (bullheads), which sell

How to Secure Surveys.

1. A man lives on unsurveyed land, How would he got at it to have it surveyed?

2. Has he the right to fence the same before it is surveyed. 3. Has he the right to sell timber for improvements and his

ing Government land so as to keep people off it, it is not enforced in cases where men fence the tracts they are actually settling on and intending to enter under No. | the homestead law.

Additional Land for Homestead.

If a man owns 160 acres of land, or less, can he take up a full homestead of 160 acres? There seems to be a confusion among many as to the reading of that part of the homestead law. Some seem to think that a person can own as much as 160 acres of land, and have the right to take up 190 acres under the homestead law besides, and others claim that a person owning land, less than 160 acres, can take up a homestead, which shall not, with the land already owned, exceed in the aggregate 160 acres. Please explain

He cannot take as a homestead more land than will make 160 acres with what he already owns. And what he takes as a homestend must be contiguous to what he already owns.

I have a pond which I wish to stock with carp. How can I get them?

By catching them or buying them, Carp are frequently seen in the market here alive. Any number of small ones can be obtained in the Summer from carp fishermen. Carp are not valued here, except by the Chinese. If you desire financial result could be obtained alive from a fisherman, and could be carried a long distance in a

can or barrel. . "Premium" on Coins. Is there any premium on the 18-cent piece of 1895? If so, how much, and where does a person apply to get it?

F. V.

No. There seems to be a wide misun 1. Apply to United States Surveyor-derstanding of "premiums" on coins. General, Portland, and he will furnish There is no "premium." If by age or free blank applications for surveys. Not scarcity or from other cause coins become less than three bona fide settlers on a rare, collectors offer more than their intownship must apply for its survey. It is trinsic value for them. These artificial Third-A man has made application generally from 11/2 to two years after the values are set forth in catalogues which

What Constitutes Cinssical Writing? to join a secret society and is rejected application is made before the survey is dealers issue. This statement will serve the stump in one of the National cambratery and prose are by ballot. Can be bring a civil suit ordered from Washington. 2. While there is a law against fenc- to The Oregonian the past week, his political opponents into the infernal regions.

Why are trees which are to be removed girdled before cutting down? Also, why do they continue in a flourishing condition after girdling? Would the trees which are girdled die the second year if permitted to stand?

Generally speaking, trees which are to and boarding-houses is allowed where it be removed are not girdled before cutting is free from coloration that causes it down. Trees generally do not continue to to resemble butter. But signs must be flourish for any length of time after be- displayed announcing that it is oleomaring girdled. Trees which have been garine. girdled, if they did not die the first year, might or might not die the second year, They probably would. The correctness of this statement, clipped from The Oregonian, is questioned: In several places about town poplar

trees have been girdled to kill them in order to bring about their removal. The poplar sometimes, when not girdled deeply, puts out leaves the next Spring, the tree being a hard one to kill. Many trees will die if only a ring of the bark is run a mile in 1:28? Breed such a one and taken off, but the wood of the poplar you may name your own price. is porous and the sap ascends inside a girdle which is not very deep. A limb broken off a poplar tree and stuck in the ground will take root and grow, but with most trees this is not the case,

Why is it that in christening vessels bottle of wine is used and the bottle broken? What does it typify, and when and where did the custom originate?

Will some reader of The Oregonian who knows please answer? Inquiry among shipbuilders, skippers, sailors, shipping agents and others who are well informed in na utical matters failed to elicit any knowledge on the subject.

Yearly Rainfall. What is the average yearly rainfall in

Portland, Or? The average for the past 10 years was

How did the senior Senator from South Carolina gain the nickname of "Pitch-

time you have asked the question. When names do not accompany inquiries the letter goes to the waste basket, M. E. H.-A letter addressed to James J. Hill, St. Paul, Minn., would reach the Why He Is Called "Pitchfork." railroad magnate.

M. W .- Consult your family physician, Pupil-There are 1000 thousands in a From some of his bland utterances on

SUITABLE FOR THE SCRAP BOOK Barbara Frietchie.

The Eternal Goodness. O Friends! with whom my feet have trod The quiet aisles of prayer, Glad witness to your zeal for God And love of man I bear.

trace your lines of argument; Your logic linked and strong, weigh as one who dreads dissent, And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still, my human hands are weak, To hold your fron creeds: Against the words ye bid me speak My heart within me pleads. Who fathoms the Eternal Thought!

Who talks of scheme and plan? The Lord is God! He needeth not The poor device of man. walk, with bare, hushed feet, the ground dare not fix with mete and bound. The love and power of God.

His pitying love I deem: Ye seek a King; I fain would touch The robe that hath no seam

Ye see the curse which overbroods A world of pain and loss; I hear our Lord's beatitudes And prayer upon the cross.

Myself, alas! I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

bow my forehead to the dust. I vell my eyes for shame, And urge, in trembling self-distrust, A prayer without a claim. see the wrong that round me lies,

I feel the guilt within; I hear, with groan and travail-cries, The world confess its sin.

And tossed by storm and flood, To one fixed trust my spirit clings-I know that God is good!

And scraphs may not see, But nothing can be good in Him Which evil is in me. The wrong that pains my soul below I dare not throne above; I know not of Hls hate—I know His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess, from blessings known, Of greater out of sight, And, with the chastened Psalmist, own His judgments, too, are right.

For vanished smiles I long; But God hath led my dear ones on, And He can do no wrong.

Of marvel, or surprise, Assured alone that life and death His mercy underlies To bear an untried pain, The bruised reed He will not break,

No offering of my own I have, Nor works, my faith to prove: I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love.

But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the Silent Sea

I wait the muffled oar: No harm from Him can come to me On ocean or on shore. I know not where His islands lift

Their fronded palms in air; I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care. O Brothers; if my faith is vain,

If hopes like these betray, Pray for me that my feet may gain The sure and safer way,

And Thou, Q Lord, by whom are seen Thy creatures as they be, Forgive me, if too close I lean My human heart on Thee.

-J. G. WHITTIER.

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain

Whose constant cares were to increase And keep his only son, myself, at home, For I had heard of battle, and I longed To follow to the field some warlike lord; And heaven soon granted what my sire denied.

This moon which rose last night round as my shield. Had not yet filled her horns, when by her light A band of fierce barbarians from the hills Rushed like a torrent down upon the vale.

Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds For safety and for succor. I alone With bended bow and quiver full of arrows, Hovered about the enemy and marked The road he took, then hastened to my friends, Whom with a troop of fifty chosen m

I met advancing. The pursuit I led
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.
We fought and conquered e'er a sword was
drawn.
An arrow from my bow had plerced their chief. Who were that day the arms which

Returning home in triumph I disclaimed The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard That our good King had summoned his bold To lead their warriors to the Carron side, l left my father's home and took with me A chosen servant to conduct my steps— You trembling coward, who forwook his master. Journeying with this intent, I passed these

And, heaven-directed, came this day to do And, heaven-directed, came.

The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

—John Homs.

> Laughing, the blind boys Run round their college lawn, Playing such games of buff Over its dappled grass.

See the blind frollesome Girls in blue pinafores, Turning their skipping-ropes. How full and rich a world Theirs to inhabit is Sweet scent of grass and bloom, Playmates' glad symphony. Cool touch of western wind, Sunshine's divine carees.

They are in darkness? If a Redeemer came, Laid fingers on their eyes— One touch and what a world

How should they know or feel

Spaces of green and sky, Hulls of white cloud adrift, Ivy-grown college walls,

New-born in loveliness!

What a dark world-who knows !-Ours to inhabit let One touch, and what a strange Glory might burst on us, What a hid universe!

Do we sport carelessly, Of an Apocalypse?

Song.

-L Zangwill.

Who has robbed the ocean cave, To tinge thy lips with coral hue? Who from India's distant wave For thee those pearly treasures drew? Who, from yonder Orient sky, Stole the morning of thine eye?

Thousand charms, thy form to deck, From sea, and earth, and air are torn; Roses bloom upon thy cheek, On thy breath their fragrance borne, Guard thy bosom from the day, Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind, Which mute earth can ne'er impart; Nor in ocean wilt thou find, Nor in the circling air, a heart. Fairest! wouldst thou perfect be

Up from the meadows rich with corn, Clear in the cool September morn, The clustered spires of Frederick stand Green-walled by the bills of Maryland. Round about them orchards sweep, Apple and peach tree fruited deep, Pair as a garden of the Lord To the eyes of the famished rebel horde, On that pleasant morn of the early Fall When Lee marched over the mountain wall-Forty flags with their silver stars, Forty flags with their crimson bars, Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then, Bowed with her fourscore years and ten; Bravest of all in Frederick town. She took up the flag the men hauled down; In her attle window the staff she set, To show that one heart was loyal yet, Up the street came the rebel tread, Stonewall Jackson riding ahead, Under his slouched hat left and right He glanced; the old flag met his sight, It shivered the window, pane and sash; It rent the banner with seam and gash, A shade of sadness, a blush of shame, Over the face of the leader came: The nobler nature within him stirred To life at that woman's deed and word: "Who touches a hair of you gray head Dies like a dog! March on!" he said. All day long through Frederick street Sounded the tread of marching feet; All day long that free flag tost Over the heads of the rebel host. Ever its torn folds rose and fell On the loyal winds that loved it well; And through the hill-gaps sunset light Shone over A with a warm good-night. Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er, And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier. Over Barbara Frietchie's grave, Flag of Freedom and Union, wavel Peace and order and beauty draw Round thy symbol of light and law; And ever the stars above look down On the stars below in Frederick town! —John Greenleaf Whi

A New Deal. When the cards are shuffled and dealt again On the other side of the day, And the hand you held goes over the board To the fellow that couldn't play, We'll know whether you could take his hand, And play it as well as he,

And whether the man with the thirteen trumps .

Was the man he seemed to be. Health and wealth and birth and worth And wit are the cards you hold; But all the cards that were dealt to him

Were rags and hunger and cold, It is easy to win with a winning hand, And to carry away the prize; But hard to lose with a winning grace In the selfish victor's eyes.

The Lord is God of the fools he made. And gave to inherit the land: And the Lord God knows that the king of fools Is the fool with the winning hand But the Dealer that dealt us the good and ill

And the trash will go to you. The strong shall walk with a crippie's crutch,

And the dogs shall lick his sores. To the fellow that couldn't play, And many a winner shall lose the game On the other side of the day. The glad shall know the sorrowful heart;

The sad shall smile again; and both together shall bear the yoke Of toll and trouble and pain. Tis only the winner that wins today, And the loser loses alone; But the winner and loser will share the prize, When this little day is done.

-Franklin Kent Gifford.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough Without your woes. No path is wholly rought Look for the places that are smooth and clear, And speak of those to rest the weary ear, Of earth, so burt by one continuous strain Of human discontent and grief and pain Talk faith. The world is better off without Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt. If you have faith in God, or man or self, Say so! if not, push back upon the shelf Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall

Talk health. The dreary, never changing tale Of mortal maladles is worn and stale. You cannot charm, or interest, or plea By harping on that minor chord, disea Say you are well, or all is well with you, And God shall hear your words and make them true, -Elia Wheeler Wilcox.

A Happy Brother. He wuz allus a-sayin' it's all fer the best, No matter what fortune wuz bringin'; He kept back the sigh-

An' went on his pathway a-singin'. No matter the clouds that were thick in the He still heard the sweet bells a-ringin';

Wiped the tear from his eye,

Singin', an' singin' an' singin'! And a beautiful light seemed to shine in the And flowers with the red thorns were

springin';
He did jest his best,
Trustin' God for the rest. An' cheered the wide world with his singin'! -Atlanta Constitution.

Verses Asked For, Mrs. A. W. asks for the verses "Congo Square," published in 1876, the first of which runs: Yes, Mr. Stonewall, I shall tell yer

Paw this very night. He's at the Statehouse makin' laws To give us back our rights: To keep the nigger in his place, and Keep old Packard out, And fix that rotten old returnin' board,

And send it up the spout. M. B. asks for the verses beginning: Belshazzar is King, Belshazzar is Lord, A thousand dark nobles Kneel round at his board.

Mrs. M. P. writes: "I would like very much to have published an old poem printed at least 22 years ago in Harper's, author forgotten, descriptive of a mother left alone in decline of life, children scattered over the world intent on their own pursuits. An infant dying in babyhood is a living reality and constant presence with

The sturdy boys and fairy girls Have learned to do without her-But the babs in its broidered slip and cap

Lies forever asleep in its mother's lap, in its babyhood immortal,