PRESIDENT TAFT HAS SELECTED HIS PERSONAL STAFF

NEW SECRETARY, NEW MASTER OF CEREMONIES AND NEW COURT PHYSICIAN ARE INSTALLED = FILIPINO VALET, HEAD CHAUFFEUR AND ASSISTANT CHAUFFEUR ARE AMONG NEW OFFICES CREATED

COL. SPENCER COSBY
THE NEW MASTER OF CEREMONIES. PHOTO by YOUNG

TAFT FAMILY IN NEW TOURING CAR

W. W. MISCHLER
NEW ASST. SEC. TO THE PRESIDENT
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FREDERICK W. CARPENTER
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ENRICO LOPEZ LARA
PRESIDENT'S FILIPINO VALET
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ELMER LOVING
TAFT'S CADDY PROTEGE
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WASHINGTON, D. C., April 6.—(Special Correspondence.)—President Taft now has his house in order. He has chosen his "personal staff," the men who will be associated with him under his own roof; and a good index to a man's personal tastes is the character of those whom he wants around him. Be it said also that happy are the men whom a President sets to work at his elbow. If faithful they are almost sure to find the White House a stepping-stone to fame and fortune. Thus Hay, Lamont and Cortelyou, the secretaries of Lincoln, Cleveland and McKinley, entered the Cabinet, though Hay earned his promotion following a diplomatic career more than a generation after Lincoln had "joined the innumerable caravans."

Frederick W. Carpenter, whom Mr. Taft has appointed as his chief secretary at $6000 per year, is believed to have in him what will prove to be Cabinet timber, after it has been seasoned. Like Cortelyou he is a lawyer and a man of silence and discretion. He is as modest as Mr. Loeb was aggressive, and he differs from his predecessor in training as well temperament. Mr. Loeb, once an humble telegraph messenger boy worked himself up through the Albany High School to be an expert stenographer and practical politician, the young lieutenant of Eugene Burlingame.

Mr. Carpenter, on the other hand, is a university graduate and a lawyer. Mr. Loeb, who had stayed in Albany from the time of his birth until he came to Washington, is an example of the non-rolling stone which gathered the moss, whereas Mr. Carpenter has been the roving bee that gathered the honey, for after being born in a little Michigan town he moved to a California ranch, took the university course at Minneapolis, settled down to law work in Minnesota, went to Manila to serve Mr. Taft and returned with the latter to Washington. Mr. Taft got hold of Mr. Carpenter by accident, while Mr. Roosevelt selected Mr. Loeb after trying all of the stenographers in the Governor's office at Albany. Mr. Carpenter is 37, six years younger than Mr. Loeb, but a year older than the latter was when he became chief secretary to President Roosevelt. Mr. Carpenter enters his office as a bachelor, while Mr. Loeb took to himself a comely little bride just prior to his appointment to the same office. Mr. Loeb is better off financially than if he had entered the Taft Cabinet, as he receives the full Cabinet salary of $12,000 a year and has no demands on his purse strings for social display. Moreover, he is "right on the job" in New York politics.

Secretary Carpenter, like his predecessor, will be blamed by every one who fails to make connections with the inner executive sanctum sanctorum. But while he will be condemned to all of the purgatories and perditions by the disappointed seekers of favor, the successful ones will exalt him to the seventh of the seven heavens.

New Master of Ceremonies.

Next to Secretary Carpenter, the most important man on President Taft's "personal staff" will be Colonel Spencer Cosby, U. S. A., the new master of ceremonies of the White House. For many years the rule has been that the officer of engineers who is placed "in charge of public buildings and grounds" at Washington becomes custodian of the White House and chief social aid to the President. In foreign countries these social duties would carry the title of "court chamberlain." Next to the President himself, Colonel Cosby will be the most conspicuous figure at the White House state receptions, where, resplendent in full dress uniform and glittering side arms, he will present each guest in turn to Mr. Taft. He will be the stage manager of all social dramas enacted under the President's roof, will supervise the music and the decorations, will have charge of the repair and refurnishing of the mansion and will handle the funds appropriated by Congress for its maintenance. As a Major of engineers he was serving as one of the three Commissioners who govern the District of Columbia when Mr. Taft made him his master of ceremonies the other day. But his new office elevates him to the rank and pay of a Colonel, and he will remain in this advanced grade so long as he retains this assignment.

He is a bachelor and a Marylander, 41 years old, and was graduated No. 1 in his class at West Point in 1891. As a Major of engineers during the Spanish War he was on General Brooke's staff throughout the operations in Porto Rico. While in Cuba he was the engineer officer of the column that turned the intrenched positions of the Spanisch on the heights of Guayama. Mr. Taft grew fond of him while he was engineer officer of the Department of Luzon, in the Philippines, where he later built the lighthouses of the various islands. He is the first bachelor master of ceremonies in many years.

The Pink-T Corps.

Eight young officers of the Army and Navy will be assigned to serve under Major Cosby as aids to the President and Mrs. Taft. They will assist in planning social functions, making up invitation lists and entertaining guests at large assemblages. These have been held over so far from the Roosevelt administration, with the exception of Lieutenant L. C. Palmer, of the battleship Vermont, who succeeds Lieutenant-Commander William Sims, promoted by President Roosevelt on the eve of his leaving the White House. Such assignments bring these honored officers in intimate relation with the President. Thus Captain Archibald W. Butt, one of the Army aids, frequently rides horseback with the new President, as did young Fitzhugh Lee with President Roosevelt. Courtiers of this class, who in past dynasties have been so close to the throne—and the insignia of whose corps has been a pink T, rampant—have on occasions managed to be useful as well as ornamental, so long as they have escaped obsession by the exalted ego—a malady which has had a high percentage of prevalence among the younger members in recent years.

New "Court" Physician.

Then there is also a brand new "court physician," as he is facetiously called in Washington. Every officer of the Army and Navy receives for himself and family free medical attention from the post surgeon, and this perquisite has long fallen quite legitimately to the President by virtue of his being commander-in-chief of both arms of the service. The honor of thus prescribing for the Presidential family, which fell to Surgeon-General Rixey of the Navy during the Roosevelt regime, has just been transferred to Lieutenant-Colonel Guy L. Edie, of the Army Medical Corps, a Virginia gentleman, who was attending surgeon at the War Department while Mr. Taft was Secretary of War, and who is suspected of having invented the no-luncheon plan for Mr. Taft. Lieutenant-Colonel Edie will regularly measure the Presidential waistband and will gradually reduce the Presidential menu until the desired effects have been obtained. This task proving too great for a single pair of arms, an assistant has been supplied in the person of Captain Matthew A. De Laney, also of the Army Medical Corps.

These two officers, besides prescribing for the Presidential family, will have charge of the hygiene and sanitation of the White House—will see that the executive offices do not become vitiated by too much hot air during the daily ordeal of listening to political delegations and that no germs of the sleeping sickness intrude by way of the mails from Mr. Roosevelt's tent in the African jungles.

President Taft has also appointed as a new assistant secretary, at $3000 a year, Wendell W. Mischler, who was his confidential clerk in the War Department. With this exception, Mr. Loeb's former clerical force will be retained under Mr. Carpenter. This staff included two assistant secretaries at $3000, two executive clerks at $2500, a disbursing officer—Colonel Crook, President Lincoln's bodyguard—at $2000, seven clerks at $2000, one clerk at $1800, one telegrapher at $1800, four clerks at $1600 and one clerk at $1400.

New Secretary and Housekeeper.

Two new women on the Government payroll will assist Mrs. Taft. Miss Alice Blech, who has been transferred from the Bureau of American Republics to the position of White House clerk, at $1400 a year, will act as her private secretary. This young lady receives her appointment purely on merit, as she was formerly unknown to Mrs. Taft. She will be especially valuable in handling the social correspondence with the diplomatic corps and other distinguished foreigners, since she is versed in German, French and Spanish. She was born in Dresden, her father being a German, though her mother was a Southern belle, Miss Sorrel, of Savannah, whose brother was Longstreet's chief of staff. Miss Blech has traveled widely in Europe and has lived for some years in Egypt. She is a slender brunette of medium height and regular features, and she modestly refuses to allow press photographers to make her picture.

Mrs. Taft is the first lady of the White House to whom Congress has given a housekeeper on the Government payroll. The salary provided for this important functionary in the recent deficiency bill is $1000, and Mrs. Jane Gafrey, an elderly woman, recommended by Mrs. Taft's friends in New York, has been selected for the position. It is understood that all of the White House domestics will be under her command instead of under a colored steward, as in previous administrations. Now that the stewardship has been done away with—for the time being, at least—the question is who will give bond, as he did, for the costly plate in the mansion.

The President has chosen a new doorkeeper in Thomas E. Stone, whose bearing while he was a Pullman conductor on the Presidential train attracted President McKinley and who was selected by that President as chief usher in the residence portion of the White House. He succeeds the veteran doorkeeper, Major Loeffler (U. S. A.), who has guarded every President since Grant, and for whom Mr. Taft shows his esteem by retaining him on full pay for special duty, where his unequaled acquaintance with public men shall be needed. I. H. Hoover, one of the ushers in the private part of the mansion, succeeds Mr. Stone as chief usher at $1800, and Charley Pusey, another usher, succeeds Patrick McKenna as assistant doorkeeper, McKenna becoming chief of messengers. There are employed in the building five ushers at $1400 and three at $1200; also nine messengers, four at $1200 and five at $900. The remainder of the male force, specifically provided for in the last appropriation bill, consists of a watchman and fireman at $900 each, and two laborers at $720 and $600.

A more homelike and less formidable appearance to the private entrance to the White House—the old main entrance under the north porte-cochere—results from the recent order of President Taft substituting his two former colored footmen—in his service while Secretary of War—for the two uniformed policemen who up to now have taken the cards of callers. These footmen wear a modest blue livery of formal cut, with silver buttons, and each presents to the arriving guests a silver salver bearing Mrs. Taft's monogram. Thus the guests of the Presidential family are to be relieved of the old-time feeling that they were suspicious characters under police surveillance.

Proteges Black and White.

Each President has had his proteges. Two have already appeared under the new regime. The first was Elmer Loving, the boy who so expertly caddied for Mr. Taft on the links at Hot Springs and who won the big heart of the then President-elect not only by his golf playing but by his display of ambition in studying at home of nights after supporting his mother by caddying during the day. Mr. Taft brought the boy to the White House as his confidential messenger and now he is to send him through the University of Virginia and give him an allowance of $2 a day besides, 'tis said. The other Taft protege is a colored brother, William Pannell, who was messenger to Mr. Taft when the latter was Secretary of War. During the recent campaign tour when Mr. Taft was a little late in getting up to make an early morning speech at a South Dakota station, he came out upon the rear platform of his car to find Pannell keeping the crowd intact by a former speech of Mr. Taft's which he had memorized. This enterprise appealed to Mr. Taft's good natured sense of humor and he has placed William at Secretary Carpenter's door, through which he bears the cards of the anxious and curious.

Mr. Taft has a Filipino valet, Monico Lopez Lara, whom he brought with him from Manila. He will also serve as the Presidential barber, succeeding William Dulaney, whom Mr. Roosevelt made an accountant in the Treasury at $1800 a year. Lara will not be placed on the Government roll. Mr. Taft will pay him out of his own pocket. All of the White House domestics of the Taft regime will be colored people, as has been the rule since the mansion was built. The waiters, maids and kitchen staff of the Roosevelt regime have been retained thus far, also Mr. Roosevelt's mahogany Adonis, the footman who, with his tri-colored cockade, always sat on the Presidential carriage box. He now sits with the chauffeur upon the Presidential automobile.

Chauffeur Displaces Coachman.

For it is no longer the Presidential carriage. Congress, after a long haggle, in which various statesmen made a grandstand play before that class of farmers who have not ceased to fear the benzine buggy, appropriated $12,000 for automobiles for the White House. So the executive stable has been transformed into a garage and the $12,000 has been expended on two cars—a big dark green touring car with three seats and a detachable top, for pleasant weather, and a black machine with limousine body, both bearing the National coat of arms on their doors. Secret service men guarding the new President now follow these machines on motor cycles. The new cars have been in charge of experts detailed from the factories supplying them. Later the President will appoint a head chauffeur at $100 and an assistant chauffeur at a smaller figure. The temporary chauffeurs who have been operating these cars so far wear blue coats and caps, the latter adorned by a narrow red, white and blue cord of silk. Stall space will be retained in the stable for seven horses to be used by Secretary Carpenter's office force as well as for the giant saddle horse which Mr. Taft recently purchased in Virginia.

Another innovation of President Taft's is the order requiring secret service men who follow him to dress as he dresses so far as possible, and thus wear silk hats at church or at the theater, that they may appear more as though they were his companions and less like Mr. Sherlock Holmes and his friend Dr. Watson.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

STORIES OF JESUS OF NAZARETH

THE RESURRECTION.

The Empty Tomb.

AND when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, brought spices, that they might come and anoint him. And very early on the first day of the week they came to the tomb when the sun was risen.

And they were saying among themselves, who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb? and looking up, they see that the stone is rolled back, for it was exceeding great.

And entering into the tomb, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, arrayed in a white robe; and they were amazed.

And he saith unto them, Be not amazed; ye seek Jesus the Nazarene, who hath been crucified; he is risen; he is not here; behold, the place where they laid him! But go, tell his disciples and Peter, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him, as he said unto you.

Carrying the News.

Mary Magdalene runneth therefore, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the tomb, and we know not where they have laid him.

Peter therefore went forth, and the other disciple, and they went toward the tomb. And they ran both together; and the other disciple outran Peter, and came first to the tomb; and stooping and looking in, he seeth the linen cloths lying; yet he entered not in. Simon Peter therefore also cometh, following him, and entered into the tomb; and he beholdeth the linen cloths lying, and the napkin, that was upon his head, not lying with the linen cloths, but rolled up in a place by itself. Then entered in therefore the other disciple also, who came first to the tomb, and he saw, and believed. For as yet they know not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead. So the disciples went away again unto their own home.

Why Weepest Thou?

But Mary was standing without at the tomb weeping; so, as she wept, she stooped and looked into the tomb; and she beholdeth two angels in white sitting, one at the head, and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou?

She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. When she had thus said, she turned herself back, and beholdeth Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?

She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turneth herself, and saith unto him in Hebrew, Rabboni; which is to say, Teacher.

Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended unto the Father; but go unto my brethren, and say to them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God.

Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples, I have seen the Lord; and that he had said these things to her.

On the Road to Emmaus.

And behold, two of them were going that very day to a village named Emmaus, which was threescore furlongs from Jerusalem. And they communed with each other of all these things which had happened.

And it came to pass, while they communed and questioned together, that Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

And he said unto them, What communications are these that ye have one with another, as ye walk? And they stood still, looking sad.

And one of them, named Cleopas, answering said unto him, Dost thou alone sojourn in Jerusalem and not know the things which are come to pass there in these days?

And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, The things concerning Jesus the Nazarene, who was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people: and how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him up to be condemned to death, and crucified him. But we hoped that it was he who should redeem Israel. Yea and besides all this, it is now the third day since these things came to pass. Moreover certain women of our company amazed us, having been early at the tomb; and when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, who said that he was alive. And certain of them that were with us went to the tomb, and found it even so as the women had said; but him they saw not.

And he said unto them, O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe in all that the prophets have spoken! Behooved it not the Christ to suffer these things and to enter into his glory.

And beginning from Moses and from all the prophets, he interpreted to them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself.

And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they were going: and he made as though he would go further. And they constrained him, saying, Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent.

And he went in to abide with them. And it came to pass when he had sat down with them to meat, he took the bread and blessed; and breaking it, he gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they know him; and he vanished out of their sight.

And they said one to anofher, Was not our heart burning within us, while he spake to us in the way, while he opened to us the scriptures?

And they rose up that very hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them, saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon. And they rehearsed the things that happened in the way and how he was known of them in the breaking of the bread.

Peace Be Unto You.

And as they spake these things, he himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they beheld a spirit.

And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and wherefore do questionings arise in your heart? See my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye behold me having. And when he had said this, he showed them his hands and his feet.

And while they still disbelieved for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here anything to eat? And they gave him a piece of broiled fish. And he took it and ate it before them.

But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord.

But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and put my hand into his side, I will not believe.

And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them.

Jesus cometh, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and see my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and put it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing.

Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.

Jesus saith unto him, Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

Ever Lives and Leads.

But the eleven disciples went into Galilee, unto the mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

And Jesus came to them and spake unto them, saying, All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

Ballade of Duplicate Gifts.

Chicago News.

Here is a clock from Uncle Jim,
Aunt Myrtle sends a china vase
And Will a lamp. So kind of him!
And here's a sugar spoon from Grace.
Here is a shawl of lovely lace,
And here's a nickel coffee pot.
She says it with a smiling face:
"What lovely presents we have got."

The Thornbys gave that vase—the elim
Blue glazed affair with flowered base.
That lamp one does not have to trim—
Maud's present. It will fill some space.
Dear Ethel gave a clock in place
Of spoons. It's lovely, is it not?
She says it with a slight grimace:
"What lovely presents we have got."

That sugar spoon of pattern prim
Is Bessie's taste, and Bobbie Face
Gave us that coffee pot—a whim
Of his. That boy is quite a case.
The vase with emblems of the chase
Sam thought might deck our humble cot.
She says it, though she needs a brace:
"What lovely presents we have got."

L'ENOVI.

It seems as if the human race
Rushed clocks and vases to the spot.
Of irony thought seems a trace:
"What lovely presents we have got."

GAME OF KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

Colonel John Sneed on the Friends That Stick, and Also the Deceitful.

"BUT you see, papa," protested young Mrs. Rollins, "we've got to keep up appearances. I don't think people are like they were when you were young. You must make a show nowadays if you're going to stay in society. As Will says, if we don't trail along with the procession we'll get left at the post. I'm not sure that that's exactly the way he put it, but I know he meant that if we didn't do as our friends do we wouldn't have any friends."

"Uh huh," grunted the Colonel. "It's a sort of an up-to-date version of the golden rule—splurge for others if you want others to splurge for you. I've got no particular quarrel with that, if you can afford it. It helps to make business goo. But I don't think you can afford it. Moreover, it don't make friends an' it don't keep friends. Moreover, again, there ain't a bit of difference between the world now and when I was a boy, or when Julius Caesar was a boy, for that matter. It's always been that way, an' I reckon it always will be that way. It's been a continuous procession from Adam's time down, an' there's always been a lot o' people fallin' over one another tryin' to keep the head of it in sight.

"But there's a whole lot more, a great many more, now as well as then, who don't care a continental rap about keepin' up with the procession; most of 'em don't even know that there is a procession, an' if they did they wouldn't take the trouble to go to the window to see it pass by, much less trail on behind the band wagon. For honestly now, honey, what's the use? Does the procession ever get anywhere or do anything? Not on your life. It just prances around in a circle an' blows its horn. It puts on a lot o' style, to be sure, an' it looks mighty gay, with its ribbons an' its feathers flyin', but the people that's on the outside watchin' it get more entertainment out of it than the ones takin' part in it."

"But what else are we to do, papa?" interrupted his daughter. "You don't want us to stay at home all the time and wear our old clothes, do you?"

"No, sir-ee, little girl, an' you know I don't. I want you to wear just as pretty dresses as you can afford an' have all the fun that's comin' to you, but don't do things you've got no business to do just because other people do them, an' don't imagine that you'll lose any friends if the procession gets away from you. Maybe some o' the people you call your friends would get something the matter with their eyes when you came along the street if you didn't put on as much style as they did, but that kind o' cattle ain't the stuff that friends are made of. There's nothing finer or sweeter in the world than a good friend, an' the man or the woman that hasn't got real friends is mighty unfortunate, but you can't get 'em and you can't keep 'em by makin' a show, as you call it. Just try it by your own standard, for instance. Take the women that you like the best. Why do you like them? Is it because they wear fine clothes, or live in big houses, or give swell parties that you like them? No, you bet it ain't. It's because there's something within them that's better than any show they could make if they had millions. An' don't you suppose the same women love you for the same reason? Don't you suppose it's your character and not your dress that draws them to you? I'm mighty sure it is, an' I'm also mighty sure they'd keep on lovin' you, no matter whether you had gowns made in Paris or by the little dressmaker around the corner. If they didn't, why, they wouldn't be friends. That's all there is to that. They'd just be make-believes, an' if you lost 'em you wouldn't lose anything worth grievin' about.

"What I'm tryin' to get into your pretty little noggin'—an' by the way, honey, I like that new way of fixin' your hair; it's mighty becomin'. But as I was about to remark, the point I'm tryin' to get you to see is that fine feathers don't make fine friends, an' you'll make a mighty big mistake if you think the only friends worth havin' are the ones that wear the gayest raiment. You will find good, true friends, no doubt, in swell garb, but it ain't the clothes that makes them so. For real friendship has nothing to do with dress or position in life. It springs from qualities of the mind or the heart, which don't cost a red cent, an' which millions can't buy.

"You can't have too many friends, my dear, but you've got to depend upon something besides appearances to get 'em and to keep 'em. The friends that stick are the ones that love you for what you are, not for what you wear, and you'll find material for friends of that kind among the high and the low, the rich and the poor. Some of the best friends I've got don't know where the next dollar's to come from, an' some o' the others don't know what to do with their money; but they're all in the same boat in the matter of friendship, an' any one of 'em would go through fire an' water for me. I know, because I've tried 'em. But you can't make friends without doin' something or bein' something worthy of friendship, an' you can't keep friends unless you give as much as you take—not in money, understand, but in friendly words an' friendly deeds, in a little sympathy or a little help when it's needed, and particularly when its badly needed. One friend that sticks, no matter what comes, whether you lead the procession or are trampled under its feet, is worth more than a thousand of those that pat you on the back when you're in the swim an' forget you're on earth when trouble comes. When you've got friends you can count on, no matter what happens, you ought to hang on to 'em with a death grip, for there's nothing more precious on earth except a good wife or a good husband and children; but you needn't be afraid of loosin' 'em by fallin' to keep up appearances. The real ones, little girl, ain't lost in that way."

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Each in His Own Tongue.

William Hubert Cavoreth.

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And a cave where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
A face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution
And others call it God.

A haze in the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high—
And all over upland and lowland
The sign of the golden-rod—
Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and singing in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the road;
And millions, who humble and nameless
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration
And others call it God.