

Gems In Verse

An Autumn Day.
With her remembered smile she comes
again,
Unhappily autumn, still and passionless,
Whose temperate heart hath known its
sting of pain,
But not the cruel madness of excess.

Buttily and gravely falls her tender kiss
On leaf and flower that, unaware of
death,
Believe their days must always know the
bliss
And bosom of her renewing breath.

No maiden charm has she, but the fair
mirth
Of one grown rich in loving; voice and
face
And bearing of a queen, the more a queen
Because she rules with such simple
grace.

And those who long for hard adventures,
yearn
To try their strength and bear the pangs
of strife,
Shall touch her wistful mouth and, glow-
ing, turn
Into the stony highway, lords of life.
—F. M. Gassie.

War.

And this is war!
The vengeful spirit of an ancient race,
Clad in brave armor, wounded in its
pride,
The joy of battle in its mailed face,
Driving its foemen to a rising tide
That swirls the sea folk on the curving
beach
And leaves them stranded there to rot
and bleach.

And this is war!
A peaceful highway on a sunny hill,
A file of busy ants that bravely toil
Until they meet their fellows—stop to
kill—
And then march onward with the rob-
ber
When from the clouds a sudden, driving
rain
Sweeps them, unheeding, to the flooded
plain.

Two Brave Soldiers.

Two brave little soldiers, so weary and
worn
Were marching and battling all day,
Were climbing a hill that was cold and
form
And striving to get up halfway.

The grit of the hill sand blew into their
shoes,
In noses, in mouths and in eyes,
But, try as they would, not a path could
they
That had not some hateful surprise.

The hill must be conquered, for just at
the
There lay a fair land they would gain,
Where poor, worn-out soldiers could all
make a stop
And rest 'neath a white counterpane.

They broke down completely from hard
work and care,
They had to "stack arms" for awhile
In front of a campfire that sprang up
somewhere
And blazed forth in true army style.

When out from a thicket that lay in the
rear
A nurse, clad in white cap and gown,
Came forward and called them "my pet
and my dear."
And picked up those soldiers so worn.

A Fireside Song.

Give me a pipe, a light, a book,
A log that blazes merrily,
A corner by the chimney nook,
A comfortable chair—
What of the storm that shrieks without!
Such spirits of contentment thrive
In me I'm half inspired to shout,
"The good, 'tis good to be alive!"

The storm grows fiercer, and I sit
From out my comfortable chair
And slyly take a modest nip
From the well filled decanter there
Till, tingling through my joyous veins,
The chariot of gladness drive
With eager steeds and loosened reins—
Ah, then 'tis good to be alive!

To own no man, to own mine house,
To be content with mine own lot,
To know no being, man or mouse,
May bid me do what I would not;
To know the power of tyranny,
To know I'm monarch here, no give
Of a dining table to fetter me—
Ah, me, 'tis good to be alive!

To laugh at fame and scoff at wealth,
To envy none, to feel the free
And joyous leap of strength and health
In every pulse that beats in me,
To bow my head in thanks to God,
To dream, to hope, to toil, to strive—
Ah, me, 'tis good to be alive!

Good Night.

Good night! Ah, no, the light to fill
Which severs those who should unite,
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be good night.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though, 'thou sweet wishes wing its
flight,
Be it not said, thought, understood,
That it will be good night.

To hearts which meet each other move
From evening close to morning light,
The night is good, because, my love,
They never say good night.
—Shelley.

Life.

A train of gay and clouded days,
Dappled with joy and grief and pain,
Beauty to fire us, salt to save,
Escort us to a little grave.

"I see that an eastern editor says
that as a matter of fact women form
clubs simply as an excuse for eating
and drinking between meals."
"Horrid thing! Is he married or single?"
"Why?"
"Because if he's either he doesn't de-
serve to be."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What's the answer?
Jokeley—Here's a conundrum for
you, Jokeley—Let's have it, Jokeley—
If "time is money," what is an eight
day clock worth?—Philadelphia Ledger.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

Last year Japan imported foolstuffs
exceeding \$4,000,000 in value.
Chinese labor is said to be proving a
great success in South Africa—for the
mine owners and the cooly owners.
Jews whose language is Spanish
abound in the east. Constantinople has
52,000, Salonika 50,000, Smyrna 22,000.
One of the peace delegates to the
Boston convention says that woman's
love for brass buttons is the chief
cause of war.

The whole Yukon country is excited
over recent gold discoveries on Rose-
bud creek, a tributary of the lower
Stewart river.

The progressive policy of the amer-
ican includes the appointment of women
doctors at Kabul and the use of electric
power in his gun factory.

The Western Passenger association
has granted a rate of a cent a mile for
the Grand Army enlistment to be
held this summer.

The city of Reading, England, has
passed an ordinance requiring that
baths shall be placed in all dwelling
houses constructed within the borough
in future.

A motor car speeding on a road near
Huntingdon, England, turned a com-
plete somersault, landing upon its
wheels, which were smashed. The
driver received fatal injuries.

In a dairy near San Francisco the
other day an overloaded hayloft col-
lapsed upon sixty cows that were in a
barn beneath it and either crushed or
smothered to death all of them.

The French government employs 17,
148 people in its state tobacco fac-
tories. Fifteen thousand seven hundred
of these are women. There are also 714
directors, foremen and overseers.

Kansas is getting nearly as bad as
Kentucky when it comes to titties. Ev-
ery one in Kansas now has to have
one, and the men who run the soda
fountains are now known as engineers.

In China spurious coin may be law-
fully manufactured when it is intended
to be placed in the coffins of the dead.
The Chinese believe that these bad
coins make the dead just as happy as
good coins would.

One of the new sports in England is
falconry with motor cars. The sports-
men go out in their motors with fal-
cons and goshawks on their wrists and
await the advent of the game that is
driven toward them from the coverts
which the roads adjoin.

Owing to the use of artificial indigo,
manufactured in Germany, the produc-
tion of natural indigo has greatly di-
minished in East India. The latter
country last year exported only 65,000
hundredweight of this article against
170,000 hundredweight in 1907.

American investigation has shown
that yellow fever germs are dissemi-
nated by the mosquito, and now the
Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine
is about to send a second expedition
to the Amazon to discover if possible
the actual cause of the disease. At
Para, on the Amazon, the disease is
constantly present in a greater or less
degree.

The "Gnostics," a religious sect, has
incorporated and established what is
to be the "White City and Temple" in
the Hermosa tract, north of Redondo,
southern California. Biblical directions
for the purchase were found in the
prophecy of Zacharias. The plans of
the society are given out in a booklet
entitled "The Imperial Council of the
Empire of Peace."

Charles W. Irish of Nevada has dis-
covered in the titling house in Salt
Lake City a famous bell that over fifty
years ago was transferred from the
old capital of Iowa, in Iowa City, to
the tower of the Presbyterian church,
from which it was missing the morning
after a band of Mormons, westward
bound, passed through the city. Mr.
Irish will try to have Utah return the
bell to Iowa.

Steps have been taken to annex the
National Union Printers' home, near
Colorado Springs, Colo., to the city.
This will be an advantage to both the
institution and the municipality. The
trustees of the home have accepted
plans for the Cummings Memorial li-
brary, and work will begin on the
structure as soon as the remaining \$12,
000 necessary to complete the building
fund is secured.

The sublime poet, tired apparently
of continuous fighting with the Al-
banians without obtaining any result,
seems to have adopted the more in-
sidious plan of weeding out the chiefs.
Osman Pasha, one of the most power-
ful chiefs in Albania, has arrived at
Scutari, ostensibly on a visit to the
governor of the province. He is stated
to be really, however, in a condition of
glided exile, and many other chiefs are
believed to be threatened with similar
treatment.

The longest fence in the world is
probably that which has been erected
by a cattle company along the Mexican
border. It is seventy-five miles in
length and separates exactly for its en-
tire distance the two republics. The
fence was built to keep the cattle from
running across the border and falling
an easy prey to the Mexican cow
punchers. Although it cost a great deal
of money, it is estimated that cattle
enough will be saved in one year to
more than pay for it.

It is a matter of common observation
that at the passing of the great men of
each generation there is a pessimistic
feeling prevalent that "there were gi-
ants in those days." But the feeling
has never had any warrant in the ac-
tual deficiencies of the oncoming gen-
erations. Orators have come and gone
and statesmen have come and gone,
and sometimes their immediate suc-
cessors have not been discernible. But
in time the men have emerged who
have taken their places and who have
improved upon the patterns they left.
—Des Moines Register.

In old times the Saxons used to
dance around an apple tree on New
Year's eve, singing a song. This was
supposed to insure a good crop. Also
bells were rung to notify the people
of the going out of the old and the
coming in of the new year. Another
ancient custom in some parts of En-
gland was the opening of the house
doors that faced the west to let out
the old year, while the doors on the
opposite side were opened to usher in
the new year.

Knowing His Business

By A. D. SAYER

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NIGHT was falling in the San
Carlos valley. Already in the
canyon where the Overland
express wound around the
rocky spurs it was dark enough to
show the triangle of red lights on the
rear sleeper.

At Sadler Tom Burns had taken the
train to haul up grade to Casa Grande
and thence down to Los Pinos, the end
of his run. Tom had taken trains
through the mountains for many years,
but so far in his career he had never
met that terror of the railroad and ex-
press company, the train robber of the
Sierras.

At Mogollan the locomotive stood
back breathing under the water tank,
while Pease, the express messenger,
came forward and watched Tom oiling
his engine.

"Hello, Sam!" said the engineer as he
poked the long nose of his oil can
among the frames of No. 47, "Carryin'
any coals with your boxes tonight?"
"Try up, Tom," returned the express
messenger irritably. "It's none of your
business what you haul, is it?"

"Got some aboard then, eh?" laughed
Tom. "Well, I reckon there'll be a few
of them mountaineers a-lookin' for us
some of these trips."

"I haven't got much tonight, but
somehow I feel queer. Don't know why
I should. I've gone through with more
plenty of times."

Big Tom finished oiling and put the
can on his oil can.

"Don't you hev no presentiments,
Sam," he remarked, looking around at
the lovely country about the water tank.

"All ready, thar, Jim?"
The freeman on the tender nodded
and swung back the spout.

"Keep your eye open, Tom, on the
mountains," said the express messenger
as he started back to his car.

Two hours later the heavy train was
pounding the grade within a few miles
of the divide. When he sighted the
signal lamps of the siding where the
eastbound No. 5 should pass him, Tom
sent the air to the wheels to hold her
until the switch was opened and he
could pull into the siding. Here and
there a passenger dropped off the steps
of the Pullmans to look up at the fan-
tastic cliffs above them. The con-
ductor went into a little shanty ser-
ving as a telegraph office for the use of
passing trains. There was no operator
at that point, but most conductors
could make shift to report their trains.

After a time he came out and went
along to the engine.

"Here's a train order, Tom. Funny,
but they were calling when I went in.
Usually I have to spend ten minutes
getting the dispatcher to take my re-
port."

Burns took the rough scratch of copy
that was handed him and read:
Division Headquarters, Nov. 6, 1906.
Tr. No. 5, one hour late. Tr. No. 2 will
pass 6 at Sandstone 7:14.
R. P., Div. Dispatcher.

Burns climbed into his cab and read
the order again. Then he pushed back
his cap with a grimy hand and pondered.
Finally he hailed the conductor,
"Say, Bill!"

"What's the matter, Tom?" The en-
gineer did not reply, and the con-
ductor hurried forward into the gloom.
"Bill, I reckon we'd better not leave."
"Not leave! Why not?" asked the
conductor.

"Well, I don't like that order."
"What's wrong with it?"
"It ain't like R. P. to say why an
order's changed. Usually it's just an
order on 'em." Burns hesitated a mo-
ment and then said, "Well, Bill, you
know we're carryin' somethin' tonight."

"Tom, you've lost your nerve. That
order is all right."
"No, I ain't lost my nerve either.
There's somethin' about that order
that don't seem natural. I call it a
forgery."

"I'll go over and call up R. P. He'll
know whether he sent his order or
not."

While the conductor was gone several
passengers came forward to learn the
cause of the delay.

"The conductor came running back.
"I got R. P. easily enough. He repeated
the order, and here it is." The new
message ran:
Cert. Order's all right. Come along
quick.
R. P.

Burns eyed the scratch with a suspi-
cious eye. Then he picked up his lan-
tern and oil can and started to work on
the engine again.

"Hurry up, Tom," cried the con-
ductor. "We can't lay here all night. We'll
be up on road."

"I ain't goin'," growled Burns.
"Man, you're crazy! There's the or-
der and the order repeated!"
"I've been runnin' on this road long
before you fellows knew a Tomto from
a toadstool," said the engineer, "an' I
know old R. P.'s orders. He never sent
no message as that, an' here's
where I stay till No. 5 comes along."

"I order you to pull out," said the
conductor.

Tom Burns made no reply. A crowd
began to grow about the engine, urging
upon its members the advisability of
pulling him from the place and letting
the freeman haul the train. A person in
remarkably well fitting clothes now
pushed his way to the front.

"See here, engineer," said he, "do
you know who I am?"

Burns glanced carelessly down and
replied:
"Stranger, I don't keep track of er-
very dude what travels over this road."
"I am George Richardson," continued
the carefully dressed man, "an' I
stockholder in the company. Unless you
start immediately I shall report you
conductor to the authorities."

"That's right; fire him!" yelled a few
of the nearest.

"Well, George," said Burns, "the only
stock I ever held was a new brand of
steer down in El Paso. Just you wait
until you get to the authorities before
you report me, will you?"

Something in the confident banter of
the engineer and in his mysterious sus-
picion calmed the indignation. There
was a momentary hush, and a little
child from the sleeper suddenly said:

"Papa, I hear nozzler train comin'." "Far
up the canyon an' about a mile or two
blew down on the cold night air. The
rails began to sing. A shrill siren rang
among the cliffs. Then the headlights
whirl of wind and sand No. 5, east-
bound, came on. The crowd stood until
some one, realizing what they had been
saved from, yelled:
"What's the matter with the en-
gineer?"

The roar that followed showed con-
clusively that the majority thought he
was all right.

Burns lost no time in starting as
soon as he could get his hands free from
the clasp of the men about him. The
train started on its way, and Burns
went to the grade, the express car in
darkness giving no hint of the agent sitting
there with a Winchester across his
knees, listening through the whirl of
wheels for the sound of brakes.

Over the summit of the pass and
down the western slope the heavy
train slid along. Suddenly Burns in-
stinctively closed the throttle and
grasped the brake lever. Far ahead a
red lantern swung to and fro across
the track.

For an instant the great perplexity
of a great crisis showed itself on his
face. Then muttering, "I'll risk it
anyhow," he pulled back the throttle
again, and the train rushed on. Vig-
orously swung the red lantern of danger,
but Burns yelled over the latter to his
freeman:
"Track's clear, Jim, but look out for
their lead!"

Both men crouched in the cab. But
no shots were fired. Burns glanced up
suddenly and shut off the steam. A
dark mass was taking shape on the
track.

"Stand by to jump that, Jim!" the en-
gineer said sharply.

The train was sliding and pounding
under the force of the hard applied
brakes. With frightful rapidity the
mass ahead seemed to near them. In
the gloom it appeared to be a laby-
rinth of beams and girders hopelessly
tangled. In reality it was a few ties
and an old rail or two heaped hurriedly

together.

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are satisfied to work for what they
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NEW SHORT STORIES

A Dangerous Country.
"Ireland is not so dangerous a coun-
try to travel in as it used to be," said
Victor Herbert. "The Irish are not
such fire eaters now as they once were."
"Sannel Lover, the Irish novelist,
was my grandfather, and I in middle
life had in Ireland an experience that
illustrated well the perils of travel at
that time."
"My grandfather was on the way to
Cork. He was traveling by coach, and
on a certain day he stopped for lunch
on a roadside inn."
"A servant led him to an upstairs
room, took his order and retired."
"My grandfather drew up his chair
to the table, and soon the servant, re-
appearing, set before him a plate that
contained half a grilled chicken. My

True Mate.
Your earnest, manly mate doesn't
want a woman for a wife who has to
be coaxed or won with sweetmeats
and wooing, cooling words. She might
ornament his home, but he fears that
she might insist on being coaxed to get
up in time to get breakfast or maybe
to eat it after he had it ready.
When two have become well ac-
quainted they will soon know whether
they are mated or not, and this they
will know so well that you can't con-
vince them otherwise. He doesn't fall
down on his knees and plead with her
to give him her heart, for he knows she
hasn't the giving of it. Her hand is
all that she controls, and he pretty
nearly knows what she will do with it.
Those who are really mated and are
of equal social standing don't have to
propose—at least, not in so many words
—for they know each other's heart so
well that they have come to a perfect
understanding without saying a word
about marriage.
Such as these never become jealous,
because they have entire confidence in
each other, nor do they act silly or
want to make a grand spectacle of
their wedding or anything of that sort.
Their sole thought seems to be of the
home they are going to establish and
of the useful, happy life they believe
to be before them.
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THE POOR OF BERLIN

HOW THEY ARE SUPERVISED BY THE
CITY AUTHORITIES.
Berling is not to be seen on the
streets of the City, and Rags and
Misery Dare Not Lie About in the
Parks and Public Places.
"What," I exclaimed in Berlin, "are
there no poor in this city? Are you al-
together without rags and wretched-
ness?"
"My dear friend," said the German,
winking a heavy eyelid, "we are a very
clever people. We do not show our
distress."
Berlin is ruled by municipal experts.
It has its wretchedness and its despair,
but these things are not permitted to
increase. To be out of work in Berlin
is a crime, even as it is in London, but
with this difference—in Berlin the mu-
nicipality legislates for labor in a fash-
ion which makes idleness all but in-
defensible.
The laws to this end may not com-
mend themselves to English minds, for
the Germans are not soft hearted in
such matters, but they have this en-
gaging recommendation, they succeed.
Let a ragged man make his appear-
ance in Friedrichstrasse or the Linden
or in any of the numerous open spaces,
and a policeman is at him in a minute.
"Your papers!" demands the man
of law. If it is proved that he has
slept in the asylum for the homeless
more than a certain number of nights
he is forthwith conducted, willingly,
to the workhouse and made to labor for
his bread and lodging.
Now, the workhouse in Germany is
not a prison, but the vagrant would as
have to go to the one as to the other.
The administration of the workhouse
is conducted with iron severity. Ev-
ery ounce of