

# The Disappearance of Miss Griswold

By GEORGE ETHELBERG WALSH

I was instantly alert. If the cloak had disappeared it had probably been used to cover Miss Griswold in her hurried and mysterious kidnapping.

"Describe the cloak," I commanded in rather peremptory tones.

"It was a beautiful cloak of blue silk, embroidered with peacocks in gold. It was a gift to me from a friend in China. No such cloak was ever made in this country. My son valued it highly."

"And he couldn't find it anywhere in the house, nor the police either?"

"After a moment of silence I asked meaningly, 'Where do you suppose the cloak is now, Sing Tung?'"

"For the first time his eyes showed change, and an expression of wrath or fear entered his immobile face. He was quiet for a moment and then said:

"It was a magic cloak, they say. My son believed it, but I do not. It was woven for one of our idols in China. There is a story that it shielded a pair of lovers from the vengeance of the authorities, and it was stripped from the idol by profane hands, but its spell and magic lasted. Once on the shoulders of a lover, no harm could befall the wearer. It had the power of shielding."

"And spritting away," I interrupted sarcastically.

"The Chinaman's face showed sudden grief and sorrow.

"You do not believe it," he added slowly, "and you distrust me."

"No," I interrupted, "not you, Sing Tung, but your son. We must find the magic cloak, and then I think we'll find Miss Griswold."

"Yes; if you find the cloak Miss Griswold will be found too."

It was quite evident to me by this time that the old Chinaman was not concerned in the spiriting away of Helen Griswold, but in his desire to shield his son I thought he would go to any lengths to deceive me. The story of the magic cloak was intended merely as a blind.

The following morning an advertisement in the morning papers offering a reward for anyone who could give information about a blue silk cloak with peacocks worked in gold on it brought me several replies. After an hour's study of these I sifted them down to one. This seemed genuine and the others "fakes."

Down by the water front on West street an old waterman assured me that on the night of the disappearance of Miss Griswold he had rowed a couple out to a small schooner yacht anchored in midstream and that one of them was partly concealed by a cloak of the description I gave. It was very dark, but the waterman saw the dazzle of the gold embroidered peacocks in the moonlight.

"Did you get the name of the yacht?" I asked anxiously.

"No, but I heard one of 'em give the order to go up the East river through Hell Gate," was the reply.

With a fair description of the yacht, obtained from my informant, I lost no time in chartering a tug and sailing up the sound in pursuit of the elusive blue silk cloak.

Toward night I was considering the advisability of returning to the city when in the moonlight I discovered a boat in distress near one of the rocky islets which are sprinkled along the north shore of the sound. The boat had evidently run too close to the rocky islet, and it was stranded on it. In the darkness we could not make out the size or character of the craft, but when we hailed it a voice responded:

"Hello! Can you take us off? We've been shipwrecked two days here."

A small boat was pulled alongside of the stranded craft, and when, in company with two of the tug's crew, I climbed aboard a light of joy entered my eyes. The yacht was a two masted schooner and on either side near the stern the sides were blackened and scarred.

A young man greeted us. He was so handsome and strong looking that I recognized the thought of implicating him in my plot to kidnap Helen Griswold.

"We're mighty glad to see you," he said. "We've been signaling for help for two days now, but nobody saw us. We want to get back to the shore tonight."

"How many have you aboard?" I asked, walking across the deck of the yacht, "and what are their names?"

"Is it necessary to take names?" he asked a little anxiously.

"Shipwrecked people generally give their names."

"But I—in this case—if you could keep the matter quiet?"

I suddenly interrupted his sentence and strode away. The flash of something at the head of the companionway startled me. In the pale moonlight I was sure that I saw old peacocks on a field of blue.

I am afraid that all depends upon what sort of story you can give me. I decided to adopt strenuous methods at once. The crew of the disabled yacht stood back of the man, and they outnumbered us two to one.

"You need not give your name to me," I answered, approaching him, "but later you can give it at headquarters. For the present you are my prisoner."

The man started back, called a little and then, seeing that I held a weapon in my hand, laughed harshly.

"So you have trapped us! If it hadn't been for this confounded rock, we'd given every one the slip. Well, I suppose we may as well give up."

"Yes; it may prove dangerous to offer resistance. But where is your prisoner—in the cabin?"

"Prisoner!" He started in unfeigned astonishment. "Miss Griswold, you mean?"

"Yes, Miss Griswold," I answered.

"Oh, she's there in the cabin, but I didn't know she was a prisoner."

Before our eyes a fair vision suddenly appeared, wearing over her head and shoulders a blue silk cloak with golden peacocks scattered over it. She walked straight toward us and inquired, "What is the trouble, Lawrence?"

"They've caught us, Helen. This man holds me a prisoner and will let me go only for what?" was the indignant interruption.

"For kidnapping," I replied, somewhat weakly.

A light, silvery pool of laughter was my answer. That some mistake had been made slowly dawned upon me, and I lowered my weapon.

"You can probably explain your presence here, Miss Griswold," said coldly; "I am open to conviction, but matters had very mysteriously."

"Did you see anyone else?" she asked, "and were you a private detective?"



"OR, I SEE; YOU ARE A PRIVATE DETECTIVE."

## CHOICE MISCELLANY

### Good Boys at \$100 Per Year.

The cost of a school for the development of good boys is thus stated by Eugene Wood in his article, "A School For Boys," in *Everybody's*:

"It costs the state of Ohio about \$100 a year for each boy. A useful, capable man is worth to society on the average \$10,000. These 11,000 boys cost the state of Ohio, then, say \$2,000,000. Say 7,000 of them were rescued. That is \$7,000,000 recovered to society on the investment of \$2,000,000. It has been figured that every criminal does about \$2,000 damage a year, leaving entirely out of the estimate what it costs to maintain, prevent and punish of crime. Each man will be a criminal not less than twenty years. That's \$40,000 damages multiplied by 70,000 boys, or \$280,000,000 damages saved, not counting the cost of the antimicrobial plant. Has it paid to run this Boys' Industrial school at Lancaster?"

"And even if it hadn't paid financially isn't it worth while?"

### Dominick's Loss of Memory.

Some months ago Dominick Maisovitch, who had been working in the mines of the Lackawanna company, hurried to Europe to bring over his wife and family to live with him in his city. The other day he returned and, remembering the undrawn money, made application for it. But to the amusement of the officials and his own consternation he could not remember the name under which he had worked. There are few foreigners who are known by their proper names in the mines, for the reason that so many of the names are supposed to have been composed initially of pure radium the activity 20,000 years later would not be greater than the activity observed in pitchblende today. But since there is no doubt that the earth's age vastly exceeds 20,000 years it is necessary in order to account for the existence of radium at all in the earth to suppose that it is continuously produced from some other substance. At the present time it seems most probable that uranium is this parent substance. The observed activity in a good specimen of pitchblende is about what should be expected if the uranium contained in it spontaneously breaks up into radium. Radium itself is continuously transformed into an emanation, which in turn is changed into other types of matter, and there is no evidence that the process is reversible.

### The Parent of Radium.

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### A Home For Wornout Fire Horses.

If there is any one class of horses deserving of special care and consideration above any other it is surely the faithful animals that serve the public in the fire departments of our big cities. It is gratifying to record the fact that a true lover of dumb animals has risen up in the person of Mr. Nicholas F. Brady, one of the youngest of Wall Street's successful men, who proposes to see that these worthy old veterans of the fire wagons are hereafter treated according to their just deserts. Mr. Brady who has been in the fire department off for life all the horses discarded by the New York department, and they will spend their declining days on a big farm, where rich pasturage in the summer and warm shelter in the inclement season will never be lacking.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

### Curious Burial Whims.

The glass coffin in which Tamagong, the great singer, was buried the other day was not the first which has included a curious character. There was a miserly Sir Thomas Bancroft, who in old London days heaped up great riches. Even when his time came to die he could not bring himself to give his property away, and so he left his estate to be improved until he should rise again, which he expected shortly to do. He had a window built in his coffin, movable from the interior, and windows and a glazed door to his tomb, and ordered that at frequent intervals these should be opened and himself inspected by the trustees. But the latter had had enough of the gentleman. They built almshouses with his estate.

### Japanese Paper Making.

The striking point in the manufacture of Japanese paper is the absence of machinery. Everything is done by manual labor. Factories are almost unknown, the industry being carried on in a small way by each family separately. Except where the members of a family are insufficient, there is no labor, and consequently paper making families are less affected by the rise and fall in prices which follow the variation in the demand. Late-ly one or two paper mills have been erected, notably in Osaka and Oji, a suburb of Tokyo.

### The Town Jay Gould Founded.

Gouldsboro, Lackawanna county, which was named for the late Jay Gould, who was the founder of the town, he having operated a tannery at that place before he became either rich or famous, is a deserted village. According to the report of School Superintendent Taylor of Lackawanna county, its public school has dwindled to a paltry attendance of fifteen pupils, and its tanneries and sawmills have entirely disappeared.—*Philadelphia Record.*

### Running the Gauntlet.

"Running the gauntlet," a punishment supposed to be peculiar to the American Indians, was originated in the British navy. Every sailor in the crew but the offender to be punished was provided with a switch, which he was required to lay briskly on the bare shoulders of the man who did the running between the two lines. The Indians observed the punishment inflicted in Virginia and Canada and copied it as a form of torture.

## HUMOR OF THE HOUR

### With These Exceptions.

Landlord—Well, has everything been all right since you've been with us?

Departing Guest—Yes, only you know that when we came and found no cupboard in our room you promised us you'd put up some 'books, but you didn't.

"Oh, yes, I forgot!"

"And you told us you'd give us a table to ourselves, but you didn't."

"Well, look here."

"And you said you'd give us a room where we'd get the ocean breeze, while in fact you got us one opening against the weather boarding of another house and facing directly away from the beach."

"Oh, well, you—"

"And you said the hotel was on the ocean end of the parade, while as a matter of fact it is half a mile from the sea."

"But they all admit—"

"You said the place was orderly and that the table was good, yet we have not been able to sleep at all, and when ever we wanted a decent bite to eat we had to go out after it."

"Well, my dear sir—"

"Yes, with the few exceptions named everything has been perfectly satisfactory, and we shall take great pleasure in telling our friends so."—*London Tit-Bits.*

### Not the Usual Thing.

"Chillum is a very original person."

"What makes you think so?"

"He looked me over after my summer vacation without telling me that he never saw me looking so well."—*Washington Star.*

### A Scheme.

"So Gallely really had to pay Miss Pettman \$10,000 for breach of promise, eh?"

"Yes, and now he wants to marry her for her money."—*Baltimore News.*

### Setting Him Right.

Said He—Are you quite sure you are not fishing for a compliment?

Said She—Of course I am. One would not foolishly fish in such a shallow pond.—*Chicago News.*



Now He Won't Be.

"Jones is just married."

"Ha, ha! That's a good joke on Jones."

"A good joke?"

"Yes. He's always boasted of being independent."

"Well, that's a good deal."

"I hope you help me all you can about the house," said May.

"Yes. When she's busy," answered Nan, "I keep out of the way."—*Philadelphia Press.*

### Dark Outlook.

Tom—I told Miss Grotto last night that she was the light of my life.

Jack—Well, what then?

Tom—Then the light went out.—*Detroit Tribune.*

### True Love.

He—Would you love me as much, dear, if I didn't own an automobile?

She—Yes, if you promised to get one at once.—*Kansas City Times.*

### A Sure Test.

He—Does she still love him?

She—I think so. She always listens with admiring interest to everything he says.—*Somerville Journal.*

### Danger.

She (meaningly)—Do you believe kissing is really dangerous?

He (meanly)—Yes. It often brings on marriage.—*Puck.*

### In Spite Circles.

"What sort of demonstrations did they have at the senate last night?"

"Just medium."—*New York Press.*

## WASHINGTON LETTER

An interesting controversy has arisen in Washington regarding the date with which the architects for the house of representatives office building have inscribed the cornerstone of that structure. As engraved, the stone bears the date "MDCCCXXV," whereas many of the savants in the national capital claim that it should read "MCMV," and the plain people are asking why it would not be better to inscribe the plain "1905," so that even members of congress would be able to read the inscription.

Carrere & Hastings, the architects, are said to be responsible for the unique method of Roman notation employed, and they maintain that they have a precedent for this method of indicating the date 1905 in the inscription which was placed on the New York Public library. They also claim to have submitted the question to Harvard Yale universities and to the French institute and to have been supported by the opinions of all three.

### Based on Precedent.

It is expected that some eminent scholars in congress will have not a few words to say on the subject when they reach Washington, and Elliott Woods, superintendent of the capitol, seems to appreciate that the end is not yet, although he is determined not to commit himself irrevocably as to his opinion on the subject. Meanwhile the average man is wondering why the superintendent, the congress committee and the architects do not solve the problem by the easy method of going around it and writing the date in plain Arabic figures, which rural visitors could read without hesitation.

John M. Carrere says that the inscription was based on ample precedent, since the Institute of France had some years ago decided that the longer method was the correct one. When a similar question arose in regard to the New York Public library, Mr. Carrere advised, the matter was referred to Columbia university, which decided in favor of the longer form.

### A New Counterfeit.

Chief Wylie of the United States secret service has announced the discovery of a new counterfeit ten dollar United States ("Buffalo") note. It is reproduced on two pieces of paper, between which blue and red silk fiber has been distributed. The counterfeit is fully three-eighths of an inch longer than the genuine. The back of it is a very dark green. It was passed in New York on a subway ticket agent.

### Kaiser's Gift to the President.

Captain Hebbinghaus, naval attaché of the German embassy, has presented to the president a valuable collection of engravings illustrative of the life of Frederick the Great, the gift of the German emperor. Captain Hebbinghaus, who has just returned from Germany, was also the bearer of a personal message from the sovereign to the president. The president asked the captain Hebbinghaus to thank the emperor for the gift and to acknowledge them in a letter to the emperor. The collection especially appealed to the president because of his study of the life of the great emperor.

### New Civil Retirement Plans.

Another plan for a retirement system in the government service seems to be taking substantial form. A civil service retirement association has been organized. Its members are not demanding the creation of a civil pension list, for they know congress would not be inclined to grant such a request. What the present organization does want is permission from congress to create a pension fund out of a certain small amount to be deducted monthly from the salary of each clerk. Such a system is now followed in many cities of the country with reference to school-teachers, firemen, policemen and other municipal employees, and many of the government clerks believe there should be no objection to trying it on the larger scale here.

### Civil Service Postponed.

The number of persons who would be affected by the legislation proposed is surprisingly large. The first civil service regulations, issued in pursuance of the law of 1883, included 13,924 persons, and by March, 1888, this number had been increased to 15,573. Last year the grand total of classified employees was 154,068. The number of excepted and noncompetitive positions was 80,780 and of unclassified positions 49,764. Under late executive orders, however, substantially the entire civil service has been brought either directly or indirectly under the scope of the civil service scheme, with the exception of regular presidential appointments. It is today estimated that there are approximately 287,700 civil service positions under the government, with 6,200 presidential appointments additional, making a grand total of 293,900.

### The Hygienic Laboratory.

The treasury department recently let the contract "to clear a plot of ground, plow and sow in rye for use of the hygienic laboratory." This tract lies to the south of the hygienic laboratory, an experimental institution for investigating the common ailments of man, tropical diseases and surgical problems. The prosecution of this work calls for every manner of experiment, many of them of an unusual character. Guinea pigs, rabbits, occasionally a dog and now and then an old horse too old and infirm for much else are subjects of the experiments. The guinea pig and the rabbit have given the best results in an experimental way, and at present the hygienic laboratory has several thousand of those prolific rodents, to say nothing of sundry rabbits and cats, in the building erected some years ago for that purpose in the rear of the institution. —*CARL SCHOFIELD.*

### Her Little Composition.

A class was reading in a school.

"Who can give me," said the teacher, "a sentence in which the words 'bit-ter' and 'end' are used?"

Up jumped a little girl excitedly, "I can, teacher. The cat ran after the bureau and the dog ran after her and bit her end."

To produce the largest sized young the parent should be large, heavy and full breasted birds.—*Farm Journal.*

## NEW SHORT STORIES

### Why Mothers Were Not Needed.

The Rev. Fisher Howe Booth of Ten sly, N. J., tells the following story on one of New York's prominent clergy men who is noted as a reformer: Recently stopping at a certain western city where Sunday is not very rigidly observed, the New York divine was called upon to address the congregation of the church of a brother minister friend.

The New York clergyman was just by several intoxicated individuals on his way to church Sunday morning. The theater box offices were selling seats for widely advertised Sunday afternoon and evening performances. The saloons, billiard halls, bowling alleys and shooting galleries and stores were open and doing a large business, one saloon in particular being unusually well patronized by the male inhabitants, in the window of which the visiting minister was shocked to see a large sign prominently displayed bearing the words, "We need no mother here."

When he arose to address the congregation his face was very long and very grave, and—in substance—he remarked:



THE FRIEND TUGGED AT THE MINISTER'S COAT TAIL.

sadly that he had been greatly pained to note how the inhabitants of the beautiful, thriving western cities desecrated the Sabbath day.

"And," he continued severely, "I am grieved to state that for all I have visited a number of towns in the mining region it has remained for me to receive my greatest shock on this beautiful Sunday morning in this lovely municipality of yours. Ah, my beloved hearers, the drink evil is bad enough, but I fear for the future of the town in the window of one of whose largest gin mills is allowed to remain the sign, 'We need no mother here.'"

"Doctor," whispered his ministerial friend, tugging at his coat tail as a smile spread over the congregation and there was an audible titter from the rear pews, "they are exhibiting a new incubator in there."—*New York Times.*

### Towel Was Done Brown.

Senator Pettus of Alabama on a bright April morning was defending the government's bestowal of seeds upon the farmers.

"Those who oppose this custom," he said, "are ignorant of the farmer's work and of the farmer's needs. They are as ignorant as a little Alabama girl of whom I heard the other day. 'This little girl's mother handed her a damp towel.'

"Minnie," she said, 'take this towel into the kitchen and hold it in front of the fire until it is dry.'

"Yes, mamma," said the child, and she threw the towel over her shoulder and departed.

"The mother continued her work. She forgot all about her daughter. Ten or fifteen minutes passed.

"Then there sounded from the kitchen a clear young treble voice.

"Mamma," it called, "is the towel done when it's brown?"—*Salt Lake Herald.*

### Back, Back, Back to Duluth.

A story was told in a Duluth restaurant recently of a man who had secured a position in Chicago and was to leave Duluth to go to work.

However, he got mixed up with some friends while saying goodbye and was soon in such a condition that he didn't care whether he went that day or the next. So he hit upon the brilliant idea of sending a postal to his new employer saying he had missed his train as an excuse for not being there on time. When he did get to Chicago he asked his boss if he received the card.

"Yes," the boss said, "I got the card all right, but what I can't understand is how you could miss the train when the card didn't."

Neither did the Duluth man understand. That is why the story comes from Duluth. He returned.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

### His Memory Failed.

Richard Golden, star of "The Bad Samaritan," says that he once traveled with a company whose property man was a Scotchman with a weakness to indulge in liquor occasionally notwithstanding a sincere devotion to religious principles and a compliance, however perfunctory, with his ideas of worship and reverence. On one occasion he arrived at home very late, undressed with considerable difficulty and knelt down beside his bed, muttering incoherently.

"What's the matter, John?" asked his wife. "Are ye no feeling well?"

"Am feelin' a right," said John, "but a canna mind a wired o' me prayers."

### Outrageous.

"I want ten two-cent stamps," said Mrs. Young, "and please charge them, because I have no change."

"We don't do that, madam," replied the clerk in the postoffice.

"The ideal Why not? We always get our letters from you?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Huxley's tables of the weights of man show that the human body is made up of thirteen different elements, of which five are gases and eight solids.

## Gems In Verse

### Waiting For The Train.

Placed old lady, reading a book.  
Another, who's fussy, to judge by her look,  
Made with a suit case, who can't find his train;  
Official on duty too bored to explain;  
Restless small boy a-squirm like an eel;  
Proud college widow with eyes that con-  
-ceal;  
Man from far west, with a flapping felt  
hat and a long coat;  
Grandma and basket containing her cat;  
Hunter with dogs going two ways at  
once;  
Dutchman with bundles, who wheezes and  
grunts;  
Two colored gentlemen, rigged out to kill;  
Boy with big water can, cooing to fill;  
Small girl, an immigrant, green shawl on  
head;  
Nursemaid in picture hat, purple and red;  
Man with a "phiz" a pirate might wear;  
Girl at a mirror arranging her hair;  
Lady, too stout, munching apples with  
sneer;  
Freshman with bulldog and fancy silk  
vest;  
Two politicians, both talking too much;  
Sweet, bright eyed child, with a smile—  
and a crutch;  
Tall modern beauty, blooming as Hebe—  
"Who in the world," whisper women,  
"can she be?"  
Widow, deep mourning, face marble  
white;  
Jovial drummers a-grin with delight;  
Baby in arms, the most recent arrival;  
Octogenarian, latest survivor;  
Girl doing sums, and, what is worse,  
I. in a corner, writing this verse;  
Hissing of steam pipes, loud clanging  
saws;  
Rumble of freight cars bumping along;  
Youth in the news stand, tanners blouse—  
"All aboard!" My train—I run away.  
—*Tudor Jenks.*

### Hard Times.

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count  
Let us many a happy memory recall;  
While we all sit sorrow with the poor,  
There's a song that will linger forever in  
our hearts.  
Oh hard times, come again no more.

CHORUS.  
'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,  
Hard times, hard times, come again no  
more;  
Many days you have lingered round my  
cabin door,  
Oh, hard times, come again no more!  
While we seek mirth and beauty and  
music light and gay  
There are frail forms fainting at the  
door,  
Though their voices are silent, their  
pleading looks will say,  
Oh, hard times, come again no more!  
There's a pale, drooping maiden, who  
tells her life away,  
With a warm heart whose better days  
are o'er;  
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis  
sighing all the day,  
Oh, hard times, come again no more!  
—*Author Unknown.*

### Alone.

I miss you, my darling, my darling!  
The embers burn on the hearth,  
And still is the stir of the household,  
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;  
The rain plashes fast on the terrace,  
The winds past the happiness given,  
The midnight chimes out from the min-  
-ister,  
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling!  
I'm tired with a very heart ache;  
I would nestle in silence beside you  
And all but your presence forgot,  
In the hush of the happiness given,  
To those who through trusting have  
grown  
To the fulness of love in contentment,  
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling!  
My voice echoes back on the heart;  
I stretch my arms to you in longing,  
And, lo, they fall empty apart;  
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,  
The words that we only have known,  
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,  
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling!  
With its yearning, my very heart aches;  
The load that divides us weighs heavier;  
I shrink from the jar that it makes.  
Old sorrows rise up to beset me,  
Old doubts make my spirit their own,  
Oh, come through the darkness and save  
me,  
For I am alone.  
—*Robert J. Burdette.*

### Nocturne.

Up to her chamber window  
A slight rye tresses glow,  
And up this Romeo's ladder  
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the lex shadows;  
I see the red and the blue,  
Unclasp her silken girdle,  
The curtain folds between.

She smiles on her white rose lover;  
She reaches out her hand  
And helps him in at the window—  
I see it there I stand!

To her scarlet lips she holds him  
And kisses him many a time,  
Ab, me, it was he that won her  
Because he dared to climb!  
—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

### The Balance of Power.

We take some states, not less than three.  
Let's call 'em "A" and "B" and "C";  
Not Russia, France and Germany,  
But each a simple letter.

Supposing "A" should buy a gun;  
Then "B" must purchase more than one;  
"Then 'C' who will not be outdone,  
Must go a cannon better.

Then "A," if not entirely mad,  
Another gun or so will add,  
As many as the others had,  
Until he overtops them.

And "B" and "C" will purchase more,  
Exactly as they did before,  
And heap up implements of war  
Till lack of money stops them.

And this is "the balance of power,"  
Diplomacy's climax and flower.  
If we were not afraid of the guns we had  
made,  
We should all be at war in an hour.  
—*Boston Transcript.*

### The Point of View.

Johnny, age ten:  
"The mean old maid who runs our school,  
Because my sister I did not do,  
Just made me sit there, like a fool,  
Among the girls. Boo-hoo, boo-hoo!"

John, age twenty:  
"Although our parsons have gone back  
On old time creed of scolding hales,  
'Tis she still, as there we'd look,  
Of course, the company of ladies."  
—*Clara Marshall.*

All human history attests  
That happiness for man—the hungry sin-  
-ner.  
Since Eve ate apples much depends on  
dinner.  
—*Byron.*

### Grunt-Who-Will Towner.

Anne, the duchess in wooden shoes,  
Who brought Brittany in the pocket of  
her wedding gown to her husband, the  
King of France, kept the government  
for herself, and when the bishop of  
St. Malo protested against the strong  
hold which she built to cove the two  
independent Maloisans she carried on  
her tower the irrelevant inscription,  
which may still be read there, "Grunt  
who will, so shall it be; 'tis my pleas-  
-ure." —*Grunt-Who-Will!* (Quelqu'en gougue) it remains to this  
day.