

MY PLEA.

Give me, O Fate, O Destiny, four walls beneath a roof,
A little cash that I may live and living hold aloof
From humankind of every mold, where'er, what'er it be,
Who think a mint of hoarded gold can give them power o'er me!

Give me, O Guiding Star, a spot, beneath yon arching span,
Where I can hide, in peace, from that especial man
Who thinks, because his prejudice is hard and cold and dry,
That he is more intelligent, more versed in truth than I!

Give me, O Fortune, some far place beyond the eager tongue
Of him who sits in ignorance upon life's lowest rung!
Sahara's wilds, grim solitude, I care not where it be,
But let me live where man's conceit I may no longer see!

Give me, O Luck, O Circumstance, the chance to get away
A thousand miles from that crass chap who has too much to say!
Preserve me from the gabfest trait, the over-plus of speech—
From all who wag their jaws too much I would be out of reach!

—Lutana W. Sheldon, in the New York Times.

THE ORGANIST.

By **RENE BAZIN.**

He was a very old gentleman, at whom the street boys pointed because of his long locks. He wore them long and curling, like the Bretons in pictures, although he had come from some obscure place in Flanders and was living in a little city in the south of France. The people of the neighboring villages, dwellers by the Rhone, folk of the land of garlic, sun, and wind, asked, when they heard him speak:

"Who is that strange man with the northern accent?"

"What! Don't you know him? That is the organist of our cathedral."

His clean-shaven face had the tone of old Delft faïences, in which a tinge of blue can always be seen beneath the white enamel. His face was broadly outlined, like a Roman bust. As to his eyes, they were buried underneath such a forest of eyebrows that only two persons claimed to have seen them—that is, really to have seen them. And yet these persons differed in opinion as to their color.

"They are dark blue," said M. Follis, the priest of the cathedral.

To which the blower of the great organ replied:

"I have seen them oftener than you have, I who blow the organ; they are brown, like the beetles on oak trees."

Blue or brown, they had an anxious tenderness when they looked at Catherine, the only souvenir of the most painful episode of M. Bretwiller's life, his marriage. M. Bretwiller, a musician of the northern school, whose very gaiety was pensive, and whose enthusiasm was melancholy, belonged to the race of those great barbarians who came down from their forests to sunny Rome at the time of the invasions. They felt the sunbeams delightful upon their helmets, and their hearts were stirred by the glow, which awoke within them a new song. Their weapons trembled in their hands at the sight of the beautiful Roman women, and they said to themselves that they would do well to pitch their tents in a land where the olive shades the twofold harvest of grapes and wheat. After their manner, and with great eagerness, they tasted the delights of that foreign land. But to understand is not to be understood. M. Bretwiller made proof of that truth. His southern bride had not the least suspicion what a German musician might be; and she died of it. Catherine alone remained to prove that the organist had been married. She was puny and ill-favored, as the product of two clashing civilizations. Her hair was too curly, her forehead too low, her eyes, which could not decide between the north and the south, had the hue of dead embers. Her mouth, however, was exquisite, modeled after antique types, full and severe, large and always moist, like the lips of shells which sing the eternal song. She sang divinely. Her father knew no greater joy, perhaps he really had no other joy, than to hear the melodies which he composed come forth from that beloved voice and pass above the mimosa in the garden, borne by the air of Provence, which carries music more lightly than any other air, by reason of habit, of the language, and of the fragrance of the flowers. He said to her, simply:

"See, Catherine, the greater part of men have not soul enough for two. They have only enough for themselves. Those who have more soul than they need for themselves are the poets, the philosophers, the musicians and the composers. Above all the composers, for they speak the language least of all subject to restraint, and therefore the most universal. A note has no country. A melody is merely the key which opens the door of dreams in all dialects." He also said:

"I know very well that I am not understood, here in the south. All the members of the chapter have the Italian ear. The priest rebels against the fugue. The chapel-master, M. Catbise, may not even know the names of Bach, Franck and Wagner. The air is saturated with Rossini's cavatinas. My great organ, if I would permit it, would play serenades, all by itself. Its tremolo is diabolically easy. It is my honor to strive to implant the German method in this Latin country. I will make it triumphant. It shall reign here some day, and you shall hear 'Tristan and Yseult' in Avignon, and the 'Phantom Ship' sung in sight of the sea by the herdsmen of Camargue!"

Sometimes they went to walk in the outskirts of the city, upon the bare hills where sparse groups of trees point toward the sky. M. Bretwiller tried not to hear the Rhone, which whistled an allegro of amazing

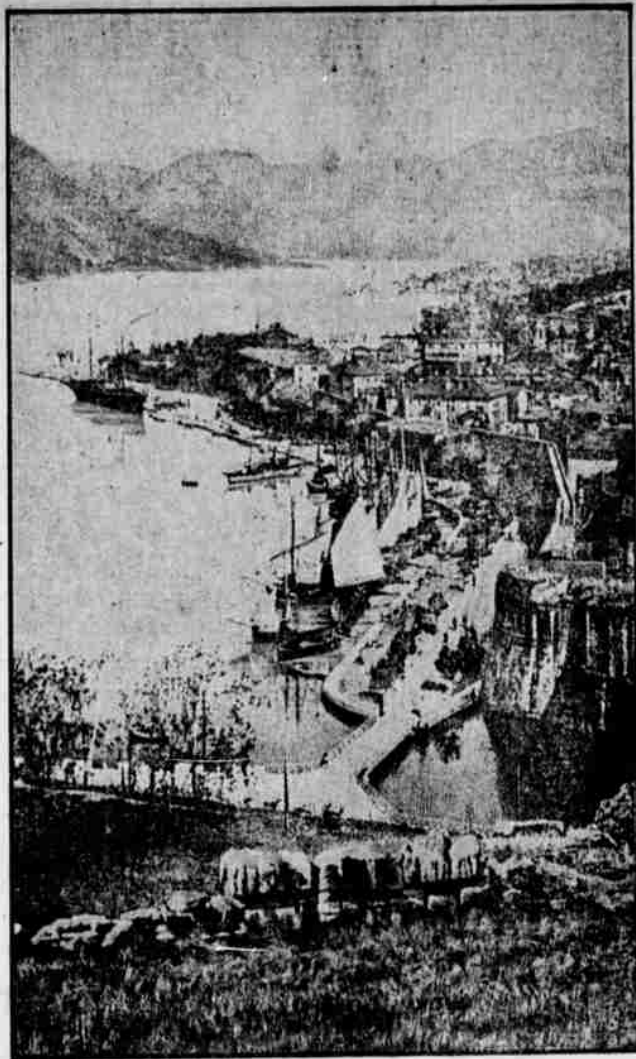
lightness; he tried to hear neither the crickets, with their Neapolitan songs, nor the tamarisk shrubs, those unwearied murmurers of lullabies; but when he came upon a pine tree, he seated himself at its foot and took a lesson. "Master of masters," he said, "singer of the north and of the south, self-sufficing, and evolving the same meditative theme, alike beneath the sun and the fog."

But, far more often, M. Bretwiller did not go out. In the streets his tall, bent figure was seldom seen, unless it were on saints' days, half an hour before service and half an hour afterward. He walked along, already improvising, possessed by the idea which developed itself exuberantly in these moments of exaltation. He saw no one, bowed to no one, and did not know that he had reached his destination until suddenly the shadow close to the Roman walls of the cathedral made him raise his head. Then, going in by a door of which he alone possessed the key, he mounted the organ gallery, seated himself, threw a terrible glance at the blower, and played a few chords, with his hand and his foot, to test himself. Then, the time having come, he abandoned himself to the charm of his composition, a charm which, alas, was confined to himself. He was no longer bowed down, but erect, solemn, happy.

The only person who disturbed him in these joyful hours was Catbise, the chapel-master, who responded to him with the little choir-organ; Catbise, who played the chants, a pure southerner, and of the blond kind which never knows self-distrust. This Catbise, who had not composed even a waltz, delighted his audience with preludes, sorrowful airs with flowery variations, tearful strains mingled with Tyrolean warblings, the art, in fact, of the little Italians who smilingly play the violin in the streets. Bretwiller execrated him, all the more so because once or twice a year a certain worthy canon, who had no thought of ill-will, would come to him and say: "How you master your organ, M. Bretwiller! What a pity that you are not always clear! See M. Catbise, a young man with a great future. There is a man whom one can easily understand, and whom one can follow without fatigue!"

Catherine consoled her father for the injustice of men. She was the true cause of his sacrificed life. If you could have penetrated the secret of that old artist's soul, you would have seen what no one knew, not even Catherine herself, that if he remained in that southern land, so rebellious to his art, it was not in order to secure the triumph of his favorite composers or of his own works, but to save Catherine, who had been sickly from her childhood. A physician in whom M. Bretwiller had confidence had said: "If she leaves the south before she is twenty-five years old she will not live." He waited, watching with a growing hope the restoration of this child who had neither strength nor beauty. From year to year he observed new favorable symptoms. She had a faint color in her cheeks. She walked more firmly. Her voice assumed without effort the grave fullness which indicates a robust life. Would she live? And could they both leave the valley of the Rhone, and make their way to the north, she, after having passed her early youth, he, before his final old age? When she sang he said aloud: "What a joy to be so understood! What a queen of high art you are!" At the same time he thought: "We will leave them all, these lovers of farandoles! I will take you far away. You were almost sentenced to death, and now life smiles upon you."

LAND-LOCKED HARBOR OF CATTARO IN DALMATIA.



New Type of War Airship.

A new type of airship will be added to the German aerial fleet this spring. The new dirigible belongs to the non-rigid system and differs in several important points from other types. In shape it is similar to a torpedo. The envelope of the balloon is colored yellow to protect it as far as possible from the action of the sun's rays. Its four cars are directly attached to the framework of the balloon. It will be driven by four Daimler motors, each of 125 horse power. It is anticipated that the airship will be able to carry forty persons. The estimated speed is sixty-five kilometers an hour.

A large hall is being built to shelter the vessel. The airship has been designed by Captain von Krage of the aeronautic battalion, and is accordingly well adapted for military purposes.—Boersen Courier.

Novel Filing Cabinet.

A novel and ingenious filing cabinet has been designed by a Michigan man. When closed the device is about the size of an ordinary cigar box, but when open it presents a long row of shelves on which lie the various papers required, and all of which can be seen almost at a glance. The shelves consist of flat surfaces strung on cords at each corner. They are arranged to telescope within a box which is made in two parts, the upper part fitting over the lower. Above this case another cord runs through pulleys in the ceiling or desktop, one end of this cord being fastened to the top of the box and the other end having a weight on it. When the box is closed and the front flap fastened up it remains in that position, but when the front flap is let down the upper part of the box is released, the weight of the cord descends, and the shelves are extended to the full length of the cords on which they are hung. This little invention has the advantage of taking up little room in an office when the box is closed and of displaying all the papers on the shelves when it is open.—Philadelphia Record.

If He Had Known.

An Immigration officer of the United States tells how two Irish immigrants, just arrived in this country, were much impressed by a dredging plant at work a few yards from the Government landing. As they watched there suddenly came into view, from the channel mud and slime up a ladder to the deck of the dredge, a diver in full panoply.

"Look at that man, will ye?" came in a hoarse whisper from one Celt to another. "Jist look at him! Faith, had I known the way over I'd have walked, too!"—Harper's Magazine.

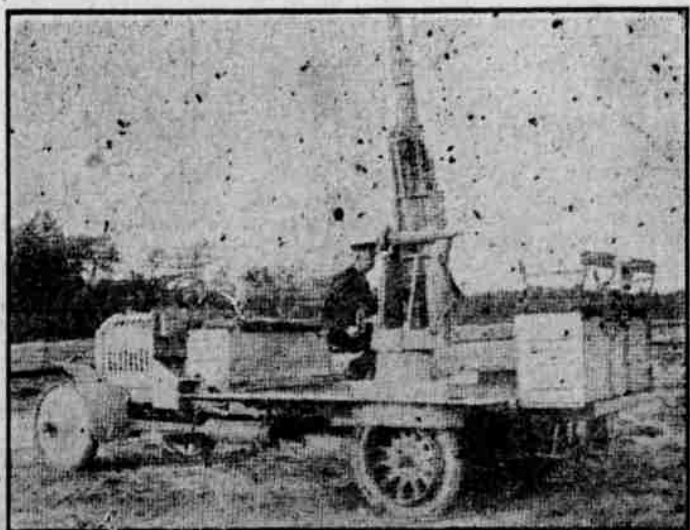
The British Seeker of the South Pole.



Captain Robert Falcon Scott, of the King's navy, is to lead the most ambitious expedition ever despatched to the Antarctic.

Bled eight feet from the ground a rubber-yielding three of fifteen inches diameter gives three pints of liquid.

DESIGNED TO BRING DOWN HIGH FLYERS.



The Germans lead the nations so far in balloon navigation. They are keeping pace with Zeppelin by inventing powerful destroyers of air-ships in the service of hostile nations. As early as 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War, the Germans used special cannons for bringing to earth the balloons which were sent out by the besieged city of Paris. The present aerial gun is mounted on a high-powered motor-carriage capable of carrying also a full equipment and crew.

Libby's Food Products

Libby's Evaporated Milk
Contains double the nutriment and none of the impurities so often found in so-called fresh or raw milk.

The use of Libby's insures pure, rich, wholesome, healthful milk that is superior in flavor and economical in cost.

Libby's Evaporated Milk is the purest, freshest high grade milk, obtained from selected, carefully fed cows. It is pasteurized and then evaporated (the water taken out), filled into bright, new tins, sterilized and sealed air tight until you need it.

Use Libby's and tell your friends how good it is.



Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

Large and Small Eggs.

Ostriches lay the largest eggs of all birds now extant, according to a writer in the Scientific American, but the ostrich's eggs would have appeared small beside that of the extinct Madagascar bird, the epyornis, which smallest circumference. The smallest measured more than 30 inches in its birds' eggs are those of the minute species of humming birds, which are smaller than the eggs of certain kinds of tropical beetles. But the cuckoo lays the relatively smallest egg. That is to say, while the jackdaw and the cuckoo are about equal in size, the former's egg is five or six times larger than the latter's. The fact that the cuckoo is wont to deposit its eggs in the nests of birds which are usually much smaller than itself doubtless accounts for this. The relatively largest egg is laid by the kiwi, a strange, wingless New Zealand bird. The egg is no less than five inches long, although the extreme length of the bird is only 27 inches.

Finance.

All successful financial operations begin with the issuance of as large an amount of stock as possible. Then prices must be raised as high as possible, in order to pay as much dividends as possible. Then as much more stock as possible should be issued in order as well as possible to conceal the dividends and warrant an additional increase in prices in order to pay the dividends on the additional stock so that it will be necessary to issue more stock in order to conceal the excessive dividends, and so on. No man is entitled to be called a philanthropist until he has repeated this process at least half a score of times.—Life.

The Cost of Milk.

According to the figures thus far submitted to the legislative milk investigators, the farmers of New England are in reality a noble band of philanthropists supplying humanity with milk at a continued monetary loss. At the latest estimate the profitable price of milk had been boosted to 10 cents per quart and was still rising. And neither the tariff, the trusts, nor the increased production of gold figures in the estimate is responsible for the increased price. No wonder the consumer is inclined to think that investigations are a delusion and a snare.—Boston Herald.

They Asked for the People's Highway.

They asked for the People's Highway, though never a word they spoke;
Dim in the wind of their flight, defeated, unhuman, they spurred,
Dim in the whirling dust that they left in their fatal wake—
They asked for the People's Highway! . . . (The People said never a word).

They have run down a child; and yet, who will say that theirs was the blame?
The child in the road—it fluttered—as silly as fledgling bird!
They turned to the right, they turned to the left, and the child the same—
But they could not stop on the Highway! (The People said never a word).

They have crushed the old lame man, as home from his work he went—
Or, was he deaf, that not at the signal repeated he stirred?
He kept the road, in his stupid way—the warning was sent—
But they could not stop on the Highway! (The People said never a word).

The People are slow of speech, but their thought is to-morrow's law;
And the bolt of their judgment the heavier falls the longer deferred. . . .
When the Red Car mocked and the Black Car scowled, and the People saw—
That they would not stop on the Highway—hark to the People's word:—

"Beggars!—a road of their own with their wealth let them build, if they will,
And leave what is ours to us—the right of the plodding herd!
Let the Red Car lord it, the Black Car race with the Red, to kill—
But not on our Highway. This is the People's Will and Word."
—Edith M. Thomas, in "Annam's."

Particular People Find positive pleasure in Post Toasties

—a crisp, appetizing, dainty food for breakfast, lunch or supper. Always ready to serve right from the package with cream or milk and always enjoyed.

"The Memory Lingers"

Pkgs. 10c. and 15c. Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.