KING PETER OF SERVIA ON MATRIMONIAL TOUR

The tour undertaken by King Peter of Servia, in search of matrimonial allowances for his children, has borne fruit. The King visited Vienna, Rome, and Paris, and the result was a report that he had found a husband for his 24-year-old daughter Helen, thanks to Queen Helena, of Italy, who is a near relative, being a Princess of Montenegro. It has also been announced officially that a consort has been found for the present crown prince of Servia. His betrothal to Princess Titania, the 21-year-old daughter of Grand Duke Constantin, uncle of the Czar of Russia, has been published. The wedding is to take place next autumn.

Crown Prince Alexander of Servia is twenty-two years of age. When he attained his majority the Sobranje granted him an annual civil list of an equivalent of $60,000. He was proclaimed heir to the throne two years ago when his notorious brother, the reprobate Prince George, renounced his rights of succession, under pressure. He was given a yearly allowance of $15,000 with the condition that he leave the country for good and all. He resides in Paris.

While on his tour to visit the royalties of Europe, King Peter did not meet with the most cordial reception. He first went to Rome, but for reasons best known to King Victor Emmanuel, did not stay long at the Quirinal, though a near relative by marriage to the Queen of Italy. At St. Petersburg King Peter was permitted to see the Czar, but only in a fifteen minute audience, when Nicholas told him he hoped that Servia's future would be "as prosperous as he deserved" (?) Perhaps the Czar alluded to the terrible assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga.

When word was conveyed to the aged Emperor Franz Josef that King Peter's itinerary would take him to Budapest, he journeyed to his summer chateau—by Goedoelloe—and sent word that his health forbade him to receive visitors. King George of England had no desire to see the Servian majesty at all. But all kings look alike to Paris. If a ruler from the African black belt or a chocolate Maharajah from India drops in at the French capital the town swings its colors from the hotel windows. The French President drives with him to the races and a countess or two invites him to an afternoon tea.

King Peter was booked for a considerable stay in Paris, but because of the tragic death of the French minister of war the visit has been postponed.

The Servian court is a semi-barbaric sort of an affair. The "noble Servians" refuse to take orders, even from their King, as to how to dress at court functions or drawing rooms. They insist that the palace is not for the exclusive few, but for all. Into this sort of royal atmosphere the Servian house had designs of bringing an American girl, as long as she had plenty of cash, for cash is a very rare commodity at the Belgrade court.

Americans will recall that Count Pabloff Myski Treskaya, as confidential agent of King Peter, was sent to the United States last year to go over the lists of debutantes trying to make an alliance for one of the King's sons. He failed.

Prince George, the ex-crown prince, is the King's never-ceasing nightmare. If there is anything in the way of mischief or rascality that he is not doing, it is simply because he is unable to do it. He is a scapegrace to whom nothing is sacred. Here is one instance which amply will illustrate that "royal scion's" tendencies:

On the morning of one of the religious festivals common among the Servians, at which the monarch and the great body of the clergy were present, the crown prince suddenly appeared at the reviewing stand in a carriage, accompanied by half a dozen dance-hall women in spangled skirts and low-cut bodices. The prince's military cap was perched on one girl's head, another wore his coat, and his riding boots were on the forelegs of one of the horses. When the procession passed, the prince arose in the carriage, with bleary eyes, supported on either side by the dancers, and at sight of the King saluted. His effort to cheer upset the prince, who fell through the bottom of the coach, where he stuck. The King caught one glance of the scene, but did not turn his head. When the dignified clergy passed, the prince raised an empty bottle and aimed it at a bearded high priest. It fell short and hit a sentry.

Before the King could take steps to cut his heir off he was taken ill. The prince thereupon organized a court from among his under-world companions and drove them in state to the palace. A banquet was spread and his gay companions were given titles as they took places at the table. They sang the Servian national hymn to words of blasphemy and drank a ribald toast. Next came an audience in the throne-room, the prince, posing as the monarch, marching there under a canopy which but a moment before had been one of the young women's dresses. Arriving at the ante-chamber, the procession of roisterers halted and the bogus king and his immediate attendants entered first. At a trumpet signal the others were admitted. There, upon the throne, without a stitch of clothes, sat the prince, with a red pasteboard crown upon his head and a wine bottle in his hand as a scepter. He made a speech to his subjects, and as they passed the throne he insisted that all should kiss his toe.

This disgraceful proceeding forced the King to summon a medical council, which decided that the prince should be removed to a sanatorium. The prince dared the King to undertake to put the decision into execution, threatening to tell the story of the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga.

Twice the prince ran away from Belgrade with singers. Once he and a show girl went to Vienna, where they bought gypsy outfits and took to the highway as fortune tellers. The King managed to get the prince to return, where his status as a prince was changed by decree and the younger son became crown prince. Thereafter Prince George was banished, but he wouldn't stay banished. He returned, had another escapade in the palace, which ended in his shooting a sentry who refused to bite the head off a live mouse that the prince dangled by the tail.

Notwithstanding his disgraceful conduct, the shameless prince is the real idol of the reckless crowd which dominates the army.

FLANEUR.

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STIRRING ADVENTURE WITH WILD COW OF THE PLAINS

"In the early days of California, settlers owned large tracts of land, on which were thousands of cattle. The latter roamed as they pleased over the country in great herds, and were almost as wild and fierce as wolves. Men could only ride on horseback among them, and if a man, in driving or attempting to control them, became unhorsed, he was in serious danger. His only safety lay in running into a stream of water or climbing a tree.

"In those days I was a member of a surveying party, and we had occasion to run a line along a low range of hills, near which a herd of Spanish cattle was feeding. They seemed to take no notice of us, and I was some hundred yards in advance of my companions, who were scattered in various directions, when suddenly several of the animals rushed toward me.

"I looked around for a tree, but there was none near. There was no use in running—the cattle would overtake me—and so I stood perfectly still, although I thought that my last hour had come.

"All at once the wild creatures stopped, then turned away and scampered along the hills.

"But just as I was breathing a sigh of relief over my escape one of the animals—a fierce-looking cow—wheeled about and came rushing toward me. I saw no way of escape, for my companions had not time to reach me; but a man's ideas are sometimes suddenly brightened in a moment of danger, and in this case mine were.

"A few feet in front of me was a long and thin steel rod, which we used for making holes in the hard ground. It was sharp at one end, and I thought it might serve as a weapon of defense.

"I sprang forward, pulled it out of the ground, and the next instant had it poised as a weapon. I had once been attacked by a grizzly bear, but I did not feel in as much danger then as I did now, when that vicious cow, with her spike-like horns, was coming down upon me with so much strength and agility.

"With nose almost touching the ground, the cow pushed forward, preparing to throw her whole strength into the blow. Just then I lifted the steel rod and hit her square between the horns. She dropped down as if she had been struck by lightning. The sharp point of the rod had pierced the brain, and she lay lifeless at my feet.

"I was half paralyzed, and stood staring at the dead animal, hardly realizing what had happened," continues the narrator to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. "The other men, who had been hurrying to my rescue, came up to me. One of them was an Irishman, and as he looked at the animal he said, with a rich brogue, 'Bedad, an' that was a quare way to kill a cow like that for supper!'

"The men burst into a loud laugh. I felt relieved of the strain under which I had been laboring, and when supper time came I did full justice to the fine steaks from that same cow."

THE UTILITY OF BEAUTY.

New York Beginning to Find that Attractiveness Pays.

From the Scientific American.

Evidences are not wanting of a growing appreciation of the fact that in those broad fields of human activity which are covered by the architect and the engineer, there is no necessary antagonism between the useful and the beautiful. Too long the idea has prevailed that whenever we depart from those forms and dimensions which are demanded by a strict consideration of prospective returns on the money invested, a more or less serious money loss will be involved. Now, although there may be some truth in this conviction, it is not altogether true. For the public taste has been educated to a point where it is beginning to be recognized that in the construction of municipal works and of the more monumental of our commercial buildings their value is distinctly increased, even as to their revenue-earning capacity, in proportion as they are invested with true beauty and dignity.

Even at this early day in the movement toward the realization of the city beautiful, there are several notable instances of the recognition of the principle above referred to; and we draw attention to the fact that when the architects of the newest New York office building urged upon the syndicate who are financing the structure the advisability of setting the front walls of the building well back from the columns of the loggia near the top of the building, and also proposed to run up the pyramidal roof in solid granite, free from windows, the committee, in spite of the fact that much very valuable rentable floor space would be lost, were willing to make the sacrifice for the sake of the gain in architectural effect. The concession was made on the understanding and recognition of the fact that the modern building which possesses architectural beauty and dignity is preferred by prospective tenants to those bald and cheerless monstrosities whose architects seem to have taken a perforated packing case as their model.

A Cool House in Hot Weather.

From the New Haven Register.

The Hartford Times points out briefly the new way of cooling a house, so new that it is news to most persons. In a nutshell, it consists of a cistern in the cellar in which is immersed a coil of iron pipe. To this is attached a simple fan blower which forces this chilled air to all the rooms of the house. The only expense of this is the installation of the cistern, the pipe, and the blower, and about 10 cents' worth of electricity for the twenty-four hours. The Times asserts that this plan is in practical operation in at least one Hartford house, and that it is effective. It is at least a beginning. Eventually, it is probable, some method will be found of lowering the temperature of the air below the possibilities of a cellar cistern. Meanwhile, it seems believable that the temperature of house interiors might be lowered to at least 75 degrees by such a means. And this would be live air, in constantly healthy circulation.

Tests made by a French railroad of a device for heating water before it reaches the boiler by exhaust steam showed a fuel economy of more than 12 per cent.

SAYING FAREWELL A LOST ART IN THESE RAPID DAYS

"Good-by, adieu, adios!" the saddest words of three fine languages.

Saying good-by to anybody or anything we love means a terrible heartache, a pain that the meager "God be with you" scarcely covers.

All through the pages of the past farewells sob faintly behind the glittering pageant of court and camp, behind the gray misery of the poor.

Before the earth's secrets were known, kings ruled over lands no bigger than a Western ranch, the rough passions of man delighted in war and so keen was his zest for battle that the antique warrior knew no pangs at parting. At a later time distance grew cruel and the means of transit were so poor that a princess of France went as a bride to Spain with her young eyes dimmed from the pain of a separation which was to last her life. And once a king's heart quivered with a strange sense of loss as a sweet Italian voice sobbed, "You love me. You are King of France, and yet I leave you! Adieu!" So Louis the Sun King stood silent and embarrassed, bidding a lifelong farewell to young love and man's honor as he watched the heavy coach bear Marie Mancini into the exile of a loveless marriage.

When the discovery of a world beyond the dreaded distance of unknown waters swept like a tale of magic through the old continent adventurous hearts were quickened by a fierce desire to know the land where spoils of gold and silver, gleaming gems, the wonders of exotic forests, and a flora of tropical beauty were the rewards of daring and cruelty. Like the all-conquering potence of a luscious wine, this El Dorado across the seas tore at the hearts of men and husbands, gallants, sons, and fathers left the homes of Venice, Spain, and Italy, while dark-eyed women said "Good-by" with a new note of tragic loss in their tones, and learned to hate the sight of the rich galleons which with spreading sails bore those they loved beyond their ken.

The terror of travel, which lasted well into the middle of the nineteenth century, is gone; gone also are those splendid dreams of "foreign parts" which called an ambitious boy before the mast. In those old days a mother knew that when her son joined his regiment or ship he had no certainty of return and the blessings of a regular mail service were denied her anxious heart.

In the glory of our own day the world, conquered by man's inventive genius, has shrunk into such small space that our grief at parting is more measured than that of our grandparents. The cost of travel has dwindled into such insignificance that Italian laborers cross the ocean for a season's work in the States or Argentina. Emigrants no longer sob as they board the great liners, no longer do their eyes strain after the last glimpse of a land they love, yet never hope to see again. Tears are now the exception at railway stations and quays, yet for all that there is no less affection displayed—no less, if less irrevocable, meaning in our good-bys.

Lamartine declared that our whole existence is but a series of partings. At birth we say good-by to infinity; at death, to the finite. We say farewell to fine illusions, to fruitless hopes, worn friendships, outraged faith, to youth, to love, to all that makes life worth the living.

Some partings, however, we welcome with outstretched hands—partings from things we dislike, irksome tasks, ugly surroundings and the society of uncongenial people. Every normal being longs to end something repellant in life, cherishes a passionate wish to soar above the common needs of existence, to walk on Olympus and dream in the gods' palm groves, but nearly always some obstacle balks the achievement of the heart's desire, scatters the highest plans, and sometimes it is those who, anxious for separation, eager for better things, have not the courage to say, "Good-by."

CELEBRATED THIER 50TH ANNIVERSARY

An Enjoyable Occasion at Arundel-on-the-Bay.

Judge William M. Abbott and wife, of Annapolis, Md., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, on Tuesday last at Arundel-on-the-Bay, Md. The celebration of the "golden wedding" was in the nature of a surprise party tendered them by their daughters, Mrs. Emma A. Gage, the local editor of the Evening Capital, of Annapolis, and Mrs. A. B. McManus, of Washington, at the residence of the former, whose cottage adjoins that of Judge Abbott's summer home. The decorations were beautiful in green, white and yellow, the latter being the dominant note.

The entertainment was essentially a neighborhood affair confined to the summer contingent, for there are hardly cottages enough at Arundel to accommodate the numerous Washington and Baltimore friends who would have coveted the privilege of congratulating the distinguished pair had they been bid.

A beautiful souvenir of the occasion took the form of a half-tone picture of the couple mounted above some verses written by Mrs. Gage.

Mr. E. C. Graham, of Washington, took several flash-light pictures of the guests. The gifts received during the day were many and costly, and letters and telegrams came from every direction. Washington sent many boxes of beautiful flowers, as well as more substantial gifts, and gold from the Orient also bore testimony to the wide interest in this unique celebration.

Among the Washingtonians present were Mr. M. I. Weller and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Courts, Mr. Ed C. Graham and family, the latter including his mother, who is spending a few days at Arundel-on-the-Bay, Mrs. Medford and her daughter, Mrs. Schaffer, Mr. Philander Johnson and wife, Mrs. J. H. M. Van Zandt and Mrs. Jean Cabell O'Neill, Dr. Heineke and house guests of various cottagers. Mr. Arthur Lee Bosley, of Baltimore, was accompanied by Mrs. Bosley, who helped in the distribution of generous pieces of wedding cake done up in "dream packages" with gold ribbon.

CONQUERING SUMMER.

Time Will Come When Heat Discomforts Will Be Obviated.

From the New York Times.

This week's supertropical weather has produced in this single city a longer list of killed and wounded than did not a few battles which history has deemed worth recording at some length, and, of course, the victims of the heat in these four days have far outnumbered those who freeze to death in the whole of our severest winters. Yet, all the fatalities and all the sufferings thus caused are endured, strangely enough, as if they were inevitable and irremediable. At any rate, the efforts to avoid or alleviate them are almost entirely limited to slight changes in dress, diet, and habits, the effects of which do very little toward lessening the general danger and discomfort.

We are not content with like measures in winter for overcoming the cold, though they would enable us to bear it at least as well as we bear the heat. On the contrary, every building, private or public, in which we pass any considerable amount of time is provided with more or less elaborate heating apparatus, and the money spent in installing and running stoves and furnaces in all their varieties is charged up to necessity, and therefore is not begrudged, even by those who find it hard to get. Now, the same or less expenditure would render our houses in summer as much cooler than it is in winter, and mechanical ingenuity is quite capable of making the heating the outside air as they are warmer than plant of one season serve as a cooling plant in the other.

This would be particularly easy where the winter use of hot water or steam has compelled the construction of a pipe system running from a common center to "radiators" of one form or another in every room. These conduits could carry brine chilled below the freezing point just as easily as they carry hot water or steam. That is only one of several ways by which the refrigeration of houses and other buildings could be effected, and a lowering of temperature slight in comparison with the raising of it in winter is all that would be required to make a vast difference in our feelings. There would be something of danger in cool houses for summer, but no more than there is in hot ones for winter.

Ascertained in Two Minutes.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The Bureau of Labor, after an investigation covering several months, has found that the cost of living is higher than it was in 1907. Any one who is sufficiently able bodied to carry a market basket and able minded enough to remember prices in 1907 can ascertain as much by two minutes' investigation.

MYSTERY IS SOLVED.

CLEO DE MERODE.

"The Parisian Mystery," Cleo de Merode, beautiful protege of the late King Leopold, dancer and adventuress, to-day, for the first time, unveiled the mystery surrounding her birth as she stepped aboard a train for Italy, where, at the age of thirty-eight, broken in health, and with beauty marred by premature age, she will live quietly for the rest of her days, in order, as she says, to free herself "from the everlasting public stare." She is the daughter of a small tradesman in Poland.

Mlle. de Merode's career has been nothing short of meteoric since she was proclaimed the "most beautiful woman" in the world by King Leopold in 1898. She has been the toast of the boulevards, the idolized of wealthy, and the friend of royalty. Scandal has connected her name with the devastation of six enormous fortunes, and she has frequently figured in the columns of the press. Through all this publicity, however, Mlle. Cleo has kept the secret of her birth, being at various times reported to be the daughter of parents in every stage of society from coal heavers to kings. This passion for secrecy resulted in her soubriquet, "The Parisian Mystery," and at one time a continental duke offered a large sum to him who could solve the riddle.

A Cheerful Prospect.

From the Popular Magazine.

Will B. MacDonald, of Washington, rented a farm a few miles outside of the city to escape the din and noise of town, but he soon tired of the trouble of looking after the place.

"I'm going to hire a manager to look after this farm," he told his family at breakfast one morning. "Then I won't have any more trouble. He can occupy a room on the top floor, and we will all have a quiet, easy time."

MacDonald leaned back and smiled serenely in anticipation of the coming rest and peace.

That night as the new manager passed through the hall on his way upstairs MacDonald stepped out and asked him if he cared to have the afternoon paper.

"No, thank you," replied the fount of rest and quiet. "I have a flute on which I always practice two hours before going to bed!"

TENTING.

To-night I'm alone in the open, where the winds of heaven race,
With the noiseless patter of starshine to soften my upturned face;
And I lie by my tent recumbent, with my tired arms flung wide,
With God just back of the curtain where His constellations ride.

Oh, sweet is the low, green valley; and sweet is the mountain high;
And doubly sweet is the silence which folds me as I lie!
And sweetest of all the murmur of a softly flowing stream,
Which lulls my brain to slumber and gives a restful dream.

On the Earth's kind breast I've laid me, and I feel her tender heart
Athrob with the love she bears me (we have lived so long apart!)
I can feel the dew kiss holy which nature gives her child—
Forgiving him, though wayward, and blessing him, defiled.

A breeze comes down the valley from the foot of the mountain range
And rustles the grass beside me in whispering music strange.
I sense an insect stirring, and I hear a night bird's call;
And then through drowsy eyelids I see the moon's gold ball.

I was work with barter and traffic; I lived in a town after;
So I left it all behind me and followed the evening star.
As of old the wise men found Him in the manger at Bethlehem,
So I know the Lord is near me—I can see His diadem!

—Edwin Carlile Litsey, in Ave Maria.

APACHES ATTACK MEN ON STREET

Italian Killed by Thug After Wild Debauch.

Paris, July 15.—The famous Parisian Apaches are astir again. Three young men, who spent the night in carousing and picking quarrels in a dozen different establishments, wound up their revel by murdering a man in the street for their pleasure.

The young men, each of whom is about twenty years of age, proceeded from one barroom to another. In each case they made it a point to pick a quarrel with the other persons on the premises. For some time their fun was limited to taking up glasses and hurling them over the counter, or flinging bottles at the heads of the customers. Once or twice they had hand-to-hand fights with persons whom they disturbed, and as they were strong fellows, they usually got the better of their antagonists.

Two o'clock came, and the three were turned out of the various cafes, as the closing hour had arrived. Their exploits were then continued in the streets. A young man was just taking leave of his sweetheart. They saw this, walked over to him, and, taking him by the collar, flung him into the middle of the road.

They had barely sent the lover sprawling when a young Italian workman who was quietly going home came around a corner. He was face to face with one of the three ruffians, who, without any warning, plunged a knife into a vital part and killed him almost on the spot.

The lover, who had meanwhile recovered, heard the dying man's groans and was able at last to find a policeman. By that time, however, the trio had taken to flight.

Helen Hayes Brown.

If those misguided people who are forever protesting against the use of children upon the stage could have dropped into the Columbia Theater last week to witness the positive delight with which little Helen Hayes Brown, the ten-year-old mite who is to play Little Lord Fauntleroy in the play of that name, entered into her work they would have had their ideas of things materially altered. The little girl is thoroughly imbubed with the poetic inspiration of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's popular play, and no greater punishment could have been inflicted upon her than to prohibit her from playing the part. "It is all so beautiful," she explained, "that I wish I could be Fauntleroy forever." White the part of Cedric Errol, who becomes Little Lord Fauntleroy, is probably the longest and hardest ever written for so young a child, its mastery has been a positive delight for the little girl. For those who look askance at the memorizing of a four-line stanza the idea of learning sixty pages of typewriting, to say nothing of the business which accompanies the speeches, may seem a terrible task, but in reality it has been with difficulty that Helen has been restrained from devouring the entire part at a sitting, so inspiring has it been to her.

Through system the work has been made simple and easy. Each day she has been given a single speech, in which she has been thoroughly drilled by her mother, and the end of three months finds her the master of the entire part with no realization of the labor involved. Apart from being the daughter of Washington parents, little Miss Brown is one of the most interesting children on the stage. Her talent and dependability are known to every producing manager in New York, and she is never without flattering offers to play the most important of children's roles. Last season she was featured with Lew Fields in "The Summer Widowers," and prior to that she appeared in several of the big New York productions. She is, however, not only a Washington girl, but a Washington find, for knowing the dramatic ability of the child's mother, who before her marriage had been a promising member of his company, Manager Fred G. Berger, of the Columbia, was quick to discover in the little girl evidences of dramatic ability, and two seasons ago the child made her first appearance on any stage as the little prince in "A Royal Family," as produced by the Columbia Players. Several weeks later she delighted the Columbia audiences as the little girl in the first act of "Prince Chap." Before the close of the season she scored a further triumph as Patch in "A Poor Relation." Since that time she has been in New York and upon the road, but was brought to this city a month before the opening of the present Columbia season to rest up and quietly study the role in which she is now to appear.

This Is Suspicious.

From the New York Press.

A wife can learn to trust her husband about most anything except the reason he brings her home a box of flowers.

STORIES OF FAMOUS POEMS

No. 37.

"Kubla Khan."

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan,
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And there were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill, athwart a cedrian cover!
A savage place; as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And for this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast, thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like unbounding hail,
Or chiefly grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice.

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That, with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! beware
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was alone in his day among English writers of the front rank as poet, as critic, and as philosopher. His poetry illustrates the canon which he quotes from Milton that poetry should be "simple, sensuous, passionate." Coleridge explained Hazlett's indifference to the "Arabian Nights" by saying, "You never dream," and added that there was "a class of poetry built on the foundation of dreams." His own poems give the finest examples of the class.

"Kubla Khan" was actually a dream, and his best poems are all really dreams or spontaneous reveries, showing a nature of marvelous richness and susceptibility, whose philosophic temperament only appears in the variety and vividness of the scenery.

The circumstances attending the composition of "Kubla Khan" are sufficiently curious to merit a careful study. This is Coleridge's account: "In the summer of the year 1797 the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Lynton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in 'Purchas's Pilgrimage:'

"'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall.'

"The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vital confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that, indeed, can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved.

"At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast."

Coleridge wrote the first parts of his famous long poem, "Christabel," and "Kubla Khan" in the winter of 1797, when he was twenty-five years of age. "Kubla Khan" remained concealed among his manuscripts and was not published for eighteen years after its writing.

Coleridge's health, injured by his follies and bad food at school, had never been strong. Complaints of depression, due partly to his precarious prospects, but also to ill health, became increasingly frequent, and he was compelled to relieve his sufferings by laudanum. "Kubla Khan," he confessed, was written under the influence of an "anodyne." He eventually became a slave to the opium habit. He solemnly protested that the habit was due to the dread of physical agony, not to "any craving after pleasurable sensations." In a note written December 23, 1804, he says: "My sole sensuality was not to be in pain." "Kubla Khan," together with "Christabel" and the "Pains of Sleep," was first printed by Murray in 1816.

Coleridge failed to accomplish much in life upon which he had set his mind on account of his excessive use of opium, which, added to a native want of energy, produced an indolent habit and lack of application which was fatal to the prosecution of any extensive project. After a wandering life, residing in the houses of friends, alternately lecturing and contributing to periodicals, he settled in 1819 with Mr. Gilman, a physician at Highgate, and remained in his family until his death in 1834.

A month or two before his decease he composed his own epitaph.

Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, Child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he;
O lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life may here find life in death!
Mercy, for praise—to be forgiven, for fame—
He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same.

WHERE THE AIRS OF SOME OLD SONGS ORIGINATED

When the religious devotee, imbued with spiritual enthusiasm, goes deeply into her pocketbook while the collection basket is being passed she often hears the voice of the soprano singing "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," as an offertory solo. The church woman doubtless thinks it a religious hymn, and would describe it as a piece of purely religious music, little dreaming of its origin.

For the melody is about as far removed as it possibly could be from anything religious, being taken bodily from a comic opera that is not sung so frequently nowadays as it used to be in the placid old Mapleson days when Ravelli was Boston's favorite lyric tenor, and used to sing that air at the once famous Academy of Music when "Martha" was performed, for that song belongs by rights in Flotow's comic opera.

Many and many a church congregation has droned out an air to the words, "Oh, mother dear, Jerusalem," with profound belief in the religious character of the melody and without much thought at the time of the gay and festive dance, relates the New York Herald.

But the melody that they think so inspired is really a bold, bad waltz, and one Von Weber was the musician who wrote it for dance music, and very good dance music it is, too. The air was quite as popular for that purpose at one time as the "Merry Widow" waltz was two years ago, and the latter may yet follow its predecessor from out the bright lights of the ballroom into the dim aisles of the church.

The music of sentimental love songs is not always the creation of a yearning heart. Take a charming little Irish love ballad entitled "The Lass o' the County Mayo," which appeared some seven to eight years ago.

In it the fond lover describes his lady, and relates how she is "pure as a lily," and all the rest of the things that lovers say about their "best girls," at least all the things they say in song. And the music seems to suit the sentiment exactly.

But alas for the heart sentiment! The bulk of that song appeared nearly twenty years ago in the Presidential campaign when Cleveland and Thurman were the Democratic candidates, and the words were, "Let Democrats boast of their old red bandana," for this was a Republican campaign song. Somehow there does not seem to be much similarity between a political campaign and a fond lover, and it would appear that music has no intrinsic sentiment any more than it has religion.

Possibly the worst transmutation that was ever perpetrated on an unsuspecting public was when part of Chopin's solemn funeral march was bodily appropriated and turned into a negro minstrel song for use in the old San Francisco Minstrell Hall where the Bijou Theater afterward stood. Nightly the sad strains of the dirge were yapped to the words "Sumbuddy's comin' w'en de dewdrops fall" by a blacked-up white man who should have known better.

But it is when one gets into the realm of comic opera, or rather musical comedy, that one realizes that music in itself has no inherent unchangeable character, but that the same tune may be used a dozen times in connection with a dozen different sentiments.

ROOSEVELT'S STAND ON TAFT.

Not in Party Fight, but Will Support President if Renominated.

From the New York Times.

The continued comment upon the recent report from Washington that Col. Roosevelt had expressed himself as favoring the renomination of President Taft has caused some of the politicians here who are in sympathy with Col. Roosevelt and his friends to make inquiries as to just what was the basis of the report.

It seems to be pretty generally agreed now that Col. Roosevelt did not express himself to anybody as favoring the renomination of Mr. Taft. It is considered quite possible by those who believe they know Col. Roosevelt's mind that he might have said that if President Taft were renominated he would support him.

It is generally understood by those best advised that the colonel does not intend to join those within the Republican party who wish to make a campaign against Taft's renomination, but it is not considered likely that at any time prior to the convention will he take an open position against the progressives. The accepted view among politicians is that if Taft is renominated Col. Roosevelt will actively support him, but he does not propose to be used as a stalking horse.

Not a Rough Rider.

From the Hartford Courant.

President Taft is not a bit of a Rough Rider. He is not built that way, either in body or mind or temperament. He is a weigher of things, not a smasher of things. He is a reasoning being, not a spectacular being. He does not speak first and think afterward. He does not get excited over those who oppose him; he analyzes their opposition tranquilly and effectively, and his shirt collar is not wilted in the process. It does not make him angry because men are different; he reckons that they were made so, and that therefore they are not extraordinary sinners on that account. He does not shout or snort or rip and tear; he does not have to; he is heard when he speaks. He would probably be good for a desperate venture, if it came his way, but he does not turn ordinary matters into desperate ventures. He is not a bomb or a cannon or even a flashing sword. He takes care of himself without telling two continents how he does it, or is going to do it. It is all right for the Grand Camp of Rough Riders, of California, to make him an honorary Rough Rider, as they have done. He will pass very well as an honorary Rough Rider, because, in his calm and deliberative way, he also has done things, but beyond that stage he does not go.