THERE'S the SNIFF of SALT AIR in this YARN spun by Joe Doller of St. Louis, Third Steward and Able Landsman.

The End of Handy Was a Most Impressive Incident in the Initial Sea Experience of the Young American Rover.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Joe Doller of St. Louis, third steward at sea, and good yarn spinner ashore, tells about a murder on shipboard and the impression it made on him. He talks along like this:

"A murder is a serious and a gruesome thing wherever committed. But I fancy it is any number of times more so on board a ship than anywhere else. Murder done in a great city is something as though you should toss your glass of claret into a huge river: it would cause a tiny splash, a faint stain just where it fell, a few ripples—and then the river would flow on, with never a trace of red in its whole broad width. A murder on shipboard is like dropping this same glass of claret into a pail of clear water: there is a splash which stirs the water from bottom to top, and even causes the pail to trouble; and long, long after the glass has sunk to the bottom, and the last ripples it has brought into life have died away, a white face bending above the pail will peer into a mirror that is placid as it formerly was, but—red to its uttermost depths.

"That is why the one murder committed on the Sapphire made such an impression upon me. It occurred when we were about ten days out, and when we were plunging along through the Caribbean Sea at a fourteen-knot speed—clear water, quiet sea, and a stiff breeze that was hitting us square astern. We were not too far off shore to miss the pungent, spice-laden atmosphere of Central America—atmosphere that would have been heavy with the sugary fragrance had it not been spilt and fattened by its passage over the salt water. The sky was clear—clear and blue and high—so high that the hot sun, beating straight down upon us, seemed miles and miles below it. The men who were not on watch were lounging about under canvas awnings, too lazy and too contented to do aught but look off over the dazzling sea, and smoke, and stretch, and tell yarns in quiet, sleepy voices. Up from below there came the heavy throb—throb of the busy engines; out from the smoke stacks there floated a drowsy pall which was held almost straight in the air by the breeze behind us and the speed of the vessel. And the dreary monotone of the propellers churning the quiet water into a receding path of foam—and the gurgling swish of the waves that dashed in infinitude anger against the long black sides of the ship.

In the Big Ship's Hold, and the Tragedy There.

"Well, that was about the condition of things on deck. Down below it was different. There, where the heat was that of an inferno, begrimed men, stripped to their waists, toiled at the furnaces and at the engines and at the coal bunkers. The stokers bent their broad backs in movements as regular as those of a pendulum as they dug their shovels into the piles of coal behind them and tossed it with the power of giants into the roaring, blistering, roaring mouths of the furnaces; the engineers, grimy and hot, walked among the long lines of shafts and cylinders and stood at the throttles, and watched and tested and rubbed; and the coal trimmers—the poorest devils in all that hell of smoke and heat and grime and gas—pushed cumbrous carts between the coal bunkers and the furnaces, struggling, sweating, cursing, that the piles from which the stokers fed the fires might not grow low.

"One of these coal trimmers was called "Handy." Perhaps he had a name; I don't know. But what did a name amount to there? Only the officers were called by them; the rest were dubbed by nicknames more or less appropriate. Handy was ill, he had begged to get off, but as long as a man was considered able to stand up he was held to be fit for duty. So, when his watch came Handy had to go to the hold. His face was white, even back of the grime, on his huge legs trembled as he pushed his clumsy cart to and fro, and his lips hung open to permit the fevered breath to come and go in gasps.

"Others saw this and jolled Handy; the officer in charge of the watch saw it and cursed Handy. He shouted imprecations upon him, and brought a cane across his back in a terrific blow. Handy's gasps were now moans—but still he struggled on. Finally he fell. The officer, with a yell of rage which was more like the scream of an angered panther than the cry of a man, sprang toward him and caught his shoulder. Handy did not move. He could not. His poor legs were stretched straight before him; and his head had fallen forward and his body was held from the floor only by the strength of his massive, but quivering, arms.

"The maddened officer seized a huge monkey-wrench that an engineer had dropped, and, with a curse that was sufficient to curdle the blood of even a sailor, brought the heavy iron down upon Handy's skull.

The End of Handy, and a Sailor's Story.

"Handy fell like a log. The fever-parched eyes closed, and the fever-parched lips came together with one ferocious grinding of the big teeth. There was not a sound from him—and the next gang of coal trimmers tossed him to one side until somebody could find time to carry him to his bunk. The surgeon found his skull was fractured. He lay unconscious for a day; then his eyes opened, and he began to babble—at first, with no more meaning than if he had never had one. He screamed and chattered like a poor demented creature for two mortal hours, perhaps the effects of his brutalizer to leave him in his bunk.

"Then he died. The death struggle was quite prolonged, and when it was over a lump of coal at the foot and soon after the right, left, and beside assembled, was given by the sailors. The Captain commanded the services at least, he presided, if he did not do the body was lifted over the railing and placed on the plank while "I commit the body of this boy to the grave." It was a business proposition with him, perhaps—certainly never a trace nor in his rough voice, nor a tear in his eye, nor a sign of any kind that he was affected by a death aboard his ship.

"But with the men, both crew and coal-heavers, it was different. Not one of them but was deeply affected. They stood among the decks in little groups, and talked of the death, of the burial, and of the captain's way of reading the last paragraph of a four-page burial service. One of the sailors was called 'Preacher.' He had been a lecturer the world several times, and had many interesting stories of sea life. He told of the only burial that had touched him as deeply as this one had done.

"'We were over in the Indian Ocean,' he said. 'About three days out one of the crew was killed—got hit in the head by a boom. Everything was made ready for his funeral, and all hands were piped forward to look on. The body had been sewed up in white canvas, just like this poor lad's was, and from had been placed at the feet to make him sink. But the weight was not sufficient. Some of the men felt of it and shook their heads. "Tain't heavy enough, they said. The officers thought otherwise, however, and, after the service had been read, the white-robed body was started down the plank. It went mighty slow and there wasn't much of a splash as it hit the water. There was sufficient momentum to send it under, but not enough weight to cause it to sink. And so it bobbed back to the surface—bobbed up and down, perfectly quiet, and seemingly trying to beckon us to come back and get it. It was a grewsome sight—that white figure standing upright there in the wide ocean, with shoulders and head clear out of the water. It sent cold chills up and down my spine for a week, and kept me jumping up from my sleep in sheer to ghostly beckonings that had come to me in ghastly dreams. I'll never forget that sight if I live to be a thousand.'

Mutiny on Board, and the Part Music Played In It.

"It was the very next morning that a mutiny occurred. Sailors among the mutineers were not infrequently this was the second of the trip. After the happenings of the day before, the boys had to do something to liven themselves up a bit. What was more natural than that they should sing? And what more natural than that they should sing "America"? All of us sang, and the way we thundered was enough to raise the dead. It certainly was enough to raise the captain, and he hurried a mate down to find out what the racket was about. The mate got close enough to distinguish the tune, and it tickled him to hear so Americans bellowing it. But he unwisely took a few more steps, and could distinguish the words. That angered him, and he posted back to the captain.

"The old man came rolling along to where we were, and ordered us to 'let up on that blubbering.' We jeered him. Think of it—a lot of mutineers jeering the mighty captain of a British ship! But that is what we did—and kept on with our singing. The old man blustered and fumed, but he might as well have been quarreling with the wind. When we got tired of 'America' we sang 'Star-Spangled Banner,' and then 'Yankee Doodle,' and 'Dixie,' and then we tumbled into coon songs, and pretty soon there were a dozen cake walks going on. Before we reached this stage, however, the captain had fled. What could he do? Nothing. So he fumed and fazed and let it go at that.

Continuous Performance, Gambling and Some of the Stakes.

"I got to be a confirmed fisherman on that trip. Believe I told you once before of the time when I caught a shark. But fishing was not the only form of amusement. A poker game and a craps game started on the train from St. Louis to New Orleans, and I wouldn't swear that either was really interrupted until we got to Cape Town. Of course, the same fellows did not sit through it all; they went at it in relays. But a game was going on practically all the time. It wasn't long before there was no money to bet; the only ones that had money were those who had got wise and stayed out after they had got all the cash that was in the crowd. And even they didn't have much after a while, for it all went to the men who had tobacco and other things to sell. The men could not gamble away the salaries that were coming to them at the end of the trip, for the purser would not allow the transfer of such assets. But they bet everything else they had. There was a regular scale of prices for all articles. Cigarette papers were popular as stakes, and they rated high, for cigarette papers were scarce. Tobacco, both chewing and smoking, was also a good and standard substitute for specie. Hats had a stated value; likewise coats and trousers and shirts. It was not infrequently the case that the prizes on the table included a whole wardrobe—trousers, shirt, coat and hat, as well as cigarette papers, tobacco of both sorts, pipes, matches and everything else that belonged under the head of wearing apparel or necessities of life. I have seen fellows not only bet the last stitch of clothing they had on, but bet their boots on it so well that if they would stand the other fellow's watch if they lost. Shoes were also used as stakes, but they did not have a very high value, for nobody except the officers wore shoes. There were only two periods on the trip when it was impossible to get up a game. One of these times was soon after we left New Orleans, and when everybody was seasick, and the other was when Handy was being buried.

The Trouble Caused by Two National Airs.

"At one of these games a most interesting discussion arose. One of the British lads had bounced into the poker session and he was telling of the launching of the U. S. S. Kearsarge, which he had witnessed. 'It was there, me lads,' he said, 'and I tell you it was a bloomin' grand sight—blow me bloomers if it wasn't! When the vessel went into the water the bloomin' band started up a tune that made me cast rise in me throat, ye know—blow me if it didn't! There me, a Britisher, ye know, a-standing there h'at the launching of an A'American vessel, and the bands a-playin' that good h'old tune, "Gawd save the Queen!"'

"'The—— What tune was that they was playin'?' asked one of the Americans.

"'"Gawd Save the Queen," ye know—blow me bloomin' 'ead h'off if they wasn't!'

"'The hell!' said the American. 'Bet you six shillin's they wasn't!'

"'Oh, but, me lad, h'I was there, don't ye know, and h'I 'eard it; and h'I'm damned if they wasn't playing "Gawd Save the Queen!"'

"'How did the tune go?' asked the American.

"'Why, it was like this, of course, ye know':

"'And the blooming idiot began to whistle "America."'

"'Why, you fool,' said the American, 'that ain't "God Save the Queen," that's "America."'

"'Then the Britisher wanted to get mad.

"'What? Do you mean to tell me h'I've been before the mast for twenty years and sailed h'all H'over the world h'under the good h'old British flag, and don't know the tune of "Gawd Save the Queen," when h'I 'ear it? Blast your bloomin' h'eyes, wot do ye mean?'

"'But I say it is "America"—like this':

"And the American began to sing the words and tune of 'America.'

"'But h'I say it is like this':

"And the Britisher began to sing the words and tune of 'God Save the Queen.'

"'And bless me if they were not different words to the same tune! It was the first time any of us had ever known it—British or American.

"'Well, it was hard to tell who had won the argument, so the Britisher and the American shook hands and called the bet off.

Some Missing Sailor Traits and a Storm at Sea.

"Two or three sailor traits that I had learned to regard as inseparable from the shipboard ship did not materialize upon this trip. One was the sailor's superstition. I guess they are superstitious—most of mankind is—but the tars aboard the Sapphire did not manifest it. I did not see them steering clear of any signs, or making any fuss about things which people had said, in the stories I had read, they regarded as ill omens. Another was the absence of long-continued yarning. I do not mean that the sailors did not lie—they were the greatest liars I ever heard, and sometimes they would tell the most wonderful stories I ever listened to. But for general, long-sustained yarns, they are not in it with two or three old Mississippi River captains, or even some of the old soldiers of the civil war. Some sailors may be great yarners, but those on board the Sophire were not.

"We had reached the neighborhood of the Cape of Good Hope before we struck our first storm. It was not so much of a storm as sea phrases go, but it was enough to send all of its landlubbers out of our wits. There was a brilliant electrical display, then a heavy rain, and then the waves—waves as high as mountains—two or three times as high as the ship. And across and over—and sometimes under—these waves the good ship Sapphire drove her way.

At times a wave would catch us broadside on, and when that great volume of water struck the vessel there was a sound as though a thousand cannon had burst forth. Not only was there the sound, but the awful shock was enough to tumble us all off our feet, accustomed as we had now become to the movements of the ship. I will give you my word that every time a wave struck the side of the ship I thought sure we had bumped full speed into a hidden rock and were doomed. How anything made by a man can withstand such pounding I do not see.

Even after the storm had passed, and the sun had come out again, the great waves continued to roll and beat at us. We could see them miles away, appearing small in the distance, growing larger to our view as they approached, until they towered far over our heads. It seemed impossible that we could ride through them and not be swept into kingdom come. But we would generally manage to meet them bow on, and then we would rise with them—rise until it seemed that our masts must touch the skies—then spill the bed of the ocean seemed a mile away.

"And then down again—straight down, until it looked like only the bottom of the sea could stop us. And then up again—and then down again! Such a see-sawing I never got into in my life. It is wildly exciting—but I don't like it. It is much better to hear about it than to be in it.

The Rush Ashore and Meeting of Old Mates.

"We touched at Cape Town twice—once for only a few hours, and then again after we had unloaded our mules at East London. The second time we remained ten days, waiting for orders. I spent most of the time ashore. Before we had touched there the first time we had been given the privilege of signing for the return trip, as our contracts called for transportation back to America. Some of the men thought they would run the risk, and refused to sign, although the American Consul warned us of the deplorable conditions that existed. He pointed out that there was no chance for white men, as the labor was mostly performed by Kaffirs for remarkably small wages. Some of us took his advice, and made sure of a trip back home.

"Then we were free to go where we chose, and do what we pleased, so we kept in touch with the ship. In pretty short order the vessel was deserted by all save a watch. Sailors and mutineers alike went out to see the town. All of the men had their salaries for the trip, thanks to the purser's rule that it could not be gambled away in advance, and they proceeded to 'do' the town. In the party that I started out with there was a sailor—this same Frenchy that I have mentioned before. We had tried two or three saloons—although I wasn't drinking anything but soft drinks—and had found them fair. Then we bounced into another place and called for drinks. Frenchy leaned on the bar while he was waiting for his, and was talking to us. Suddenly one of the barkeepers stopped short, reached over the counter, seized Frenchy by the hand and began to work it like a pump-handle.

"'Blast my bloody h'eyes!' he cried. 'H'ere ain't Frenchy!'

"And then such a torrent of greetings as those two old seadogs began—for the barkeeper was a sailor, who had taken up the business of selling drinks just for a rest from sea life. The two old fellows had not met for thirty years; and then they were in Japan, on different warships. There were many incidents of that kind—the meeting of mates who had not seen each other for five, ten, twenty, thirty years, and always the last time they had met was in some far-off country. The result of these meetings was always the same—the sailor ashore joined the new arrival in his rounds—and pretty soon the crowd we started out with was five or six times multiplied.

Sights of Cape Town and the Price of Beer.

"Cape Town is a modern place; in some respects it can give St. Louis valuable pointers. For instance, the post office there is much larger and finer than ours. And the mail trains run right into the mailing room, where they are loaded direct from the collecting desks. How they do it I don't know, but they do it, and there is no smoke in the building, either. They undoubtedly have an excellent system of ventilation.

"There are street cars in Cape Town—electric ones, but nothing to compare with ours. Another means of travel there is by means of rickshaws. They are drawn by natives, and the fee for a long journey about town is very small. These natives are tall, thin fellows, who wear fewer clothes than the Missouri law allows, and many of them wear horns on their heads and beads around their necks. These horns are in some cases so cleverly put on that it is a hard matter to believe that they are not a part of the man.

"There are some handsome structures in Cape Town—as handsome as you will find anywhere. The streets are busy looking, and the mercantile establishments are highly modern.

"Of course, I was interested in the women. So would anybody else be—there is such a variety. Most of them are dressed in Paris and London and New York styles, but they are not quite up to date. For instance, some of the styles of last year were prevalent, and I didn't see a net waist the whole time I was there. Most of the better class of women are English. Some are very handsome, but they are in the minority. A great many women of the Mohammedan faith are seen in Cape Town, and they present a queer spectacle—at least, they did to me—as they go about with the whole lower half of their faces covered with white cloth.

"There is beer down there—bottled American beer and the esteem in which it is held is evidenced by the fact that it sells for $2 for a quart bottle. I didn't see any St. Louis beer—which was a great disappointment. I suppose the St. Louis brewers are too busy filling orders from the Philippines to try for the South African trade just now.

"And, oh, the hordes of unemployed foreigners that are in Cape Town! I think the Consul's estimate of 20,000, who are subsisting on what the British soldiers have to spare, is rather under the mark than over it. Such an oversupply of men makes the rate of wages very low, while the cost of living is very high. Journalism is much behind the times in Cape Town. The papers down there are even behind the English papers in appearance and value, while they do not compare at all with the best American papers.

"All together, the Cape isn't such a bad place; but, if you are ready we'll take another look at a better place—St. Louis."

Other Things That Befel Third Steward Doller on His Strange Voyage.

"The maddened officer siezed a huge monkey-wrench that an engineer had dropped, and, with a curse that was sufficient to curdle the blood of even a sailor, brought the heavy iron down upon Handy's skull."

HOUSE PLANTS.

What Varieties to Buy, How to Pot Them and How to Care for Them Through the Winter—Hints From Experts About Soil, Drainage and Fertilization.

The season is approaching when the plants for indoor growth must be arranged. A few simple rules for their growth and treatment may not be amiss. Many persons are fond of having some green thing in the house during the winter, but previous lack of success in raising plants often prevents them from attempting to maintain a window garden.

Every florist will say that there are certain rules which will result in fine plants if followed and applied. Their explanation of these rules often resembles the late Herrmann's explanation of one of his stage tricks, however, and the amateur profits about as much from instruction in one case as in the other.

That there are simple rules, however, is certain. And as the most popular plants for indoor growth during the winter are palms, ferns and rubber trees, a few words as to their care may be timely.

Palms are among the handsomest and most satisfactory decorative plants known and are less needful of constant attention than are the rubber trees. There are many varieties which are not adapted for culture everywhere, however, but there are two or three varieties which are extremely popular.

The fan palm, or Latania Borbonica, as it is scientifically known, is a handsome plant, with large, ornamental foliage and strong stalks. Then there is the variety known as Areca lutescens, which is of medium size, but has fine and richly colored foliage and is well adapted for general culture. The Phoenix reclinata is a strong and rapid grower and has long leaves of the spreading variety. It can be handled with less care than any other variety of palm, and is well adapted for places where its treatment is rather severe, such as being used for decorations of ballrooms.

There are two varieties known as Kentias, both large, strong plants, with rich green spreading foliage on long stalks. The varieties are known as the Belmoreana and Fosteriana respectively, and both are well adapted for decorative purposes.

For all these palms the treatment as regards culture is about the same, and the first step is potting in a suitable kind of soil. Small specimens and young plants should be potted in a mixture of loam, leaf mold and sand in about equal proportions, with a slight touch of bone meal. This last should be added sparingly, about half a teaspoonful to a four-inch pot being sufficient.

For the larger plants the sand and loam should be in larger proportions to make the soil firmer, as the larger and coarser roots will be better served thereby. The amount of bone meal should also be increased, and can be used more freely as the plant attains maturity than at the beginning of its cultivation.

The most important item connected with palm culture is drainage. Too much trouble cannot be spent upon this point if fine plants are desired, as a closely packed pot with the drainage hole stopped up will almost invariably result in the souring of the soil and in the decaying of the roots. As a result the ends of the leaves begin to turn yellow and crumple up, and if the drainage is not remedied the entire leaf will turn brown.

Too much water about the roots is worse for the palm than for many other varieties of plant, as when a specimen loses four or five leaves its value as a decorative plant is gone. The best way to prevent lack of drainage is to so arrange the lower strata of soil in the pot as to permit the free outflow of the water after it has drained through the soil.

To arrange this lower layer of soil, place a layer of small pebbles in the bottom of each pot, half an inch in depth being sufficient for a four-inch pot. Over this should be a layer of some sort of moss to prevent the soil from washing down and filling up the crevices between the pebbles. Above this should be placed the mixture of soil stated.

With a pot arranged in this manner there will be no danger of over watering the plant. The pot should be set upon a plate, its bottom resting upon a couple of small sticks so as to raise it slightly from the surface of the plate. The water will then flow through rapidly, the orifice in the bottom not being stopped up by being placed flat in the plate.

Plants large enough to require a seven or eight inch pot should be potted in loam with comparatively little sand. One tablespoonful of bone meal should be mixed into the soil. This mixture generally seems to give good results, although it sometimes happens that a plant will require a greater or less amount of fertilizer, according to its vigor.

In regard to repotting, the best rule will be to wait until the soil becomes almost filled with roots. In some cases a plant can be found which has entirely filled the pot with roots, and the contrast between the small bunch of roots and the size of the palm appeared out of all proportion. If it is decided to retain the plants in the same pots for some reason or other, they can generally be kept in a healthy condition through a winter by liberal applications of liquid manure or fertilizer.

Judicious use of liquid fertilizer will keep a plant flourishing even when the roots have eaten up nearly all the soil and the plant seems to be growing simply out of a mass of roots. What little soil remains is entirely dependent for its nourishing qualities upon this fertilizer as its natural nutriment is exhausted by the roots as they attain large size.

It is often inconvenient to move a plant or to change its soil, so this system of feeding the roots by the direct application of fertilizer comes in very handy at such times. Bone meal can be used to feed the roots so long as there is any soil left in the pot with which to mix it.

The best rule for watering is to apply only when the surface of the soil appears dried. Then use enough to penetrate all the soil. Copious and too free applications of water, even when the drainage is good, are apt to sour the soil to a certain extent, and plants are as likely to be injured from over watering as from lack of water.

Palms grow best out of the sunlight, as their color is often entirely spoilt by the sun's rays. Keep them in a good light, but do not let the direct rays of the sun rest on them too long. Very dry air induced by the heat from radiators and registers also debilitates a palm. If the plants are worth anything, a vessel of water should be kept upon the radiator or heating apparatus to moisen the air by its evaporation.

The greatest plagues of the palm are mealy bugs and scale. The mealy bugs are oftenest found in the interstices, near the base of the palm, or in the crevices between their leaves. The most effective application to remove them is a turpentine or wood oil soapsuds applied freely with a small stiff brush. Constant spraying of the foliage and stem of the plant will also tend to keep them away.

In connection with repotting plants, it may be said that the main thing is to have the soil firm about the roots. The old soil need not of necessity be scraped off the roots; simply shaking enough off to give the new soil a chance in contact with the roots is sufficient.

Palms only need repotting about once in two years, or once in three years if the plant is of large size. The use of liquid fertilizer will enrich the soil sufficiently to keep its nutritive qualities for that length of time at least, and in some cases under this treatment plants have flourished without repotting for several years.

Ferns can be raised successfully under the same treatment as that given palms, except that they should be given more light than the palm. It is so common to associate ferns with shady valleys and dark woods in literature that it may seem strange that it should require more light of the sun than the tropical palm, but it is a fact that it does.

Rubber trees are one of the most interesting house plants for winter growth, and a perfect specimen, with large, deep green leaves, is one of the handsomest plants imaginable. A rubber tree is greatly improved by being either removed from the pot each spring and planted in the ground, with the old soil still around it, or else in having the pot itself sunk deeply in the ground.

To keep the leaves of a dark, rich color wash them once in every two weeks with water in which some milk has been mixed. The milk seems to have the effect of restoring the color to the plant. The same general rules may be followed as in the case of the palm, and the plant will thrive under such treatment.

English ivy makes a beautiful house plant and one which is easily grown. The roots should be carefully potted in leaf mold, rich garden soil or barnyard soil. Ivy is, however, more independent of soil than any other plant and will thrive in almost any warm, moist place. Plenty of water is essential to its growth, and perfect drainage is not so essential to its health as in the case of the palm.

The leaves of the ivy should be kept clean by frequent spraying of both upper and lower surfaces, and this sort of watering will insure the brighter green tint which distinguishes house-grown ivy from that grown out of doors.

The various bulbous plants suitable for winter growth, such as the calla lily, hyacinth, fuchsia, crocus, ixia, jonquil, lily of the valley, tulip, narcissus and other plants of the sort can be readily grown in four or five inch pots filled with rich, fibrous soil almost to the top of the pot. The bulbs should be planted firmly in the soil and about an inch of water poured on the soil until it is thoroughly saturated.

They should then be stowed away in a dark, well-ventilated cellar and cover them with either straw or moss. They may be left stowed away in this condition until they are wanted and then can be brought up into the heat and light to bloom.

They will bloom in from four to six weeks after being brought up, but should be left under straw for at least ten weeks.

A DROP OF INK.

A drop of ink, with care and skill combined,
In ornamental character enshrined
A noble thought.
Another drop went wrong through want of care,
Fell on my work, and marred its texture fair,
With ugly blot.

Thus each of Fortune's gifts, 'tis plain to see,
Used or unused, a potent power must be,
For good or ill.
Small actions oft with big results are fraught;
Each word, each look, e'en every passing thought,
Needs guidance still.

—Jasmo.