

WE ARE most thankful that we are not involved in that world's most horrible warfare but are pursuing our avocations in peace and harmony. We are still doing highest grade work in all lines.



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"AS I REMEMBER THEM"

By Judge C. C. Goodwin

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ARE POINTS
WHICH THE

SEMLOH-LOUVRE CAFE

IS NOTED FOR

HOLDING PRESTIGE
AND POPULARITY
OVER ANY CAFE
IN THE CITY

AT NIGHT

By Sara Teasdale.

We are apart; the city grows quiet between us.
She hushed herself, for midnight makes heavy
her eyes,
The tangle of traffic is ended, the cars are
empty.
Five streets divide us, and on them the moon-
light lies.

Oh are you asleep, or lying awake, my lover?
Open your dreams to my love and your heart to
my words,
I send you my thoughts—the air between us is
laden,
My thoughts fly in at your window, a flock of
untamable birds.

—From The Bookman.

KINSHIP

By Edward H. S. Terry.

I am part of the sea and stars
And the winds of the South and North,
Of mountain and moon and Mars,
And the ages sent me forth!

Blind Homer, the splendor of Greece,
Sang the songs I sang ere he fell;
She whom men call Beatrice,
Saw me in the depths of hell.

I was hanged at dawn for a crime—
Flesh dies, but the soul knows no death;
I piped to great Shakespeare's chime
The witches' song in Macbeth.

All, all who have suffered and won,
Who have struggled and failed and died,
Am I, with work still undone,
And a spear-mark in my side.

I am part of the sea and stars
And the winds of the South and North,
Of mountain and moon and Mars,
And the ages sent me forth!

—The Fra.

A story is told of a "printer's error" that once caused consternation in a country village. An arch in the church had become dilapidated and a fund was started for its repair. On one occasion, so as to make the appeal more widely known, the rector had a notice regarding the arch fund printed in the village, with the result that on the following Sunday the announcement appeared in large type: "The collection today will be for the arch fiend."—New York Globe.

The senator and the major were walking up the avenue. The senator was more than middle-aged and considerably more than fat, and, dearly as the major loved him, he also loved his joke. The senator turned with a pleased expression on his benign countenance and said, "Major, did you see that pretty girl smile at me?" "Oh, that's nothing," replied his friend. "The first time I saw you I laughed out loud!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A negro truck driver backed his wagon into the space allotted to a rival transfer concern at a railway freight depot in Dallas, Texas.

"Hey, dar, niggah!" yelled the driver on whose territory the other had transgressed. "I'll knock yo' outa yo' house an' home ef yo don't back up!"

"Is got no home," retorted the offending driver. "Now, what yo' gonna do 'bout dat?"

"I'll dig yo one, niggah—I'll dig you' one!"

Hamilton's Smart Shop

In season, there is always an opening at the Smart Shop. for the informal display of fall and winter fashions, tailor and demi-tailor suits, afternoon and evening gowns, coats, wraps, blouses and furs.

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