THE PLANET

SATURDAY....JANUARY 4, 1908.

BEST CURRENT VERSE.

The Worrying Brother.

Satan come a-chasin' me lively thoo' de night;
Run me fum de shadders ter de breakin' er de light;
An' I can't climb ter heaven an' de yther place in sight,
An' I dunno what's a-comin' on Termerrer!

He run me—O, he run me des ez fur ez he kin see;
He swim de ragin' river an' he climb de burnin' tree;
An' I wonders what he wantin' wid a sinner po' ez me?
An' I dunno what's a-comin' on Termerrer!

He sho' got time—I tell you!—ter be runnin' roun' lak' dat!
Wisht de harricane would head' im, or de earfquake th'ow 'im flat!
De sinners sho'll be burnin' on de griddles whar dey at—
An' I dunno what's a-comin' on Termerrer!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Love Beyond the Stars.

When that I loved a maiden
My heaven was in her eyes,
And when they bent above me
I knew no deeper skies;
But when her heart forsook me
My spirit broke its bars
For grief beyond the sunset
And love beyond the stars.

When that I loved a maiden
She seemed the world to me;
Now is my soul the universe,
My dream—the sky and sea!
There bends no heaven above me,
No glory binds or bars
My grief beyond the sunset,
My love beyond the stars.

When that I loved a maiden
I worshipped where she trod;
But when she clove my heart, the cleft
Set free the imprisoned god;
Then was I king of the world;
My soul had burst its bars,
For grief beyond the sunset
And love beyond the stars.
—London Nation.

Thanks to a Dimple.

I am a plain, blunt man. To be
When making love absurdly antic
Is quite impossible for me,
Who am so very unromantic.

And oft the thought would come to tease
And keep me dumb with pretty Dolly,
That I must fall upon my knees
Or do some other act of folly.

But when I called on her to-day
While talking of indifferent matters
I caught a glance that, I may say,
Tore all my doubts and fears to tatters.

Her dimpling smile, just touched with fun,
My few words whispered in a hurry—
And presto, lo! the deed was done
With no unpleasant fuss or flurry.

'Tis done and none the worse am I—
Who would have thought the thing so simple!
O, Fate, whatever you deny,
I thank you for that telltale dimple!
—Brooklyn Life.

The Lost Oration.

Seated one day in my airship
I was weary and ill at ease,
As my gas-bag drifted idly
Over the waving trees;
I knew not what I was doing,
But I heaved out a sand-bag then,
And it struck on a farmer's shoulders
And he cussed nothing like amen.

His oaths came through the twilight
And punctured the evening's calm;
At handling deck-hand language
This Reuben could take the palm;
His words told of pain and sorrow,
And desire to take my life;
All because of that innocent sand-bag
He was bent upon bloody strife.

I have tried, but I try all vainly,
To arouse those sounds divine,
But I always dump my sand-bags
On some milder fellow's spine;
It may be some other balloonist
Will hear that talk again,
And will write it on fireproof paper,
With a patent asbestos pen!
—Denver Republican.

Sonnet.

A gentleness that grows of steady faith;
A joy that sheds its sunshine everywhere;
A humble strength and readiness to bear
Those burthens which strict duty ever lay'th
Upon our hearts—Which unto sorrow saith,
"Here is no soil for thee to strike thy roots,
Here only grow those sweet and precious fruits
Which ripen for the soul that well obey'th.

A patience which the world can neither give
Nor take away; a courage strong and high,
That dares in simple usefulness to live,
And without one sad look behind to die
When that day comes"; these tell me that our love
Is building for itself a home above.
—James Russell Lowell.

To Age.

Welcome, old friend! These many years
Have we lived door by door;
The fates have laid aside their shears
Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocile at an age
When better boys were taught,
But thou at length hast made me sage,
If I am sage at aught.

Little I know from other men,
Too little they from me,
But thou hast pointed well the pen
That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling fear and hope—
One vile, the other vain;
One's scourge, the other's telescope—
I shall not see again.

Rather what lies before my feet
My notice shall engage.
He who hath brav'd youth's dizzy heat
Dreads not the frost of age.
—Walter Savage Landor.

The Cup of Life.

Of all the vintage in the world
One single cup of wine,
One cup of life, one cup of death,
One destiny is mine.

I'd not give up that special cup
My fates have filled for me
For any other in all time
Or all eternity.

For in my time and in my place
No foot has stood before;

The Blue Beyond.

I had a rosebush, and it died
Just at the opening of the Spring;
I had a bird—it flew away
Before it had quite learned to sing.

They tell me, in the blue beyond
I'll find them waiting there for me—
The rose-bush full of scarlet buds,
The bird, a-singing on a tree.
—Archibald Sullivan, in Smart Set.

Strong French Porters.

The porters of the central markets at Paris, which are the largest markets in the world, are called "the strong men of the markets" because of their great muscle and endurance. They wear hats as big as parasols, which enable them to carry on their heads most unwieldy and unpleasant burdens, such as crates of fowls, rabbits and little pigs.

Too Sharp a Dividing Line.

Elder (discussing the new minister's probation discourse)—In my opeenion he wasna justified in dividing folk into the sheep and the goats. I wadna just say, Jamie, that I was among the unco guid, and I wadna say that you were among the unco bad. So whar do we come in? He'll no do for us, Jamie. We'll no vote for him.—Punch.

Good Work of Electric Clock.

The world's best timekeeper is said to be the electric clock in the basement of the Berlin observatory, which was installed by Prof. Forster in 1865. It is inclosed in an air-tight glass cylinder and has frequently run for periods of two or three months with an average daily deviation of only fifteen-thousandths of a second.

Everyday Woman.

About the everyday woman there can be no mistake; she stands outside of all isms and ologies; she thinks of the day as it is, of people as they look, of her surroundings as they are; the great aim of her life is to live through every day with all the quiet, comfort, and the dignity that she can.

New Government Monopoly.

Germany's government has decided to monopolize the manufacture of brandy throughout the empire. It will guarantee the manufacturers market prices for their spirit, but the price of brandy to consumers will be raised. The net profit to the government will, it is estimated, be about $17,500,000 in the first year.

Pension for Mothers.

The pensioning of mothers by the state is advocated by a University of Chicago lecturer. The professor thinks the pension should increase in amount up to the third child, and then decrease until the advent of the sixth, when it should cease. This seems to be a sort of compromise between anti-race suicide and socialism.

Secret of Happiness.

Keep true to our best faith and dot the day with deeds which love and kindness prompt. Be just in your dealings, and keep from stain of sin in thought and word, and you shall wear the crown of an approving conscience and know the secret of the happy life.—I. Mench Chambers.

Hopeful.

"I begin to realize," said young Mr. Kallow, "that I am no longer a mere youth, now that I've got a little hair on my lip." "Yes," said Miss Pert, "and I suppose in a month or so you'll have another one."—Philadelphia Press.

Nitrogen in Animal Charcoal.

Why animal charcoal removes the color from colored liquids, while wood charcoal has no effect, has not been understood. A European chemist now finds that the action of the former is due to the presence of five to seven per cent of nitrogen.

How to Make Furniture Shine.

Take four tablespoonfuls of turpentine, two ounces of white wax, four ounces castile soap. Place together in a clean enamel saucepan and dissolve slowly over a gentle heat. Next add a sufficient quantity of boiling water to form it into a cream.

Death Grip of Octopus.

Measuring ten feet six inches, an octopus, while being killed at Tooradin, Victoria, entwined a tentacle so firmly around the foot of one of its captors that the membrane had to be cut to free the man.

Boston Traits.

Rev. Anson Titus in an address on "Forgotten Bostonians" declared that the Bostonian has a characteristic all his own. From earliest times he has been regarded as different from other people.

For Success in Life.

Whoever will prosper in any line of life must save his own time and do his own thinking. He must spend neither time nor money which he has not earned.—David Starr Jordan.

On the Make.

Some men who believe in making the most of their opportunities unfortunately regard every other man as an opportunity.—Philadelphia Record.

Evils That Rapidly Multiply.

Indiscretion, malice, rashness and falsehood produce each other.—L'Enclos.

Extremes in Brazil.

Brazil has no middle class. There are but two classes there—the rich and the poor.

Mistake Some Women Make.

She is a foolish woman who thinks she can make a front by putting everything on her back.—Exchange.

Where Conceit Fails.

Conceit may puff a man up, but never props him up.—Ruskin.

Short Incubation Period.

The [illegible] of incubation is shortest with [illegible], being ten days

"Two Story" Bed Appears.

Among the new inventions for flats, where room is at a premium, are the two and three-story beds or cots of enameled iron. They certainly have the advantage of being room savers, whatever their defects from the standpoint of beauty may be. In width they are about the size of ordinary single beds. Each is furnished with a woven wire spring, mattress and pillow.

Strange Disease.

Two middle-aged women on a car were discussing the sickness of two children of one of them. "And what does the doctor say ails them?" asked one. "The little child has some sort of a fever," was the answer, "and he said that the disease of the other was epidemic." "It's a sickness I never heard of," responded mother number one.

Shy Amateurs.

"Splendid spectacles," that is the definition towards which athletics in England are gradually drifting, and chiefly, it is to be feared, upon the current of highly trained professionalism. The ordinary man, conscious of his own mediocre ability, is afraid to venture into the field.—North China Herald.

The True Home.

Homes are not built of brick and mortar. It is the people, not the places, that make the homes; the face of a smiling woman, the patter of tiny feet and the music of children's voices, aye, even the barking of a dog and the human look of joy at our coming bring us the nameless charm that we call "home."

The Just Man and the Unjust.

The just man or woman fears nothing; the wicked fears everything. Above all he fears death as the portal of another world of which he stands in dread; whereas the good man welcomes death as the surcease from earth's cares and sorrows and the hope of a happy immortality beyond the grave.

Noah's First Task.

The Scripture lessons are full of pitfalls for the children, if would seem. "What was the first thing Noah did when he came out of the ark?" was a question put to a tiny girl in Sunday school. "Please, miss, he buried all the drowned people," was the unhesitating reply.

Shell Polishing.

Shell polishing is an extensive and profitable business on the coast of Southern California, where are found many shells which are capable of a high degree of polish, and show wonderful iridescent shades after their rough outside covering has been rubbed off.

Oratory in Virginia.

An impassioned negro orator recently declared at a gathering of his people at Richmond, Va.: "Dere has nuver been but four great nations—de Hottentots, de Huguenots, de Assyrians and de Virginians."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Removing Paint.

If, while painting the house, paint is splashed upon the window panes, it can be readily removed if not allowed to remain on too long. Rub over the panes with a cotton cloth dipped in turpentine. This saves time and trouble.

As Great Writer Saw Life.

Prosperity supposes capacity. Win in the lottery and you are an able man. The victor is venerated. To be born with a call is everything. Have but luck and you will have the rest; be fortunate and you will be thought great.—Hugo.

In Author's Own Spirit.

A "Tiny Tim" cot in the hospital at Portsmouth, England, has been endowed by the Dickens birthplace fellowship, and there is no kind of memorial of which the great novelist would more heartily have approved.

The One Exception.

"The mill will never grind again with water that is past," remarked a mournful citizen. "That's where a joke mill has the bulge on the water mill," cackled the cheerful press humorist.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Virtue of Forbearance.

To be able to live peaceably with hard adverse persons, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing.—Thomas a Kempis.

Fearful and Wonderful Name.

"Rattenvertilgungszweckverband," is the title of a society which has been formed in three suburbs of Berlin to combat a plague of rats.

Human Nature.

There are some natures nothing can corrupt, as there are others nothing can ennoble.—Sydney Grundy.

Bits That Mean "Reputation."

Meet liabilities, however small, promptly, and never make a promise you do not mean to fulfill.

Daily Thought.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him.—Lowell.

In Chicago.

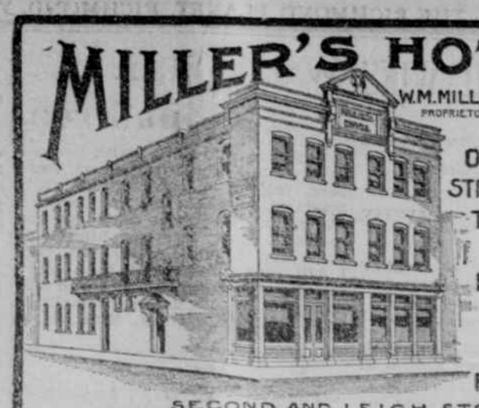
Ella—Which man are you going to marry?

Stella—I don't know; but it doesn't make any particular difference, anyway. One man's alimony is as good as another's.—Judge.

At a Disadvantage.

"You seem to have lost flesh while you were at your summer resort."

"Yes. I had a lame ankle and could not run when the bell was rung for dinner."—Chicago Record-Herald.



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Guest (in a hotel bedroom, shivering)—Cold as all outdoors! I want a fire. Quick!

Porter (opening a window)—Yes, sah; bettah air the room, sah; awful close heah.

"Why, I'll freeze with that up. Woo! Put it down."

"Yes, sah, right away, sah. There, sah. Perhaps this other window hasn't so much draft, sah. Try that, sah."

"Great snakes! Woo! Put it down. I want a fire, I tell you. I'm half frozen. Can't you see?"

"Yes, sah. Pretty cold heah, sah, but not half so cold as in Dakota. I was in Dakota once, sah, and—"

"Hang Dakota! Why don't you get some coal?"

"Yes, sah, right away, sah. Evah in Montana, sah? I spent one wintah in Montana, and it 'most took my hide off, I jes tell you, sah. Why, sah, one mornin', sah, I think it was in January or February, sah, mebby in Decembah; you see, sah, I ain't very good at dates, but it was—"

"Here! Here's a quarter."

"Have a big blaze in a minute, sah."—N. Y. Weekly.

Ever Hear It?

Julius Tannen, the cleverest monologist on the vaudeville stage (we get space rates for this), sprung this one on us the other day:

"Two uncles of mine from Chicago came to New York the other day, and I showed them the town. I had a date on the top floor of the Flatiron building, and they stayed below while I went up. When I finished my business I looked out of the window to see if they were waiting for me. Finally I spied them—but you know how small people look from such a height? Why, my uncles looked like ants—"

Groans interrupted the speaker at this point, so we never learned what the story was about.—Cleveland Leader.

A Terrible Shock.

Great Editor's Wife—I regret to say, sir, that my husband is sick, and cannot see anyone.

Caller (sympathetically) — What seems to be the matter?

"I don't know; he has not uttered a word since he came in; he has received some terrible shock."

"Ah, I see. He probably ran across some man who never heard of his paper."—N. Y. Weekly.

What Stung Him.

Mrs. Wayback—I notice these here submarine torpedor boats are named after stingin' things mostly.

Mr. Wayback—Ye don't say? Wonder if any uv them are yet named "Soup Agent," "Portrait Solicitor," "Rheumatic Specialist," or "Patent Churn Peddler."—Puck.

THE FOOTBALL SCRIMMAGE.

Gladys—I thought you said Horace was very popular.

Evelyn—So he is—one of the most popular men in college.

Gladys—That's funny. Everybody seems to be down on him now.

Great Turn.

He turned up his trousers, he turned up his hat,
Ere he started away to propose;
But the sensible maiden snubbed him flat—
When she jelly turned up her nose.
—Chicago Daily News.

Good Catch.

Eva—If a young man should come down the road?

Katharine (with camera)—I should snap him.

Eva—Suppose a real handsome young man should come down the road?

Katharine—Oh, then I should snap him up.—Chicago Daily News.

Just a Hint.

Reggy Sapp—Yeas, weally, while I was in New York I spent much of my time in the subway and the river tunnels. Big bores always interest me, you know.

Miss Tabasco (glancing at clock)—Well, er—big bores don't interest me!—Chicago Daily News.

Sampled Things.

Patience—Did you ever attend a cooking school?

Patrice—Oh, yes; I've had that kind of dyspepsia, too!—Yonkers Statesman.

Somewhat Sarcastic.

Miss Upson—My ancestors came over in the Mayflower. Did yours?

Miss Cutting—No; I have the advantage of you there.—Chicago Daily News.

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