

# SONGS I USED TO KNOW



KINDER like the old songs,  
The songs I used to know  
In the dear old country  
village,  
Of the dear old long ago,  
I kinder like the music of  
Men Holt, and other tunes  
They sang among the  
cedars  
In the scented, amorous  
Junes  
When the corn began to  
tassel  
When the jay summer  
breeze  
Shook the perfume from  
the flowers  
As it filtered through the trees,  
With the sunlight of the season,  
Glinting where the grasses spread,  
Where the roses fell in clusters,  
Blushing sweetly, deeply red—  
Ah, yes, I like the old songs,  
The kind they used to sing  
When life was like a primrose  
Just bursting in the spring.

Somehow I like the old songs—  
Yes, The Maple on the Hill,  
Some Twenty Years Ago, Tom,  
And dear old Whippoorwill,  
And Starry Night for Raabie,  
And Coming Through the Rye,  
And other dear old melodies  
They sang to you and I—  
Ah, yes, I like the old songs,  
The kind they used to sing  
When life was like a primrose  
Just bursting in the spring.

Oh, how I love the old songs  
I heard at mother's knee,  
The sweet, entrancing melodies  
She used to sing to me!  
The dear old funny Frog song—  
Miss Mousie by his side—  
And the song of Old Aunt Nancy,  
The old gray goose that died,  
And the songs about the foxes,  
And the things the foxes stole—  
Oh, the mellowing cadences!  
How they sting a fellow's soul—  
Ah, yes, I like the old songs,  
The kind they used to sing  
When life was like a primrose  
Just bursting in the spring.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



## Her Johnnie Morgan.

BY WILLIAM WENDHAM.  
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
His name was not Johnnie Morgan; it was Antonio Pansado. But from that day almost a year ago when she first heard and saw him, a very dirty and very picturesque Italian violinist, fiddling his way through the tightened purse strings and into the hearts of all who heard him, she had christened him and to herself had called him "Johnnie Morgan." Almost a year it was and to her the shortest year she had ever lived, for it seemed as if this Antonio had brought with him into her life the blue sky and the sunshine of his own Italy.

Miss Anna Gilbert was the teacher of drawing and painting in the Girls' College at Madisonville, and was more beloved than any teacher of the college had ever been before. The title which the girls had given her, "Saint Anna," was truly deserved, for so thickly did she sow the seeds of goodness about her that had her harvest of thanks from poor struggling students been wheat at the right time of the market it would have given her a princess' income.

During her youth, for it must be confessed her youth was mostly behind her, she had worked and sacrificed for her parents until their death, and then she struggled for the education of her younger brother and sister.

One gray October morning on her way to work she had been struck by



A picturesque Italian violinist.

the evident genius of the young Italian, who was playing his violin on the street. Always attracted by music she stopped to listen and was struck by the combination of poverty and genius in the handsome young fellow.

He certainly was unusually handsome and he looked even younger than he was for his face possessed a great sincerity and ingenuousness of expression. The soft dark eyes and olive skin were enhanced by the exceeding thinness of the face and by the hungry look in the eyes—a hunger for spiritual and mental as well as physical food, which, shining from those dark eyes appealed directly and powerfully to this warm-hearted woman. Knowing of an opening in the college she quietly put the man and the opportunity together, with the result that the Italian, within a month, was giving lessons to a class. And the class

grew immediately from three to thirteen.

To his patroness he owed all, and never did he cease to pour out to her his gratitude. He treated her with the greatest reverence and when walking home with her or meeting her coming to her duties he would hold open the gate or raise his hat as if she were a princess. Then she got into the habit of asking him to come in when he walked home with her and of making a cup of tea in her little bachelor room, which always seemed cosy and pleasant to them both, and had made his thanks overflow to "Mees Anna." She discovered that he was saving almost all his earnings toward a sum which would enable him to bring over his old father and mother.

He poured out his music to Miss Gilbert, as he did his troubles, with those "foolish girls who will not work at ze lesson." And to all his plans and troubles she listened with sympathy, as she always had done to any of the students in whom she was taking a special interest. But sympathy and friendliness in a woman's heart toward a man, when the man is young, handsome and manly, is going to grow into love as surely as the acorn which Dame Nature also planted is going to grow into an oak.

One June day after he had walked home with her she sat in her room and with many blushes faced it—faced this fact that she loved the violinist. The song was all true: She loved her "Johnnie Morgan." And why not? she asked herself. Had she not worked hard for others all her life and been faithful in all things? Was it not right that the sunshine of love and happiness should come into her life. She dreamed that night of a cottage filled with the music of a violin; and never had she looked so radiant and so young as she did the next day.

"I had a letter this morning from my little sister," she said to Antonio the next evening as he walked home with her. "She is coming next week to spend her vacation with me."  
"Ah, the little sister. I shall love the little child for the sake of Saint Anna," exclaimed Antonio.  
Saint Anna laughed.

"Oh, she's not so small as all that," she replied. "Saidie is eighteen and a great tall girl, but I call her my little sister because she always has been my baby. She has been at Normal school and next season she will begin to teach."

Saidie came, and a rosebud of rare perfection she was—a perfect type of blonde beauty, with a warm heart and a vivacity which charmed all who met her. To her physical charms she added a character built on strongest foundations, for to this baby sister had Miss Anna given all the loving care and earnestness of thought, all the building up of ideals that she had missed in her own girlhood and acquired in her hard battles with the world.

The next time Antonio walked home with his "St. Anna" she insisted that he come in and see the "little sister." He came and they had a cup of tea, and Antonio, who was prepared to make himself agreeable for the sake of his patroness and friend, soon forgot all about her in the presence of the sparkling youth and beauty of Saidie. He came more often than ever after that and sat to undivided ran-

ture and adoration at the feet of the younger girl. Nor was she less attracted by the dark faced foreigner with the soft black eyes.

As Miss Anna watched them it all came to her and she saw, not as through a glass darkly, but as in the glare of the morning light, how it all was and would be. She had built up these two, had given them sustenance from her own nature, had fed their souls and warmed their hearts, for this very thing. And what could be better, she thought, than that these two young things, full of life and love and the sunshine of the present and promise of the future, should love each other. Nothing, she told herself, nothing could be better. It was natural. It was right.

As she stood in front of her glass she looked closely at herself, scanning her features critically.

"You thought you could be young again?" she said, "but you had more than ten years against you."

She looked closely at her heavy brown hair and noting the few gray wisps about the temples she smiled a little sadly to herself. She looked lovingly at Saidie, asleep on the bed, and said softly:

"He is her Johnnie Morgan," and then with a weary sigh, "Oh, how glad I am that Wellesley needs another drawing teacher next year."

If Saidie had been awake instead of asleep she might have seen above the head of St. Anna, the ring of white light which crowned the head of this



"He is her Johnnie Morgan," said in this her supreme hour of sacrifice.

## KING AND A PEASANT'S COW.

Italian Butler Guards Animal for an Aged Woman.

Some days ago the King and Queen of Italy took a long promenade in the neighborhood of their chateau of Racconigi, their summer residence. The Queen suddenly became intensely thirsty. Perceiving an old woman near who was watching a cow the King requested her to give him a little milk. The peasant, ignorant of the quality of her guests, pretended that her cow gave no milk. "But you have some water at your house," continued the King. "That's yes," replied the old woman. "Could you get some for me?" "If you would keep my cow while I went for it," "Agreed," replied Victor Emmanuel in the most serious fashion in the world. At the end of ten minutes the old woman returned with a bowl of fresh water. "But how does it happen," demanded the King, "that there are so few people in the country?" "They have all gone down to the chateau to see the King, the Queen and the little Princess. It is only we old ones that one leaves at the house and who will never see them." "But you see them, my worthy woman," replied the King, giving her a new gold piece. "We are the King and Queen." The peasant woman began to tremble and in despairing voice cried: "Pardon me, sire, I did not know." The Queen had all the trouble in the world to calm the poor woman, who kept repeating: "To think that I have given my cow to guard to the King!"

Clever London Cabby.

A London "cabby" says that once two distinguished strangers hailed him at Westminster palace and bade him drive at top speed to Marlborough house. After a moment of recollection he recognized the Prince of Wales and his friend the King of Belgium. An awkward attempt at an obeisance from the box was promptly rebuked, and the cabby settled down to his business of driving his royal guests as fast as a hansom may go in London streets. They stopped at Marlborough house and it was time to pay. "Well driven, cabby," said the prince; "what do I owe you?" "Please, sir, I've already 'ad a sovereign and a 'arf in the 'ansom," replied cabby, bowing to the prince and the king of Belgium. "Here's for the king of Belgium, then," said the prince, handing the driver a sovereign; "I don't count, you know."

London on the Wane.

London is rapidly losing its position as a port, for the absurd people controlling its docks are pitifully behind the times. Grimsby and Hull are seizing all our trade. Liverpool and Southampton are fast beating London; and Rotterdam, Havre, Bordeaux, Bremen and Hamburg are also benefiting. London is no more the warehouse of the world.—Rotterdam Nieuwe Courant.

School Work in Philippines.

Education in the Philippines promises to be the most inspiring feature of school work under the American flag. It is worth while to go there and do noble school work.—Journal of Education.

# Monarch of The Seas

Retvizan, Greatest of Battleships, Just Completed

When the Russian unfurls the blue cross of St. Andrew on its field of milky white over the taffrail of the Retvizan, a few weeks hence, he will possess the greatest battleship, in many respects, of which any navy can now boast. To find out if all this is so, the Cramps, who created the vessel, are ready to take her to sea for a preliminary trial, which promises to be of world-wide interest.

This ship, more than any other that is even approaching completion, embodies every development of the monster man-of-war which had for its first model Ericsson's tiny monitor; and the czar's officers, who have watched her grow from the simple center keel plate smile now and are impatient to exhibit their prize to naval Europe.

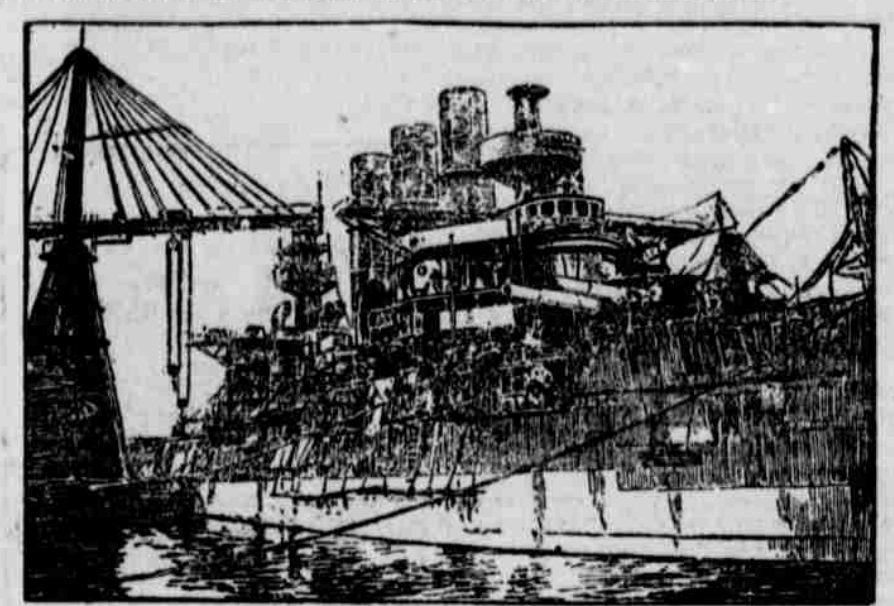
A battleship of nearly 13,000 tons, that can run as swiftly as an ordinary accommodation train on a first-class railroad; that will house nearly 800 men, and which, at a distance of ten or a dozen miles, can hurl 3,400 pounds of chilled steel and high explosive against an enemy from the four great guns that peer out of turrets of steel, which resemble in shape nothing so much as the skull of an

considered that the United States government proving course off the New England coast is only fifty knots long and that Uncle Sam's ships steam it over twice to prove their merit the difficulty of having deep-sea room enough to run a vessel twelve hours on a stretch and all the time at eight-ten knots an hour must be evident.

Builders' Test Is Interesting.

But there is a way to overcome this difficulty. The modern battleship is nothing if not a piece of machinery, and machinery well geared, like figures correctly totaled, never lie. So they will run the Retvizan over the measured course, and knowing the exact distance from mark to mark, will keep a record of the revolutions of the big twin screws until the time comes when a carefully measured space is covered exactly at the required speed.

Then the time will be ripe for the main test, and for twelve hours the ship will be forced onward over a course laid anywhere in the sea that gives the required area of deep water, and throughout the revolutions of the propellers must average at least up to the turns that were found necessary to make the contract speed.



NEW RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP RETVIZAN, LOOKING AFT.

orang-outang—elliptical balanced turrets, the plans call them—that is the Retvizan.

Warship builders the world over knew that the czar wanted ships a few years ago, and all figured on how best to please the imperial marine ministry. But the czar not only wanted vessels—he wanted them of a type vastly improved and, moreover, he wanted them quick. Then it was that Charles R. Cramp figured out the possibilities, first of the Variag, now the crack protected cruiser of the Russian navy, and second of the Retvizan.

A Hard Problem.

It was the latter which needed the most figuring. To build a ship of the speed required, displacing approximately 13,000 tons—12,775 to be exact—and float it in less than twenty-six feet of water, was the proposition, and its answer is the huge craft now about to seek the sea to try herself. The hull, which carries the typical sweeping American lines that mean grace and speed, is 384 feet long between perpendiculars, and seventy-two feet two and one-half inches wide, and as she lies now there are nine inches of Krupp armor spread over the entire length. Above this belt there is six inches to the deck line; the gun positions, in casemates above, have five inches of plating. Back of the armor is the curved protective deck, which covers the vitals of the ship. To keep out any stray raking shot that might go through and disable a gun or two, heavy armored bulkheads are worked in at the ends of the main and casemate belts.

This is the first battleship built in this country with a complete installation of water-tube boilers. This was one of the novel features involved in the Cramp plan and all the machinery is particularly adapted to this type of boiler. They will make the steam that will give the two ponderous triple-expansion engines the power to whirl the shafts with the strength of 16,000 horses. Then the twin 25,000 pound propellers will be called upon to push the ship ahead at the rate of eighteen knots an hour, though it would be hard to find a man at Cramps' who does not believe that the indicated horse power developed will be much in excess of the requirements and that the speed will be nearer nineteen than eighteen knots.

Russians Require Severe Tests.

When the Russians accept a ship there is no chance of their getting anything but what they order. A United States government trial, severe as it is, when the vessel is forced at top speed over the deep course between Cap Ann and Cap Porpoise for four hours, would never satisfy the czar's men. They have a set of tests of their own devising that, if practiced on all the ships of foreign navies, would likely result in half of them being declared failures.

First they wanted no assisted or forced draught used; next they insist that the vessel shall maintain the contract speed for twelve consecutive hours, and incidentally they stand about to watch the indicator cards and see that it is done. When it is

tory a northwest course will carry the vessel far away from the track of any regular liners or coasters and the swarthy Russian sailors will be given their chance to participate in the affair.

This they will do by firing each gun at nothing but the water, first with half a service charge of powder and then with the regular war charge and projectile. The effects of each shot on every plate, beam and stanchion will be noted, for the great guns use 210 pounds of the highest power smokeless powder to hurl their 850-pound pointed cylinders of steel, and the crush and shock of such a discharge is little less than a small earthquake.

There is one thing sure in connection with the Retvizan. She will never catch fire. The lessons of the Yalu river, Manila bay and Santiago are now too deeply rooted in the minds of the Russians to permit them to use wood in any form in the construction of their ships. So she has asbestos bulkheads in all the living spaces and the entire interior is sheathed with the same fire-proof material. Even her boats will be of metal, a step which has not been taken by the United States yet, though the newer ships have precious little wood about them.

It will be only a few days before the world will know whether this \$3,000,000 combination of steel is a success or a failure, and if she proves the test, as everybody believes she will, then the world must bow, for the era of the 18-knot battleship has come.

## HAUNT OF WILD BIRDS.

Granite Cliff Near North Cape, Holland, Literally Covered With Them.

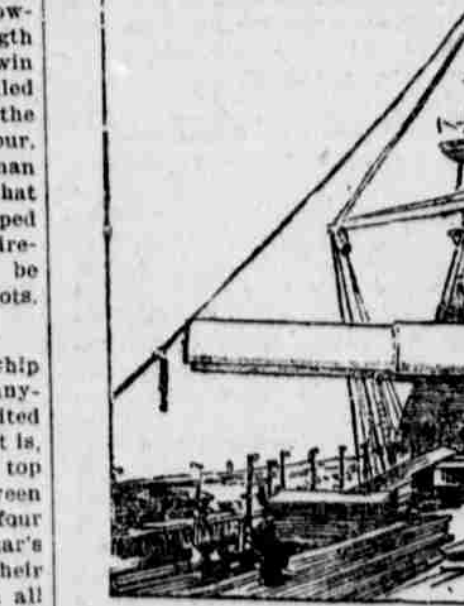
One of the greatest haunts of wild birds in the world is Hjelmsö-Stauren, a mighty cliff rising from the ocean near the North Cape, Holland. It is a precipitous wall nearly 4,000 feet in height, whose surfaces are broken by niches and shelves and little crevices evidently caused by the disintegration of the rock, writes Wm. E. Curtis in the Chicago Record Herald. The sea birds of the Arctic have found it of great convenience and make it their headquarters. The wall is protected from the wind by its peculiar position, and the instinct of the feathered population of this region has taught them that it is the safest place they can find. Hence every little niche contains a nest. Nobody knows how many there are, but during the season when little birds are mating and nesting and until the little ones are old enough to take care of themselves the cliff is covered with them.

The captain of the approaching steamer gives to his passengers notice of his nearness to the place, creeps up to the side of the cliff as quietly as a steamer can go, and when in the proper position blows a whistle, fires a cannon, lets off a lot of skyrockets and makes as big a noise as possible, which frightens the birds, and everything with wings starts shrieking into the air. The sky is filled with them like a cloud of smoke, covering the vessel for a few moments until they scatter in the distance, and after a while recover their courage and come back gradually and congratulate themselves upon their escape from death and disaster. A photograph cannot give any kind of an idea of the scene. The birds are so small and the rock is so large that they are mere atoms in the atmosphere. But those who have witnessed the avalanche of frightened birds, and have heard their plaintive, wailing cries, will never forget it. This colony, the captain declares, numbers millions. They consist of gulls, sea swallows, elder ducks, loons and puffins.

"Oh!" gasped the beautiful woman as she fell back, clutching at her heart and permitting the telegram to flutter to the floor. Her fashionable guests rushed forward, crying: "What is it? Has your husband met with an accident?" "No—no," she moaned; "it is from my son-in-law. I am a grandmother."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Therefore the Cramps will man the ship with a crew from their yards, all of them skilled engineers and firemen, and Capt. Stechensnovitch, the future commander, will take aboard gun crews made up from the 100 or more men who are here as a part of the crew that will take the ship home.

Once compasses are adjusted the nose of the Retvizan will be pointed out of the Delaware capes to the open



ONE OF THE RETVIZAN'S POWERFUL GUNS.

sea and she will be run slowly to the deep water that lies just beyond the Five Fathom banks, perhaps sixteen miles off shore. Then, between the northeast and southwest, light vessels of the Bank, known to be just 114 knots apart, the first speed run will be made, and when all is found satisfac-