

and having that vote counted for only the man opposite whose name it was placed.

Mr. Thompson adds:

Mr. Bard did not defeat me on account of his great popularity. He is an estimable and wealthy gentleman of Ventura, and ran only a few votes ahead of his ticket at home; but many a voter placed the stamp after his name, intending to vote for all the Republican electors, and in some cases they were counted only for Mr. Bard. Thus he ran over two hundred votes ahead of the other members of his ticket. The system of voting is defective, and the Electoral College is also a cumbersome and useless appendage to a system that should be changed to allow a direct vote for President by the people.

Mr. Thompson's explanation gives us a view of the matter not accessible at the time of the preparation of our article, the reports from California at

that time having given basis for the theory of the editorial.

A Psychological Suggestion.

I HAVE received a letter from a Mr. D. L. Merrill of Union City, Michigan, which suggests an idea worthy of preservation. It is that the cases of double consciousness, such as I related, are simply instances of "twins," in which, instead of there being born two minds and two bodies, joined together, as in the case of the Siamese twins, two minds have been born into different parts of the same body, and that sometimes one mind gets ahead, and sometimes the other.

Trusting that your psychological readers will be stimulated to renewed studies by this novel and interesting thought, I remain yours truly,

H. C. Wood.

1925 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Reflections on Adversity.

GRIEF that is wild is not so serious a matter as the tame grief which follows the footsteps and rests in the bosom.

THE wisest of us do a great deal more grieving over vanished joys than we do of rejoicing over vanished griefs.

SWEET are the uses of adversity; but a superfluity of sweets is unwholesome.

WHAT seems to be adversity to you may look like prosperity in the eyes of another. The clay in the hands of the potter considers itself the mere tool of fortune; yet it is envied by the clay in the hands of the clay-eater.

IF you cannot learn to swim, learn to float; many have been drowned in the waters of affliction in plain sight of solid land.

ADVERSITY is not undiluted disagreeableness. Even adverse criticism gives pleasure to the writer.

IN this world we shall have tribulation; in the next world we shall have opportunities for wondering why we gave it a seat at the head of the table.

IT is true that life is short, but one may always have the consolation of making a long face over it.

WHEN poverty comes in at the door, love takes the pattern of her garment, and thinks it will not be so unbecoming, after all.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

The Frig.

THOUGH genius clad you with a golden mist,
For him your verses would but lamely stammer
If in their texture should by chance exist
One least, unholy blemish of bad grammar.

Vainly for him the powers you would unite
Of Shakspeare, Dante, Molière, Lope de Vega,
If, quoting Greek, you once presumed to write
An omicron in place of an omega!

Edgar Fawcett.

Michael Will Not Be In It.

(A ST. PATRICK'S DAY EPIC.)

TO-MORROW will be the parade,
The parade of St. Patrick —
St. Patrick's day parade.
There will be many bands of music,
Horses gaily caparisoned,
File after file of Hibernians,
Mile after mile of high beavers;
Patrick and Lawrence,
Peter and Terence,
They will all be there.
But Michael —
Michael will not be in the parade.

They will march through Canal street, through Hester,
Through the Bowery, through Grand street —
Oh, how the Grand street girls — grand girls! — would
admire Michael!

For he is handsome and stalwart.
But Michael —
Michael will not be in the parade.

Michael's father was an army contractor.
Michael is rich, and can do as he pleases.
He loves fair women;
He is a leader of men.
He has a black horse, an Arabian charger;
No man who will march on the morrow
Would look so imposing as Michael.
But Michael —
Michael will not be in the parade.

For he, is he not a Russian?
Does he not live in St. Petersburg?
How has he ever heard of St. Patrick?
No; Michael —
Michaelovitch Papoff —
He will not be in the parade!

Charles Battell Loomis.

Saints and Sinners.

THE same clear ray of light that paints
The windows full of holy saints,
Be sure it fails not in its search
To find the sinners in the church.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

The Decline of Profanity.

It is reported of a dignitary of the Church that once in a moment of severe trial, he expressed the opinion that the House of Bishops had neglected its duty, in that it had not prepared an appropriate form of imprecation to be used on extraordinary occasions. I suppose it conceivable that persons bound by the conventions of organized religious bodies sometimes feel at a certain disadvantage through the interdiction laid upon them from expressing acute annoyance or even indignation or detestation by the use of "language" that laymen permit themselves, however impiously, with practical immunity from open rebuke.

But the curious fact is that this disadvantage is likely to be felt only by English-speaking men. No Frenchman would be conscious of it, and, of course, no woman of standing in any civilized race. It would be an interesting speculation, perhaps too tempting to be safe, whether the habit of profanity, in its two quite distinct branches of "swearing" and "cursing," goes with more pronounced energy and rudeness of character, and is absent where these are absent. The English races have it; the Germans have it, perhaps in less degree; the Latin races have hardly a trace of it; and women do not have it at all. I have sometimes fancied that it went with the Hebrew Scriptures, which may have furnished the ideas of which profanity is the perverted expression. But that is a question far too deep for these pages. The point I should like to note is that the habit is dying out. It was, within the memory of those who do not like to think themselves old, very common. I have heard, on what I am sure is trustworthy authority, of a clergyman of the last generation who, summoned to breakfast while at his morning devotions, turned upon the unfortunate messenger with the exclamation: "—you! How dare you interrupt my prayers!" Much less extreme instances are known to many of us which would now be simply impossible. Are we becoming more pious? That is not the general impression. Is the fiber of the race softening? That is often maintained, but I do not think successfully. The civil war is there to disprove it for Americans, at least. Or are we, as Frenchmen and women did long ago, learning more adequately to master the resources of our own tongue, and becoming independent of this crude and rather stupid—to call it nothing worse—device?

Edward Cary.

The Contributor's Dream.

WE scribblers are human, and sometimes cross;
Besides, I'd been up all night;
And I thought with gloom on the probable fate
Of the story I could n't write.

I thought, and nodded, and fell asleep,
With my head on that spotless page;
And I dreamed a dream of the editor.
As he 'll be in the Golden Age.

I dreamed that I knocked at the editor's door,
And at once there did appear
A beautiful damsel, robed in black,
With a pen behind her ear.

She bowed and smiled as she took my card,
And she did not ask me to wait,
But opened the door of the inner room
Where the editor sat in state.

The editor rose with a courtly grace,
And brought me an easy-chair;
Then he begged to see my manuscript,
And he read it then and there.

He read it with interest, every word;
He laughed at its humor keen;
And the tears rolled down his intelligent face
At every pathetic scene.

And when he had ended, he grasped my hand,
And said: "I cannot express
Our warm and sincerely heartfelt thanks
For the favor of this MS.

"But if I may venture to speak the word"
(Here he fell upon my neck),
"Perhaps you 'll permit us the small return
Of a thousand-dollar check.

"We sincerely hope this is but the first
Creation of your brain;
And whenever a second tale is evolved,
We beg you will call again.

"If a personal call would be too much,
In the rush of your busy life,
Pray trust your sheets to the U. S. mail,
Or send them up by your wife.

"For a man of your very evident worth
We keep an open account,
And shall always be glad to make an advance
Of cash to any amount.

"We never give up a poem or tale
That once gets into our grip;
But because a good many are sent to us,
We use this printed slip."

(Here he read from a slip:)" "Your MS. received,
And accepted with ardent thanks;
We send you a signed and certified check,
And beg you 'll fill up the blanks."

"It is not for poor devils of editors
To refuse good authors, I ween;
And of course, if we suffer from lack of space,
We enlarge the magazine."

I awoke; and, alas! it was but a dream,
And my story not even begun;
And I know it must go the usual rounds,
If ever I get it done.

P. S.—

I respectfully beg to submit this verse
While yet the ink is damp;
In case of refusal I 'll call for it—
Not having an extra stamp.

H. S. Huntington.