



The rose is red, the violet is blue,  
Honey is sweet, and so are you.

Of one we wed  
The perfect one would be.

Some children stood in front of one of our florists' windows the other day. Their little faces were fair and fresh as the flowers they stood gazing at, yet they were not quite to their liking. They talked of them as of little people.

"I like cat-tails and willows," said one little boy. "Cause they're tall and tough, an' my mother likes 'em, an' I wish I could send her some for a valentine."

"Them's weeds," said another in disgust. "I'd rather send my mother Columbine and Johnny McGorys, like we get up at Brighton."

"What's Johnny McGorys," chorused the crowd.

"Ah, shucks! don't you know them? They're the little red berries what comes after the wild roses goes."

"There's monkshoods and snap dragons, up there."

"An' violets."

"There ain't no bachelor buttons, though, nor moonflowers, an' my sister likes them."

"And they ain't no ivy, neither."

"Yes, there's poison ivy."

"I think flowers is nice for valentines," said one little girl, as they moved away.

"Painted paper's good enough for me," answered a boy.

"Twas Valentine's night  
In pale moonlight,  
With 't enchantment glowing,  
And sweet charm lying  
In tremulous sighing  
And magic in south wind blowing.

Out in the space of a wooded glade,  
A few wild flowers and rushes strayed,  
With dreamy faces,  
And pure graces.

In shy delight of this lover-light night,  
A warm little zephyr had o'er the ground swept,  
And they awakened, thinking they'd overslept.

So certain were they  
Twas the moonlight of May,  
They all bobbed up, and into it leapt.

A fine lordly cat-tail grew by the stream,  
And smiled at the willow, a tall graceful thing,  
On the opposite bank, and who bended  
He almost could touch her; yet some sudden fear  
Would cause her to sway backward,  
And then,  
He would sigh—she was out of his reach again.

Johnny McGory, jolly and gay,  
Nodded and winked and danced on the spray,  
And bowed to the columbine, stately, serene,  
Oblivious quite to his lover-like mein.  
Then would he red-faced and furious grow,  
And declare she was cold—cold as the snow.

There in the cloister solemn, apart,  
Stood the monkshood, deep in his heart  
Welled his love for the moonflower,  
Punlike and pale,  
And innocent quite of his untold love-tale.

The bachelor-burton of soldierly air,  
Stood erect, knew his place—yet, over there  
Crept the ivy, shy, wandering vine,  
Why would she not his heartstrings entwine?

The snap-dragon fretted and fumed by the brook;  
He loved the wild violet, yet never a word  
Would she give him, he frightened her so  
With his great snapping mouth—yet the brook ran below.

"I don't think it's right,"  
Said Dan Cupid, "this plight,  
And all this hopeless wooing;  
So—why—go my darts  
Through these maidens' hearts,  
I think it will be their undoing."

The willow she shivered and swayed to and fro,

**CUPID'S GAME.**  
I wonder why  
Love's tender eye  
Is veiled? Contrary fate!  
And blind man's buff!  
It's plain enough,  
Of course—when it's too late.

We groped about  
With arms held out;  
We let the bandage fall,  
To find we've caught  
The one who's not  
The right one after all.

I wedded Bea—  
Oh, too is me!  
Yet, had I wedded Sue,  
Beatrice, then,  
To me had been  
The sweetest of the two.

And thus it goes,  
From start to close;  
Tis afterwards we see  
The one mistake.

Almost dipping her head in the stream  
Far below,  
But the high-minded cat-tail bent down  
In his pride,  
And gathered this willow maid to his side.

The fair columbine was drooping nearby,  
With many a tear and many a sigh,  
When Johnny McGory said he was sorry,  
And poured in her ear the old-fashioned story.

The moonflower turned her sweet eyes to the moon,  
And whispered a prayer that she might do soon,  
But the monk he strode forward, gallant and good,  
And covered her little pale face with his hood.

The ivy clung tight to the Bachelor,  
Who  
Buttressed her close in his bright coat of blue;  
She was not afraid now, and suffered no pain;  
And shyly confessed this again and again.

The violet, little wild, trembling thing,  
Out of her mind by the arrow's sharp sting,  
Was jumping far out in the mad, rushing creek,  
When the yellow snap-dragon swallowed her quick.

Dan Cupid waited  
Until all were mated,  
Then away to sweet dreamland he bade them take flight;  
The north wind came sighing,  
The snow softly flying,  
"All are happy," Dan Cupid murmured,  
"Goodnight!"

LADY BABBIE.

### Regarding Russian Musical Talent.

We used to hear a good deal concerning the American industrial invasion of Europe and the measures that alarmed Old World statesmen considered to be necessary for the protection of their respective commercial spheres. Now a New York contemporary half seriously, half humorously calls attention to the present musical invasion of the United States—indeed, of the world—by Russian German supremacy in the realm of the higher orchestral music has for decades, not to say generations, been accepted almost as a matter of course. No one ever objected to the "monopoly" enjoyed by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Wagner & Co. and it has hardly occurred to any one that this pre-eminence could even temporarily be menaced by a rival national firm. Yet there seems to be a pronounced tendency to "exploit" Russian music and Russian performers in our centers of art and culture.

In New York, where a Russian conductor directs the leading local symphonic orchestra, Russian names are peculiarly prominent on the orchestral programs. Here in Chicago, thanks to the catholicity and progressiveness of the late Theodore Thomas and of his successor, Mr. Stock, we are quite familiar with Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glazounov, Borodin, Shubert—a Finn—and other Russian composers. To say nothing about Tchaikovsky and Rubinstein and Paderewski. In New York they have added to the list the names of Balakirev, Scriabine, Lindoff, Rachmaninoff and Moussorgsky. Even Dr. Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony orchestra, an avowed classicist and conservative in music, who finds most of the moderns empty, and 'tisou pur uasagouu usou jo auos and the Russian school untamed and brutal, though rich in melody and folk tunes and sincerely nationalist, plays not a little of the new Russian music.

One of his latest programs included a new overture by Rimsky-Korsakoff and a symphony by Glazounov. Nor is this all. Most of the pianists and violinists now appearing as soloists or in recitals hail from the land of the czar and are disciples of the musicians just named. Russia of today not only produces music in abundance, but produces gifted and capable exponents and interpreters. Has the political reaction of the last years of the late century driven sensitive and talented men into music? Have they tried to compose and play what they could not write or say in words?

However, among the great singers of the day we still find many Germans and not a few Hungarians, Dutch, French and Italian artists. America, too, is well represented in that constellation. Let Russia have her chance in orchestral and instrumental music; time will test the staying qualities of her work. For the time being it is popular on account of its freshness, melodic charm and naturalness. They are not decadent in Russia, musically speaking; they are not subordinating ideas to style and seeking new forms for the expression of nothing in particular. They are spontaneous and naive. They may not be writing the music of tomorrow, but their present vogue is due to their honest merits—Chicago Record-Herald.

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**Ancient Parchment.**  
A cable from Berlin says: A discovery of importance to philosophy and history has just been made at Cairo by Carl Schmidt, the German savant, who is an authority on the Coptic and early Christian archaeology of Upper Egypt. Some insignificant sheets of parchment, supposed to be late Coptic manuscripts of small value, were offered him for sale. He at once noticed that the language was not Coptic and concluded from the recurrence of the word uru, which among modern Nubians means kings, that the text was written in Nubian. This was a great discovery, since Nubian, although still spoken, has long ceased to be a written language. As soon, therefore, as the documents can be fully deciphered philological science will be richer by the knowledge of the language spoken by the inhabitants of Nubia before the invasion of the Semitic tribes. It will probably now be possible to read the inscriptions on a larger number of ancient monuments in Egypt, which have hitherto been mysteries. These will doubtless throw light on the history of the earliest Nubian races.

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**DR. ALFRED J. RIDGES,**  
Young Utah Medical Student to Whom Honors Come at Johns Hopkins University.

Alfred J. Ridges, who is attending Johns Hopkins medical school of Baltimore, and the only Utah student at that famous institution, has been chosen by the faculty as an assistant in anatomy. The fact that he was a student in a post graduate school such as Hopkins, makes Mr. Ridges' appointment a glowing tribute to his record as a student and his ability as an instructor.

Before the class in anatomy, Dr. Franklin P. Mall, the head of that department, and one of the foremost investigators in the field of medical science, pronounced the dissections made by Mr. Ridges to be the best that ever had been made at the school, and selected him to make the dissections from which F. Weber, a famous German artist, is making drawings for a set of new anatomical charts soon to be published.

Mr. Ridges is a graduate of the University of Utah, holding the degree of bachelor of science, and is a member of the faculty of the Brigham Young college at Logan, from which he is now on leave of absence. His brilliant achievements have won for him the admiration and friendship of the professors and students of the great institution of America. Mr. Ridges has a brother studying at the Peabody conservatory. After completing the course here, he will continue his musical studies in Europe. Messrs. Ridges have their families with them.

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