

## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

#### TO HALLEY'S COMET.

For The Public.

Celestial Traveler on a trackless way  
That yields no trace of many million years,  
Earth pigmies quake and harbor many fears,  
For thy approach affrights them night and day.  
Yet, over these doth ruthless Greed hold sway,  
And on their misery, he grimly leers:  
He wades waist-deep in mingled blood and tears,  
In which they slave their bitter lives away.  
For ages long their bondaged sires have bled  
And groaned beneath this despot's iron heel;  
Their offspring bear the cursed seed of dread  
That unborn generations yet must feel:—  
And these are they who fear one gaseous breath  
May sweep them to the friendly arms of death!

MARY QUINLAN LAUGHLIN.

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#### THE MODERN CONQUEROR.

For The Public.

In the days of old when knights were bold and men were tried and true, 'twas an easy thing for a feudal king to swipe a province or two. With fire and sword this feudal lord would start in the morning light, and plunder and pillage a city or village, and get back home before night. For the pleasure of hearing the populace cheering, with his fleet he'd man the sea, and land with his host on a foreign coast and establish his sovereignty. My lord thought it witty to conquer a city and wipe it off the map; in a single day he'd move it away, leaving a yawning gap. 'Twas a saying trite that "Might makes right" in the days of long ago, and the feudal lord with the largest horde was the one who got the dough. A nerry one like Napoleon had the whole world on the jump, but he got too gay and there came a day when he didn't have a trump.

If we look back on the beaten track and read the record through, these warriors bold in the days of old each met their Waterloo; these men who won fame, at some stage of the game ran up against the real thing; through some blundering yap they were caught in a trap and knocked clear out of the ring.

In these latter days men have other ways of doing the same old tricks; instead of a sword and a feudal horde, it's brains and "good politics." In the days of old when knights were bold the sword was the ruler's arm. In political life an insurgent knife now works far greater charm. A smooth politician whose growing ambition aspires to eminence high, gives ward-healers money, others hot air and honey—and lands the plum high and

dry. With smiling face and debonnaire grace instead of an armored host, he makes out a slate that captures a State, or a nation from coast-to-coast.

While we haven't the horde and the feudal lord to ring in the Waterloo game, still, in modern life a political knife puts 'em down and out just the same.

F. H. BARROW.

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#### A NATIONAL HERO GONE.

For The Public.

When Bjornstjerne Bjornson paid his tribute to death in Paris last Tuesday a picturesque personality was removed from the public arena. For more than half a century this representative of all that is best and noblest in the make up of the Scandinavian race has stood before the world as an author, a politician, an agitator and a character. Impulsive and pugnacious, strong and faithful to what he deemed his highest ideals, he has impressed his stamp on his people and nation for generations to come. If Norway to-day has an independent, genuinely national literature, expressive of what moves in the heart of hearts of the nation, if it has an indomitable self-consciousness and a full realization of its nationality as distinct from other nations, if it has a just pride of its own achievements, and if at last it enjoys national independence, it to a great extent, if not exclusively, owes it to the man who has just a few days ago left vacant the throne in the kingdom of intelligence, which he occupied so long.

But Bjornstjerne Bjornson is more than a national hero. His influence as an advocate of humanitarian principles on all fields of human activity, and especially his contributions to the great work of the pacification of the world through the substitution of arbitration for war in the settlement of international disputes, has been deeply felt both in America and Europe. And most of his many works have been translated into all modern languages and thus incorporated into the general literature of the world. They derive their greatest charm from their national flavor, masterly description of natural scenery, powerful delineation of character, and faithful and true representations of human passions, love, jealousy and hatred. While Bjornson was an original writer and created his own style, plowing his own furrow through the wide field of literature, still in some ways he reminds us of Charles Dickens. He has the same predilection for the humble, the lowly and the suffering, whose feelings and emotions he so well understood to voice, and he shares Dickens' hatred of oppression, abuses and unnecessary ills and wrongs, which can be removed by the application of just a little good will and common sense. Best known to English readers are his "Trust and Trial," "The Bridal March," "The