

THE OLD BAY STATE.

Oh, where were our forty-five states of today,
Had the "Old Bay" yielded to tyrannous sway?
When the British imposed a tax on our tea,
Then overboard went the "Japan" and "Bohea."
Recall then what followed in skirmish and battle;

Our streets all resounding with cannonade rattle.
Recall too our victory, of Bunker Hill fame,—
Our struggles for freedom, let our monuments name.

From boundary lines west, to the arm of Cape Cod,
Bless old Massachusetts, every inch of her sod.

'Tis the home of our poets, our churches and schools,
From the "High" to the "Teck," thence to "Harvard" as rule.

'Tis the land of the "Hub," 'tis the home of the free,
With its "stars and its stripes," and its "liberty tree."

'Tis the Puritan's land; thus let "Plymouth Rock" tell,

Oh, why, Massachusetts, do we love thee so well.
Yes, brave Massachusetts!

Yes, true Massachusetts!

We love thee so well!

SARAH L. DANIELS.

Pinehurst, N. C., Feb. 22, 1900.

Concert by Colored Students.

A number of colored students from Shaw University, Raleigh, under the direction of President C. F. Merserve, gave a concert in the Village Hall last evening and were greeted by one of the largest audiences of the season. The program consisted of negro melodies and part songs, which were interspersed with incidents regarding the life and education of colored people, related by President Merserve. The colored singers possess excellent voices and their rendering of the quaint negro melodies was very pleasing. They were generously applauded.

A Rival.

At last THE OUTLOOK has a rival—*The Magnolia Comet*, which soared into view some time last week. It is published (but not printed) in the interests of the guests at the Magnolia. Its name is very happily chosen. Like its celestial namesake the tale(s) occupy most of the space, and are composed mostly of "gas." While it suddenly comes into view with a grand blaze of light calculated to frighten the wicked, it will doubtless as quickly disappear from the horizon. We congratulate its managers on the spicy contents of the number. The following is clipped from its columns:

Why was Dash to be commended for his patriotism on Washington's Birthday? Because when he walked out his face was red, his hair white, and the wind through his whiskers blew.

The Coat That Fitted.

The pastor of a colored congregation was warming up to the climax of his sermon, and his auditors were waxing more and more excited. "I wahns yer, O my congregashum!" exclaimed the exhorter, "I wahns yer against de sin uv crap-shootin'! I wahns yer against de sin of whiskey-drinkin', an' de sin uv chicken-raisen', an' I wahns yer, my breddern, against de sin uv melon-stealin'!" A devout worshipper in the rear of the church jumped to his feet and snapped his fingers excitedly. "Whuffo' does yer, my brudder, r'ar up an' snap yo' fingers when I speaks uv melon-stealin'?" asked the preacher. "Kaze yo' jes' minds me whar I lef' mah overcoat," replied the devout worshipper as he subsided into his seat.—*Argonaut*.

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Where Soap Was Vain.

The following story on Lord Roberts gained great currency in the British army a few years ago, says *Collier's Weekly*. The dirtiness of the Afghan is proverbial, and it is said that on one occasion General Roberts captured a soldier who was so exceptionally dirty that it was thought necessary, for the safety of the whole camp, that he should be washed. Two genuine Tommy Atkinses were told off for this purpose. They stripped the prisoner and scrubbed him for two hours with formidable brushes and a large quantity of softsoap. Then they threw down their brushes in disgust and went to their captain.

"What is it, men?"

"Well, sir," they replied, somewhat excitedly, "we've washed that 'ere Afghan chap for two hours, but it warn't any good. After scrubbing him, sir, till our arms were like to break, blessed if we didn't come upon another suit of clothes!"—*Exchange*.

The Strenuous Life.

A small son, aged three, turned up the other afternoon with a black eye and crying piteously.

"What's the matter?" ask papa.

"Somebody hit me," answered Johnny.

"Did you hit him back?" asked the stern parent.

"No," sobbed Johnny.

Then followed advice, which ended impressively with the words: Remember, Johnny, you are a big boy, and when anyone hits you, hit back, and as hard as you can."

Two days later in came sonny, with his head high in the air and a blatant swagger.

"Well, how goes it?"

"Some one hit me," said the proud boy, "but I hit back harder anyway."

"Good!" said papa; "was the little boy bigger than you were?"

"It wasn't a boy," calmly answered John; "It was a girl."—*Life*.

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