

AN OLD FAVORITE

THE HUMBLE-BEE

By Ralph Waldo Emerson



BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime
for me.
Let them sail for Porto
Rique,
Far-off heats through
seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag stealer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy wailing lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June:
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rever of the underwoods,
The green sward doth displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flow-
ers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclear
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and lily-like bells,
Maple-seed and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
And was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human sees,
Yellow-breasted philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outstep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

THE WEELITTLES IN BERN.



FIND THE CHAPERON.

TOUGH CITIZENS.

Atlanta Journal.

For years during the occupation of Cuba by Spain and up to the end of the war which the United States fought for the liberation of that island with contemptible little aid from the Cubans themselves, we had been pouring out sympathy and praise upon that people. We continued to do so until better acquaintance forced us to the conclusion that we have really been making fools of ourselves in this matter.

We have found to our disgust that the Cuban of our imagination and the Cuban of our actual experience are very different creatures. There is in the real article very little to inspire respect and very much to arouse contempt and indignation.

A special correspondent who is familiar with Cuba and her people, and who has kept closely up with the current of events there since the people were liberated, has recently written some impressive letters to the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

If this writer has come anywhere near the truth the average Cuban is about as tough a specimen as can be raked up anywhere.

The Times-Democrat has full faith in the correspondent who gives these disgraceful reports of the conduct of our much-petted wards, and it bases upon these statements the following denunciation of the ingrates:

"Rights of American citizens at Havana—rights of life and rights of property—have been and are still, according to these despotic, ruthlessly violated. Methods of Castilian cruelty and expedients of Spanish persecution have been invoked to get rid of Americans who live in the island. Citizens of the United States are assaulted, robbed, imprisoned and murdered to satisfy the vindictive whim of these ingratitude Cubans.

"When we say 'ungrateful' we use the word advisedly. Never in the history of the world has there been a case where a people have been treated so justly, so generously, so magnanimously as these Cubans have been treated by the United States. In behalf of the unhappy inhabitants of that island this nation made war with a power that had immemorably been a friend of the United States. To rescue Cuba from tyranny, our government spent millions of money and sacrificed thousands of lives. At the close of the conflict we healed Cuba's sick and wounded, fed Cuba's famishing children, sheltered Cuba's homeless, clothed her naked and visited her widowed and fatherless. We made life healthier and property safer in every town in the island; and after we had done all this—after we had lifted the stricken Cubans to their feet and set them upon the highway of Republican government—we presented to them the free-

dom purchased for them by the blood and treasure of Americans—and then we withdrew from the island.

"In return for these, our acts of humanity, the Cubans now insult Americans in the streets of Havana, rob them by day and waylay and murder them by night. Even the memory of brave American sailors who sleep their last sleep in the harbor of Havana—beneath the waters that envelop the Maine—cannot deter these bloodthirsty ingrates from insult, theft, persecution and assassination."

It would seem that when General Bragg, late United States consul general at Havana, in a letter to his wife characterized the Cubans in a manner that caused his transfer to a post of duty in China, he did them no injustice. The concurrence of testimony to the effect that the average Cuban is a very shabby fellow is wonderfully strong.

Politics For Sweetheart and Wife.

Everybody's Magazine.

Almost every other distinguished politician in the country has two sides—a public and a private side. David B. Hill has only one side—the public, the politician side. Politics has been and is sweetheart and wife and children and friends to him. It divides his allegiance with no social pleasure, not even with his happiness, nor with horses, nor cards, nor sports, nor dogs, nor automobiles, nor anything whatsoever. He is a very able lawyer, but he practices law only because he must make a living; and the one reason for his rather close attention to his law practice in the last two or three years is that the political conditions have made politics all but impossible for him. He is fifty-nine years old, and he has been a politician for nearly half a century.

Both Winter Months.

Vanceburg Ky. Sun.

A Tennessee paper says in one of the mountain counties only one man took a newspaper, and the citizens for some distance would gather in to hear it read when it came. A listener one time asked what the Republicans were doing in Congress. "Oh," replied the reader, "they're playing the dickens over there; they have passed a law adding two months to the year, and the worst of it is they have made them both winter months." "Blast their fool souls," said the listener, "and I'm nearly out of fodder!"

It is reported from Ansonville that one night recently some unknown person went to the barn of Rev. G. O. Wilhoit and attempted to ride a colt he had just bought. Falling in his attempt, the miserable wretch took his knife and slashed the colt down the shoulder blade, making a gash fifteen inches long and reaching the bone in places. The animal will probably never be of any service.

HILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

My northern friend who asked me to hold up on the negro and let him go dead has sent me a clipping from a Newport paper and says: Here is a good text for your next letter. It reads as follows: "Newport, October 14.—At a meeting of the school committee today, George Ellis and wife objected to having their son taught by a colored teacher and said that if their son was not admitted to another school where the teacher was white they would keep him at home. The committee refused to change him and ordered the boy to be arrested as a truant. The father filed a plea of not guilty and the case will go to the higher court and be tested." They have compulsory education there. It seems that this teacher is the daughter of a preacher, who is the American consul at St. Thomas. He is a loyal republican and there is politics in it, and the lily whites are in the minority. She may be one of the 400 that Watterson is troubled about, and so I will turn over the text to him. The same mail that brought me the text, brought a letter from my grandson, who is in the employ of the Westinghouse Company, of Pittsburg, and is an electric engineer and is now putting down a plant at Utica, N. Y. He writes that his contractor had a number of white men employed, but as labor was scarce he picked up an idle negro and told him to go to work. The white men rebelled violently against this and threatened to quit, and so the negro had to be sent off. When I was last in Mississippi the barber who shaved me said he came down from Illinois on account of his health and was amazed to find white folks down here patronize negro barbers, and that if one dared to open a shop in any town in Illinois he would be mobbed and run out of the place. Like Banquo's ghost, this race problem will not down: It has as many phases as there are times and places. Shortly after the war the yankee school marm buried down here to educate the negro, but they soon tired of it and went back. Now a negro woman has gone up there to teach their white children. That is all right. We don't care. As Cobe says: "It's all optional with me." Now I will let the negro go dead for awhile. It will take many years yet to settle the problem, but it will be settled. The two races work together very harmoniously in our town and county and we are reconciled to the situation. I wish that every community had as many blessings as we enjoy. No strikes, no murders nor outrages of any kind, no street fights, no cursing, no cyclones nor floods nor famine—no pestilence, no fires. We have good schools, good churches, good preachers and good humble congregations. Every church has a nice comfortable home for the preacher and there is one more for the presiding elder. We have a good sociable community with no stumped families. Not even Sam Jones' folks put on any airs over the rest of us. I visited them on Sunday eve and was treated with the most cordial hospitality. Their home is a palace and their garden and grounds a little paradise. I am getting strong again and walked to town last week for the first time in three months—when I came home my wife shook her fist at me and said: "I believe you will outlive me yet." From the tone of her voice I thought maybe she was mad about it. We have nearly completed the finest court house in the state. It is in full view from the window where I write and I never get tired of looking at the beautiful dome that shines like silver in the sun. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Our garden is now adorned with beautiful roses and I cut them every morning and my wife allows me to send them to the pretty girls—no, I mean to the ancient mothers in our neighborhood. My wife is peculiar about that. At night I have to help a pretty lassie with her arithmetic and algebra and Latin. I get staled sometimes, but we generally get through all right. We have a telephone and my daughter, who lives a mile away, has one. So when her daughter gets stalled she telephones here and our lassie tells her over the 'phone how to do it. Sometimes it takes many figures, multiplying and dividing, etc., and if there is a mistake made on only one figure near the beginning it runs through to the end and gets bigger and bigger as it goes. And so my lassie is disappointed because she did not get the answer. Then I go over all the figures carefully and find the error; and she has it to do over again. Just so it is with our habits and conduct. If a little boy tells fibs or stories, the habit will grow on him and by the time he is grown he will tell lies. If a boy swaps knives with another boy and cheats him, he will get into a habit of cheating in a trade and nobody will trust him. When Tom Benton was for the first time a candidate for office, it was told on him that when he was a school boy he stole a knife from another boy and had to give it up and take a whipping. And so he didn't get elected.

I had a most grateful compliment the other day, and it was as pleasant as it was unexpected. The Dalton lawyers and the Calhoun lawyers were here to attend the funeral of Colonel Harris. After that sad mission was over they joined with our local bar and our judge visited me in my sick room and did me special honor. For a while we exchanged wit and wisdom and pleasant anecdotes. I shall not forget their kind and grateful visit as long as I live—such things are worth being sick for.

And we had a baby show yesterday at my daughter's home. She has a fine little boy a year old who is beginning to walk and talk. So she gave a dining the young mothers, who each had a little girl a year old and they were learning to walk. It beat the Atlanta horse show to see the three little tots

tottering across the room as merry as larks as they tried to show off, sometimes they colliding and falling down—then up again on another round. It was a pretty sight and their mothers were proud and happy. A young mother is the proudest creature on earth. She is always calm and serene.

BILL ARP.

A Tale of a Famous Marksmen.
In a book published recently by T. F. Freemantle, who is an authority on rifle shooting, the following story is told of a man who is famous in the history of international rifle matches:

Sir Henry Halford on one occasion—it was not a very clear day—was about to begin shooting at 1,000 yards and, thinking that the marker must now be ready for him to begin, asked him through the telephone, "Are you all



right?" The marker replied, "All right, sir, in a minute." But unluckily Sir Henry took "All right, sir," instead of the whole sentence and removed the telephone from his ear. He lay down and fired his shot and on looking through the telescope to see where it had hit was horrified to see the marker with a perfectly white face staggering away toward his shelter. He was intensely alarmed, and in a moment there came a ring at the telephone. "What has happened? Are you badly hurt?" "No, sir, I am not hurt, but I had a bucket of whitewash between my legs painting the target, and you put a bullet into it and splashed it all up in my face."

When the Statue Falls.
The three were indulging in their favorite pastime, jesting. Messrs. Ruppert, Ryan and Fitzgerald of New York composing the party. Ruppert had just handed out a box of cigarettes when Representative O. H. P. Belmont came through the Democratic cloakroom. "Look at him. Ain't he handsome?" said Fitzgerald, with a merry twinkle, pointing to the distinguished Belmont. "And see how chipper he appears," chimed Ruppert. "A regular three ply fashion plate," piped Ryan. "Oh, by the way, Mr. Belmont," said Fitzgerald, who is usually up to some innocent pleasantry, "I've got a new joke to spring on you." Then he started in, "If the statue of Liberty in New York harbor were to fall into the bay, what would it be?" Belmont hesitated, glanced at Fitzgerald's companions a moment and then said smilingly: "Why, Mr. Fitzgerald, a statue-wet, of course."—Washington Post.

Carnegie's Way.
"It is better to give than to receive," began a clergyman the other day, addressing Mr. Andrew Carnegie as he descended the steps of the Lotos club. Mr. Carnegie scented a petition for a donation and, as he makes it a rule to select and investigate his charities for himself, tactfully observed as he passed:

"I have found that rule works both ways. I'll frankly admit that I have found great pleasure in receiving as well as in giving. I like to give, but in my own way. Perhaps it is a selfish pleasure, but I can't help it."—New York Times.

Davy Crockett's Rifle.
Memphis Commercial Appeal.

One of the most interesting relics on exhibition in the office of Secretary of State Crockett is the rifle which was presented by admiring friends to his great-grandfather, the immortal Davy Crockett, hero of the Alamo, and author of the equally immortal phrase: "Be sure you are right and then go ahead."

This gun was carried by the grandson of the first owner, the late Gen. "Bob" Crockett, who brought down much game with it, but now it has been retired with honor and full pay to pass the remainder of its days, or centuries, as a relic of one of the greatest characters this country has ever produced. It is a formidable looking weapon, originally of the flintlock type, with a 40-calibre bore. The barrel was originally forty-six inches long, but some of it has been cut off and it is now only forty and one-half inches. It was presented to David Crockett soon after his second election to Congress in 1829, by some of his admiring young Whig friends of Philadelphia. It cost \$250 and was made especially for him. The donors raised the money by contributing half a dollar each to the fund. The stock is trimmed in sterling silver, appropriately designed with figures of the Goddess of Liberty, a weaver, a deer's head and other figures. Along the upper part of the barrel are the letters set into the metal in gold, some of which has worn out: "Presented by the Young Men of Philadelphia to the Hon. David Crockett of Tennessee. In similar letters near the muzzle are the words: "Go ahead."

The Only Password.
Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Booker T. Washington recently told a gathering of negroes that one of the great faults of his race was a disposition to exhibit knowledge under any and all circumstances and asserted that, until the negro learns not to display his vanity, he was useless in any confidential capacity. By way of illustration, he told a story which, he said, might be or might not be apocryphal, but which was good enough to be true.

Gen. Sherman had been told that the soldiers of a negro regiment in his command were lax when on sentry duty and showed a fondness for passing doubtful persons through the lines just to indulge their power to do so. To ascertain if this were so he muffled himself one night in a cloak and tried to get past a black sentry. After the "Who goes there?" the "A friend," and the "Advance friend, and give the countersign," had been exchanged Sherman replied:

"Roxbury,"
"No, sah!" was the polite, but firm response.
"Medford!"
"No, sah!"
"Charleston!" Sherman next tried.
"No, sah. No, sah!" said the negro, determinedly. Then he added: "Now, see a heah—yo' can go fru' th' whole blamed joggery; but Massa Sherman he done say that nobody can get pas' me wifout sayin' Cambridge!"

A woman that respects herself is more beautiful than a single star; more beautiful than many stars at night.

Respect always a silent woman; great is the wisdom of the woman that holdeth her tongue.

IDYLIC ISLAND LIFE.

No Drunkenness, Crime, Police, Falls or Courts in Cocos-Keeling.

Fall Mail Gazette.

Away from the ordinary track of ships, and blessed with a splendid climate, are the Cocos-Keeling Islands, in the Straits Archipelago. Their history is a strange and romantic as their present life is curious and unique.

In 1825 a Scotch sailor named Ross landed and, seeing that the isles were very good, he took possession and settled there with his family. The natives were gentle and teachable, so that Ross had no difficulty in making himself their ruler. In 1851 he hoisted the Union Jack as a precaution against the visit of a wandering French man-of-war, and six years later the isles were formally annexed by the British Government. With rare tact and wisdom Ross devoted himself to governing the people over whom he had so quaintly established himself as a king, and on his decease he bequeathed his mission of government and proprietorship of the Cocos-Keeling to his son. The present owner and ruler of the islands, J. G. Clunies Ross, is the third in succession. He was studying engineering at Glasgow when his father's death called him to the fore fifteen years ago. Abandoning his European ambitions, he settled in his kingdom, married a Cocos wife, and devoted his life to the welfare of the natives, who are his children rather than subjects. The work of the Rosses in thus ordering these East Indian islands forms a fascinating story, and the Cocos-Keeling group, though generally unknown, is perhaps the most picturesque in the British Empire. The little horseshoe-shaped cluster of islands, three days steaming south of Java, are blessed with a perfect climate, luxuriant soil, and man here is seen at his very best.

The inhabitants number about 600, of whom 400 are Cocos born and the remainder coolie laborers from Java. Under the rule of the Rosses, the only white residents, schools have been established, and all the islanders are well educated, the schoolmaster-in-chief being A. Ross, a master of arts of Glasgow University. Every male is also trained to work in brass, iron and wood, and is a skilled artisan. Every Cocos girl similarly serves a term of apprenticeship in Clunies Ross's house, learning sewing, cooking and the whole round of domestic art under the tuition of his wife. Formerly the Cocos parents used to arrange their children's marriages, but under the new order each man and woman is a free agent, and chooses a partner according to European usage. Marriages are celebrated according to the Mohammedan law, but polygamy is prohibited, and there have been only two divorces in the last fifty years. There is neither jail nor police, for crime does not exist in these islands. Opium and alcohol are forbidden, and the wily Chinese is also excluded. Vaccination is compulsory, and all sales are made by barter, for Mr. Ross will not allow money, holding it to be the root of all evil.

The industries of the island consist in gathering coconuts and preparing their oil and copra. Beche-de-mer and a bark for drying are also exported by a chartered vessel which calls annually for the purpose. Provisions are fetched once a month from Batavia, but rice is the only food largely imported, for fruit abounds in the islands, poultry is plentiful and the sea teems with fish. The gentle and handsome native leads a life idyllic in graceful content and happiness under the parental eye of Ruler Ross III. He carefully guards his little Utopia against the introduction of European customs with their attendant ills. Christmas Island, close by, is similarly ruled by his brother, Andrew Ross. Coffee flourishes there, and so do rats and cats, almost to the extent of a plague. Hitherto these atoms of Britain have enjoyed serene isolation, but the new electric cable from Durban to Adelaide touches at the Cocos-Keeling and Christmas islands, so that they are now linked with the greater world, not, it is to be hoped, to the spoiling of their arcadian character.

This is the 16th day of October. I awoke this beautiful morning to find myself 55 years of age. If I live I will soon be a patriot, I feel in my blood and bones that I do not feel as young as I used to feel. For more than thirty years I have fought with all my might all over this country every evil that blights and blasts the character, and championed everything that makes home happy, and our country decent, and I am going on to the end fighting the same things and walking by the same rule.

The sad news came to me of the sad death of two of my fellow townsmen of Cartersville, Judge J. W. Harris and Mr. Westerfelt. How sad their deaths, and they fell like a pall of gloom and despair upon the homes of which they were the husbands and fathers. May God temper the wind to the shorn lambs.

A few days ago I greeted them both upon the streets and little did I think they would be called so soon. My co-worker, Bro. Stuart, was summoned home last Tuesday by telegram on account of the serious illness of his brother-in-law, Dr. Smith, Cleveland, Tenn. He wired me next day, saying that it was a "hopeless case and that he was sinking gradually. Oh! the troubles and griefs of this world. Sometime I rejoice that I have passed as many of the mile-posts as I have, on my journey to the other world, and I am one fellow that don't want to go back and try it over again.

I have been reading with eager interest the efforts made by the president and Pennsylvanians and New York officials in their endeavor to settle the coal strike. It will take a masterful stroke of genius, wisdom and prudence to carry that thing through. In any event, labor has had its best hearing and capital its most humiliating experiences.

Prof. Lorenz Falls in One Case.
DENVER, Col., Oct. 30.—Prof. Adolf Lorenz of Austria, who came to this country to operate on the Armour child, arrived here last evening and to-day performed six operations of congenital dislocation of the hip. Four were successful, one only partially so, and the sixth was a failure, the age of the child, 9 years, and the firmness of the muscles preventing the surgeon from accomplishing his purpose. Dr. Lorenz said that after a child so deformed reaches the age of 7 nothing can be done save to ameliorate the deformity.

Prof. Lorenz will remain a day or two and operate daily. He highly praises the American surgeons he has met.

Judge Griggs, of Georgia, chairman of the democratic victory in November elections is a bright one.

A vain woman is to be feared, for she will sacrifice all for her pride.

SAM JONES' LETTERS.

Atlanta Journal.

With my co-workers, Rev. George Stuart and Oscar Seagle, I have been conducting a series of evangelistic meetings in Paducah, Ky., for the past ten days. The pastors and churches have rented a large tobacco warehouse, furnishing ample room for 6,000 or 8,000 people. The attendance has tested the capacity of the building at night and good audiences in the day time. We had anything but a dull time here with 70 saloons and all the other accompaniments on the other hand. The paducah certainly has the right of way in Paducah. This city is a typical Kentucky river town of 22,000 population, splendid commercial interest with many many features to commend, while there are many to condemn. When ever whisky is on the throne, God is dethroned; whenever the saloons are doing a good business the churches are doing a small business.

The pastors have taken the census, they tell me, on beautiful Sunday mornings and found from 1,200 to 1,500 people in all the churches, leaving of course more than 20,000 of the 22,000 population somewhere else other than the churches. I said to the pastors: You have got to do something you have not been doing or you will have to get out of business, for when the devil has 20,000 of the population at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning and the preachers have less than 2,000 the record for that town for piety does not show up very well. We close our meeting here to-morrow morning. I wish my physical strength and other conditions would allow me to remain here ten days longer, but I am working out all right.

There have been hundreds of conversions and no doubt there will be an ingathering to the churches. I have simply given the plain facts of Paducah, not that she is worse than any other city, but this mirror is held up that other cities may see themselves. If Atlanta officials should ever be as lax as officials here, then this would be the drift of things in Atlanta. Let law be enforced, and order maintained, and to evil influence draw a line, thus far thou shalt come and no farther.

This is what they call a wide-open town. The secretary of the Y. M. C. A. furnished me with the following data which is enough to make the angels weep:

Number of young men in Paducah, 4,000 members of the Y. M. C. A. 302; average attendance at Sunday afternoon meetings, 43; daily attendance, 38; the churches open five hours a week; Y. M. C. A. open 93 hours a week; saloons open 183 hours a week. I have been doing my best to influence the parents of this city that such a state of things tended toward ruin as truly as that the old Ohio river which winded about the city was going to the gulf. It is a question in all cities in these days of material prosperity whether its best to hold up our boys and let commercial interest go down or hold up the commercial interest and let the boys go down.

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