

Novembernox.

HELICON HALL.

[The lady at present in the kitchen is a graduate of Cornell. Her intention is to complete her degree of Ph.D. at Columbia. How's that?—*Utopia Sinclair*]

NO COMMON Bridgetta is queen of the roast
In the Settlement planned by Utopia Sinclair,
For a dame of degree, a near-Ph.D.,

Prepares eruditely our Socialist fare.

No amorous copper comes hanging around

To taste of the pies or the lips of our
cook;

A Harvard professor might hope to
caress her,

But nobody less would escape a
rebuke

The lady who mangles our Socialist
wash

Is skilled at the tubs and is lit'ry
withal;

When not at the mangle she leads in the
wrangle

Of intellect nightly in Helicon Hall.

The chambermaid, too, is a lady of letters,

Who sings at her work up the lit'ry backstair.

The scullion writes verses to read to the nurses

Who take out our Socialist children to air.

The housekeeper 's published a volume of essays;

The man who sits ashes has lectured for years;

The doctor writes leaders for Socialist readers

Of Socialist monthlies like Gaylord Wilshire's

Oh, never was gathered 'neath one set of rafters

A colony which could remotely compare,

In weight of gray matter and talent for chatter,

With that which was planned by Utopia Sinclair.

Poultney Bigelow spent forty-eight hours on the Isthmus, and reported everything all wrong. Secretary Root stopped off on the neck a similar length of time, and reported everything all right; we have forgotten how long Lindsay Denison remained there, but it was

insufficient to establish a voting residence. But when the Great Investigator gets there, next week, we shall know all about it. Meantime information in cheering chunks comes to us from all parts of the world except Panama. Main Guy Shonts, who is visiting his aged aunt in Racine, Wis., sends word that 11,000 shovelfuls were taken out of the ditch the day before yesterday. Chief Engineer Stevens, who is exploring the countrysoutheast of Hudson's Bay, reports that work on Culebra Cut is progressing famously. Colonel Gorgas, chief sanitary officer, who is spending a few weeks in Paris, cables that he is much pleased with the manner in which the laborers of northern Spain go against the Isthmian climate. His secretary, Mr. Huckleback, who is at his home on Cape Cod for a brief rest, is quite sure that the canal will be completed within a couple of centuries. Similarly encouraging dispatches may be expected any day from Tromsoe, Aden, Winnipeg, Terra del Fuego and Munich. But we are reserving opinion till we hear from Mr. Roosevelt.

"I am Elijah," said Dowie. "I am Pericles," says Elbert Hubbard. But neither Elijah nor Pericles was a faker. Guess again, Fra.

B. L. T.