

**VERSE OLD AND NEW**

**For Clothes.**

Thank God for clothes!  
Not that they shield us from the winter  
rude,  
Not that they foster social rectitude  
And cloak deficiencies—for none of those;  
But for the warm spirit that furrows  
can knit in this sorry human clay—  
The glory and the strut of due array;  
Thank God for clothes!

Thank God for dress!—  
That through the darkest day can send a  
gleam,  
When some long-powdered frock comes home  
a dream,  
That glorifies the marriage rites, and, yes,  
Leads to bereavement craped benevolence;  
That gives us courage to confront our fate—  
Illusions shattered, but our hat on straight!  
Thank God for dress!

Thank God for frills!  
Let others praise for house and food; I  
praise  
That still there lurks enchantment in my  
days  
While shops are bright with raiment; that  
the tulle  
Of purple and fne raiment nothing kills;  
That though I die to music, drama, art,  
Still will a silken rustle rouse my heart!  
Thank God for frills!

—Juliet Wilber Tompkins.

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**A Ballade of Dismay.**

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

Ballades I've written many times  
To Gladys, Rosabel, or Fay;  
Eye sung in merry little rhymes  
Their radiant charms and raiment gay.  
But hoops, I hear, are on the way  
(See "Fitter's Fashion Magazine"),  
And how can I indite a lay  
To Phyllis in a crinoline?

I might ring out my Muse's chimes  
About a summer girl's array;  
Even a coat like poor old Grimes'  
My fertile fancy might portray;  
A kerlie or a negligee,  
Tunic, pelisse, or gaberdine;  
But I look forward with dismay  
To Phyllis in a crinoline.

'Twill surely be the worst of crimes  
Against the fashion I lay;  
They are nift for Christian chimes,  
Those things that twish and swirl and  
sway;

They make a ludicrous display,  
They pitch and roll and career,  
A sound I will ne'er essay  
To Phyllis in a crinoline.

ENVOY.

Dame Fashion, save us! Pause, I pray!  
Retreat on this impending scene:  
The Flat-iron on a breezy day,  
And Phyllis in a crinoline!

\* \* \* \* \*

**The Diner's Safety Valve.**

[At a fashionable restaurant a well known  
singles whistles daily after dinner.]

If aught of yore had dulled my knife,  
Or cook had burned the gravy,  
I used to grumble at my wife,  
Or thunder at the slavey.  
No longer now I shout and scream  
The urgent, staccato, dismal;  
By way of letting off the steam,  
I whistle.

When blades rebounded from the veal,  
Or beef resembled leather,  
It was my wont to say a deal  
About the regions nether;  
But now, if dishes turn out queer,  
Or meat is fat and gelatinous,  
Instead of "What is this, my dear?"  
I whistle.

Digestion waits on appetite,  
Or eagerly or slowly,  
According to the gammon's "height,"  
Or weight of relish;  
And should the vands disagree,  
No more with wrath I bristle,  
But simply strike a minor key,  
And whistle.

It is a privilege to dine,  
And praise or blame the victual,  
Approve or otherwise the wine,  
Is but a non-committal  
That all may inwardly digest  
This delicate epistle.  
No further words I use; the rest  
I whistle!

\* \* \* \* \*

**The Little Sister.**

(By Theodosia Garrison.)

When days are dreariest,  
When the nights are long,  
Sudden on the peaking stair  
Sounds her careless song;  
Sudden on the darkened all  
Falls a footstep free,  
And the little sister comes  
Back again to me.

Blithe and gay and jubilant,  
All her words a jest,  
Laughter on her merry lips,  
Youth upon her breast,  
Happy dreams within her eyes,  
Faring days to be—  
So the little sister comes  
Back again to me.

And she hath the eyes I had  
When the world was new,  
And she hath the heart I had  
When the world was true,  
And my very name she bears—  
Ah, so close our tie!  
Just the little sister now  
Who one day was I.

Strange that she who knew no tears  
So my tears should wake;  
Strange her very happiness  
My own heart should break.  
Oh, so other than myself,  
Two, yet one, are we—  
Little sister of my age  
Comes she back to me.

Not a wistful ghost she comes—  
Not a faded so, perchance—  
But with lips too faint to sing,  
Feet too faint to dance,  
And I turn my eyes from her  
(Eyes she must not see)—  
When the little sister comes  
Back again to me.

\* \* \* \* \*

**My Triumph.**

Sweeter than any song,  
My songs that found no tongue;  
Nobler than any fact,  
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong;  
Forth what I begin,  
And all I fail of win.

What matter for they?  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word be said,  
And life the sweeter made.

King, bells in unnumbered steeples,  
The joy of unborn peoples;  
Sound, trumpets far-off blown,  
Your triumph is my own!  
Parcel and part of all,  
I keep the festival,  
Fore-reach the god to be,  
And share the victory. —D. Wither.

\* \* \* \* \*

**The Sunny Way.**

Here is a song for the country,  
Wherever its blessings may fall;  
There's sunlight enough in God's heaven  
To warm up the hearts of us all.

Here is a song for the country,  
With beautiful banners unfurled;  
There's still love enough all around us  
To bless and to brighten the world.

The same love that sings to our sorrow—  
A star in the shadows of night,  
That whispers full sweet of to-morrow,  
And lifts up and leads us to light.  
—Frank L. Stanton.

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**The Simple Life.**

"Miss d'Esterre... would like husbands  
to be sent to such a school as hers for a  
month or so to be taught how to share the  
domestic worries of a household and lighten  
the "simple life" wife's burdens by under-  
taking the dirtier duties. One great advan-  
tage in a husband and children, says Miss  
d'Esterre... is the way an intelligent  
wife and mother can utilize them in the  
household. The husband's spare time during  
working-time would be the kitchen, where  
he would do such rough and dirty tasks as  
boot-cleaning and knife-polishing." — Ex-  
tract from "School for the Simple Life."

When, weary with a heavy day,  
Edwin rejoins his wife,  
He cannot rest, because, you see,  
He leads the Simple Life.

For tho' he works his brain all day,  
Until it fairly spins,  
'Tis only on returning home  
That drudgery begins.

That row of boots must all be blacked,  
The knives be polished bright;  
A stack of wood is waiting there,  
Which must be chopped ere night.

The scuttles he must fill with coal,  
Until his back be bent,  
Whatever else a husband is,  
He is convenient.

He has no time to smoke a pipe,  
Or read the evening news;  
His energies he concentrates  
On polishing his shoes.

Domestic bliss he cannot know,  
He rarely sees his wife;  
She, too, is busily engaged  
Leading the Simple Life.

No wonder Edwin wishes back  
Those complicated days,  
When servants took effective charge  
Of all the household ways.

**Song of the Sea Children.**

The seabers are sailing; the feet in away;  
The rowlocks are throbbing at break of  
day.

The cables are creaking; the sails are un-  
furled;  
The red sun is over the rim of the world.

The first summer hour's white on the hill;  
The sails in the harbour-mouth belly and  
bill,

Each boat putting out with the breast of  
a gull  
For the mighty great deep that shall rock  
them and till.

There, there, they all pass out of sight one  
by one—  
Gleam, dandle, and sink in the path of  
the sun—

The last (thy speak to melt out and be  
free  
As a rose-leaf of cloud on the rim of the  
sea.

—Bilka Carman.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Mischievous Cupid.**

One summer's day, all in a shady haw,  
I traced Cupid, laughing loud with mazy  
glee;

His thimble'd shafts were ready by his side,  
While he passed—those two young souls—right  
merrily.

At last, there came in sight  
A youth upon his right,  
Now mischief-making Cupid looked away,  
And saw a dark-eyed maid come singing by.

They passed—those two young souls—yet  
spoke no word;  
But Cupid, hidden, might have heard a sigh,  
For down he aimed a dart  
That pierced the young man's heart.

Then on they walked awhile, and Cupid  
flew,  
Till by-and-by the maid sat down and  
thought;

The rascal shot her heart with woes of love,  
Well pleased that he came not out for  
naught;  
Then laughing on he went,  
With that day's sport content.

**No Escape.**

Boric acid in the soup,  
Wood alcohol in mine,  
Catsup dyed a lurid hue  
By using aniline;

The old ground hulls of cocoanuts  
Served to us as aperitif;  
I reckon crisp and rigid glass  
Is dashed out with the feet.

The milk—the kind the old cow gives—  
Was dived at the clover;  
It's one-third milk and water, and—  
And then—formaldehyde.

The syrup's bleached by using tin,  
And what the fairy butter is  
The goodness gracious knows. I

The olive oil's of cotton seed,  
There's alum in the bread;  
It's really a surprise to me  
The whole darned race ain't dead!

Meantime all the germs and things  
Are buzzing fit to kill;  
If the food you eat don't git you,  
The goldstard microbes will.


Sing the song of five starred cross,  
Hong low to Southey's strains,  
Then tell about our frightful loss  
From coughs and colds and sneeze;  
Again, again let voices ring  
In one great, grand bravure,  
To praise the magic healing king—  
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