

VERSE OLD AND NEW

When Dorothy Went to Town.

When Dorothy went to London Town, In her Sunday hat and her Sunday gown, Which, till then, she had thought so fine, you know, And a bottle of cowslip wine, heigho!

When Dorothy went to London Town, In her simple hat and her simple gown, Though her eyes and complexion won praise, you know, They laughed at her countrified ways, heigho!

When Dorothy said "Good-bye" to Town, In a smart bow hat and a smart new gown, There was hardly room in her box, you know, For her ribbons and frills and frocks, heigho!

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How to Make One.

To build a neat ballade like this (Pronounce the word "bah-lahd," you know), You can't go very far amiss If you construct the thing just so. We'll take, to end this line, "bestow," Or any other word in sight, Whose rhyme and rhythm smoothly flow;

Ballades are easy things to write. Now let your word be "preceptive." It sounds all right. We'll let it go. Then here, perhaps, a sounding kias May be succeeded by a blow. Now watch your blooming poem grow. Your Pegasus is in full flight-- But this, somehow, suggests a "whoa!" Ballades are easy things to write.

Then next you try the word "abyss," And follow it with "overflow;" Lug in some reference to kisses, Or something as to Cupid's bow, Or "marble brows," of "driven snow." The process thus you expedite. This sort of thing is not so slow-- Ballades are easy things to write.

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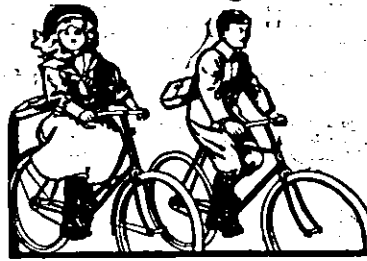
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Some Day.

He's not at all distinguished, but you want to wait awhile and see. When once that fellow leaves the rut There's nothing that he couldn't be. He's in a rather humble place, But that's not where he means to stay. He means to strike a swifter pace And move up to the front-- some day.

Just now he hasn't had his chance To show the world what he can do. There's so much adverse circumstance To keep his plans from going through. But time will bring his opening, and And clear the obstacles away. He's merely crutching for the spring. You'll see what he will do-- some day.

He's getting past the flush of youth, At times we think he's lacking steam-- Some people say, to tell the truth. He's less disposed to do than dream, But he has faith that's fresh and green, Although his head is getting grey. He's huge a sublime, his faith's serene, He means to do a lot-- some day.

A Fable from Nature.

A nightingale wooed, in a garden green, The loveliest rose that ever was seen, And he sang for her, with his widdling art, The tremulous plaint of a wistful heart.

"Dearest nightingale," said the little rose, "Such a wonderful gift your songs disclose. That I long for this world to share with me The magical charm of your melody."

The nightingale thrilled with a joyous pride, As he flew to the tree-tops far and wide-- And plaintive and tender and sweet he sang, Till the whole green earth with his praises rang.

But the rose no echo nor tidings knew, And paler and feebler each day she grew; Yet, bravely she answered the jeering rati-- "Nay, loveliest! for my love will come back again."

When the first wild joy of his song was spent, The nightingale back to the garden went: "Dear rose, I have brought you my fame!" he said, "But no answer came-- for the rose was dead."

The Auto Speed Mania.

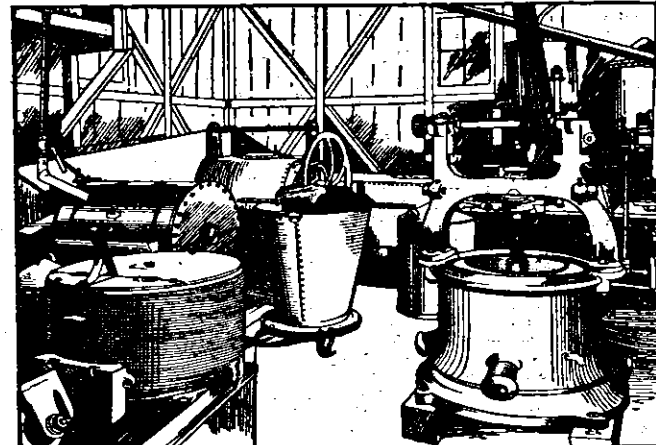
He screeched upon the highway, He screeched upon the street; He screeched away from rivals, He screeched his friends to meet; He screeched in pleasant weather, He screeched when it was hot; He screeched when rain was asked for, He screeched when they did not; At last, his neck he broke it, When scorching on a bet; And for all that you or I know, He may be nothing yet.

A Wait.

A Poet dreamed me; but he woke, And with the klanter-thread Of Memory the morning broke, And, lo, the vision fled! Hereafter a homeless wanderer It is my fate to be, Till Memory of things that were Recalls and shelters me.

-By John E. Tabb.

-J. W. FOLKE.



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