

**VERSE OLD AND NEW**

**Love's Grave.**

Here there is nothing but is laked with you  
In some strange, evanescent fashion,  
The ashes of an outworn passion,  
The bitter sweetness of a love untrue.

Here in this garden with its sun and shade  
Faintly shadows darkly tracing,  
We have worn pathways with our pacing  
Before your love in its quick grave was laid.

So grant the spell upon me that I look  
To see you yet some book perusing,  
Or, hands in lap, fall in to sweet, mus-  
ling  
Above the love-writ pages of your book.

Here, where the roses play at hide and seek,  
Each bud some grave of you revealing,  
Each tree a memory appealing,  
I, turning, half expect to hear you speak.

I know that you have left this garden bare,  
That in its heart dead love is lying,  
The love you said could be undying,  
Yet I with it a cheating fancy share.

For all its blooms peep through their leaves for you,  
In search of you the birds are winging,  
For you the fountain still is singing—  
Forgetfulness is not for us who knew.

Not till the twilight shadows softly shed  
Upon this garden fair are lying  
Can I believe these flowers sighing  
Are atwain upon the grave of love now dead.

**"La Dame Des Fleurs."**

I rest in the earth, mid smoky roots,  
Warm as a sleeping moth,  
The limestone bear-budded shoots  
Like cones of Ashtaroth my deep blue  
eyes as mist-behung.

From mine eyes, from mine eyes are the  
"ris-sprout";  
I sleep in the dark mid life a-thrill  
As birds within the boughs,  
Red poppies line the gentle hill  
Where meadow-grasses "drowse"

My palace in the dark earth-bed  
And I am slumber's bride,  
The sunflower with drooping head  
Trembles by the cool pool-side,  
O my fair, long locks so gold-blown,  
From my locks, from my locks are the  
snowflakes grown!

The night swarms at the kiss of day,  
Yet I have sought but light,  
In the garden-close red roses pray  
And tremble 'neath the light,  
O my heart, dead heart so flame-love torn,  
Of my heart, of my heart are the roses  
born!

**The Girl Graces.**

Where have the women gone?  
Of where  
Shall I a woman find...  
In yere, in prose, in picture fair,  
As once they were enshrined?

Girls — only girls — are now the rage —  
On poster, ad., and sign —  
Girls, by the score, on printed page —  
A girl for every line.

Girls, with strange offerings — of soap,  
Flour, hair-dye, phosphates, milk,  
Typewriter, mattress, mirror, fop,  
Chests, door-screens, spoons of silk.

A girl with cap, a girl with hat,  
A girl with braid and curl,  
Bella mantle, skirt — no matter what —  
As long as it's a girl!

Her smiling teeth, her cheeks sweet,  
Her nicker's fluff of lace,  
The dash of powder on her cheek,  
Her garter-strap in place;

Her naked arm, her shoulder bare,  
Her foot in slipper small,  
Her waist in corset, girdle — these are  
Her poses — but — not all!

Now, could these girls maturer grow,  
And get some sort of sense,  
It might relieve our minds — for, oh!  
The tedium, now, is tense!

And, since we're not all boys — since we,  
A few of us, are men —  
Would we could read of, meet, or see  
A woman once again!

**Telepathy.**

No word is spoken, neither need there be,  
Across the board a message comes to me;  
I catch its meaning — there is no mis-  
take —  
My wife informs me we've run out of  
cake!

**A Warning.**

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
"Toll me, Mary, tell me true —  
Tou's a darling lad, but dare he,  
Mary, Mary, marry you?  
Pick's a loving boy, but wary,  
And you'll find, though visionary,  
— Harry, very wary, too!

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
Tell me, Mary, tell me true —  
Do you think such arbitrary  
Treatment of your beaut will do?  
Think, now — youth's but temporary,  
Lovers' tempers often vary —  
Often long for something new!

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
Tell me, Mary, tell me true —  
Do you love a solitary?  
Life — who bout the lads who woo?  
Cynicism may be necessary,  
Stubbornness is not. Be chary,  
Or you'll soon be wearing rue!"

\*And! the rhyming dictionary  
Isn't yet half hunted through!

**Immigrants.**

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

Each ship duth bring them; see where lost  
they stand  
In huddled groups, and stare from side to  
side  
Upon the curious crowds whose looks de-  
rive  
Their peasant faces, garments strange that  
blend

Them along; in their far-off native land  
Each had his place, though humble; here  
the tide  
Sweeps him along an animal dull-eyed,  
Patient, submissive. What mysterious  
hand

Has thus uprooted from their ancient place  
These myriad exiles, cast them on our  
shore,  
And what the purpose? Shall our country  
be?

The cradle of nations whence a race  
Shall issue in dim ages to restore  
God's usage to mankind, and make men  
free?

**A Mystery.**

Upon her cheek the blushing rose  
Blazes red amid the snow.  
It seems to thrive in such a soil;  
Then why, I want to know,  
Cannot the seed of love be made  
In her cold heart to grow?

MARGARET ROBE.

**"Shouting."**

Bill Jones went to the grocer's shop  
To buy a pound of tea,  
And said to Johnson, standing there,  
"Will you buye one with me?"  
And Johnson said he didn't mind  
(He loved Bill like a brother),  
They had two pounds, then Johnson said,  
"We'd better have another."

Then Smith came in and Jones proposed  
They'd have another pound;  
And then they stood till Brown came in  
And shouted tea all round.

And there they staid for several hours  
As happy as could be,  
Till each one of the party had  
Some fourteen pounds of tea,  
And every one who saw them said  
"What fools those fellows be."

To stand around here all day long  
A-shouting pounds of tea!  
Had they been shouting whiskey,  
schnapps,  
And brandy, rum, and beer,  
Until they all got speechless drunk,  
It would not seem so queer;  
But things that they could cast away,  
And use some other thing!

What absolute absurdity!  
In fact, almost a crime!  
True friendship can alone be shown  
By wilful waste of wealth;  
And as men hate to feel low well,  
"They drink each other's health!"  
— W. T. Goodge ("The Colonel").

**The Gun Weeing.**

There was a lovely lady gun  
Who browsed in a spreading yew.  
Its stately height was her delight;  
A truly cooling shade it threw!  
Upon it little tendrils grew  
Which gave her gentle joy to chew.  
Yet oft she sighed, a grating wile,  
And wished she knew another gun  
(Some newer gun beneath the yew  
To tell her tiny troubles to).

**It Would Not Rise.**

"Money has wings and flies away,  
I've heard," said the man with the seat;  
"But I've put lots of cash in a flying ma-  
chine,  
Yet it never has flown very far."

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