

Verse Old and New

Readers.

HE looked at him. Her eyes were steely gray.
Nothing at all the woman had to say;
No comment, no objection did she deign;
With perfect calm she let the man explain.
No anger—not the least—did she display.
He made a poor endeavour to be gay
As he proceeded, hiding his dismay,
Striving, his self-possession to regain,
She looked at him.

Ah, will he know that vainly he would pray
Forgiveness for his failure to obey.
He witted like a flower wanting rain,
He shrivelled and collapsed beneath the strain.
You would not wonder had you seen the way
She looked at him.

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The Afflicted One.

With anguish dire he seem'd to move—
He'd scarcely power to speak;
But 'twas not unrequited love
That made him quiet seek.
The gorgeous rooms, the assembly gay,
Could yield no joy to him;
His thoughts, alas! were far away,
His eyes look'd sad and dim.
'Twas not ambition's thwarted schemes,
'Twas not a friend far gone,
Nor memory sad of early dreams,
That made him look so wan.
It was not hate, or rage, or love,
Or jealousy, or scorn;
His anguish faintest heart would move,
A light boot pinched his corse!

Amor Immortalis.

Where are the lovers who long, long ago
Mocked at Death's menace with a fine disdain,
And looked beyond the terror and the pain,
Scorning to cringe before the last dread woe?
Have their undaunted spirits passed below
Into a silence where all loves are slain,
And weary spectres haunt a lonesome plain
Whence light has vanished and where chill winds blow!

Nay, all who strove to cherish Love's white flower
Have won calm peace and freedom from distress;
Tristram and Isolt share a happy bowyer
Deep in the farthest isle of Lyonesse;
And on some shoulder of God's holy hill
Immortal Dante loves his Beatrice still.
Bennett Gould.

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The New Girl.

At last we have a brand new girl;
She's stayed for three whole days,
While her perfections we behold
With wonder and amazement.
She doesn't care for company,
Nor want an evening out—
In fact she quite prefers them in,
There isn't any doubt.
Suburban life she doesn't mind,
An act, we think, of grace;
Nor does she say a word to us
About her previous place.
She never answers back to us,
No matter what we say;
The jewel's name? We'll scarce decide
Before the christening day.

Teddy the Centaur.

Would you have a composite of human endurance,
Gallantry, deviltry, swiftness, and grace,
Chivalry, poetry, dash, and assurance,
Heaven-born genius for setting the pace,
Take all the horsemen in fable and history,
Heroes who've galloped afield and afar,
And you'll have a receipt for that popular mystery
Known to the world as the peerless "T.R."

The heart of Quixote, the honour of Panza,
The wisdom of Odin, the nerve of Fitzjames,
(To whom might be fitly devoted a stanza
If fable and fact were not bursting with names).
The four sons of Aymon, Orlando, Lord Marmon,
Bonny Dundee with his bonnet a-toss,
The Old, Boabdil, Tam O'Shanter, Prince Charman,
The Lady who cantered to Banbury Cross,
Sir Lancelot, Rinaldo, and Young Loch-invar;
Take and distill 'em—the issue's "T.R."

The eye of an eagle, the voice of a stentor,
Swiftness of Mercury, thunder of Jove,
The seat of Tod Sloan, and the head of a centaur,
All are combined in the hero we love.
Barbaric front of his namesake Theodor,
Wildness of Turpin who straddled Black Bess,
Daring and dash of the Highlander Roderick,
Buffalo Bill and the Pony Express—
Rake all the past for the bold and bizarre,
Lump 'em together—the mass is "T.R."
The beauty of Siegfried the mythical Norseman,
Swagger of Gilpin, the devil may care,

The valour of Roland, the horn-blowing horseman,
Grace of Godiva, who rode in her hair;
The Noble Six Hundred, the Valkyrie ladies,
The Ghent to Aix riders, the French cuirassiers,
The trio who'd gallop from Paris to Hades
To rescue a damsel,—the Three Musketeers;
Arab and Mameluke, cosack, vaquero,
Riding cap, helmet, fez, shako, sombrero,
Hero and jockey highwayman, Hussar—
All of them live in our peerless "T.R."

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My Machine.

Rich men are tooting around to-day
In their machines;
Six-cylindered demons of red and gray
Are their machines.
Mine is smaller and not so fast,
But it always gets me there at last,
And perhaps some day it will take me past
The big machines.
Many's the land I have travelled through
On my machine,
With many a stalwart man and true
On my machine.
Lovers a-many, in sorry plight,
On roughest road and darkest night
I've carried safely through storm and fight
On my machine,
I've sped on Africa's sandy shore
On my machine,
I've heard the Arctic breakers roar
On my machine.
The Alps and Andes heights I've scaled;
Through every continent I've sailed;
At never an obstacle have I quailed
On my machine.
Time and labour are easy to save
On my machine.
The work is plain (and the errors grave)
On my machine;
But just the same I hammer along,
Pitting the R's where the E's belong—
Please, Mr. Editor, bry the song
From my machine.

Anecdotes and Sketches

A Legal Matter.

UNCLE MOSE, needing money, sold his pig to the wealthy lawyer, who had just bought the neighbouring plantation. After a time, needing more money, he stole the pig and resold it, this time to Judge Pickens, who lived "down the road a piece." Soon afterward the two gentlemen met, and, upon comparing notes, suspected what had happened. They confronted Uncle Mose. The old darkey cheerfully admitted his guilt. "Well," demanded Judge Pickens, "what are you going to do about it?" "Blessed if I know, Judge," replied Uncle Mose with a broad grin. "I's no lawyer. I reckon I'll have to let yo' two gentlemen settle it between yo'selves."

The Professor's Joke.

A good story of President Roosevelt's college days is now going the rounds of the daily papers of England. On one occasion he was called upon to recite an old poem, beginning,
"At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power."
He only got as far as the third line, when he began to hesitate, and then stopped. Twice he repeated, "Greece, her knee," and then stopped. The old professor beamed on him over his glasses, and then dryly remarked, "Greece her knee once more, Theodore. Perhaps she'll go then."

A Sensation That Failed.

News was worse than dull, and the editor, calling the hustling reporter to him, said:—
"I want you to write me a good story about the trials and discouragement of men who are looking for work in a big city. Get up early to-morrow, put on old clothes, and visit all the places that advertise for male help in the morning paper. Give an account of the number of applicants and the kind of men they are, and describe vividly the feelings of those who perhaps have had no breakfast and have walked miles because they have no money to ride, and then meet disappointment. Draw it good and strong on the pathos. People like to read that sort of thing."
At noon the next day the reporter appeared at the office crestfallen. "I'm afraid I can't make anything out of that story," he said to the editor.
"What's the trouble?"
"I've got three jobs already, and a promise of two more."

Quick Dictation.

"My dear," said the business man to his wife, as he was starting for the office, "don't expect me home very early to-night, as I have to dictate twenty-six letters."
"All right," was the response; "but I wish you wouldn't work so hard."
He left his office at the usual hour and went to the club and sat down at the card table with three others.
"Just a moment, you fellows, before we deal the cards. I've got to keep my word with my wife. One of you must take down what I dictate: 'A, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z.' There, those letters are off my mind."

Strenuous Fatalism.

Commander Peary was talking, in New York, about the luck he would have in reaching the Pole with the Roosevelt.
"They say you are a fatalist," said a reporter. "They say that you believe you are fated to find the Pole before you die."
The explorer laughed.
"If I am a fatalist," he said, "I assure you my fatalism is of the working and strenuous kind—like that of Old Abe Cuger."
"Old Abe lived in New England in the days of Indian warfare. He was a fatalist of a pronounced type; nevertheless, he would not venture forth without his blunderbuss."
"One day he had an important errand, but the blunderbuss, when he came to get it, was missing from the rack made of antlers where it had always hung. Someone of his family had taken it. Also sat down to wait till it was brought back."
"But, Abe, I thought you were a fatalist!" said a friend.
"So I am," the old man answered.
"Then why bother about your blunderbuss?" taunted the friend. "You are in no danger from the Indians, since you cannot possibly die till your time comes."
"Yes," said the old man. "But suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time had come. It wouldn't do for me not to have any blunderbuss, would it?"

She Mixed the Names Up.

Among the callers to the house of a charming old lady was a Mrs. Farrell, who after some years of widowhood, again married, this time becoming the wife of a Mr. Meggs. "If you love us, mother," said one of the daughters, when the newly married lady's card had been brought in one afternoon shortly after the completion of the honeymoon, "don't make the mistake of calling her Mrs. Farrell." The mother solemnly promised to commit no faux pas, and as she went downstairs she was heard to repeat to herself, "Meggs—Meggs—Meggs—Meggs—not Farrell." At the conclusion of the call, the old lady was met at the head of the stairs by the daughter, who at once ob-

served an ominous expression of despondency on the old lady's face. "Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "surely you don't—"
"No Clara," replied the mother, emphatically, "I didn't. I was so careful to call her Mrs. Meggs all the time." "Well, what's the trouble, then?" "Oh, dear!" murmured the kindly old lady, as she sank into a chair, "it was awful of me, I know! When I greeted her I said, 'I am glad to see you, Mrs. Meggs. How is Mr. Farrell?'"

A Little Mistake.

Lady (on the Metropolitan Railway, London)—"Please, sir, will you help me get out at the next station?"
Gentleman—"Why, certainly ma'am."
Lady—"You see, sir, it's this way. Being rather stout, I have to turn around and get out backward, and the porters always think I am getting in, so they push me back into the carriage and say, 'Hurry up, ma'am. I've passed four stations that way already.'"

Making Good Progress.

They were skating.
"George," she asked, as they rounded the bend, "is your watch correct?"
"Yes," replied George, with a merry laugh; "it is keeping better time since I put your picture inside the case."
"Oh, you flatterer! How could that be?"
"Well, you see, when I placed your picture inside the case I added another jewel!"
And the wise old moon man winked.

Blood, Ashes, and Groans.

They passed a magnificent building during their travels. "That's a fine house," said Brown to Jones, "and yet I cannot bear to look at it." "Why not?" asked Jones. "Why?" repeated Brown. "Because the owner built it out of blood, the ashes, the groans of his fellow-men; out of the grief of children and the wails of women." "Great Scott!" exclaimed Jones; "the brutal! What is he—a money lender?" "Oh, no, dear friend; he is a dentist!"