

Verse Old and New.

Old Ships.

If men could learn what you ships know,
Leaning along the quay,—
Old giants crippled by the loud
Wild anger of the Sea,—
Surging in awe and wonderment
The souls of men would be!
Could you but tell the stately joy
Of your effectual day,
When worked by anxious hearts you
swung,
Sounding the channel-way,
Under a sun-splashed foreign head
Into an unknown bay!
Oh, that some master caught the song
Sung round your flashing wings,
Your coppered prows, and found the full
Calm sense of awful things
You ships have felt who made the road
For faiths and men and kings.

Heading out for the dark world ends
Where fate with the human wars,
Your every plank was a story brave,
Song spoke from your bending spars,
Your halliards rang to the morning wind,
Your topmasts frightened the stars!
We've seen the summer horizon take
On white ships going South
Fair dreams and desires of stranded men
Into its flaming mouth;
Ships drive far over the rich, bright Sea,
Men droop in a land of drouth.
They watch your goings and muse in awe
Of all that the high ships know
Of mammoth billows that rise and wreck,
Of jagged rocks grinding slow,
Of unknown wonders, away, beyond,
Where never the landmen go.

The salt that burns and the dreadful
death,
Hoarse cries from desolate throats,
Ropes wrenching loud while the moun-
tain seas
Flick men from the decks like motes;
Not in green fabulous isles, but here

Romance's ensign floats!
Romance! That dream's a lie! You fought
The hideous battle and chance,
Heard brown men curse at the frightful
things
That harass a ship's advance—
But you've been far out where the world
is new,
You've fathomed the real Romance!
You set in the frowning forest off
The germ of an opulent town;
The statesman's empire-plans have
spread,
And he's thrown the engines down;
Now the years came sad to you dying
ships
Without hope and alone.

Though you have found the Ocean sweet,
Though you have known him cruel,
Though your lights flared like the beacon
fires,
Your planks shall split for fuel.
Now you've limped up the river slow,
Fagged, beaten in the duel!
Brave death in a storm is not your
doom;
They towed you as worn-out slaves
Far from the reach of your restless wild
Old enemies, the waves;
For Ocean chafes at the masterful ships
And black revenge he craves!
You found fresh worlds with your slim,
swift prow,
Learned more than the greatest shall;
But a shameful track to death awaits
Four-master and caraval;
You rot with the black coal-barges round
In a smoke-befogged canal!

Old ships! Old ships! It's battle and
bear—
The nights blot out the sky,
A strong man offers this one shamed sob
And a maiden her wept "Good-bye,"
As they turn in the dark from the hal-
lowed place
Where the old ships come to die).
When off in the caverned night men
muse

On life's locked mystery,
Search for the truth in place and power,
The has-been and to-be.
The answer comes in visioned death,
Death and the visioned Sea,
And you have strode that opal Sea,
Touched that enchanted sky,
Fought in the night, and loved our sun
And worked your part—Good-bye—
For all your knowledge rots with you
As all your sorrows die.
—Furnley Maurice, in "The Spectator."

The Babe.
From underneath a coverlet of rags
There peered a dainty, smiling infant
face
Whose innocence and beauty quite trans-
formed
The tatters into strands of rarest lace.
Another face upon the pillow lay,
But no such crystal pureness lingered
there.
"How came," I asked myself in wonder-
ment,
"From commonplace such sweetness
rare?"

But in the woman's eye there flashed a
gleam
Almost transfiguring her; and then I
knew
The star-eyed beauty of the tender babe
Was but the mother's ardent hopes
come true!

The Man Shopper.
The man who goes a-shopping hasn't any
chance at all—
He gets slammed against the counters
and gets smashed against the wall;
In their element fair shoppers give him
jolts and elbow pecks,
And in other ways apprise him they are
of the gentler sex;
The floorwalker's directions make his
head begin to swim,
And the clerks are patronising and super-
ior to him—

Oh, their glances, how they quell him,
Oh, the fairy tales they tell him,
Oh, the kind of junk they sell him—
Yes, indeed, his chance is slim.

The Disappointed Lover.
I will go back to the great sweet
mother—
Mother and lover of men, the Sea.
I will go down to her, I and none other,
Close with her, kiss her, and mix her
with me;
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her
fast.
O fair white mother, in days long past
Born without sister, born without
brother,
Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
Sea, that are clothed with the sun and
the rain,
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like
wine,
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
Save me and hide me with all thy waves.
Find me one grave of thy thousand
graves,
Those pure cold populous graves of
thine,—
Wrought without hand in a world
without stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving
ships,
Change as the winds change, veer in
the tide;
My lips will feast on the foam of thy
lips.
I shall rise with thy rising, with thee
subside;
Sleep, and not know if she be, if she
were,
Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,
As a rose is full filled to the rose-leaf tips
With splendid summer and perfume
and pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,
Were it once cast off and unwound
from me,
Naked and glad would I walk in thy
ways,
Alive and aware of thy waves and thee.
Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
Clothed with the green, and crowned
with the foam,
A pulse of the life of thy straits and
bays,
A vein in the heart of the streams of
the sea.
—From "The Triumph of Time," by A.
C. Swinburne.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Her "Grace."

A CERTAIN duchess was renowned, both for her exquisite toilettes and her slowness in paying for the same. One creditor, after being repeatedly refused admittance to the ducal palace, sent her small daughter with a bill. The child was carefully instructed as to her department, the mother's parting admonition being: "And when you address the duchess-be sure and say 'Your Grace.'"

The child promised, and hurried to the palace, where she easily gained an audience. Presenting the bill to her Grace, she folded her hands as if asking a blessing, and said: "Fer what we are about to receive, Lord, make us duly thankful." The bill was paid.

A Steady Flow.

A truly eloquent parson had been preaching for an hour or so on the immortality of the soul.

"I look at the mountains," he declaimed, "and cannot help thinking, 'Beautiful as you are, you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried, 'Mighty as you are, you will eventually dry up, but not I!'"

The Caustic Caddy.

President Taft plays golf fairly well, but on his return from Cuba, away back in his career, he did not make a good impression on the links. After some pretty bad work on the first two holes, he said apologetically to his caddy, a stranger from the East: "I'm certainly out of form to-day. I've been on a sea-voyage, you see. It must have upset me."
"Played before, have ye?" said the caddy.

Poor Judgment.

The Paris critic, Martin, once only had taken his chocolate in a place other than the Cafe Foy, and he then found it not good. This happened at the Regence, and the young woman at the desk, to whom he expressed his displeasure, said: "You are the only one to complain. All the gentlemen of the court who come here find it good." "They also say, perhaps, that you are pretty," he replied, slowly.

Poor John.

A Philadelphian who was formerly a resident of a town in the north of Pennsylvania recently visited his old home. "What became of the Hoover family," he asked an old friend. "Oh," answered the latter, "Tom Hoover did very well. Got to be an actor out West. Bill, the other brother, is something of an artist in New York; and Mary, the sister, is doing literary work. But John never amounted to much. It took all he could lay his hands on to support the others."

A Reason for Everything.

According to the story, widely believed throughout Islam, a dog approached Allah while the latter was engaged in the construction of Eve, and seizing the rib which the Almighty had just taken from Adam's side, ran off with it. Allah, it is said, followed in hot pursuit, and managed to grasp the tail, which the dog had neglected to tuck away. The tail remained in Allah's hands, the dog escaping with the rib. Allah thereupon, faute de mieux, utilised the dog's tail instead of Adam's rib for the construction of the mother of mankind, and it is owing to this, according to the Arabs, that woman is just as incapable of remaining quiet and motionless for two minutes together as is the tail of a dog.

No Blessed Pigeon.

For the first time the old lady was about to make a railway journey in England, and when she arrived at the station she did not know what to do. "Young man," she said to a porter, who looked about as old as Methuselah, "can you tell me where I can get my ticket?" "Why, mum," he replied, "you get it at the booking office, through the pigeon hole." Being very stout, she looked at the hole in amazement, and then she burst out in a rage: "Go away with you! How can I get through there? I aint no blessed pigeon."

The Fate of Wagner.

At a London dinner years ago, and now described in a book of recollections, Edward King, the author, was most enthusiastic in his praise of Wagner, not only as a musician, but as a poet. "I have no doubt," he said, at length, "that in coming time Wagner will be ranked above Beethoven and Schiller." "I quite agree with you," responded L. Alma Tadema, the famous painter, "for certainly Wagner was a greater musician than Schiller and a greater poet than Beethoven."

Getting Even.

A young man late one cold and wintry night, found the door of his college locked against him. The young man outside argued with the doorkeeper inside, cajoled, and entreated, but to no avail. Eventually he slipped half a sovereign under the door and was admitted. It was a financial deal wisely thought out on strict business lines. Once inside, he informed the janitor (falsely) that unfortunately, after taking the half-sovereign out of his purse, he had dropped the purse itself on the doorstep. The attendant went out to secure it, but once on the chilly, wet doorstep, the door was slammed. Then the deal was repeated, for the shivering mercenary was not allowed into his warm abode until he had slipped the half-sovereign back again.

Worse Than the Others.

There was a certain Bishop of Amiens, who was consulted by a lady as to whether she might wear rouge. She had been with several directeurs, but some could not satisfy her conscience, and therefore, was come to monseigneur to decide for her, and would rest by his sentence. "I see, madame," said the good prelate, "what the case is; some of your caustics forbid rouge totally; others will permit you to wear as much as you please. Now, for my part, I love a medium in all things, and, therefore, I permit you to wear rouge on one cheek only."



SOINCE AND HILTH.

"That's a very foony place to be takin' yer aise, Hogan. Aren't yez cowid?"
"Oi tink Oi am, but Oi'm not. Oi've become a Christian Scientist."
"But wuddent yez be more comfortable on the bank?"
"That's the divil uv it, Flaherty; Oi'd tink Oi wuz, but Oi wuddent be!"