

Verse Old and New.

In Memoriam.

HOK that was King an hour ago,
Is King no more; and we
that bend
Beside the bier too surely known
We lose a Friend.

His was no "blood-and-iron" blend
To write in tears a ruthless reign;
Rather he strove to make an end
Of strife and pain.

Rather he strove to heal again
The half-healed wound, to hide the
scar,
To purge away the lingering stain
Or racial war.

Thus tho' no trophies deck his ear
Of captured guns or banners torn,
Men hailed him as they hail a star
That comes with morn;

A star of botherhood, not scorn
A morn of loosing and release,—
A fruitful time of oil and corn—
An Age of Peace!

Sleep then, O Dead beloved! and sleep
As one who, when his course is run,
May yet, in slumber, memory keep
Of duty done;—

Sleep then, our England's King, as one
Who knows the lofty aim and pure,
Beyond all din of battles won,
Must still endure.

—Austin Dobson.

June Rapture.

Green! What a world of green! My
startled soul,
Panting for beauty and so long denied,
Leaps in a passion of high gratitude
To meet the wild embraces of the
wood;

Rushes and flings itself upon the whole
Mad miracle of green, with senses
wide;

Cling to the glory, hugs and holds it
fast,
As one who finds a long-lost love at
last.

Billows of green, that break upon the
sight
In bounteous crescendos of delight!
Wind-hurried verdure hastening up the
hills

To where the sun its highest rapture
spills!
Cascades of colour tumbling down the
height

In golden gushes of delicious light!
God! Can I bear the beauty of this
day.
Or shall I be swept utterly away?

Hush! Here are deeps of green where
rapture stills,
Sheathing itself in veils of amber
dusk,

Breathing a silence suffocating, sweet,
Wherein a million hidden pulses beat.
Look! How the very air takes fire and
thrills

With hint of heaven pushing through
her husk!
Ah, joy's not stopped! 'Tis only more
intense

Here where Creation's ardors all
condense:
Here where I crush me to the radiant
sod

Close-folded to the very nerves of
God.
See now! I hold my heart against this
tree:

The life that thrills its trembling
leaves thrills me.
There's not a pleasure pulsing through
its veins

That does not sting me with ecstatic
pains.
No twig or tracery, however fine,
Can bear a tale of joy exceeding mine.

Praised be the gods that made my spirit
mad,
Kept me adame and raw to beauty's
touch,
Lashed me and scourged me with the
whip of fate,
Gave me so often agony for mair,
Tore from my heart the things that made
men glad.

Praised be the gods! If I at last by
such
Relentless means may know the sacred
bias,

The anguished rapture, of an hour
like this
Smite me, O Life, and bruise me if thou
must;

Mock me and starve me with thy
bitter crust;
But keep me thus aquiver and awake.
Enamoured of my life, for living's
sake!

This were the tragedy—that I should
pass,
Dull and indifferent, through the
glowing grass.

And this the reason I was born, I say—
That I might know the passion of
this day.

—Angela Morgan.

Candle-Night.

Frail golden flowers that perish at a
breath,
Flickering points of honey-coloured
flame,

From sunset gardens of the moon you
came,
Pale flowers of passion . . . delicate
flowers of death. . . .

Blossoms of opal fire that raised on high
Upon a hundred silver stems are seen
Above the brilliant dance, or set be-
tween

The brimming wine-cups . . . flowers
of revelry!

Roses with amber petals that arise
Out of the purple darkness of the night
To deck the darkened house of Love,
to light
The laughing lips, the beautiful glad eyes.

Lilies with violet-coloured hearts that
break
In shining clusters round the silent
dead,
A diadem of stars at feet and head.
The glory dazzles . . . but they do
not wake.

O golden flowers the moon goes gather-
ing
In magic garden of her fairy-land,
While splendid, angels of the sunset
stand

Watching in flaming circles wing to
wing

Frail golden flowers that perish at a
breath,
That wither in the hands of light, and
die

When bright dawn wakens in a silver
sky,
Tale flowers of passion . . . delicate
flowers of death.

—Olive Douglas

Triumphatrix.

As some great monarch in triumphal
train
Holds in his thrall a hundred captive
kings,

Guard thou the loves of all my vanish-
ed springs
To wait as handmaids on thy sweet
disdain.

Yes, thou shalt wear their tresses like
bright rings,
For their defecat perpetuates thy reign.
With thy imperious girlishood vie in
vain

The pallid hosts of all old poignant
things.

Place on thy brow the mystic diadem
With women's faces cunningly
embossed,
Whereon each memory glitters like a
gem;

But mark that mine were regal loves,
that lost
And loved like queens, nor haggled for
the cost—
And having conquered, oh be kind to
them!

—George Sylvester Viereck.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE

Why the Kittens Cried.

WALLIE, aged six, found four
little kittens in the cellar. A
visitor, being told of them, ex-
pressed a desire to have a peep
at the new baby pussies.

Wallie went to fetch them, and soon
pitiful mewling was heard below.
"Don't hurt the kitties, Wallie," called
out his mamma.

"No, mamma," shouted the boy, "I'm
bringing them up carefully. I'm carry-
ing them by their stems."

Characteristic Expressions.

"Blood will tell," said the man who
shaved himself and didn't want people to
know it.

"The older I grow the stronger I get,"
remarked the well-used pipe.
"The game is up," said the hungry
diner, noting the advance in price on the
menu.

"Anything for a change," observed the
chorus girl as she applied the peroxide to
her locks.

"It's time to get dressed for dinner,"
said the lobster as the cook took it from
the refrigerator.

"It doesn't bother me if food is high,"
said the giraffe as he nibbled away at
a tree top.

Deceivers Ever.

They were arguing about the alleged
inborn strain of deceitfulness in woman,
and she retaliated by citing the instances
of men deceiving their wives.

"I suppose," said he, "that you hold
that a man should never deceive his
wife."
"Oh, no," she smiled back at him; "I
shouldn't go so far as that. How would
it be possible for the average man to get
a wife if he didn't deceive her?"

Repartee.

Rupert and Evadne were sauntering
along the drive. Suddenly she stopped.
"What's that?" she exclaimed, listen-
ing intently.

"Probably some catfish mewing in the
lake," answered her sturdy protector.
Evadne's countenance brightened.

"I wonder if its mother is putting it
to sleep in the bed of the river with a
sheet of water over it," she murmured
ingenuously.

He Didn't Laugh.

Stranger: "You are the only gentle-
man in the room."
Guest: "In what way, sir?"

Stranger: "When I tripped in the
dance, and went sprawling on the floor,
tearing my fair partner's dress, you were
the only one in the room who did not
laugh."

Guest: "The lady is my wife, and I
paid for the dress."

Happy.

The rescuers tenderly lift up the
young woman, the sole survivor of the
shipwreck, who has spent two months on
a desert island, subsisting upon stray
clams and a tin of biscuits.

"You'll soon be all right," cheerfully
promises the ship's doctor, who has ac-
companied the rescuing party. "You
are wasted away in the last throes of
starvation now, but I'll put you under
a treatment that will build you up at
once. All you need is—"

"No, doctor," feebly whispers the res-
cued maiden. "Just give me a tonic to
make me strong, but don't fatten me a
bit. I can wear the new styles in
dresses now with ease."

Almost Universal Prayer.

"Among the late Bishop Foss' anec-
dotes about prayer," said a Philadelphia
Methodist, "there was one concerning a
very original Norristown preacher.

"This preacher, in the course of a
long prayer one Sunday night, recounted
the many misfortunes and evils that
had befallen him in the course of his
long life. Then, sighing heavily, he
prayed:

"Thou hast tried me with affliction,
with bereavement, and with sorrow of
many kinds. If Thou art obliged to try
me again, Lord, try me with the burden
of wealth."

Why Boys are Brave.

To his teacher's request that he give
the class ideas on the subject of
"Bravery," Johnny delivered himself of
the following:

"Some boys is brave 'cause they al-
ways plays with little boys, and some
boys is brave 'cause their legs is too
short to run away, but most boys is
brave 'cause somebody's lookin'."

A Disreputable Hat.

Lord Rosebery walked from Berkeley
Square one morning to his hatter's in
Piccadilly to buy a new hat. The shop-
man took his lordship's hat to the back
of the shop, leaving him standing bare-
headed, to be fitted later on.

While Lord Rosebery was waiting, a
bishop rushed in, and, snatching off his
hat, exclaimed to Lord Rosebery, whom
he had obviously taken for the shopman:
"Have you a hat like that?"

"No," replied the peer, as he examined
it critically for a moment, "and, if I
had, I wouldn't wear it."

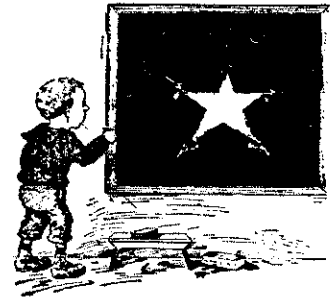
Did Not Have the News.

Mr Meadow (wrathfully, to country
editor):—"My house was robbed last
week, an' you didn't have a word about
it."

Country Editor (wearily):—"You do
not send us the information, Mr Mea-
dow."

Mr Meadow (petulantly):—"An' is that
the way you editors get y'r news 'bout
houses bein' robbed?"

Country Editor (ironically):—"Well,
no. Usually the thieves drop in and
give us the item, but this time I guess
they forgot about it."



LITTLE BOBBY'S IDEA OF A SHOOTING STAR.

He Went One Better.

In a crowded section of a city there
were three little clothing stores in a
row. The proprietors of these shops
were bitter enemies and business rivals,
and each taxed his brain to the burst-
ing-point to outwit the others in at-
tracting customers.

The proprietor of the store in the
middle one day found himself momen-
tarily beaten on getting down town one
morning, when he discovered that the
shop on his right was placarded with
sensational announcements of a "great
fire sale," while the man on his left
hand covered his building with huge ban-
ners proclaiming a "receiver's sale." His