

# Verse Old and New.

## A Serum—Comic Tragedy.

HE was a doctor's child, and he  
Embraced the opportunity  
From all disease to make her free  
With absolute immunity.

"And first," said he, "as I indorse  
Prevention of diphtheria,  
This anti-toxin from a horse  
Should kill some bad bacteria.

"This vaccine virus from a cow  
(And I indorse it fully),  
Should help along, and anyhow  
'Twill make the child feel 'bully.'

"Of snake-bite serum just a touch;  
We get it from a rabbit  
Which we have bitten up so much  
He really likes the habit.

"Some meningitis toxin, too,  
Would better be injected;  
A guinea pig we strain it through  
To get it disinfected.

"Some various serums of my own  
I'm rather sure will answer;  
I make them for all troubles known,  
From freckles up to cancer."

Alas! Alas! for all his pains  
The end was scarce desirous;  
She soon had nothing in her veins  
But various kinds of virus.

Part horse, part cow, part sheep, part goat;  
Her laugh was half a whinny;  
"Dear me," said he, "she's half a shoat  
And badly mixed with guinea.

"A girl who bleats and has a cud  
Will never make a woman;  
I'd better get some good clean blood  
And make her partly human!"

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

## Shadow.

How many tread the patient street,  
With heart as sanctified as mine;  
Who have a shadow at my feet  
Whereof no other hath a sign?  
No other sees the tender face  
Fledging the drab and stony place.

I see through gloomy archway walls,  
The scattered sandhills of the past;  
The air from meadow pipit calls,  
Where I her shadow followed fast;  
Beneath the pavement of the street  
Lieeth the motion of her feet.

Lo, thence she sped by Hebe's fence  
The glance where sudden love appears;  
Pale with retreating confidence,  
Too shy for words, too sweet for tears;  
Too full of her own happiness  
To pledge what love would fain confess.

There she abides amid the roar  
Of city struggles. Men are made  
Joyful and sad, but I am more  
Than they who pass me—unafraid  
To lift a sleeping face to mine,  
Making for me the hour divine.

A river rolls between. We stand,  
Love in all tenderness our star;  
No voice we hear; nor understand  
The morning and the evening are  
To some delighting dedicate,  
Wherefore for ever we must wait.

Again I see the cottage door,  
The fire is chattering to the panes;  
Flowers make the courtesy of the poor;  
The kettle with a singing felpa  
A merry note—but all is bare  
For lack of one who is not there.

I dream I hear a footfall blend  
With airs about the stooping eaves;  
The surges of my spirit send  
Faint shadows lighter than the leaves  
Athwart the attic Silence keeps  
In her unfathomable deeps.

No, never more will she descend,  
I wake to know life is beyond  
Her intimacy. I shall spend  
A many years of memory fond  
For eyes that know not kith or kin—  
Death's majesty alone there.

HUBERT CHURCH.

## The Limit.

In one of the United States comes the moving picture operators have been prohibited from showing kissing films, except where the kisses are between husband and wife or near relatives.—News Item.

Such a foolish law as this is!  
What is life without its kisses?  
Lacking them, 't is all we lack,  
Where's romance without a smack?  
Murder, battle, sudden death,  
Thrilling crimes that takes your  
breath—  
These, the laws declare, are meet  
To be pictured on the sheet?  
But it would be such a mis-  
If the films should show a kiss.

What's the use of swift romance,  
Plots, and tangled circumstance,  
Villains seen amid their sinning,  
Heroes fighting them—and winning?  
What's the use, again we say,  
If the ending of the play  
Doesn't find the hero's arms  
'Round the beauteous damsel's  
charms,  
If their final loving bliss  
Isn't shown us—in a kiss!

See lovers in the park,  
On the steamers, after dark,  
On the trolleys and the "L,"  
In the carriage seats as well,  
They can kiss—then why, forsooth,  
Is the practice too uncount?  
To be shown upon the screen  
By the picture-man's machine?  
Art and life were dull, I wis,  
If it were not for the kiss!

If this sort of thing goes on  
All our fun will soon be gone,  
Hugging pictures will be banned,  
Then they'll stop the clasp of hand,  
Then the film will "get the hook,"  
In which lovers even look;  
Finally it may befall  
They won't show us love at all—  
Just because the Grundys hies  
At the picture of a kiss.

Cut out, if you must, the fights  
(Specially 'twixt blacks and whites);  
Cut the rough-house films and those  
Which black wickedness disclose;  
Make them proper, prim, precise,

As a purists' paradise,  
But (we kneel in supplication),  
Save, oh, save, our occupation!  
Lips that clasp—ah, leave us this  
What's the world without a kiss?  
—Berton Braley.

## My Mu-si-cal Com-e-Dee.

It was many and many a year ago  
That I sat beside the sea,  
And I wrote a book for a musical show,  
In subdivisions three—  
And I made the lyrics all by hand,  
And I said, "They look good to me!"

There was never a King in the blooming  
show,  
Nor a tropical scene—not a tree;  
Nor a dialect part from first to last,  
Nor a drinking song. Ah, me—  
No touch of the Ghetto in all the li-  
retto—  
Not a Jew in the jeu d'esprit!

No burgomeister bald of pate,  
No buxom bar-maid free,  
No miser old, with a song of gold,  
No village gossip. She  
Is a type I quite abominate,  
So she didn't appeal to me!

There were songs that rippled of love  
and youth,  
With a gurgling note of glee,  
And a plot of the good, old-fashioned  
sort—  
Just as plain as A-B-C;  
And a humour drollly whimsical  
As the shafts of Shaw—G. B.!

And never a show-girl marred its grace,  
For there was none to be;  
No pony ballets nor tableau stunts—  
Nor girlies with dimpled knee,  
Nor featured songs about elephant rides  
In distant isles Ferjee!

It was many and many a year ago  
That I sat beside the sea,  
And I wrote the book for this musical  
show.  
While the waves splashed heedlessly;  
And never a manager yet has read  
That mu-si-cal com-e-dee!

—Irving Dillon.

# Anecdotes and Sketches.

## GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

### They Act That Way.

THE religion of some people is too lenient," said Bishop Heslin in a recent address in Natchez.

"Some people suggest to me in their view of religion a little girl whose teacher said to her:

"Mary, what must we do first before we can expect forgiveness for our sins?"  
"We must sin first," the little girl answered."

### A Cure for Insomnia.

Recently a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure.

"Eat a good big pork chop and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," said he, "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour."

I did as he suggested; and now, for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia, I feel it to be my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able to recall the details.

First, let me say my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend, with his head under his arm, came along, and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him, when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in mid-air. While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the wall, and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So, as I was sliding down the mountain side, the engine-driver came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station. "We passed your station 400 years ago," he said, calmly folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket.

At this juncture the clown bounded

into the ring and pulled the centre-pole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. Then I awoke, and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes.

### Satisfied.

"Do you respect me?"  
As she uttered these vital words the beautiful girl gazed tensely at the young man to whom but a short time before she had pledged her troth. He was not slow to respond.

"Never!" he replied passionately. "How can I respect a creature who wears the clothes that you do; who spends more time every day over her hair than the average chauffeur does over his auto; who never has an original idea, and depends for her stock in conversational trade on the chance sensations that impinge upon her brain, which is about the size and capacity of an anthropoid ape; whose conception of morality and good

faith is bounded by the latest conventional society rule, and who knows as much about the true science of living as a cigar store Indian? Respect you! I should say not! But I love you with all my heart and soul; life without you would be a desert waste, and I ask for nothing but to be your devoted slave all the rest of my days. O, darling! say, that this all you desire!"  
"It is, it is," she whispered, clinging to him with a renewed ardour. "Now I know everything is all right; but there have been times when I feared that perhaps our marriage would not be an ideal one."

### A Golf Expert.

A story is told of two old antagonists who met on a Scotch golf course every Saturday afternoon.

On one occasion, when they were all "square" at the seventeenth, and the loser of the previous week had just played his third in the shape of a nice approach to the green, last week's winner came up to his ball with grim purpose. He had an easy pitch to the green, but a number of young sheep were unconcernedly browsing along the edge.

"Run forward, laddie," said last week's winner to his caddie, "and drive awa' the lambs!"

"Na, na!" vigorously protested his opponent. "Bide where ye be, laddie! Ye canna move any growin' thing! That's the rule o' gowf!"

### A Hardy Bird.

"Crows are hardy birds," remarked the boarder. "In cold weather I have known them to go five days without food."

"That's nothing," chuckled the comedian boarder. "I've known crows to go five months without food."

"Great Scot! What kind of crows were they?"  
"Why, scavengerous, of course!"

### The Motor Was Working Well.

A lawyer tells this story: A bailiff went out to levy on the contents of a house. The inventory began in the attic and ended in the cellar. When the dining-room was reached, the tally of furniture ran thus:

"One dining-room table, oak.  
"One set chairs (6), oak.  
"One sideboard, oak.  
"Two bottles whisky, full."  
Then the word "full" was stricken out and replaced by "empty," and the inventory went on in a hand that struggled and lurched diagonally across the page until it closed with:  
"One revolving doormat."

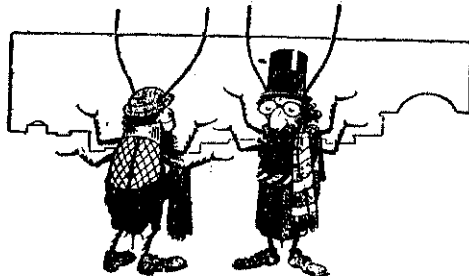
### A Friend of the Cause.

Ily mistake a farmer had got aboard a car reserved for a party of college graduates who were returning to their alma mater for some special event. There was a large quantity of refreshments on the car and the farmer was allowed to join the others. Finally some one asked him: "Are you an atomus?"  
"No," said the farmer earnestly; "but I believe in it."

### Fogues and Clams.

Dr. Heinrich C. G. Hirsch, the Viennese conductor, said recently that New York's musical taste was much better cultivated than Chicago's.

"A New York and a Chicago girl," he went on, "met at the seashore. In the twilight, while the sky flamed pink in the sunset and the hotel orchestra played Massenet on the terrace, the New York girl said to the Chicago girl:  
"Do you like fogues?"  
"The Chicago girl sighed and answered wistfully:  
"No, but I adore clams."



Illustrated Exclamation: "Jerusalem Crickets!"