

Verse Old and New.

To Daphne's Feet.

FAIR Daphne's foot's a dainty thing,
Like those the poets used to sing.
So small, indeed, you'd hardly
dream
It had sufficient breadth of beam
To bear the weight, however slight—
'Twas made to carry, day and night.

When out upon the ball-room floor
You see it tripping gaily o'er
The polished surface in the dance
You wonder greatly if perchance
The elfin fairies of the moon
Have not prepared her dancing shoon.
When o'er the cold, bleak pave it goes,
'Mid hushing throings and drifting snows,
You stand aghast that such a rare
And fragile thing should venture there,
And as it nears the crossing's edge
You tremble at such sacrifice.

But, Oh, that foot! What have I said—
That thoughts unspeakable and dread—
When to the opera I'm inclined,
And Daphne, sitting just behind,
Inserts her toe, 'neath where I sit
And, all unthinking, wiggles it!

—John Kendrick Bangs.

Summer Shadow.

Life is running fast away,
All the woods are yet to learn;
What did yonder squirrel say?
And I never shall return—

Not, like bud or budding bird,
Come when April comes again;
Scarcely have I learned a word
Of the language of the rain.

Swift the summer glides away,
Not one lesson learned aright;
Soon comes round the longest day—
'Ah! how soon the longest night!

—By Richard Le Gallienne.

An Old Song Resung.

When you think to yourself that you're
just all right,
And the bunch floos up when you heave
in sight;
When you stand the touch for a drink
and a smoke,
When they laugh like mad at your
punkest joke—
You're flush, old man, you're flush!
When you think and look and feel all
wrong,
And the bunch hikes out when you come
along;
When they nod and wink when you turn
your back,
And don't give a hang for the jokes you
crack—
You're broke, you dub, you're broke!

Love on High.

An aeroplane in sunny France
Was spreading through the air
And little thinking of romance,
Until he was aware
(Though soaring safely up above),
That he had fallen—deep in love.
For overhead, his vision met
A dove-like monoplane;
She moved in higher circles, yet
Did not evince disdain,
His motor throbbled with nervous
haste.
As after her he fleetly raced.
And when an hour had taken flight
In record-breaking time,
She wiggled with her wings of white,
Inviting him to climb.
His answer (an ascent) was rash!
He darted near, too near—a crash!
Fear not—the ending comes out right
(Or Wright, if you prefer);
Much mechanism, sound and light;
Was left of him and her;
Aerial waves again they plow,
Forever one—a biplane now!

The Same Old Summer-time.

The same old summer-time is here,
The same old scene is set—
Of dancing waters, shining sands,
Along the shore I walk with her—
The same old tale repeat.
And rocks where high tides fret,
The same old golden moon comes up
To make the scene complete,

The same old mountains stand to guard
The little lake so blue;
We paddle 'mid the lily pads
The same old bark canoe;
The same old pine trees whisper low
As dreamily we float,
And from the same old poets then
In thrilling tones I quote.

The same old band invites to dance,
And I at once make haste
To place this same old arm of mine
Around her slender waist.
The same "Blue Danube" sets the pace,
And in the giddy whirl
I thank my stars this same old time
Brings always a new girl!

—Ada Stewart Shelton.

A King of Tang.

The thought of this poem is perhaps
not novel, but that should not surprise
us in view of the fact that it was written
by a Chinese poet who lived between
648 and 678 of our present era. The
translator, L. Cranmer Byng—the name
also sounds Oriental—has rendered, not
betrayed, his original.

There looms a lordly pleasure-tower o'er
you dim shore,
Raised by some King of Tang.
Jade pendants at his girdle clashed, and
golden bells
Around his chariot rang.

'Strange guests through sounding halls
at dawn go trailing by—
Gray mist and mocking winds;
And sudden brooding twilight break in
rain on rain
To lash the ragged blinds.

The slow sun-dappled clouds lean down
o'er waters blue,

Clear mirrored one by one.
Then drift as all the world shall drift.
The very stars
Their timeless courses run.
How many autumn moons have steeped
those palace walls!
And paled the shattered beams!
What is their royal builder now! A
lord of dust?
An emperor of dreams!

—By Wang Po.

After a Thousand Years.

A thousand years ago
From all the nations rose one bitter cry—
"The world is old, so old, 'tis time to
die!"
Men with few words and slow
Saw the great comet blazing in the sky,
While priest and friar preached the
judgment night.

There was no self so low
But he had right and privilege to fly
'To Mother Church in penitential now;
There was no prince bore haughty crest
so high
But with his "naae culpa," he must lie
Prostrate beneath the altar-scourge's
blow

A thousand years ago.
Another thousand years
God given to the nations, almost sped:
And still we say the world is old and
dead;

Held by the olden fears.
Still whisperings of signs and omens
dread,

Famine and war, and blazing death o'er-
head,
Shall we do penance, fast and weep
wild tears,
Another thousand years?

No, as this thousand years
(Which in God's sight is but as yester-
day)

Is ebbing from time's silent shore away,
Thank God for hope and joy that lifts
and cheers,

For all the light that fills the world
to-day,
Look up, take courage, for the goal
appears,
After a thousand years.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

More Up to Date.

YOU may tell me the names of the
twelve Apostles, Sam!" said the
pretty Sunday-school teacher
one morning.

Sam's face fell, and he shifted his
weight from one foot to the other.
"Can't do it, ma'am," he said, sorrow-
fully, and then his eyes brightened, "but
I can tell off all the forwards in the
Rugby teams."

The Way of a Husband.

Doctor (politely, but looking at his
watch with impatience): Pardon me,
madam, but my time is not my own. You
have given me all your symptoms in
sufficient detail, and now perhaps you
will kindly—er—ah—

Husband (not so considerate): Marla,
he doesn't want to hear your tongue
any more; he wants to look at it.

"Chuck Me In Again."

Iayor Lacey, of Pittsburg, was talk-
ing about an obstinate man.
"He is a 'sot' in his ways," said the
Mayor. "He is as bad as the old plant-
er of history.

"An old planter, in the palmy days be-
fore the war, was blown up in a steam-
boat accident on the Mississippi. They
fished him out unconscious. At the end
of an hour's manipulation he came to.
"Where am I?" he asked, lifting his
head feebly.

"Safe on shore," the doctor told him.
"Which side of the river?" he in-
quired.

"The Iowa side," the doctor replied.
The old planter took a look at
the turbid, yellow stream. Then he said:
"Just my luck to land in a prohibi-
tion State. Chuck me in again!"

Their Only Chance.

A party of Territorials were taken to
the shooting range for the first time.
The men fired at a target 500yds away,
and not one hit it. They were next tried
at a target 200yds away, and still every-
one missed. They were at last tried at
one just 100yds away, but no one hit
it.

"Attention!" thundered the drill ser-
geant. "Fix bayonets! Charge! It's
your only chance!"

One Better.

"When I was a young girl," titters the
first old lady, "one of my beaux hugged
me so hard he broke one of my ribs."

"Humph!" replies the second old lady,
adjusting her glasses and smoothing
back her hair in conscious pride, "when
I was a young girl one of my beaux hug-
ged me so hard he broke one of his
arms."

A Husband's Fourteen Errors in Life.

AS SEEN BY HIM.

- To tell how to run her club.
- To bank his money in her name.
- To expect her to like his female re-
latives.
- To forget to praise her.
- To expect her to be grown up.
- To expect to have the last word.
- To take her opinions too seriously.
- To forget that she will change her
mind.
- To let her open his letters.
- To borrow her umbrella.
- To get mad because his bed is not
tucked in at the foot.
- To tell her how his mother used to
cook.
- To hesitate to tell her where he is
going and where he has been.
- To work for her so hard that he has
no time to devote to her.

A Wife's Fourteen Errors in Life.

AS SEEN BY HER.

- To ask a man where he is going when
he goes out.
- To ask him where he has been when
he comes back.
- To tell him what she would do if she
were in his place.
- To tell him everything, and thus re-
veal her limitations.
- To ask him to put on her rubbers.

To allow his stock of handkerchiefs
and socks to get low.

- To buy bargain neckties.
- To tell him that he is good looking.
- To expect to have the last word.
- To let him know how old she is.
- To tell him what her mother says.
- To allow him to edit her letters.
- To economise at the expense of her
personal appearance.
- To expect him to like her best
friend's husband.

Particular.

"What was the matter with that
lady who just went out of the store?"
asked the grocer.

"She found fault with the potatoes,"
replied the clerk.

"What was the matter with them?"
"She didn't like the colour of their
eyes!"

The Waiter's Fluent Tongue.

The waiter who bawls out his orders
to the cook in the kitchen may soon be as
extinct as the dodo, but his cries should
live forever.

"Mutton both in a hurry," says a cus-
tomer. "Baa-baa in the rain! Make him
run," shouts the waiter.
"Beefsteak and onions," says a custom-
er. "John Bull! Make him a ginny!"
shouts the waiter.

"Where's my baked potato?" asks a
customer. "Mrs. Murphy in a seal-skin
jacket" is the waiter's version. "Two
fried eggs, lightly cooked," from another
customer. "Adam and Eve in the garden!
Leave their eyes open!" shouts the waiter.

"Chicken croquettes," says a customer.
"Fowl ball!" shouts the waiter.

"Hash," says a customer. "Gentle-
man wants to take a chance!" shouts
the waiter. "I'll have hash too," says
the next customer. "Another sport!"
shouts the waiter.

"Frankfurters and sauerkraut, good
and hot," says a customer. "Pidd, Shep,
and a bale of hay!" shouts the waiter;
"let 'em sizzle!"



Small Brother (under sofa); Great Scott! I see my finish if he sits down beside Sis.