

Verse Old and New.

Modern.
DEW clothes, new hats, new streets,
 new flats,
 New restaurants and drinking
 places,
 New gems and gauds, new shams and
 frauds,
 New poor, new rich, new sights, new
 faces,
 New truths, new lies, new laughs, new
 cries,
 New shows, new facts, new lofty prices,
 New gilded bits, new loves, new hates,
 New fashions, virtues, and new vices.
 New crimes, new goals, new bargain
 sales,
 New spendthrifts, misers, thieves and
 gleaners,
 New foreign ears, new pretty girls,
 New servants and pneumatic cleaners,
 New failures? Yes, and new success,
 New news of life that ever varies,
 New cheap cigars, new Broadway stars,
 New suburbs and new cemeteries.
 New pleasures, pains, new water mains,
 New slang, new books, new songs, new
 dances,
 New clubs, new signs, new foods, new
 wines,
 New "snug retreats"—and new ad-
 vances,
 New "swell" hotels, new "tubes" and
 "L's,"
 New homes just gladdened by the
 stork,
 New sport, new noise, new woes, new
 joys,
 New names, new fames, new games—
 NEW YORK!

Kept in the Heart.
 When the white-winged vulture, the
 Frost,
 Takes in his talons the leaves—
 The green and the red and the
 gold—

And stiffens the silver-crossed
 Web which the spider weaves;
 And seals with his bitter cold
 The lips of the laughing brook;
 And waves his wings o'er the nook
 Where the aster knits her blue;
 I gather every hue—
 The red and the green and gold
 And blue in my heart to hold.

When the tempest roars so loud
 That I cannot hear the clock
 Tick-ticking upon the wall;
 When the stoutest trees are bowed
 Like a shivering flock
 Of sheep at the gray wolf's call;
 When the crackle of the fire
 On the hearth dies, as desire
 Unnourished; and the wild winds beat
 The dead leaves at my feet;
 Then, like a pleasant psalm,
 I hold in my heart a calm.

When blossom the almond's snows
 Drifting upon my head;
 When the strong one is afraid;
 When veiled and darkened are those
 Who look from the windows red,
 (The "windows of agate" He made);
 "When the doors are shut in the street"
 And the low bird-warblings, sweet
 With their songs of other years,
 Come not to my famished ears;
 I will hide life's music deep
 In my heart, to hold and keep.

The Plough.
 From Egypt behind my oxen with their
 stately step and slow
 Northward and East and West I went to
 the desert sand and the snow;
 Down through the centuries one by one,
 turning the clod to the Shower,
 Till there's never a land beneath the sun
 but has blossomed behind my
 power.

I slid through the sodden ricefields with
 my grunting hump-backed steers,
 I turned the turf of the Tiber plain in
 Rome's Imperial years;
 I was left in the half-drawn furrow with
 Coriolanus came
 Giving his farm for the Forum's stir to
 save his nation's name.

Over the seas to the North I went; white
 cliffs and a seaboard blue;
 And my path was glad in the English
 grass as my stout red Devons
 drew;
 My path was glad in the English grass,
 for behind me ripened and curbed
 The corn that was life to the sailor men
 that sailed the ships of the world.

And later I went to the North again and
 day by day drew down
 A little more of the purple hills to join
 to my kingdom brown;
 And the whelps wheeled out to the moor-
 land, but the grey gulls stayed
 with me
 Where the Clydesdales drummed a
 marching song with their feather-
 ed feet on the lea.

Then the new lands called me Westward;
 I found on the prairies wide
 A toil to my stoutest daring and a foe to
 test my pride;
 But I stopped my strength to the stiff
 black loam, and I found my labour
 sweet
 As I loosened the soil that was trampled
 firm by a million buffaloes' feet.

Then further away to the Northward;
 outward and outward still
 (But idle I crossed the Rockies, for there
 no plough may till!)
 Till I won to the plains unending, and
 there on the edge of the snow
 I ribbed them the fenceless wheat fields,
 and taught them to reap and sow.

The sun of the Southland called me; I
 turned her the rich brown lines
 Where her Parnamatta peach-trees grow
 and her green Mildura vines;
 I drove her cattle before me, her dust,
 and her dying sheep,
 I painted her rich plains golden and
 taught her to sow and reap.

From Egypt behind my oxen with stately
 step and slow
 I have carried your weightiest burden, ye
 toilers that reap and sow!
 I am the Ruler, the King, and I hold the
 world in fee;
 Sword upon sword may ring, but the
 triumph shall rest with me!
 —Will Ogilvie.

A Story of the Holly Tree.
 All holly berries, long ago,
 Were just as white as mistletoe;
 And prickly spikes were never seen,
 For holly-leaves were smooth and green.

But once a discontented tree
 Quarrelled and raged incessantly;
 In consequence, despite her grief,
 Spikes soon appeared on every leaf.

Her wrath increased until one day,
 The sun, their monarch, passed that
 way;
 "Ah," he exclaimed, "spiked leaves," I
 see,
 Sure sign of a bad-tempered tree!"

Ashamed, the holly hung her head,
 Each berry hotly blushing red;
 And red they stayed, a punishment
 And symbol of her discontent!
 —Leslie Mary Oyley.

Battle.
 Thy beauty is bugle and banner—bugle,
 and banner, and prize,
 I march to the beat of thy heart and the
 orillimur of thine eyes;
 My falchion flashes, thy smile as I fight
 to the far-off goal,
 To the love that burns like a star on
 the battlements of thy soul.
 O, Queen, the bugle is blowing, the ban-
 ners flutter and stream;
 Thy heart is beating and beating, I hear
 it as in a dream.
 I grow blind; in my blood there is thun-
 der; there is lightning around and
 above.
 I have chosen a cohort asunder I swoon
 on the ramparts of love.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

Without the Sting.
A CHINESE editor, in rejecting a
 manuscript submitted, thus
 wrote to the author: "We have
 read your MS, with infinite de-
 light. By the sacred ashes of our ances-
 tors, we swear that we have never read
 such a splendid piece of writing. But
 if we printed it, His Majesty the Em-
 peror, our most high and most mighty
 ruler, would order us to take this as a
 model, and never print anything in-
 ferior." As this would not be possible in
 less than a thousand years, we, with
 great regret, return the divine MS, and
 ask a thousand pardons."

Tired Of It.
 After some ages had elapsed, develop-
 ing all sorts of problems, womenkind ap-
 proached the Gods with a large package
 of something or other.
 "What have you there?" demanded
 the Gods sharply, for they suspected a
 trick.
 "It is the sun of genius which our
 emancipation has enabled us to develop!"
 replied womenkind.
 "And what, pray, do you wish to do
 with it?"
 "We wish to trade it off for real
 charm!"
 "Hah! Of course you can't expect to
 get much real charm in exchange for
 even so large a quantity of genius."
 "Oh, no! We shall be satisfied with a
 very little real charm. In fact, we are
 so disgusted with genius and its wretched
 fruits that we shall probably have no
 more of it in the future, anyway!"
 Here womenkind gave their package a
 vicious little kick to indicate their dis-
 appointment and chagrin.

Pertinent.
 It is taking some time for the flood
 of stories ament the discovery of the
 North Pole to sweep past. Along comes
 this belated one from old Kentucky:
 The owner of a plantation said to a
 favourite dorky:
 "Mose, they've discovered the North
 Pole."
 "Dead!" exclaimed the old negro.
 "Where at?"

The Gallant Playwright.
 A pretty story of Miss Ellen Terry and
 a gallant young playwright has gone the
 rounds of the Players' Club. Miss Terry
 attended in New York the first night of
 this playwright's latest work, and at the
 end of the third act he was presented to

her. She congratulated him warmly.
 "It is very good," she said. "Your play
 is very good indeed, and I shall send all
 my American friends to see it." "In
 that case," said the playwright, with a
 very low and courtly bow, "my little
 piece will sell 90,000,000 tickets."

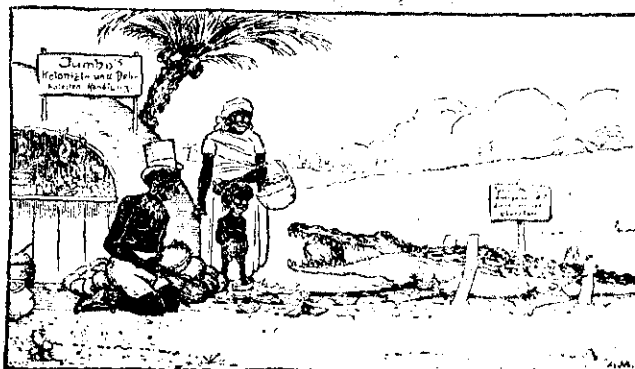
Ambitious.
 Clerk: "If you please, sir, I shall have
 to ask you to excuse me for the rest of
 the day. I have just heard of—er—an
 addition to my family."
 Employer: "Is that so, Penfold? What
 is it—boy or girl?"
 Clerk: "Well, sir, the fact is—er—"
 (somebat embarrassed) "it's two boys."
 Employer: "Twins, eh? Young man,
 I'm afraid you are putting on too many
 heirs."

No Cause for Complaint.
 Eugene Walter, the playwright, told
 at a dinner a story about a New York
 critic. "He is very brilliant," Mr.
 Walter said. "As he and I were taking
 supper at the Cafe Martin one night a
 passing playwright glared terribly at

him. 'Why is Playwright Dash so down
 on me, I wonder?' said the critic. 'Oh,'
 said I, with a laugh, 'you know well
 enough why he's down on you. You
 wrote last month that the plot of his
 new play was no good.' 'Well,' said the
 critic, 'why should he mind that? I
 said at the time it wasn't his plot.'

The Wrong Man.
 Some spiritualists were at one time
 very anxious to persuade the famous
 novelist Charles Dickens to become a
 Spiritualist. He was on one occasion in-
 duced to attend a seance, so that he
 might be converted to their cult. He
 was asked whose spirit he would most
 like to appear, and he said at once, "Lind-
 ley Murray." In due course they in-
 formed him that the famous master of
 grammar was in the room. Dickens
 asked, "Are you Lindley Murray?" and
 the "spirit" answered "I are!" All
 hope of making Charles Dickens a spirit-
 ualist was gone from that moment.

Could be Trusted.
 The late Lord Young, of the Scottish
 Bench, was responsible for enlivening
 many a dull case. One of the best re-
 marks that ever fell from his lips was
 the reply to a counsel who urged on be-
 half of a plaintiff of somewhat dubious ap-
 pearance: "My client, my lord, is a most
 respectable man, and holds a very respon-
 sible position; he is manager of some
 waterworks."
 After a long look the judge answered:
 "Yes, he looks like a man who could be
 trusted with any amount of water."



THE AFRICAN NUT-CRACKER.
 Or, how to get the milk of the Coconut.