

Verse Old and New.

Those Old Songs.

I CANNOT sing the old songs!
Her voice rang sweetly clear;
It filled my heart with happiness,
It calmed my every fear.
"I cannot sing the old songs!"
Gadzooks! But that's all right!
For these are those she used to sing
From early morn till night:
"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"
"School Days."
"Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet."
"I've Got Rings On My Fingers."
"Garden of Roses."
"By the Light of the Silvery Moon."
"Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay!"
"That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune."
"What's the Matter With Father?"
"Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

She cannot sing the old songs
As in the days of yore—
I'm glad of that; I've heard them all
Ten thousand times or more.
She cannot sing the old songs!
What rare, good luck, by gee!
They may be dear to some folk, but
They are not dear to me!

The Aviator.

O God! To have the world below our
feet!
To mount, and glide, and soar, and look
ing down
Upon the little men that dot the street,
And all the tiny tracing of the town;

For once to measure with an infinite
span
The little things of earth, from heaven's
great height,
And thence to view the works and ways
of man,
And judge their values with a clearer
sight!

O Joy! to race the winds, and hear them
singing,

To cleave the clouds, and spring, and
swoop, and rise,
And on and on in the infinite up-wing-
ing
With throbbing pulse, and sun-confronted
eyes!

To soar, alone, above, in the immense
Blue freedom of the sky, where time and
space
Dissolve in joy of motion, and the sense
Of power outruns the little earthly race

Of creeping men—O God! what joy of
fine
New being this! Shall not our race grow
fair,
With powers like these? Greater, more
free, divine?
From kinship with the all transcending
air!

—By Lillian Sauter.

The Glories of the World.

Ah! the glories of the world, and the joy of
things;
They are calling, they are calling,
"Will you come?"

All the passionate eudaemonists, and the
music of its spirit;
Hear the madmen in the music as the rap-
ture sinks and swells;
See the colour dancing bravely, as the
business are mistle!

Will you mingle in the Pageant as it sweeps
across the world?
For they are calling, calling, calling,
All the glories of the World.

Ah! the pities of the world, and the tears
of things;
They are calling, they are calling,
"Will you come?"
In the darkness of the cities you can hear
the spectres sighing,
Behind you in the blackness you can hear
the wounded crying:
Will you mingle with the victims and the
fallen in the fight?
Will you leave the crowd of courtings,
will you march into the night?
For they are calling, calling, calling,
The pale pities of the night.

—J. W. PEPPER.

Rational Rhymes.

If spelling is to be reformed,
Pronunciation should be, too,
If printers all be chloroformed,
And writers taught to write anew—
Then poets ought to do their part,
Nor under these restrictions chafe.
And exercise their gentle art,
While sipping coffee at the cafe.

A rose would smell as sweet, we're told,
Tho' changed its name by innovation,
And Caesar be as brave and bold
Tho' Knewer were his appellation;
Ulysses none the less had shown
The suitors that they could not cope
With him, although his wife were known
To all the world as Penelope.

'Twere easy thus to multiply
Examples of a change in rhyme,
Tho' doubtless purists will decry
Such usage as linguistic crime
But for me, I merely smile.
'Tis thus I'll rhyme my songs and
odes—
And if you do not like my style
You may go to the antipodes.
—William Wallace Whitlock.

After the Summer.

Broke! Broke! Broke!
By thy sad gray sands, O sea!
And oh! for the shining shekels spent
That will never come back to me.

Ah! well for the hotel man,
And the bookmaker, clipper and gay,
But alas! for my wad of early June,
That has vanished like mist away.

To a Child's Mummy.

Thou shriveled leaf upon the stream of
Time!
These thin, small feet once played on
Nilus' sands.
How sound you've slept in your straight
swaddling bands.
That tears once wet. Queen Chopatra's
prime
Is yesterday to thine. The world's
grown drunk with crime
Since then. And Pharaoh's dread coun-
cils.

Forgetful People.

"That letter I gave you this morning,
did you post it?" asked the wife, looking
at her husband out of the corner of her
eye.

"No, dear, I did not," said the man,
boldly.

"Of course you didn't. And I told you
it was important that it should go to-
day."

"Yes, dear."

"And of course you forgot to post it.
If that's not just like a man!"

"But, dear—"

"Don't but me, I'm angry."

"But, dear, look here at the letter.
You forgot to address it!"

Warning.

The first heat of the famous hare and
tortoise race is a matter of history.

The bookmakers were up in the air.
The tortoise—a 100 to 1 shot—had won
under a pull.

The entries were at the post for the
second heat.

Calling the hare to the judge's stand,
the official starter spoke thus:

"Take it from me, hare, if you lose
this time, that gag about being dragged
won't go. See?"

Are hushed, and men build empires in
new lands.
Not wars, nor tumults, broke thy peace
sublime.
These small, fawn hands were chubby,
once. You kissed
Your mother's cheek, and laughed—and
when you died,
She, poor Egyptian, hung o'er you and
cried,
And hugged the empty breast where you
were missed,
As we do now. Change, priest and
scholarist,
But Death and Sorrow changeless as the
tide.

—By Charles Erskine Scott Wood.

Concessional.

Guard of the Motor, Great Chauffeur,
Master of every road and way,
Who renders useless curb and spur
And drives to madness roan and bay,
Oh, Goggled Magnate, spare us yet,
Lest we upset, lest we upset!

The tumult and the "honk-honk" dies,
The Plutocrats and Srobs depart,
And little heed the sacrifice
Of one-time-humoured horse and cart.
And round the curve Another yet,
Lest we upset, lest we upset!

Horn-warned, our courage melts away,
Within our cowed hearts sink the fires,
Our horsemanship of yesterday
Is vanquished by exploding tyres.
Oh, Skilled Mechanic, spare us yet,
Lest we upset, lest we upset!

Showered his visors clear, we loose
Wild Tongue chariot not Then in
awe.

Such boasting as Equestrians use
Who cannot speed beyond the law,
Relentless driver, spare us yet,
Lest we upset, lest we upset!

On simple hearts that put their trust
In tireless steeds and brake cars light,
And, valiant, brave the fumes and dust
To learn that only might makes right,
On these poor, harmless amateurs
Have mercy, oh, Ye Great Chauffeurs!
—Ethel Walker.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

Serious Business.

HERE'S your father!" asked
the man on horseback.
"Up the river fishin',"
answered the boy.
"Where's your big brother?"
"Down the river fishin'."
"What are you doing?"
"Daggin' bait."
"Hasn't your family anything to do
but amuse itself?"
"Mister, if you think we're doin' this
for fun, you wait an' hear what maw
says if we come home without any fish."

Rejected With Thanks.

An amusing story is told of a young
chap employed on one of the monthly
magazines who was called upon to place
rejected manuscripts with return slips
into envelopes, seal and mail them.
Among the manuscripts, the editor had
carelessly left a wedding invitation and
addressed envelope in which it was his
intention to send an acceptance.

The bride's mother had prided herself
on the fact that her daughter's wedding
invitations were the most expensively
correct to be had, and being quite ignor-
ant of literary usage, imagine her aston-
ishment on receiving a set of her daugh-
ter's wedding cards, crushed into an en-
velope much too small for them, and ac-
companied by a slip of blue paper on
which was printed the following:
Dear Madam:

"We are returning the manuscript
which you were kind enough to submit to
us, having found it unavailable. The
rejection of material does not necessarily
show lack of merit, but merely that it
is unsuited for our purpose. We thank
you, however, for favouring us, and will
be glad to examine anything else you
may care to submit."

The New Magistrate.

A newly-made magistrate was gravely
absorbed in a formidable document.
Raising his keen eyes, he said to the
man who stood patiently awaiting the
award of justice:

"Officer, what is this man charged
with?"

"Bigotry, your worship. He's got
three wives," replied the officer.

The new justice rested his elbows on
the desk and placed his finger tips
together.

"Officer," he said somewhat sternly,
"what's the use of all this education,
all these evening schools, all the tech-
nical classes an' what not? Please re-
member, in any future like case, that
a man who has married three wives has
not committed bigotry, but trigonome-
try. Proceed."



The Cynic: "I suppose she is all the
world to you?"
The Lover: "Not exactly; but she's
all I want of it—live thousand acres
and an Elizabethan mansion!"

Honesty.

The Personage toyed with her long-
nettle. "Have you any children?" she
asked by way of introduction.

The Housewife trembled. Dared she
confess the truth, with all there was
at stake? And still she could not lie.
"Yes," she faltered faintly.

The Personage started, stared, and at
length burst out laughing. "Your hon-
esty," she protested, "is in such refresh-
ing contrast with much that I encounter
that, by way of showing my apprecia-
tion, I will accept employment with you,
provided, of course, that I shall have
Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays
free, with the use of the entire lower
part of the house at any time to enter-
tain company."

That evening the Housewife, in a hush-
ed voice, told her Husband of her great,
good fortune. He was deeply affected.
"Honesty is the best policy!" he ex-
claimed, with glistening eyes.

The Real Boss.

"Your clerks seem to be in a good
humour," remarked the friend of the
great merchant.

"Yes," replied the great merchant.
"My wife has just been in, and it
tickles them to death to see somebody
boss me around."

Hospitality.

There were four of them, all radiant
as the dawn—lovely girls, in short; yet
only three of them wept copiously.

The play went to its harrowing ar-
tistic finish, with love defeated, and vil-
lainy triumphant, and three of the
party poured out their very souls in
tears; but the fourth sat unmoved
throughout.

Was it that a cold heart reigned with-
in your fair bosom?

She divined our misgivings. "Those
girls were my guests!" she explained,
simply.

Guests! We were still at a loss.

"Why, yes! We had no idea that the
play would be so sad, and so we didn't
bring handkerchiefs enough for all of us
to cry into. Of course, it was my place,
being the hostess, to yield to my
guests!" quoth the beautiful creature.