

# Verse Old and New.

## The Fire of Love.

It leaps, it whirls, it dances,  
It riots, seethes and swings,  
But, oh, the magic music  
Of the melody it sings!  
It wavers, flies, and rises,  
It kills both hope and aim;  
But, oh, the utter yearning  
For its mad, enticing flame!  
It burns, it scars, it scorches,  
It waves, now high, now low;  
But, oh, the subtle summons  
Of its golden, golden flow!  
It shines, it writhes, it glitters,  
It blasts, it wounds, it slays,  
But, oh, the hunger, hunger,  
For the glory of its blaze!  
—Leolyn Louise Everett.

## Taken In.

Now the horny-handed farmer  
Calls his house a "bungalow,"  
Or rechristens it a "villa,"  
For the farmer isn't slow;  
Turns his barn into a "garage,"  
Calls his place "The Mountain View"  
Or some other rustic title  
That sounds pretty good to you.  
Now the farmer trims his whiskers,  
And puts on some fancy clothes,  
And his wife, too, is resplendent  
In her dresses, hats, and bows.  
He puts canned goods in the cellar,  
Thinks it isn't any harm  
If he works them through the season  
As "fresh gathered from the farm."  
All the rooms have been re-papered,  
And some fuzzy-wuzzy stuff  
Has been poked into bed ticking  
So's to show a little puff.  
There are also new wash basins,  
Some of stoneware, some of tin,  
And a sign down on the gate post  
Reading "Boards Taken In."  
—Irene P. McKeenan.

## Castles in the Air.

The bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits poking  
In the ase,  
Glowing in the fire with his wee round  
face;  
Laughing at the fuffin' love, what sees  
he there?  
Ha! the young dreamer's bigging castles  
in the air.  
His wee chubby face and his touzie  
curly pow,  
Are laughing and nodding to the dancing  
lowe;  
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe  
his sunny hair,  
Glowing at the imps w' their castles  
in the air.  
He sees muckle castles towering to the  
moon!  
He sees little sojers pu'ing them a' doun!  
Worlds whoonbling up and down, bleezing  
w' a flare,  
See how he loup! as they glimmer in  
the air.  
For a' sae sage he looks, what can the  
laddie ken?  
He's thinking upon naething, like mony  
mighty men,  
A wee thing makes us think, a sma'  
thing makes us stare,  
There are mair folk than him bigging  
castles in the air.  
Sic a night in winter may weel mak  
him cauld;  
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon  
mak him auld;  
His brow is brent sae braid, oh, pray  
that daddy Care  
Would let the wean alane w' his castles  
in the air,  
He'll glower at the fire! and he'll keek  
at the light!  
But mony sparkling stars are swallowed  
up by night;  
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by  
a glare,  
Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd, w'  
castles in the air.  
—James Ballantyne.

## Immune.

He laughed with glee, and said, said he,  
"I care not; no, not I.  
The price of beef brings me no grief,  
Let it go to the sky;  
And butter may go all the way  
To sixty cents a pound,  
While folk may beg to get an egg,  
Serene I shall be found.  
"Were folk like me you'd quickly see  
Food prices take a fall,  
For trusts so bold, with goods unsold,  
Would soon begin to crawl.  
They'd make a flop and rates would drop  
As cheap as cheap could be;  
The way to bust each wicked trust  
Is to become like me.  
"I do not care for food that's rare,  
Care not for food that's plain;  
Why, its mere sight upsets me quite,  
To taste it gives me pain.  
What do I eat? I simply heat  
Some water in a pan  
And melt in it a gluten grit,  
I've got dyspepsia, man."

## When the Last Plate Glass Has Been Broken.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)  
When the last plate glass has been  
broken, and the last loose stone has  
been shied,  
And our stampest antagonist van-  
quished, and all votes to an apron-  
string tied,  
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need  
it—sit down for a minute or two  
Until we can gather our senses and  
find something startling to do.  
And those who were elbowed shall be  
happy; they shall sit in a golden  
chair,  
And tell to their less favoured sisters  
how they fought the policemen for  
fair.  
They shall talk of their deeds of valour  
and record them in history's book,  
While the dethroned lords of creation  
are trying to learn how to cook.  
Mary Dunn in "Judge."

## According to the Proverb.

"Early to bed and early to rise"  
Was a saying he never forgot;  
He wished to be healthy and wealthy and  
wise,  
But, to tell you the truth, he was not.  
He always was careful to look ere he  
leaped  
And he always thought twice ere he  
spoke,  
But he never got much for the crops  
that he reaped,  
And few were the records he broke.  
He never crossed bridges before they  
were reached,  
His candle was burnt at both ends;  
He endeavoured to practise the things  
that he preached,  
He was careful in choosing his friends;  
He remembered the rolling stone pro-  
verb and stayed  
In one little spot all his life,  
But his heels were run down and his  
trousers were frayed,  
And his neighbours all pitied his wife.

## Waiting.

He waited there beside the brook  
While minutes lengthened into hours;  
The branches, mingling, made a nook,  
And all the fields were full of flowers.  
And still the time went by apace,  
And still he waited in that place.  
None came to meet and greet him there.  
A robin twittered from a limb;  
Though still he stayed, no maiden fair  
Came tripping o'er the fields to him.  
But what cared he? His heart was  
light,  
For he was waiting for a bite.  
—Walter G. Doty.

## Laugh.

A laugh must make you pretty  
And a cry be uglying,  
Which goes to show it's senseless  
To spend much time in crying.  
We waste our time, and money  
And efforts energetic  
For beauty, when just laughter's  
Such a safe and sane cosmetic.

# Anecdotes and Sketches.

## GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

### Mark Twain and the Office Boy.

MARK TWAIN did not cherish a fondness for the average office boy. He had an idea that the genus was insufferable, and invariably when the humorist sallied forth into some business office there was immediate armed hostility between him and the boy. One day Mark went to see a friend at his office, and the office boy on guard, in icy tones, said: "Whom do you wish to see?" Mark mentioned his friend's name. "What do you want to see him about?" came next from the boy. Mark Twain immediately froze up, and then with a genial smile he said: "Tell him, please, I want to ask his hand in holy matrimony."

### The Authority.

It was of Dr Whewell, the famous master of Trinity, that Sydney Smith said: "If science was his forte, omniscience was his foible." Concerning this foible an amusing story is told. A rival talker resolved for once to get the better of Whewell and crammed the subject of Chinese metaphysics. He lost no time in dexterously leading the conversation toward the topic, and at once fluently and confidently expressed his opinions, when, to his astonishment, Whewell rushed into the subject quite at home and in direct contradiction to his views. "Sir," said the master, "will you have the goodness to give me the authority upon which the opinions you have expressed are based?" "Certainly," said his opponent, "an article in the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica.'" "Oh!" said Whewell, "I wrote the article myself ten years ago, and have since seen good reason to change my views."

### A False Alarm.

"You ought to have seen Mr Marshall when he called upon Dolly the other night," remarked Johnny to his sister's young man, who was taking tea with the family. "I tell you he looked fine as-sitting there alongside of her with his arm—"  
"Johnny!" gasped his sister, her face the colour of a boiled lobster.  
"Well, so he did," persisted Johnny.  
"He had his arm—"  
"John!" screamed his mother frantically.  
"Why," whined the boy, "I was—"  
"John," said his father sternly, "leave the room!"  
And Johnny left, crying as he went: "I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on."

### Restraint.

A hen, having laid an egg, measured it carefully before taking any steps further.  
It was less than eight inches in circumference one way, and less than six inches the other.  
"I sha'n't cackle!" declared the hen. "It is high time that feminism were shown to be something more than mere emotionalism."

### Choice of Two Evils.

"I was counsel for the girl in a case once," said the barrister, "and I thought we had a good case. One of the strongest points was the ardent wooing of the defendant. We stipulated at least 1244 kisses he had planted upon the fair one's ruby lips. Imagine our surprise when the defendant admitted it."  
"That's true," said he, testifying. "I had to do it," he explained.  
"Had to do it?" I roared, hoping to embarrass him.  
"Yes," he answered, "I either had to keep kissing her constantly or permit her to sing, and—well, I preferred the kissing."

### Marks of Marriage.

The Rev. Leon Linden was joking about his proposal that all married men have a hole punched in their left ear as a mark of identification.  
"After all, you know," said Dr Linden, smiling, "this identification mark would be far less humiliating than the abraded nose or discoloured eye that in some circles now prevails."

### Accepting Responsibility.

Molly, the new cook, had a habit of keeping her mouth ajar the greater part of the time. The habit annoyed her mistress exceedingly, and one morning she lost all patience.  
"Molly, your mouth is open," said the mistress.  
"Indeed, ma'am, so it is," said Molly grinning. "I opened it."

### One Who Did Something.

King Humbert once visited Florence and at a reception of the aristocracy inquired of each noble present what his occupation was. "Nothing, majesty," was the uniform reply until it came the turn of the Marquis Ginori, who had lost caste somewhat because of his manufacture of pottery. "I am a potter, majesty—a maker of majolica," said the marquis in response to the king's question. "Thank God!" cried the king, "there is one noble in Florence who does something."

### True Enjoyment.

What constitutes recreation depends, of course, on the point of view of the one who is recreated. This anecdote shows what one small citizen thought enjoyable.  
A boy in a certain State school for dependent children wrote his father thus: "Dear Papa,—We children are having a good time here now. Mr Sager broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic and it rained and we all got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr Higgins fell off the wagon and broke his rib, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with a buggy whip because we threw sand in his machine, and made black and blue marks on us. Ernest cut his finger badly. We are all very happy."

### Getting Back at Him.

This is told about a dancing class. There was a young woman who thought a good deal about ancestry and descent, and there was a young man who thought that all such stuff was snobbish. The two sat out a dance together, and the girl mounted her hobby almost at once. "What was your father?" interrupted the young man.  
"Father was a gentleman."  
"But what did he do for a living?"  
The young man thought that smart, but the girl came right back.  
"What was your father?" she asked.  
"My father raised hogs."  
"I see he did. But what did he do for a living?"



THE HABIT.