

Verse Old and New.

Afar.
 (C) If, leagues of tossing, tumbled sea
 I loved so very dear—
 You take my joy away from me—
 My love is far from here!

Oh leagues of shining, changing blue,
 So wonderful and deep—
 Bear out upon the heart of you
 The memory I keep.

On all the little, crested waves,
 That rise and fall and break,
 On all the foam that sea beach loves,
 My whispered message take!

In every curved, tinted shell,
 In each entangled weed,
 The passion of my yearning tell
 That he alone may read.

Upon the gleaming, silver strand
 He treads so far away—
 As clear as written by my hand,
 The longing of to-day!

That all the breakers white that leap
 Upon the rocky shore
 May tell him that alone I weep
 And love him evermore.

Oh, winds that blow; oh, stars that shine,
 Oh, restless, ceaseless sea,
 Take, take this aching heart of mine
 To him who waits for me!

—Leolyn Louise Everett.

I sing the clash of bayonets, of sabres
 That flash and cleave.
 "And wilt thou sing the maimed ones,
 Too, that go with pinned-up sleeves?"

I sing acclaimed generals that bring the
 victory home.
 "Ah, but the broken bodies that drip
 like honeycomb!"

I sing of hosts triumphant, long ranks
 of marching men.
 "And wilt thou sing the shadowy hosts
 that never march again?"

—Harry Kemp.

Et Ego in Arcadia.

Where are the loves of yesterday?
 Sad and sweet is the old refrain;
 Horace sang of it half in play;
 Villon, in measures that throb with
 pain;

Life at the best is a tangled skein,
 We are the tools of time and chance,
 Yet once on a time we lived in Spain,
 And every heart has its old romance.

Where are the lovers of yesterday?
 Ah, for an hour of youth again—
 Youth that was short as a month of
 May,

Youth with its pulsing blood and
 brain;
 Too soon came autumn with mist and
 rain,

Too brief the dream, too short the dance;
 Yet once on a time we lived in Spain,
 And every heart has its old romance.

Where are the loves of yesterday?
 Here is a note with a yellow stain,
 And here in a book a withered spray
 Of sweet alyssum for years has lain.
 But why regret? All things must
 wane,
 Life's sweetest note, love's fondest
 glance;

Yet once on a time we lived in Spain,
 And every heart has its old romance.

By John Northern Hilliard.

I Sing the Battle.

I sing the song of the great clean guns
 that hetch forth death at will.
 "Ah, but the wailing mothers, the life-
 less forms and still!"

I sing the song of the billowing flags,
 the hues that cry before.
 "Ah, but the skeletons flapping rag, the
 lips that speak no more!"

The Gray Streets of London.

The gray streets of London are grayer
 than the stone—

The gray streets of London, where I
 must walk my lone;
 The stony city pavements are hard to
 tread, alas!

My heart and feet are aching for the
 Irish grass.

Far down the winding boreen the grass
 is like silk,
 The wind is sweet as honey, the hedges
 white as milk,

Gray dust and grayer houses are here,
 and skies like brass,
 The lark is singing, soaring o'er the
 Irish grass.

The gray streets of London stretch out
 a thousand mile—
 O dreary walls and windows, and never
 a song or smile!

Heavy with money-getting, the sad gray
 people pass.
 There's gold in drifts and shallows in
 the Irish grass.

God built the pleasant mountains and
 blessed the fertile plain;
 But in the sad, gray London, God knows
 I go in pain.

O brown as any amber, and clear as any
 glass,
 The streams my heart bears calling from
 the Irish grass.

The grey streets of London, they say,
 are paved with gold;
 I'd rather have the cowslips that two
 small hands could hold.

I'd give the yellow money the foolish
 folk amass
 For the dew that's grey as silver on the
 Irish grass.

I think that I'll be going before I die
 of grief;
 The wind from o'er the mountains will
 give my heart relief,

The cuckoo's calling sweetly— calling in
 dreams, alas!
 "Come home, come home, arushla, to the
 Irish grass."

—By Katharine Tynan.

The Starling.

"I can't get out," said the starling,
 — Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

Forever the impenetrable wall
 Of self confines my poor rebellious soul,
 I never see the lowering white clouds
 roll

Before a sturdy wind, save through the
 small
 Barred window of my jail. I live a thrall,
 With all my outer life a clipped, square
 hole.

Rectangular: a fraction of a scroll
 Unwound and winding like a worsted ball.
 My thoughts are grown unmeager and
 depressed

Through being always mine; my
 fancy's wings
 Are moulted, and the feathers blown
 away.

I weary for desires never guessed,
 For alien passions, strange imaginings,
 To be some other person for a day.
 — Amy Lowell.

Sir Walter Raleigh's Farewell to His Wife.

My dear, it is not parting that we face;
 Our hearts, fast joined through years
 of wedded love

No tyrant's harsh decree, nor death's
 disgrace
 Can from their sweet communion ever
 move;

For thou wert with me in those nights
 when dead
 Ghost-lighted waters lapped my vessel
 round

And when the Eldorado living fled
 Wraith-like before me o'er the fetid
 ground
 Of vast and breathless forest, demon-
 grown.

Thy heart was with me and thy spirit
 blessed,
 So now when jail and prison I have
 flown

Still shall I love thee and thou wilt be
 near;
 Yet, though all time toll o'er us sphere
 on sphere

Still shall I feel thy arms and lips
 close pressed.
 — William Bakewell Wharton.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

Unanswered.

A t a country school the headmaster said: "Now, boys, I will give a penny to the first lad who can ask me a question which I cannot answer."

Several tried unsuccessfully, until one boy asked him: "Please, sir, if you stood up to your neck in soft mud and I threw a stone at your head, would you duck?" The question remained unanswered.

Not What She Thought It Was.

The woman came cautiously up to the librarian in the big library and asked in low tones if she could get a book about David's harem.

"Oh, yes," said the librarian, "we have a number of copies of 'David Harem.'"

"Hush," whispered the inquirer, "not so loud."

Christian Burial.

A good woman's husband was dismembered and eaten by an African tribe. She, desirous of giving him Christian burial, was left no other alternative but that of exterminating, with the assistance of certain accommodating friends, armed with the destructive weapons of our advanced civilisation, the tribe in question, which had shown such a receptive attitude toward her husband. The bodies of the savages were brought back to civilisation by the avenging expedition and were placed in one grave, surmounted by the modest slab, placed there by the widow and bearing the following inscription: "The remains of the Rev. —, beloved husband of —."

A Deadly Weapon.

Professor Brander Matthews at a literary dinner in New York said of a certain "best seller": "The grammar is rather off. Its author lies open to the rebuke meted out to a Philadelphia author in the last century. This author had been slashed in a review and he wrote to the reviewer and challenged him to a duel. But the critic wrote back: 'I have read your letter. It is as writhed as your book. You have called me out. Very well, I choose grammar. You are a dead man.'"

A Big Risk.

Two motorists were crawling up a highway where lately a friend (then riding with one of them) knew they had formerly gone at top speed. The friend asked why the car was run so slowly. "Why," explained the driver of the car, with perfect naivete, "everybody's carrying home garden tools now, and you can't run over a man without risking a puncture."

His Dream.

It was three o'clock in the morning, and the whole world was hushed in sleep. Suddenly there was a long piercing yell. It was the house of the milkman. What could it mean?

The milkman's wife was roused from her sleep by another gurgling shriek. Shaking her husband by the shoulders she awakened him.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" she demanded.

"Oh," he could only gasp as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow. "I've had a most terrible dream!"

"What was it?" demanded his wife anxiously.

"I dreamt the pump had been stolen!" answered the milkman.

The Idea that Failed.

Blame's wife, whenever a shutter rattled or a board creaked, would wake up her husband and say:

"Oh, John, there are burglars down stairs! Don't you hear them? Oh, what shall we do?"

But Blame hit at last on an idea that, he thought, would compose his wife permanently.

"Look here," he said, "you can rest assured those noises aren't burglars. Burglars work in absolute silence. You never hear a sound from them."

And now Mrs. Blame wakes her husband up in a blue panic whenever there's no noise.

K.C.M.U.

A pompous politician, while on his way out to take over the governorship of one of the colonies, was approached on the promenade deck by an innocent-looking fellow passenger, who, raising his hat, humbly inquired:

"Would you mind telling me what 'K.C.M.U.' means at the end of your name, sir? It has puzzled one or two of us."

"Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, of course," said the pompous one, as he inflated his chest.

"Oh!" said the innocent. "I thought it meant 'Kindly Call Me Governor!'"

Simple Remedies.

The native pharmacopoeia in Skye used to be of the simplest character. A man from the island, during his first week of night duty as a Glasgow constable, went into a chemist's shop and expressed frank astonishment at the bewildering array of bottles. "These medicines are ferry numerous—yes, ferry numerous indeed!" "Yes, we have to keep a great many," the chemist said blandly. "Now in Skye, where I come from," the constable went on, "the medicines are not what you might call numerous at all." "No," said the chemist. "How many do you have?" "Just two. There is tar for the sheep and whisky for the people."



And they had searched six weeks before they found a perfect cook!

Declined With Thanks.

Reports had come to the president of a famous college that one of the students was drinking more than was good for him. Meeting the offender one morning the head of the university stopped him and said severely:

"Young man, do you drink?"

"Well, why?"—the student hesitated—
 "not so early in the morning, thank you, Doctor."