

# Verse Old and New.

## A Railway Wreck.

He lies amid a railway wreck,  
In calm and smiling rest,  
One stranded car against his  
neck,  
The engine on his breast.

He sleeps the sleep that kens no care,  
No haunting dream of dread;  
He will not wake, like us, to share  
In the fierce light for bread.

Yet in his rare, celestial sleep,  
If, as mayhap, he dreams,  
The world of his enchantment deep  
With fairy fancies teems.

Vision more strange than ever played  
Pranks in a poet's brain  
Without a shade of doubt pervade  
His wondrous dream domain.

I cast on him an envious glance,  
Amid that wreck serene,  
His beauty and his calm enhance  
The humour of the scene.

Humour amid a wreck to see?  
The riddle's easy read:  
He took—that elf who dwells with me—  
His "chu-chu" train to bed.

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## Circumstances.

Men marvel at the poet's song  
Each lyric's soft, enchanting ring,  
Nor dream that once, when days were long,  
'Twas grief that taught her heart to sing.

They watched the painter's canvas glow  
With sunlit waters, dawn's faint blush,  
That yield no hint of years ago,  
When poverty has sped his brush.

Yet I, the shadow Circumstance,  
Still wait within my darkened way  
And prick men with a testing lance  
To prove them more than common clay.

—Eleanor Robbins Wilson.

## Love Affairs of An Office Boy.

It seems that everything is different  
Since she begun stenography! here:  
I used to hate my job, but now it's  
queer  
How glad I am to come to work; the  
scent

Of something sweet is in the air; I went  
Past where she sat just now, and  
pretty near  
Stooped down to kiss her on her little  
ear  
When she was busy, and her head was  
bent.

She suddenly looked up, and I could feel  
My heart lurch up and down, and then  
she stuck

A letter shut when she had licked the  
seal;

I wouldn't ask for any better luck  
Than just to be the stamp that she would  
lick  
And press on with her thumb to make  
it stick.

My mother ast me what was wrong  
last night,  
And said I worked too hard, she was  
afraid;

I couldn't hardly eat the pie she made,  
Because I seemed to lose my appetite.  
"I've noticed lately you're not lookin'  
right."

She told me, and my sister came and  
said  
Her cheek against my shoulder, and I  
stayed

And et, but nearly choked on every bite.  
It's strange that when your sister  
touches you,  
Or softly runs her fingers through  
your hair,

It never seems to thrill you through and  
through,  
You hardly even notice it or care;  
But when some other fellow's sister  
takes

An interest, gee, what a change it  
makes!

## The Crowd.

There's nothing more amusing than the  
crowd that passes by,  
With every person thinking he's the  
focus of each eye—  
The fleshy woman, gasping close im-  
prisoned in her stays;  
The speculator working out new money-  
making plays;

The manly-looking maidens; the effem-  
inate younger men;  
The busy idler hurrying to be at play  
again.

The man who doesn't realise his bald  
spot shows behind;  
The one who struts so pompously; the  
cleek and smirking kind;  
The dame whose rouge in bold sunlight  
takes on a purple hue;  
The girl whose stocking has a hole above  
her low-cut shoe;  
The millionaire with clothes unpressed;  
The "swell" clerks with cigars;  
The folks who dress in motor togs but  
have no motor cars.

A dog goes by with human eyes, a man  
all animal;  
A man with gold in his false teeth to  
make them "natural";  
A timid lady who's afraid some man  
will flirt with her;  
The chap who thinks his presence sets  
all false hearts astir;  
The honest rags of poverty at which we  
look askance;  
The silken swish of flaunting vice; the  
folks who live by chance.

With just two legs to carry each, how  
various the walks—  
This person teeters, this one stubs, and  
this one slowly stalks.

With just two eyes, a nose, a mouth,  
wherewith to mould each face,  
How different the faces are that pass our  
viewing place;  
And no two persons could exchange  
their egos for a trice.  
Here is the greatest show on earth, and  
more than worth the price.

How all-important each one thinks his  
own minute affairs;  
With what philosophy he views his  
neighbour's vexing cares.  
Your pardon! Was I grinning? No of-  
fence! I meant it not;

But, oh, those humans passing by, they  
are a funny lot!  
And yet, alas! the thought will come  
to check complacency—  
That maybe some folks smile a bit when  
viewing you and me!  
—Walter G. Doty.

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## Pisidice.

[The incident is from the Love Stories  
of Parthenius, who preserved fragments  
of a lost epic on the expedition of Achilles  
against Lesbos, an island allied with  
Troy.]

The daughter of the Lesbian king  
Within her bowler she watched the war;  
Far off she heard the arrows ring,  
The smitten harness ring afar;  
And, fighting from the foremost car,  
Saw one that smote where all must  
blee;

More fair than the Immortals are  
He seemed to fair Pisidice!  
She saw, she loved him, and her heart  
Before Achilles, Peleus' son,  
Threw all its guarded gates apart—  
A maiden fortress lightly won!

And, ere that day of fight was done,  
No more of land or faith recked she.  
But joyed in her new life begun—  
Her life of love, Pisidice!  
She took a gift into her hand,  
As one that had a boon to crave;  
She stole across the ruined land  
Where lay the dead without a grave,  
And to Achilles' hand she gave  
Her gift, the secret postern's key.  
"To-morrow let me be thy slave!"  
Moaned to her love Pisidice.

Ere dawn the Argive's chariot came  
Rang down Methymna's burning streets;  
They slew the sleeping warriors all,  
They drove the women to the fleet,  
Save one, that to Achilles' feet  
Clung, but, in sudden wrath, cried he:  
"For her no doom but death is meet!"  
And there men stoned Pisidice.  
In havens of that haunted coast,  
Amid the myrtles of the shore,  
The moon sees many a maiden ghost—  
Love's outcast now and evermore.  
The silence bears the shades deplore  
Their hour of death-bought love; but  
thee  
The waves lull, meath thine olives hoar,  
To dreamless rest, Pisidice!

—y Andrew Lang.

# Anecdotes and Sketches.

## GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

### A Vivid Picture.

Of all "aptitudes," the mecha-  
nical is least likely to manifest  
itself in a feminine brain.  
The young woman whose  
visit to a locomotive works is described  
in "Young's Magazine," was doubtless in-  
terested in what she saw, but her account  
of the processes observed leaves the  
reader to doubt her entire understanding  
of them.

"You pour," she told a friend, "a lot  
of sand into a lot of boxes, and you  
throw old stove lids and things into a  
furnace, and then you turn the red-hot  
stream into a hole in the sand, and every-  
body yells and shouts.

"Then you pour it out, let it cool and  
pound it, and then you put in it a thing  
that bores holes in it. Then you screw  
it together, and paint it, and put steam  
in it, and it goes splendidly, and they  
take it to a drafting-room and make a  
blueprint of it.

"But one thing I forgot—they have to  
make a boiler. One man gets inside and  
one gets outside, and they pound flight-  
fully, and they tie it to the other  
thing, and you ought to see it go!"

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### Self Restraint.

It was a very hot day and the fat man  
who wanted the 12.20 train got through  
the gate at just 12.21. The ensuing han-  
dicap was watched with absorbed interest  
both from the train and the station plat-  
form. At its conclusion the breathless  
and perspiring one wearily took the back  
trail, and a vacant-faced youth came out  
to relieve him of his grip.

"Mister," he inquired, "was you tryin'  
to catch that train?"

"No, my son," replied the patient man,  
"No, I was merely chasing it out of the  
yard."

### A Modest Tribute.

In an equal suffrage parade in England,  
banners were carried bearing portraits of  
women of accomplishments through the  
ages. At the very end of the procession  
(where, of course, the women could  
not see him) came a lone man with a  
sense of humour. This individual bore  
a pike, from which hung a large fly-leaf,  
framed, and at the top of which was an  
apple—a modest tribute to Eve, who had  
been quite overlooked in this brilliant  
galaxy.

### Leading Question.

She: If you could have only one wish,  
what would it be?  
He: It would be that—that—oh, if I  
only dared to tell you what it would be!

She: Well, go on. Why do you sup-  
pose I brought up the wishing subject?

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### Too Candid.

Grown old in the service of his master  
and mistress, James was a privileged re-  
tainer. He was waiting at table one  
day, when a guest asked for a fish fork.  
Strangely enough, the request was ig-  
nored. Then the hostess noticed the epu-  
roside, and remarked in a most peremp-  
tory manner: "James, Mrs Jones hasn't  
a fish fork. Get her one at once!"  
"Madam," came the emphatic reply,  
"last time Mrs Jones dined here we lost  
a fish fork." James has now been re-  
legated to the garden.

### It Did Not Matter.

They were on their honeymoon and  
were spending it amidst the mountains of  
Switzerland. Nearly every day they at-  
tempted to climb to a fresh height.

Flushed with triumph, parched and  
scant of breath, they had at last gained  
the summit of a lofty peak. Then they  
paused.

"There!" exclaimed the wife when she  
had finished panting. "We have tramp-  
ed all this distance to admire this beauti-  
ful view and we've forgotten the glasses!"  
"Never mind, darling," replied the hus-  
band, taking a small flask out of his  
pocket. "There's no one about. We  
can drink as well out of the bottle."

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### True Hospitality.

They were strolling players, at least,  
that's what they called themselves. Their  
talent was as small as their efforts were  
great. To add to this, they arrived at  
the little country town minus their cos-  
tumes and rather lazy as to their lines.  
However, the performance took place,  
albeit it was a "frost" of the worst de-  
scription. They expected a fearful roast-  
ing from the reporter of the paper, and  
there was a rush the next morning for  
the local sheet. But, with true hospita-  
lity to strangers, the following paragraph  
appeared: "The company appeared  
last night at the Town Hall in East  
Lynne. The ventilation of the theatre  
was perfect, and the orchestra rendered a  
number of pleasing selections."

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### Never Satisfied.

"Some men," writes a correspondent,  
"are never satisfied. I was talking to  
an old farmer about his bumper crop of  
hay.

"You've broken all records, haven't  
you?" I said.

"Yes, sir," he answered; "I've broken  
all records for hay, and no mistake."

"Good!" said I. "Good! And let me  
tell you it's a pleasure to meet for once  
a perfectly satisfied farmer."

"The old man chewed a straw medita-  
tively.

"Well, I don't go so far as to say I'm  
perfectly satisfied," he replied. "You  
see, I ain't got a bale of bad hay this  
year to feed the dry cows on."



### A FELLOW FEELING.

Diner: Look, waiter! A grey hair in the soup!  
Waiter: Ah, M'sieur is like me! M'sieur regret also ze teetle blonde cook who is  
gone!