

Verse Old and New.

Alphabet of My Sweethearts.

A was an actress, my very first love;
I thought her an Angel, straight
down from above.

B was a Bridge Fiend, bright in her way,
But couldn't just stand her playing
all day.

C was a Chorus Girl, dear little thing—
She had pretty eyes—but she never
could sing.

D was a Debutante, painfully shy;
She couldn't talk much, and was too
scared to try.

E was an English girl, strong and well-
knit,
But I don't think she was pretty a bit.

F was a Flirt, her coquettish glance
Just bowled me right over—she led
me a dance!

G was a Governess, prim and demure—
And yet she adored me, I felt pretty
sure!

H was an Heiress, with oodles of gold;
But then—she was pretty near forty
years old!

I was Ingenua, full of soft curves;
But so idiotic she got on my nerves.

J was a Juno, majestic and tall,
But somehow she made us feel awfully
small.

K was a kid, whose round face would
beam
If I asked her to go and have choco-
late ice cream.

L, Leading Lady! Well, when I knew
her
I spent all my savings on orchids and
fur.

M was a Motor Girl, heedless of stops,
She laughed at the speed laws and
smiled at the cops.

N was a Nurse. Her sweet, white-cap-
ped face
In my memory holds a permanent
place.

O was an Old Maid, dumpy and short;
Not quite up-to-date, but a jolly good
sort!

P was a Poetess, soulful in style,
To evade her effusions, I'd run a
whole mile.

Q was a Queen, don't ask me the rest,
Suffice it to know, she's the one I liked
best.

R, Revolutionary Daughter or Dame;
Or Colonial Something. (They all look
the same).

S was a Summer Girl, tanned by the
sun.
Well—maybe that Summer we didn't
have fun!

T was a Tourist, with guide-book and
all;
I miss her—but she will come home
in the Fall.

U was Unwomanly. My heart she smote
When she wanted a latchkey and
wanted to vote.

V was a Vixen—a beautiful girl,
But her temper would certainly make
your hair curl.

W was a Writer, she had a good mind;
But somehow I never cared much for
that kind.

X, a Xantippe, a regular shrew;
Her caustic tirades made the air
pretty blue.

Y was a Yankee Girl, clear-eyed and
calm;
For plain, wholesome cooking I give
her the palm.

Z was a Zealot in causes galore;
But she'd harp on them till all de-
clared her a bore.
—Carolyn Wells, in "Life."

Autumn.

The sun is up, the breeze away,
"Arise, my heart, for 'tis day!"
The autumn's breath is wild and sweet;
Awake, the golden morn to greet.
The river flows so swift so swift,
The trees a hundred colours lift
Against the wind that rides so free
Across the fields, across the sea;
The flying wind from the cold main,
That bears all summer in its train!

The world is vivid with the dawn.
Arise my heart, the night is gone!
Oh, listen, listen, to my voice;
Awake, beloved, and rejoice!
These hours are lent from winter's hoard
Where so much happiness is stored—
So hasten, we are misers, too;
Do we not heed the heaven's blue,
The shining earth—without alloy—
The fullness of our sun-kissed joy!
—Leolyn Louise Everett.

The Country to the Town.

Gay as the gems you wear at night—
A thousand facets, all one light!
Rich the robes you don by day—
One glory, though your heart is grey,
I see your shining strands of hair;
Gull, much gold, is tangled there.
But I have seen, I have seen
The silver daisies light the green.
I have shared the splendours manifold
That are but bought with cowslip-gold,
The brilliants strewn on forest floors—
Is not my realm rich as yours!
And the Town said, "Proudly my days
go by."
But the Country made answer, "Queen-
lier I!"
Many pleasures throug your parks
Between the magic dawns and darks;

Wherefore should you heed the hurra
Of children crying at your skirts?
Pomp of a great King's Parliament,
A great Queen's Court, your pride has
blent.
But I have known, I have known
The White Moon on her mounta'n
throne:
Have heard the children laugh to see
The Sun-King's summer revelry,
The pageant of the purpling moors—
Is not my lot high as yours?
And the Town said, "Gaily my days go
by."
And the Country made answer, "Happier
I!"
—S. Gertrude Ford.

Disenchantment.

She had a face divinely fair,
A face to make an artist glad;
She had a wealth of auburn hair,
And oh, the figure that she had!
Her soulful eyes were big and brown,
A rounded softness graced her arms;
I fancied that in all the town
No girl could boast of rarer charms.
Her fingers tapered and were white,
I paused to gaze a little while,
And fancied that the day was bright
Because she had so sweet a smile.
But all my happy fancies fled,
And gloomily I went my way,
When to a passing friend she said:
"I seen your brother yesterday."

Love.

I hung my life, my hope, my joy,
To Love—before his feet
He tortured, tensed them, tossed them
by—
Yet love, ah, love was sweet.
My youth is gone, my faith is gone—
I dwell in pale despair—
Yet, dreaming of the other days,
I know that Love was fair.
Yet, dreaming of the other days,
I know that Love was light,
And that I hold its glitter here,
Altho' it is the night.
—Leolyn Louise Everett.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE

A Lesson in Diplomacy.

WHEN the King of Prussia and the Emperor met at Neisse they once happened to come together to the bottom of a flight of stairs, and neither would go up first and take precedence of the other. They stood, and bowed, and scraped, and complimented, and each politely wished to give way to the other. At last the King of Prussia got behind the Emperor and pushed him forward.

"Ho! Ho!" said the Emperor. "If you begin to manoeuvre with me I must unavoidably go where you please!" and walked up first.

How Could She!

A bright spirit of earlier days, Charley McKeand, an advocate ready for any emergency, dropped into court too late one day to read the depositions, and found himself faced with the duty of defending a woman for stealing a pair of boots. He burst into a moving harangue, and said he would read the very words of her defence on arrest, since they bore "the stamp of conscious innocence." He seized the depositions, and went on: "Ha! here we are. Oh, h'm!" He faltered a little when he saw them. "Well, gentlemen, this uneducated woman does not put it as you or I would put it, but I said I would read her words and I will. What she says is: 'How the hell could I have the boots when he was wearing them?' And, gentlemen," continued McKeand in a concluding burst of eloquence, "I ask you with some confidence, how the hell could she?"

Quite Safe.

Dr. Boyd Carpenter was to perform the ceremony at a very smart wedding in a London church. As usual, a great crowd of people stood about the doors and lined up on either side of the strip of red carpet. Magnificent carriages and motor-cars rolled up and disgorged the splendidly dressed guests, but at the end of a long string of fine equipages came a deplorable ranshackle old four-wheeler. It drew up gloomily opposite the strip of red carpet. A couple of policemen dashed at the cabby. "Here hi!" they shouted. "You can't stop here! The bishop's just coming!" The old cabman regarded them with a scornful eye. "Keep yer 'air on! I've got the hold buffer inside!" And Dr. Carpenter opened the door and stepped out.

A More Settled Residence.

A well-known London magistrate, once had a crazy street-preacher before him, charged with obstructing the thoroughfare. He saw that he was a harmless imbecile, and, being a kind-hearted man, did not feel like punishing him, so he said: "Of course we can't have thoroughfares obstructed in this way; but if you can give me the name of a friend who will be your surety that there will be no recurrence of this nuisance, I'll discharge you." "I have no friend," said the man, "save the Lord." "Quite so," said old Newton; "but I mean a friend who is a householder in London." "The Lord," said the man, "is everywhere." "Certainly, certainly," said Newton, as he took a fresh pinch of snuff and twisted up his brow; "but I must trouble you for a surety of—well, of what I might call a more settled residence."

For Emergencies.

In some of the college settlements there are penny savings banks for children.

One Saturday a small boy arrived with an important air and withdrew two cents from his account. Monday morning he promptly returned the money.

"So you didn't spend your two cents," observed the worker in charge.

"Oh, no," he replied, "but a fellow just likes to have a little cash on hand over Sunday."



A HINDUDE.

Experience.

A wolf and a fox and a lion having banded themselves together snared a goat and a stag and a hare. And the lion said to the wolf, "Divide these amongst us." The wolf said, "The goat is for thee, the stag is for me, and the hare is for the fox," and when the lion heard these words he became wroth and leaped upon the wolf and choked him. Then he said to the fox, "Do thou divide

the spoil." And the fox said to the lion, "The goat is for thy breakfast, the hare for thy lunch, and the stag for thy supper," and the lion said to him, "Whence hast thou learned to make such an equitable division?" The fox replied, "From the wolf which Ieth before thee, O my lord the king!"

The Swallow's Home.

The teacher in natural history had received more or less satisfactory replies to her questions, and finally she asked: "What little boy can tell me where the home of the swallow is?"

Long silence, then a hand waved.

"Well, Bobbie, where is it?"

"The home of the swallow," declared Bobbie, seriously, "is in the stummock."

Capacious Commandments.

"A little girl at our morning service yesterday, knelt beside her mother while the commandments were being read. When the rector read: 'On these two commandments hang all of the law and the prophets,' the little girl whispered: "Mamma, how many—"

"Sh!" hissed her mamma.

"But mamma, how many prophets are there?"

"Why, Isaiah, Jeroniah, Habbakuk, Jonah, Haggai, Malachi, Zephaniah, dearie, I can't think of all of them without looking them up, but I fancy there must have been about twenty."

"Twenty? And they hanged 'em all on two commandments?"

An Inspiring Experience.

A lady who must certainly have been related to the late Mrs. Parlington, recently returned from a seventy day tour of Europe.

To her friends she said with enthusiasm that of all the wonderful things that she had seen and heard, she believed the thing she enjoyed most of all was hearing the French peasant sing the mayonnaise.