

# Verse Old and New.

## Ode to the Lactic Acid Bacillus.

**H**AIL to thee, germ philanthropist  
Greetings, O noble bacillus!  
Humbly they help I petition,  
menaced by early senescence:  
Evil albuminoids threaten, while I  
affrighted harbour  
Phenol ingredients!

Happy the pure protozoan, limpid,  
intransitive, deathless!  
I, with diversified tissues, functionate  
feebly, and perish:  
Harmful intestinal flora, low, deleterious  
indols  
Frustrate longevity.

Come, thou acidulous atom, let me  
absorb and possess thee;  
Give thee a dwelling euptic, feed thee  
with minimum toxins,  
And for thy chosen companions, colonize  
mild and benignant  
Glycobacteria!

Come in proliferate power, kind  
Metchnikoffian microbe!  
Stimulate sanative cultures, banish these  
autoinfections!  
Let us go forward, triumphant, joyous,  
immune, and aseptic,  
Unto Millennium!  
—Corinne Rockweel Swain.

## The Pear Tree.

When winter, like some evil dream,  
That cheerful morning puts to flight,  
Gives place to spring's divine delight,  
When hedgerows blossom,ewel-bright,  
And city ways less dreary seem.  
The fairy child of sun and rain,  
My neighbour's pear tree flowers again.

His plot is not so fair a thing  
As country gardens newly green,  
Where winds are fresh and skies are  
clean.

There, like some gay-apparelled queen,  
In brodered kirtle walks the spring;  
But dust and smoke have soiled her  
gown  
And dimmed her beauty here in town.

Yet so the tree is glorified,  
More gracious for the grimy wall  
Whereon the fragile petals fall.  
And rows of houses, grim and tall,  
That shade the garden's farther side,—  
More beautiful for growing here  
Where even spring is almost drear.

Ethereal in the dawning light,  
A sun-kissed cloud in glow of day,  
All rosy in the last red ray  
When twilight spreads her mantle  
gray;  
And like an angel tall and white,  
With murmurous wings and shining  
hair,  
By night the tree keeps vigil there.  
—Dorothy I. Little, in the Academy.

## A Post-Impressionist Poem.

The snaky twilight crawls and clanks;  
A scarlet shriek thrusts home;  
The jig-saws snap among the planks,  
Where, lush and loud,  
Plump, plastic, proud,  
The coupons crowd  
Along the road to Rome.

Aerial, essential, winged with eyes,  
The powdered plummet drops;  
The beldame's bonnet draws and dies.  
And, foul or fair,  
Calm Neverwhere  
Inscribes his square  
Amid the malt and hops.

Oh! anguish of the slaughtered shaft  
That skims the sullen looms!  
Oh! vaguely vaulted overdraft!  
Oh! savage spin  
Of twain and twin,  
While out and in  
The shapeless secret booms.—Punch.

## A Change of Heart.

The Reverend Harold Hopkyns was a  
young ecclesiastic  
His eye was blue and innocent and his  
heart was very plastic  
He preached of Woman as a saint in  
terms encomiastic  
And viewed her from afar with an  
austerity monastic.

He met a fair, flirtatious maid, who  
deemed his creed fantastic;  
Such manly charm, she thought, deserved  
convictions more elastic.  
His education she pursued with zeal  
enthusiastic,  
Till Harold's heart responded with  
celerity gymnastic.

He told his love; she turned him down  
with emphasis sarcastic,  
Amazed that he should misconstrue her  
interest scholastic.  
Now Harold's growing famous for his  
sermons very drastic,  
On Woman's derelictions, in an age  
technoelastic.

## To a Sea-bird.

(Lying in a case in the Bird Museum,  
University of Texas.)

In this dark corner, under the dim  
glass,  
What breast is this, upturned and  
white and still?  
—Why are you here, whose pinions  
could surpass  
All but the lightning speed? Why  
should you fill  
This niche, who erstwhile must have  
roamed at will  
The leagues on leagues are blue,  
At home in cloudy heights beyond our  
mortal view?

Far-faring sea-bird, nursing of the gale,  
Cliff-dweller from yon cloud-banks  
near the sun;  
What towering crags of tempest did you  
scale,  
Before what mighty winds exulting  
run?

And now, by some earth-crawling ma-  
undone,  
How low I find you here,  
Fallen how far from skies that were  
your native sphere!

You may have floated through a moon-  
lit night  
Silent o'er Venice and Italian fields;  
You may have revelled in the kindred  
white  
Of glacier-burdened Greenland; or  
where yield?  
The Indian Sea its pearls; or yet  
where shields  
The Southern cross aglow  
All Polynesia's vast sea-prairies dim a-  
low.

You did not have, like man, small neigh-  
bourhood;  
All height and all direction were your  
home;  
From wild coast-mountain and sea-ver-  
ging wood  
You frayed at will through clouds  
to heaven's dome;  
The earth's four corners, floored by  
Ocean's foam,  
Your different chambers they.  
And all unwarmed for you, or cooled  
by the dashing spray!

Afar from union with the elements,  
Here in your lower death you strange-  
ly sleep  
In loveliness too rare for earthly sense,  
Born of the Ephyrean and the Deep.  
Oh, be forever with us! Ever keep  
Our thoughts where now they  
soar,  
Even as on your wings, lost in the  
Evermore!

## The Art of Dining.

Now when you dine with Mrs. D.,  
Or when she asks you there to tea,  
Although you're conversation's bright,  
Remember you're a satellite.  
And though you're full of quips and fun,  
You must not overcloud the sun.  
For he who lets his hostess shine  
Is asked another day to dine.

# Anecdotes and Sketches.

## GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

### Generosity.

**F**OUR or five ladies bustled into a  
private office the other day.

"What can I do for you, ladies?"  
asked the manager pleasantly.

"Why," began one of the visitors,  
"we are taking up a subscription, and  
we knew you wouldn't like it if we  
didn't give you an opportunity to sub-  
scribe."

The manager bowed graciously and  
asked: "And the object? Of course it  
is a worthy one, or you would not be  
interested in it."

"Yes, sir," replied the spokeswoman,  
"we think it a very worthy object. It  
is to build a home for aged and indigent  
widows."

"Excellent! Excellent! I shall take  
pleasure in making you out a cheque."

"Oh, how lovely of you!" exclaimed  
the spokeswoman when she received the  
bit of paper and read the amount—  
one hundred pounds. "Oh, we didn't  
expect to get that much from you. We  
are ever so much obliged."

"So good of him!" and similar ex-  
clamations were heard as the cheque was  
passed around for the admiration of the  
party.

"But," said the lady who handled the  
cheque last, "you haven't signed it."

"That is because I do not wish my  
benefactions known to the world," said  
the manager modestly. "I wish to give  
the cheque anonymously." And he bowed  
the ladies out with great dignity.

### The Optimist.

Said a cheerful old bear at the Zoo:  
"I never have time to feel blue,  
If it bores me, you know,  
To walk to and fro,  
I reverse it and walk fro and to."

### A Change of Habits.

"If the high cost of living keeps on  
the rich themselves will feel the pinch  
of it."

The speaker was Brand Whitlock,  
Mayor of Toledo. He continued!

"I know a banker who has already be-

### Cut it Short.

A very honest man who was sick  
wanted to keep on living (as reported by  
Puck). With that end in view he called  
the neighbourhood doctors into consul-  
tation. "Big dose," said the Allopath.  
"Small dose," said the Homoeopath  
sapiently. "Fresh air and exer-  
cise," said the Physical Culturist. "An  
operation," said the Surgeon. "Starve,"  
said the FASTER. "Fruits and nuts," said  
the Dietist. "Knending," said the Osteo-  
path. "My favourite prescription," said  
the Patent-Medicine Man. "This is all  
very interesting," said the patient, "but  
likewise it is all very different. Is there

### Good Marksmanship.

Bill Jones was an eccentric character,  
a local justice of the peace in a South  
Carolina town. He was exceedingly tall  
—so attenuated, in fact, that but for  
his hat he would not have cast a shadow.  
One night a number of fellow  
non-vivants joined him in a symposium,  
and many mint juleps were consumed.  
One of the party unsteadily produced  
a revolver. It was accidentally dis-  
charged and a bullet struck Bill Jones  
in the leg.

Conscience stricken and wabbly with  
excitement and juleps the owner of the  
weapon hastened to the home of the  
nearest doctor and pulled at his door-  
bell.

At length the physician, who had him-  
self been spending a riotous evening,  
stuck his head from the second-storey  
window.

"Wazza mazzey!" he demanded thick-  
ly.

"I just shot Bill Jones in the leg," re-  
plied the man below.

"Shot Bill Jones in the leg?" repeated  
the doctor, wonderingly.

"Ash wha' I shaid," returned the  
offender. "Shot Bill Jones in the leg."

The doctor gazed down upon him ad-  
miringly.

"Well," he said, "that wash a h— of  
a good shot."

And he closed the window and went  
back to bed.

### We Win.

A Cincinnati man who was trying to  
"boost" his city was talking to a friend  
from New York. The conversation turned  
on the police department.

"Well," said the man from the Queen  
City, "you can't deny that our police  
department is all right. Why, look  
here," he urged, getting more enthusias-  
tic, "there was a murder committed here  
a few days ago, and four hours after-  
ward the police knew all about it!"

"Oh," drawled the man from the East,  
"that's nothing. There was a murder  
committed in New York a few days ago,  
and the police knew all about it four  
hours before."



Lady (in tears): "Wi—will you poison my dear little Edna? He is in such  
"a agony."  
"Chemist (politely): "With pleasure, madam."  
Lady: "With pleasure! Your nasty, unfeeling man! Then you shan't do it."  
gun to retrench. His daughter said to  
him the other day:  
"Father dear, I need a new fall riding  
habit."  
"Can't afford it," the banker growled.  
"But, father, what am I to do with-  
out a riding habit?"  
"Get the walking habit."

any grand principle on which you all  
agree?" "Yes," they all chanted in  
chorus, "we all agree that when it comes  
to fees the proper thing is to charge all  
the traffic will bear and the Devil take  
the Undertaker. We will send our bills  
by the next mail." And they did.