

Verse Old and New.

The Gentle Suffragette (London, 1913).

THE gentle suffragette stood up
Amid a crowd, man driven;
Her eyes were eager for the fray,

No quarter asked or given;
She had three billies on her arm
And the stones in her hand were seven.

Her robe, wrought of some sombre stuff,
No broaderies did adorn,
But "Votes for women" at her breast
Was pinned securely on;
Her corn gold hair was tumbling down,
It made her look forlorn.

Her seemed she had not been for long
One of those roisterers;
All sweetness was not yet quite gone
From those blue eyes of hers;
Yet to the "Cause" her soul was pledged
For this and all the years.

She raised her little hand, and then
A stone went hurtling by;
It missed a man by half an inch
But in another's eye
It lodgment found. He gave a yell
That reached to heaven high!

And then she took her billy up
And laid about her well;
Her seemed a very lusty maid,
For heads began to swell;
The uproar most terrific was,
She was raising merry—!

And "Ladies, ladies!" cried the men,
"Desist—this fray, we fear,
May damage do to life and limb,
And one to death is near!"
The suffragette she heeded not—
She sneered (I saw her sneer).
—New York Times.

Port of Holy Peter.

The blue laguna rocks and quivers,
Dull gurgling eddies twist and spin,
The climate does for people's livers,
It's a nasty place to anchor in
Is Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

The town begins on the sea-beaches,
And the town's mad with the stinging flies,
The drinking water's mostly leeches,
It's a far remove from Paradise
Is Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

There's sand-bagging and throat-slitting,
And quiet graves in the sea slime,
Stabbing, of course, and rum-hitting,
Dirt, and drink, and stink, and crime,
In Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

All the day the wind's blowing
From the sick swamp below the hills,
All the night the plague's growing,
And the dawn brings the fever chills,
In Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

You get a thirst there's no slaking,
You get the chills and fever-shakes,
Tongue yellow and head aching,
And then the sleep that never wakes.
And all the year the heat's baking,
The sea rots and the earth quakes,
In Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

—From "The Story of a Round-House, and other poems," by John Masfield.

Sweet Content.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd?
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
O sweet content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!

Then be that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny!

—From "Patient Grissell" (Thomas Dekker).

Flowers.

I will not have the mad Olytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly queen,
Whom, therefore I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemary,
That always mourns the dead;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me,
And the daisy's cheeks is tipp'd with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betroth'd to the bee;
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For the fairest of all is she.

—Thomas Hood.

Spring Sweetness.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scantily leaved, and finely tapering stems,

Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.

The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept

A little noiseless voice among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;
For not the faintest motion could be seen

Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wandering for the greed-icest eye,
To peer about upon variety;

Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindling edgings of its brim;

To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending;
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.

To where the hurrying freshnesses ay preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds.

—From "Dedication" (John Keats).

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

No Need for a Fence.

MARK TWAIN was spending a summer in a small town while a subscription was being raised by the citizens for the building of a new fence around a very old and dilapidated cemetery. Mark Twain was asked several times for a contribution, but refused.

Upon being asked for an explanation he replied: "I see no reason for it. Those who are in the cemetery can't get out, and those that are out don't want to get in."

He Kept His Reputation.

An American judge, who had the reputation of never saying an ill word of any one, was once tackled by a lawyer friend who hoped to get him to admit wrong in somebody. He tried every conceivable subject in vain, and then, coming to a notoriously troublesome character, he inquired: "By the way, judge, what do you think of this man Blank, anyhow?" The judge considered a moment. "I think he has the finest whiskers I ever saw grown in Missouri," he finally declared, with such animation that his interrogator was utterly baffled.

A Gentle Hint.

They had been talking as they walked. She had remarked pathetically: "Oh, it must be terrible to a man to be rejected by a woman!" "Indeed it must," was his response. Then, after a while, with sympathetic ingenueness, she exclaimed: "It doesn't seem that I could ever have the heart to do it." And there came a silence between them as he thought it over.

Who Would Pay?

The taxicab driver was about to receive his sentence. "Prisoner," said the judge, "I am satisfied there is no reasonable doubt of your guilt. The evidence shows that you drove the deceased about the city in your taxicab for two hours, then drove him to a secluded place, strangled him, and stole his watch. Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced?" "Yes, your honor." "What is it?" "I'd like to know, your honor, who is going to pay the cab-hire?"

Not Washed, but Dry-Cleaned.

A revival was being held at a small coloured Baptist church in southern Georgia. At one of the meetings the evangelist, after an earnest but fruitless exhortation, requested all of the congregation who wanted their souls washed white as snow to stand up. One old darky remained sitting. "Don't you want yo' soul washed white as snow, Brudder Jones?" "Mah soul done been washed white as snow, pahson." "Whah wuz yo' soul washed white as snow, Brudder Jones?" "Over yander to de Methodist's chu'ch acrost de railroad." "Laud God, Brudder Jones, yo' soul wa'n't washed—li't were dry-cleaned."

Caught!

They were talking of the vanity of women and one of the few ladies present undertook a defence. "Of course," she said, "I admit that women are vain, and men are not. Why," she added, with a glance around, "the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is even now up the back of his collar." And then she smiled for every man present had put his hand up behind his neck!

Honk! Honk!

A man of the inventive turn called on a capitalist who was always on the lookout for new schemes that were likely to prove money-makers. "I have here," said the would-be inventor, producing his model, "an improved alarm clock



"Help! Help! There's a monster spider in here— Oh, no! you mustn't come in."

that will make you jump, no matter how sound a sleep you may be." "What is the improvement about it?" "You will observe that I have, in place of the usual gong, substituted an auto horn."

The Canny Scot.

It was in a west end restaurant, where Sandy went for a drink, and he ordered a whisky and soda, for which they charged him a whole shilling. He complained of the price and said that he was only accustomed to pay three pence for a nip of whisky. "Yes, that's all well enough," said the barman, "but you've got to pay something here for the surroundings—the velvet seats and the mirrors and the beautiful pictures on the wall, and all that." Next day, Sandy went into the same place again, ordered a drink and put down three pence it was a different barman, but he protested. "No, no," said Sandy, "No, no, mon; that's all right. I saw yet pictures yesterday."

Who Lied?

Two Scots met in an eighteen-hole match. On one side of the course there was a high railway embankment. Over this railway it happened Jock drove his ball. They hunted for it a long time, but could not find it. Sandy wanted Jock to give it up, but Jock wouldn't, for a lost ball means a lost hole. And finally Jock took a new ball frae his poke, dirtied it, and pretended to find it. "Ifere 'is, Sandy!" he called. "Ye're a leear, Jock!" responded Sandy. "I'm no leear. Ifere 'is!" "Ye're a leear. For I've had it in ma pocket for fifteen minutes!"

Didn't Mind His Dealing.

Appropriate to the home rule question, a newly published volume of biography gives a story of Mr. Gladstone and the then Bishop of Peterborough, the famous Dr. Magee. The two were dining together, and Dr. Magee, in the course of conversation, made it plain that he thought the government was not acting straightforwardly. "I am afraid, Dr. Magee," Mr. Gladstone remarked, "that, Irishman as you are, you do not approve of our method of dealing with Ireland." "It's not your dealing that I don't like," the bishop retorted, "so much as your shuffling!"