

The Husband's Petition

*Come hither, my heart's darling, come sit upon my knee,
And listen while I whisper a boon I ask of thee.
I feel a bitter craving—a dark and deep desire,
That glows beneath my bosom, like coals of kindled fire
Oh, then, do not deny me my first and fond request:
I pray thee, by the memory of all we cherish best,
By that great vow which bound thee for ever to my side,
And by the ring that made thee my darling and my bride!
Thou wilt not fail nor falter, but bend thee to the task—
Put buttons on my shirt, love—that's all the boon I ask!*

—Bon Gaultier Ballads.

*My love she has a summer hat;
'Tis like a little boat,
A fairy shallop, broad and flat,
That on her head doth float.
Upon the billows of her hair
It resteth; 'tis so wide,
That I must tell you of the fare
It carrieth inside.
For first sits in the corner,
'Mid many a grassy tuft,
A swallow, like Jack Horner
(He's dead, of course, and stuffed).
Three fuchsias and an ivy bush
(A cargo, you'll allow),
And something else, I think a thrush
That carols in the bow.*

— G. H. Powell.

If Society Reporters Were Men

The groom looked charming in a becoming bright navy blue ensemble relieved with a delightful shade of wine. The coat was cut on classic lines, with slightly-boxed shoulders, close-fitting at the waist and fastened with a blue link-button. The pockets were of conventional design but a white silk handkerchief in the left breast-pocket gave a pleasing relief. The trousers were not tight-fitting and were allowed to fall neatly over the black, pointed shoes. A wine-shaded tie against the powder-blue shirt matched perfectly the pin-stripe of the suiting. . . . When the happy couple left by car for the north, the bridegroom was wearing a smart checked suit of pearl grey, with shirt and socks to tone, and a figured tie of a delightful shade of bottle green. A grey felt hat and pigskin gloves completed the ensemble, and he was carrying a light grey overcoat, the gift of the Government. Mr. and Mrs. — will reside for a time at the temporary housing camp at — where Mr. — has been rehabilitated on his return from overseas. . . .

—Anonymous