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# Life's Verges.

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# LIFE'S VERSES



ILLUSTRATED

BY

H. W. MCVICKAR

F. G. ATTWOOD

JESSIE McDERMOTT

C. G. BUSH, AND OTHERS

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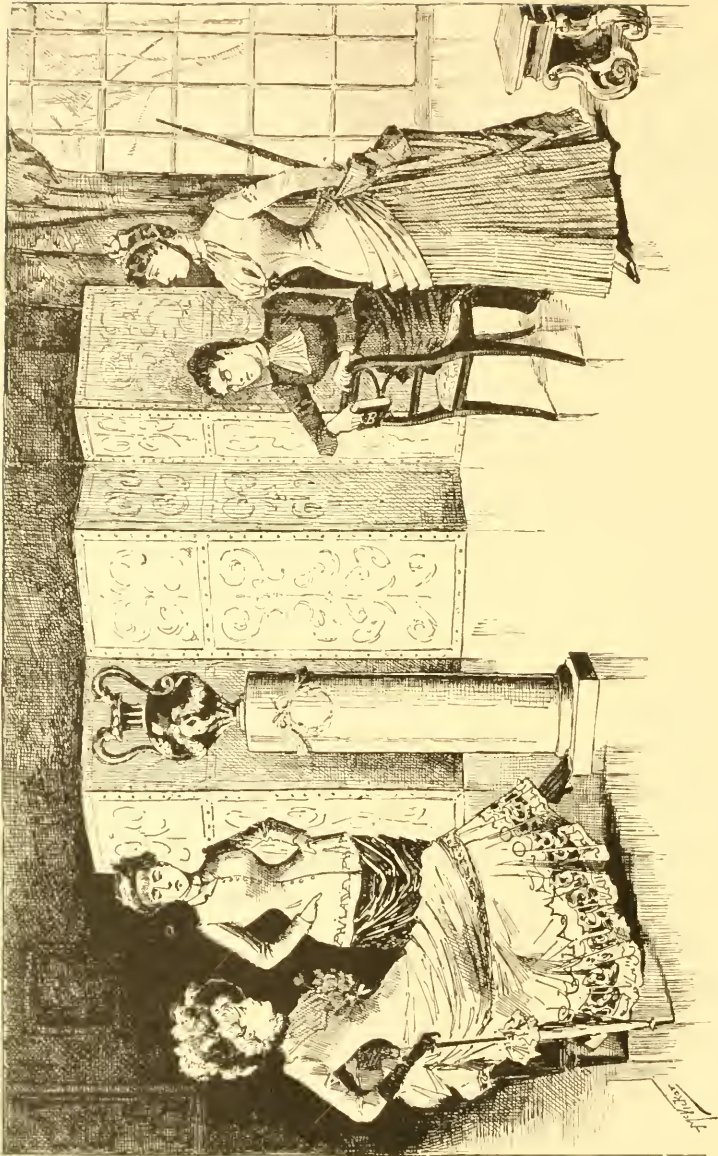
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THE V-A-S-E

## THE V-A-S-E

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,  
The maidens four and the Work of Art ;

And none might tell from sight alone  
In which had Culture ripest grown—

The Gotham Million fair to see,  
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,  
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,  
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long they worshipped ; but no one broke  
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,  
Who, blushing said : "What a lovely vase."

Over three faces a sad smile flew,  
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred  
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,  
She cries : "T is, indeed, a lovely vaze !"

But brief her unworthy triumph when  
The lofty one from the house of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,  
Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vaws!"

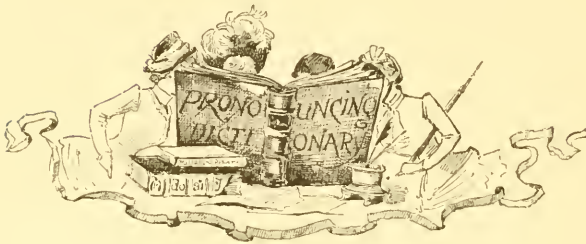
And glances round with an anxious thrill,  
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteslee  
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!"

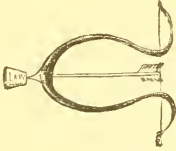
I did not catch your remark, because  
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

*Dies erit prægelida  
Sinistra quum Bostonia.*

*James Jeffrey Roche.*



## BALLADE OF THE GENERAL TERM



ACH in his high official chair;  
One who presides; two plain J. J.  
Decent of mien and white of hair  
They sit there judging all the day.  
The gravity of what they say  
Bent brows and sober tones confirm;  
Brown, Jones and Robinson are they,  
Justices of the General Term.

I see the learned counsel there  
Rise up and argue, move and pray;  
Attorneys with respectful air  
Their legal acumen display,  
Serenely joyous if they may  
Of justice keep alive the germ;  
Motion and argument they weigh  
Those justices of General Term.

That court I haunt, not that I care  
For Justice in a general way ;  
Nor yet because I hope to share  
With anyone a client's pay.  
The reason why I then delay  
And on the court's hard benches squirm  
Is that of Love I am the prey,—  
*Her father is the General Term.*

ENVOY.

I look at him with dire dismay—  
Scorched by his eye I seem a worm.  
“Dismissed with costs,” is what he'll say,—  
That Justice of the General Term.

*E. S. M.*



## SEASODABLE

O H, dever go a Bayi'g  
Uddil the bodth of Jude.  
Despite the poeds' sayi'g,  
You 'll fide id is too sood.

The daffodil and padsy  
Your eye will dever spy.  
The wild sage and the tadsy  
Are sdill a liddle shy.

Although the ladscape pleases,  
You 'd bedder stay ad hobe,  
And save a week of sdeezes  
From bordi'g to the gloab.

Thed dever go a Bayi'g  
Uddil the bodth of Jude.  
Despite the poeds' sayi'g,  
You 'll fide id budge too sood.

*C. C. S.*

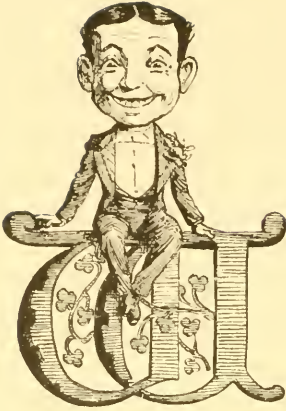
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## DOROTHEA

I T was all long, long ago,  
For our heads are white as snow;  
And her children! how they grow!  
Ah! I wonder do they know?

It all seems so sad and queer—  
Ah! a blot made by a tear!  
And the story 's told, I fear;  
So good-bye to—Dorothea?

*R. K.*



## SAYS HE WOULD SMILE

---

ELL, I should smile in rapture gay  
If she would only deign to say,  
“I like you as a friend,” and slip  
Within my palm the finger-tip  
She snaps in her coquettish way.

And if her eyes of azure-gray  
Grew tender as the blooms of May,  
In warmth of my companionship—  
Well, I should smile.

But, O, if she her head should lay  
Against my buttonhole-bouquet,  
And lift the lushness of her lip  
To mine—my giddy heart would skip  
The tra-la-lee till Judgment Day,—  
Well, I should smile!

*J. W. R.*



A SONGE OF LOVE HIS NAUGHTIENESS

**B**ETTY (ye Pouting Cynick), cries,  
With Mockinge inne Her Pansie Eyes,  
Yet Love ys gott so Vayne  
He ys Moste fayne  
Toe Shayke alwaie His Wings theyre Golde  
So Menne ye Shyninge maie Beholde.

Atte ys, ye Myschiefe Love dothe Smarte  
& straight inne Mystresse Betty's hearte  
(A Spott more toe His Mynde  
He colde nott Fynde),  
He Foldes ye Twinklinge of His Wings  
& theyre He sittes, & Laughes & Singes.

*M. E. W.*



## HOW?

HOW can a man on a dollar a day,  
Charter a seat at a popular play,  
And purchase cigars and tobacco, pray?  
He can't.

How can he sport an elegant tile,  
Ask his dear friends to step out for a "smile,"  
And stable a 240 animile?  
He can't.

How can he frolic with better fed friends  
When, in cold perspiration he 's at his wit's ends  
If his wash-woman after her half dollar sends?  
He can't.

How can he bear to be called a "poor cad,"  
How can he dress in a big, fancy plaid,  
His credit won't keep—it is "fragrantly" bad?  
He can't.

How buy perfumery, handkerchiefs too,  
The edges all stamped with a red kangaroo.  
And change linen cuffs every Sunday or two?  
He can't.

How can he go out to ride with his "mash"  
When he has n't the requisite cold-blooded cash?  
Why *that* is his reason for not being rash,—  
He can't.

How can he claim his dear girl's slender hand  
And circle her finger with glittering band,  
When his check book 's so weak it scarcely can stand?  
He can't.

How can he marry and furnish a wife  
With the many small comforts which sweeten this life?  
We must state the cold truth, tho' it cuts like a knife,—  
He can't.

*"Clyde."*

---

## A VOICE FROM WALL STREET

I WANT a girl of golden hair,  
And silvery voice so sweet,  
Of pearly teeth and ruby lips,  
And lovely corner feet.  
A girl of sparkling diamond eyes;  
Good figure—if in pence—  
A love who sweet as "sugar" is,  
And has a lot of sense.



SHE came, and the roses that lay on her breast,  
Were ruddy and rich and sweet at the core,  
As they rose and fell in a tangled nest  
Of the lace on the Paris gown she wore.  
And the gleam of its satin curled white on the floor  
Through the Court Quadrille, and a fragrance blew  
From a fan that a broidered legend bore—  
*“L'Amour fait beaucoup—mais l'Argent fait tout.”*

And lightly a tremulous pink caressed  
The clear, pale curve of her cheek as o'er  
The rhythmic throb of the music zest  
Crept the tones of an earnest voice and swore  
A love that was life to her life—and more—  
While the fan still fluttered its *gay frou-frou*  
And flaunted its warning of gold-wrought lore—  
*“L'Amour fait beaucoup—mais l'Argent fait tout.”*



Ah! then was Miladi called to her test !

And she who had broken hearts by the score,  
Drooped lower the dusk of her lashes, lest

Her eyes should betray the passion that tore  
Through her turbulent thoughts—yet, as before,  
She laughed, till love was despair, as she flew  
Her fan, with its cynical creed of yore—

*“ L'Amour fait beaucoup—mais l'Argent fait tout.”*

ENVOI.

What, though Miladi may sometimes deplore

Her *mauvais quart d'heure* with a pretty moue?

Is she not the Duchess of Saint-Dinore?

*“ L'Amour fait beaucoup—mais l'Argent fait tout.”*



## SWAN-SONG

---

BY AN OLD BIRD

---

BOY, dost thou hope to win her?  
Cease thy sighing!  
Eat a good hearty dinner,  
Love defying!  
Let all thy thought to-night of her go free,  
To-morrow all her thoughts shall turn to thee!

Man, dost thou hope to hold her?  
No more kneeling!  
Shrug thy derisive shoulder,  
Prove unfeeling!  
So, as she dreams thy passion doth decay,  
Her love for thee shall strengthen day by day.  
*T. R. Sullivan.*



*"Tempora mutantur et Nos mutantur in illis."*

SO you're the Miss I used to know  
When I was twenty? You were one,  
And that was twenty years ago.  
Lord! How these sinful years do run.  
I used to take you on my knee  
And kiss you, for your mother's sake.  
But now—hm!—yes, dear me, dear me,  
The times have changed and no mistake.

I used to love your sister Kate?  
What nonsense! Well, perhaps you're right.  
But she—you see she would n't wait.  
She did n't treat me fairly, quite.  
I really think she might have tarried  
As long as I remained alive;  
But no—she basely went and married,  
And joined the matrimonial hive.  
And now she has two lovely boys  
That fill her heart with joy and ache,  
And all the neighborhood with noise.  
Well, times have changed and no mistake.  
So you're the girl I used to kiss—  
Ah yes! I mentioned that before.  
'T is strange our boons we never miss  
Until the've gone for evermore.  
And that reminds me of some fancies,  
That seem so *à propos* to you,  
Of dawning beauty, waking glances,  
Blush rose-buds fresh with morning dew,  
The virgin day's eyes—that is, daisies,  
Youth, buds—and all that sort of thing—  
O Lord! My brain in such a maze is—  
Here—won't you wear this diamond ring?

\* \* \* \* \*

Engaged to him? That callow youth?  
Well! Oh my heart's too old to break;  
But I will swear one solemn truth—  
Times have changed; badly, no mistake.







ROMANCE  
IN BLACK AND WHITE

---

I

JOHN RANDOLPH of New Haven late  
A coachman in the nutmeg state,

Though blest with a superb physique  
Was weakly moulded in the beak ;

Of breadth of outline exquisite,  
Was out of drawing in the feet ;

Perhaps a nicer taste would feel  
Too little lacking in the heel ;

In short, though of heroic figure,  
John was an 18-karat nigger.

## II

Almira Bangham, ere she loved,  
In Norwalk's highest circles moved ;

In type, she was a sorrel blonde,  
Of cultured taste and temper fond ;

No fairer maid adorned, than she,  
Connecticut society ;

White was her face tint as the blank  
Space on my cheques upon the bank ;

His body-color was as black  
As the endorsement on the back ;

In short, each wanted light or shade—  
Their union chiar'-oscuro made ;

Though fairer than this cusséd snow,  
Should Norwalk girls be proud ? Why, no.

## III

This passion for a face so dark  
Called forth, in Norwalk, some remark ;

Her parents noted with much choler  
Her preference of form to color.

Her pa grew mad, but she grew more so,  
And bade him note J. Randolph's torso.

He ma pronounced the grave suspicion  
She had n't seen enough of Titian.

Her early lovers begged her judge  
Between them and a charcoal smudge.

The hired man, a deep sigh fetching,  
Ascribed it all to Haden's etching.

#### IV

The bridegroom stood up, large and dark—  
The bride considered it a lark,  
For when the service was begun,  
She whispered to him, " Ain't it fun !"  
Across his face a smile there flashed,  
As when a watermelon 's gashed ;  
Then all was still, save that his bride  
Nudged flippantly a bridesmaid's side ;  
The parson read with undue haste ;  
He thought it all in shocking taste,  
And said to her, when all was ended,  
And black and white forever blended,  
" The die is cast." She wiped her een.  
" Well, anyhow, 'tain't aniline."

#### V

The average Connecticutter  
On points of art alone is utter.  
The line must be somewhere in sight—  
They draw it there twixt black and white.

#### VI

What was the outcome? Them hath cut  
The Blue Blood of Connecticut.  
Artistic yet, but *hors concours*,  
They live on the Long Island shore.  
No more in Bridgeport they partake  
Of beer and ices, cocoa-cake,  
Or other joys of the beau monde ;  
But still Almira sorrel blonde,  
With many a little sketch or study  
Of outline free and tincture muddy,

In sepia or in India ink,  
Lives on th' unsocial ocean's brink ;  
And some are replicas or mates  
Done in their first or second states ;  
Many of them are Rembrandtesque ;  
More are striking, most grotesque ;  
Some are in charcoal, some in chalk—  
All speaking likenesses—they talk !  
And some bear pa's or ma's imprints  
In little stippled mezzotints ;  
While some of them, upon my word,  
Are pranked out like a checker-board.

L'ENVOI

You ask me for the moral, but  
There are none—in Connecticut.



## THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

—  
“One by one the sands are falling.”  
—

O! AND O! cried a merry Maid,  
To-day I am just eighteen!  
And I am the fairest maiden  
That the world has ever seen!

Of course I never can marry  
Anything less than an Earl,  
For it would be very wicked  
To cast before swine this pearl!

O! and O! cried a pensive maid,  
To-day I am twenty-one;  
Affairs are looking gloomy now,  
Something will have to be done!

I think I almost could marry  
A man of some lower rank—  
A millionaire, or a viscount,  
Or the owner of a bank!

## ALL SHE COULD DO

WHEN he first came courting me,  
It was all that I could do  
To receive him civilly ;  
He was old, and homely, too—  
Old, and bald, and with an air  
So presumptive, I declare  
I abhorred him through and through—  
It was all that I could do !

Why, to hear him speak of love,  
It was all that I could do  
Not to slap him with the glove  
That he bent in homage to ;  
And to have him touch his lips  
To the crumpled finger-tips,  
Kept me silent—though he knew  
It was all that I could do !

When he dared to press my waist,  
It was all that I could do—  
Thus to find myself embraced—  
To restrain a sob or two.  
Swooningly my forehead fell  
On the rose in his lapel,  
As I murmured, “ My ! Oomh-oh !! ”—  
It was all that I could do !

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

---

## CONSOLATION

WHEN Philkins won her heart from me,  
My soul it much enraged ;  
But now, ha ! ha ! I am revenged—  
I hear they are engaged !



EHE V FVGACES.  
POSTHYME·POSTHYME·  
LABVNT·VR·ANNI!

HORACE

I

THE old clock croons on the sun-kissed wall—  
*Tick, tock! tick, tock!*  
The merry seconds to minutes call:  
*Tick, tock! 'T is morn.*

A maiden sits at the mirror there,  
And smiles as she braids her golden hair:  
O, in the light, but her face is fair!  
*Tick, tock! tick, tock!*

Far over the sea the good ship brings  
The lover of whom the maiden sings:  
From the orange tree the first leaf springs:  
*Tick, tock! tick, tock!*

II

The old clock laughs on the flower-decked wall—  
*Tick, tock! tick, tock!*  
The rose-winged hours elude their thrall:  
*Tick, tock! 'T is noon!*

The lover's pride and his love are blest;  
The maiden is folded to his breast;  
On her brow the holy blossoms rest:  
*Tick, tock! tick, tock!*

O thrice, thrice long may the sweet bells chime,  
As echoing this thro' future time! \* \* \*  
Still to my heart beats that measured rhyme—  
*Tick, tock! tick, tock!*

III

The old clock moans on the crumbling wall—  
*Tick, tock! tick tock!*  
The drear years into eternity fall:  
*Tick tock! 'T is night!*

The thread that yon spider draws with care  
Across the gleam of the mirror there,  
Seems like the ghost of a golden hair:  
*Tick tock! tick tock!*

The sweet bells chime for those who may wed;  
The neroli-snow crowns many a head,—  
But tree and maiden and lover are dead.  
*Tick, tock! tick, tock!*

*Guy Carleton.*

---

SERENADE

O VER ye Newark flats ye snipe  
Wendeth hys mystick way;  
Ye woodman puffs hys evening pype,  
While ye four-spot taketh the tray.  
Ye cat lyes down on her tuneful breast,  
And all thyngs are happy but me;  
For I am a lover with love oppressed,  
I pyne, I pyne for thee.

Ye radiant, soft electrick lyght  
Eclipseth ye twynkling star;  
And ye waves of liquid, warm delyght  
Break on ye hotel bar.  
Ye polyceman sweareth upon hys beat,  
And all thyngs are restful but me;  
As I said before, and now repeat,  
I pyne, I pyne for thee.

*W. J. Henderson.*





A FOUR-LEAFED clover comes to me  
On paper fastened hastily,  
And under it in pencil writ  
This screed—"Mine own wish wish I thee  
In every place."  
Unsigned it comes, but therein lies  
No difference in particular,  
For one who tries can recognize  
Those letters slantindicular.  
I know, I claim, from whom it came ;  
This message send I back to her :  
"Of all good luck significant  
Thy four-leafed clover comes to me.  
Thy wish it lies with thee to grant,  
My wish, where thou art, there shall be,  
For more than all I wish for thee  
In every place."

*M.*

## “SLUMMING”

SHE

OH, let us go a-“slumming”  
In the gentle month of May,  
When all the bees are humming,  
And the children are at play.

HE

Oh, pri' thee, what is “slumming”  
In the sunlit month of May,  
When the honey bees are humming  
And the children laugh at play?

SHE

Well, it 's something really novel,  
Is this “slumming” in the May:  
You must go to every hovel,  
And with all the poor folk pray.

HE

Yes, that is a trifle novel;  
But there 's one thing I would say:  
Can the prayer support the hovel  
In the blooming month of May?

SHE

Oh, no, we take them peaches,  
And some flowers and peas and plums;  
And with these our praying reaches  
To the great heart of the slums.

HE

Well, it certainly is pretty,  
Is this “slumming,” in its way;  
But it seems to me a pity  
That you do n't give steak—in May.

SHE

Oh, how can you be so horrid?  
Charles, you do n't know what you say;  
Why, you know the weather 's torrid,  
And—well—steak is steak—in May.

HE

Well, I never go a-“slumming”  
In the sunlit month of May,  
When the honey bees are humming  
And the children laugh and play.

In the winter oft I tarry  
'Mid the poor of whom you speak;  
And the rare old beef I carry  
Drives the tear from many a cheek.

But I 'll never go a-“slumming”  
For the fashion of a day,  
When the honey bees are humming  
In the sunlit month of May.

SHE

Very well, sir, you may tarry  
With your steak till Judgment day!  
I will go and look for Harry:  
He 'll go “slumming” in the May.

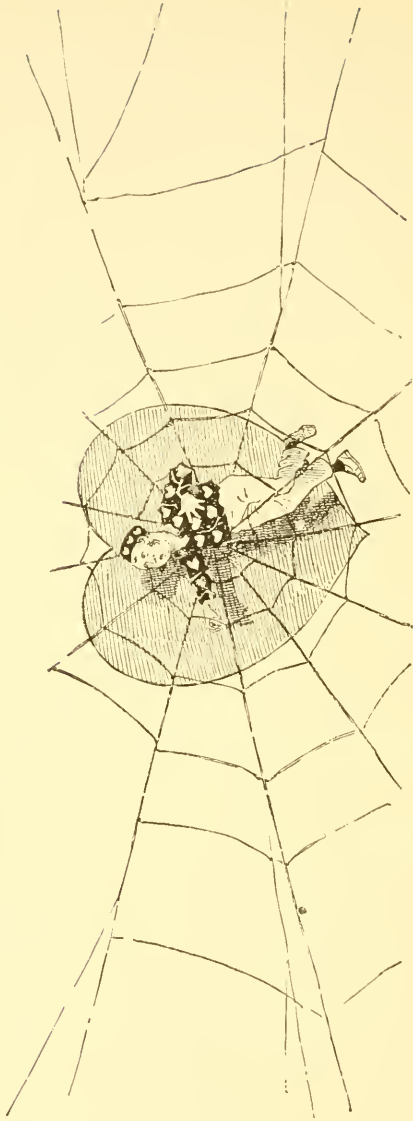
*W. J. Henderson.*

## TEN LINES ON TENNIS

*M*Y heart it is a tennis ball,  
And gaily do you whack it :

*I strike—rebound, I fly, I fall—  
I tumble to your racket.*

O lady of the vernal court !  
My heart is sore entangled  
In Cupid's net, whereto in sport  
Your fair arm—silver-bangled—  
Hath struck it (a poor tennis ball)  
To play another at its fall !



## TRIOLETS

JEUNESSE ET VIELESSE

---

I

HE

“WILL you have me, Jeanette,  
    Though I ain't an Apoller?  
I'm old, too, and yet  
    Will you have me, Jeanette?  
My money you 'll get,  
    And you have n't a dollar.  
    Won't you have me, Jeanette,  
Though I ain't an Apoller?”

II

SHE

“My answer is—yes,  
    And I blush when I say it;  
But still, I confess,  
My answer is, yes;  
For gold will redress  
    Distaste and allay it.  
So my answer is—yes,  
    Though I blush when I say it.”

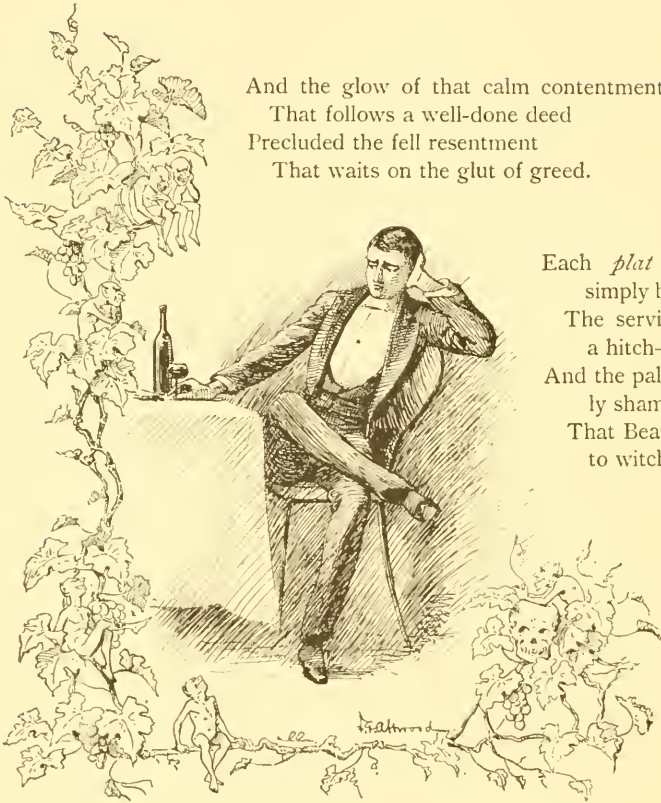
“

## COINCIDENCE

I T was after a little dinner,  
Over coffee, cigar and wine.  
I had dined as befits a sinner,  
For saints, as we know, do n't dine.

And the glow of that calm contentment  
That follows a well-done deed  
Precluded the fell resentment  
That waits on the glut of greed.

Each *plat* had been  
simply blameless,  
The service without  
a hitch—  
And the palate is surely  
shameless  
That Beaujolais fails  
to witch.



*Et puis?*—There was some-  
thing wanting  
To render the thing com-  
plete;  
Some shadowy form kept  
haunting  
The opposite vacant seat,—

When, all of a sudden, clearly  
The *étagère* clock struck  
ten,  
And memory paid me dearly  
For what had been blank  
till then.

For that was the self-same hour,  
In just such another place,  
That robbed me of hope's best flower  
And my queen of love's sweet grace.

So the wine on my lips turned bitter,  
And my *reina* refused to light;  
And the restaurant's latest sitter  
Went early to—dream that night!

*John Moran.*

---

### A PROPOSAL

“PADDLE your own canoe,”  
They told me long ago;  
In mine there's room for two—  
Will you a-boating go?



O H, J. Sullivan! Oh, J. L. Sullivan!  
Oh, John Lycurgus Sullivan, all hail!!  
Thou bottomless infinitude! Thou god! Thou you!  
Thou Zeus with all-compelling hand!  
Thou glory of the mighty Occident! Thou Heaven-born!  
Thou Athens-bred! Thou light of the Acropolis! Thou  
son of a gambolier!  
59 inches art thou round thy ribs; twice twain knuckles hast  
thou; and again twice twain.  
Thou scatterest men's teeth like antelopes at play.  
Thou straightenest thine arm, and systems rock, and eye-  
balls change their hue.  
Oh, thou grim granulator! Thou soul-remover! Thou light-  
some, coy excoriator!  
Thou cooing dove! Thou droll, droll, John!  
Thou buster!  
Oh, you! Oh, me too! Oh, me some more!  
Oh, thunder!!!

*Whalt Witman. (per J. P. L.)*



## AT THE CONFESSIONAL

(RONDEAUX)

### I

IN priestly guise he sat to hear  
Confession, he whose lips austere  
Once laughed below a long moustache  
What time he swung a sabretâche  
And swaggered as a cavalier !  
He donned this garb once when his ear  
Heard at a masked ball, troth-plight clear,  
'T was one who marked the soldier's sash  
In priestly guise.  
Later his sword upon love's bier  
He laid ; left all life held most dear,  
Curbing his froward blood's hot dash,  
Till, mortified by fast and lash,  
What carnal onslaughts need he fear  
In priestly guise ?

### II

THERE, to the stall, one eve she came,  
A lady free of outward blame ;  
Heart-heavy, heart-sore, none the less,  
For all her rustling, silken dress  
And diamonds in the dusk aflame !  
He heard that voice absolvment claim,  
Whose tones of old—dear Lord, the same !—  
Made, at the opera, gallants press  
There to the stall.  
He heard her whisper but one name—  
He, whose strong love years failed to tame.  
Vain had been all his strife and stress !  
He strangled as he strove to bless,  
Feeling how sure was fate's last aim  
There to the stall !

*John Moran.*

## TO MATILDA AT THIRTY



R. BLANK, I agree, can't allure you ;  
He's bald as the palm of your hand,—  
His years—forty-one, I assure you ;  
His figure—inclined to expand.  
Time was, when such lovers you might  
have rejected !  
Time is, when you'll take him, or linger  
dejected !

His prosing, no doubt, will perplex you ;  
His love for the poets is *nil* ;  
He'll seem to live only to vex you,  
When once he recovers his will.  
No spark of the hero in his composition,  
But get him—be thankful—and bless your con-  
dition !

At breakfast he's sure to be surly ;  
Thus heroes are, too, I am told.  
Converse not, when forced to rise early !  
(N. B.—He won't eat mutton cold.)  
Rococo and rare are the oaths that he uses—  
Consider his coffee, and cut the nine Muses !

And when, his brief idyl well over,  
Your evenings you have to yourself,  
You'll say, as you sit there in clover :  
“ Alone, yes, but not on the shelf ! ”  
Good fish in the sea, we have all of us seen them,—  
But few fish that bite, and a long way between them.

*T. R. Sullivan.*



## ABOU BEN BUTLER

ABOU BEN BUTLER (of the tribe that fleece)  
Awoke one night from dreaming of great fees  
And saw with some concern, and eke with dread,  
A fellow figuring beside his bed.  
His eyes' joint evidence constrained to trust,  
Ben Butler said, "Young man, what's that thou dost?"  
The lad replied, "A list I have prepared  
Of who conspicuously love the Lord;  
And here I have another list, again  
Of such as dote upon their fellow-men;  
And still a third I have just now begun  
Of those whose chief concern is No. 1."  
"And where am I?" said Ben. The young man said,  
"Upon each scroll I've got you at the head."  
Ben Butler said, "'T will be as well, I guess,  
To give these papers to the daily press,  
That all may know 't is better to be right  
Than to be president: Thanks, much! good night!"



A RONDO OF VE HIE WYNDE

A RONDO OF YE HIE WYND<sup>e</sup>

YE Wanton Wynde y<sup>t</sup> biteth Colde<sup>e</sup>  
Y<sup>n</sup> most unseemlie Sport<sup>e</sup> and Bolde<sup>e</sup>  
Dothe lift<sup>e</sup> A greavous Dust y<sup>t</sup> flyes  
Y<sup>n</sup> Mistresse Marjorie her Eyes,  
Soe She maie not y<sup>e</sup> Path beholde<sup>e</sup>.

Yett inne y<sup>e</sup> Waie (y<sup>t</sup> wyndinge ly<sup>es</sup>)  
Y<sup>e</sup> Gallant sorely Try<sup>d</sup> lykewise  
W<sup>th</sup> peevisch Wordes, wolde Gybe & Scolde<sup>e</sup>  
Ye Wanton Wynde.

Y<sup>e</sup> Frolick Breeze ys Plighte espy<sup>es</sup>  
& dothe a Naughtie Prank devyse,  
Y<sup>t</sup> Mistresse Marjorie ys Roll<sup>d</sup>  
Intoe y<sup>e</sup> Gallant's Clasp<sup>e</sup> & Folde,  
Whyle She, alle Redd, berayt<sup>es</sup>, w<sup>th</sup> Sigh<sup>es</sup>,  
Ye Wanton Wynde!

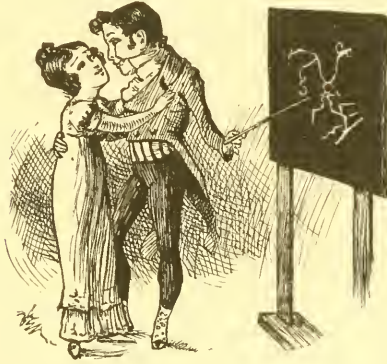
*M. E. W.*



## HER FIRST KISS

'T WAS a tremulous kiss, and it lighted just where  
I can't tell, but 't was either her eyes or her hair  
That it hit, and her sweet scarlet lips badly missed,  
So I knew 't was the first time she 'd ever been kissed.  
For when a maid 's grown somewhat used to the thing,  
Her lips to a pout like a rose's she 'll bring,  
Like a rosebud in June, while above, like soft skies,  
Gleam in coquettish mirth, her blue, black, or brown eyes,  
And 't is ten unto one you 'll alight on the spot,  
On which your attention is, so to speak, " sot."  
Unlike Algy Swinburne, I do n't think I care  
For the weariful pastime of " Kissing Her Hair."  
Does the butterfly, when for gold honey he goes,  
Seek leaves of the plant, or the flower that blows?

Well, then, this resolve have I made in my heart :  
Since Doris and I have vowed never to part,  
I 'll make it my calling, and special election,  
To educate her in the kissing direction.



---

## TWO NEGATIVES

I GAVE him his first rejection  
At Newport, a year ago ;  
At Christmas, with proper reflection,  
Again, in New York, I said "No."

There 's in grammar a rule I remember—  
Two negatives—how does it run ?  
So the cards have gone out for September,  
And my white satin gown is begun.

*Eleanor Putnam.*

## TANTALUS

HE discourses on astronomy with very best intention,  
And discloses many matters I've not previously known ;  
But for some especial reasons, I am not inclined to mention,  
I should much prefer the garden with Matilda all alone.

It is well, of course, to know about these subjects ; the propriety  
Of telling which is Saturn and the distance to the moon  
Is obvious ; it gives a certain standing in society ;  
But somehow, on this evening, I've a great desire to spoon.

The balmy air is odorous with perfume of the flowers,  
And the moonlight on the terrace is most beautiful to see ;  
But professor is excited and I know he'll talk for hours,  
While Matilda's in the garden, I suppose, expecting me.

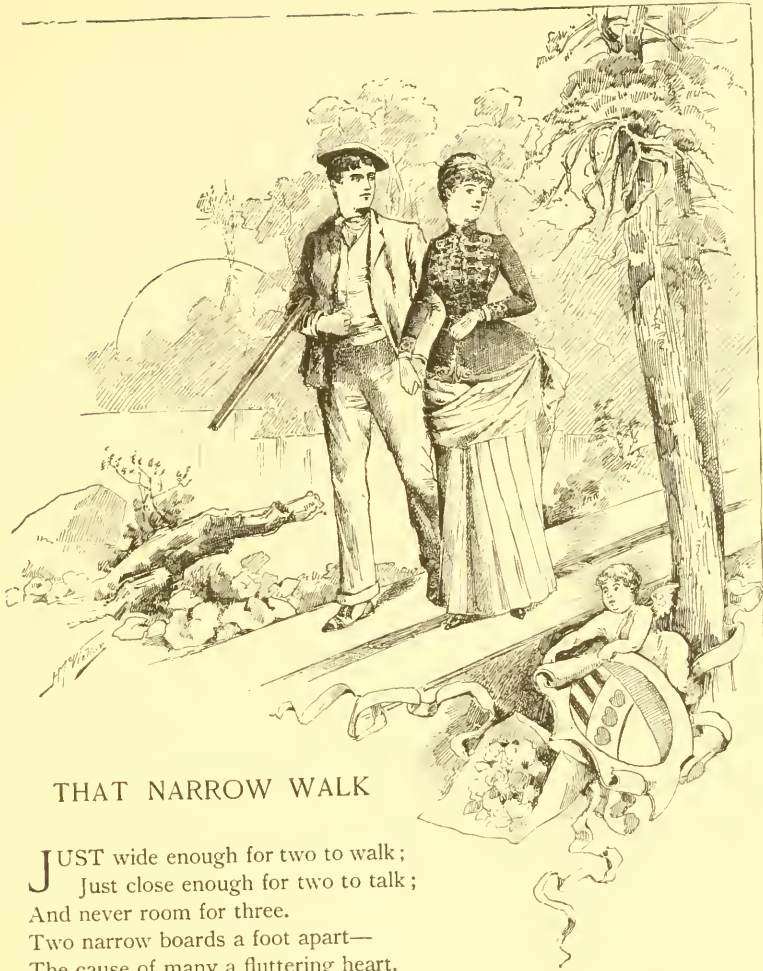
O moon ! O stars ! O Milky-way ! I care not for your density  
Your perigee and apogee possess no charms for me.  
Look down, look down in pity from your silent, vast immensity,  
And I'll study you more fully when I've grandsons on my knee.

---

## A TALE

AN orange rind on the pavement  
Sent the Lawyer head over heel.  
He split his doeskin trousers—  
He shook up his morning meal,  
While the wreck of his new "Prince Albert"  
Would n't tempt a tramp to steal.  
So he sadly said to his tailor :  
I've lost a suit on appeal."





## THAT NARROW WALK

**J**UST wide enough for two to walk ;  
Just close enough for two to talk ;  
And never room for three.  
Two narrow boards a foot apart—  
The cause of many a fluttering heart,  
As any one might see.  
Ah, wicked walk ! Ah, tricky walk !  
Just close enough for two to talk.

*H. A. Freeman.*



## CONSOLED

HOW those beastly breakers moan  
As they wash the shore!  
Sitting on the rocks alone  
Gets to be a bore.  
Into smoke my cigarette  
Slowly winds away.  
Long ago it seems, and yet  
It was yesterday—  
Yesterday the sky seemed fair;  
I was here with Nan;  
Now she's round the corner there  
With another man.  
I can see her sunshade's top  
Bobbing up and down.  
If that cad intends to stop  
I shall go to town.  
There's a Boston train to-night  
Starts at half-past eight.  
Hello! Who's that girl in white?  
Why, by Jove! it's Kate!  
She is looking rather worse,  
And extremely blue.  
I remember now, of course,  
She's deserted, too!

What she saw in such a man  
    Would be hard to state,  
But for weeks that beast with Nan  
    Has been spoons on Kate.  
Poor dear Kit ! it 's hardly bliss  
    Sitting there alone.  
How piquant her profile is,  
    Seen against the stone !  
If I really go to town  
    Nan will merely say  
That she only had to frown  
    And I rushed away.  
Kitty's voice is sweet and low,  
    Kitty's eyes are gray ;  
They can glance at one, I know,  
    In a charming way.  
Six o'clock. The wind is cold,  
    Blowing from the sea.  
Kate! we've both been badly sold—  
    Please walk home with me !



## AIMER, C'EST OUBLIER

AS I strolled on the beach with the fair Isabella—  
We were friends of long standing, I'd known her a week—  
Was it love or the shade of her gorgeous umbrella  
That fluttered in crimson across her soft cheek?

Hope tugged at my heart-strings and made me audacious,  
For when Coquetry blooms like a Provençal rose,  
It is surely a sign that she means to be gracious,  
And bless with sweet favor some one of her beaux.

So I set me to wooing, both blithely and bravely,  
Caught in mine a small hand in a brown *gant de Suède*,  
Snatched a kiss from her lips, and was begging her suavely  
To leave out my heart from the list of betrayed,

When she stopped me. "I'm sorry," she murmured, discreetly,  
"But you see,—I'm engaged!" and pretended to sigh,  
While a swift recollection upset me completely—  
"Great Heaven!" I gasped, "I forgot. So am I."

M. E. W.





## TWANKLE, TWANKLE

---

[THE Prince of Wales' proficiency on the banjo is due to lessons on that instrument by the unmarried Miss Yznaga, sister of Lady Mandeville and Lady Lister Kaye. She learned the art on her father's Louisiana plantation, and during her last visit to England had the Prince for a pupil.—*Morning Paper.*]

---

SCREAM, oh eagle of my country, fair Columbia rejoice!  
Let the land from Maine to Texas shout with universal voice.

Cry the news upon the house-tops, and proclaim it everywhere,  
For at last we 've taught the banjo to Great Britain's son, and heir.

Though the royal dwelling's echoes are aghast at the refrain,  
Yet the tinkle and the thrumming sound again and yet again.

Marlborough House is fain to listen to the "Golden Slippers'" claims,  
And the patter of the Juba haunts the palace of St. James.

One can picture the tuition—'t is a pleasant sight to see  
H. R. H. benignly seated with his banjo on his knee,

While his teacher, 'twixt the snatches of the little song she sings,  
Strives to guide his clumsy fingers as they blunder o'er the strings.

Ah! at mention of the teacher, foolish fancy needs must fly,  
Leaving memory to replace her with the thoughts of days gone by;

Bringing once again a picture of the little waves that break  
On the cypress trees' dark outlines in a lonely Southern lake;

Of a hammock idly swaying in the flower-scented air,  
Little feet in high-heeled slippers, and a mass of bronze-brown hair;

Of a slender, girlish figure in the whiteness of the moon,  
Tinkling chords that mark the rhythm of a wailing Spanish tune.

May our plaintive negro music long by Albert E. be sung;  
May the soft-toned negro accent roll most smoothly from his tongue;

But, the while he thrums his banjo, let him still remember this—  
There are few may learn to play it from a teacher sweet as his!

*Sophie St. G. Lawrence.*



## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT GOVERNOUR

AN ANTIQUE METRE STRETCHED TO A MODERN VERSION

### I

**I**T is an Ancient Governour,  
And he stoppeth one of three :  
"By thy bold cheek, by thy cock-eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

An ancient governour  
buttonholeth  
a wedding guest.

"'T is now a new Convention time,  
And thither am I sent :  
The suffering Democrats have met  
To choose a President."

He holds him with that curious eye.  
The Delegate stood still,  
And listens like a henchman true—  
The Governour hath his will.

"Now, once there was a goodly ship,  
Her name the old 'Bay State,'  
All goodly was her fair outside,  
And she carried a goodly freight.

And beginneth a  
yarn.

"A goodly freight in that grand old ship,  
 And bright her prospects then ;  
 But the people in a fit of glee,  
 Or else of madness, it may be,  
 Cried out together in accents free,  
 ' Let 's give the ship to Ben !'



" And out into the storm,  
 Sailed forth the vessel. "

The ship starteth  
 on her voyage.

" The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,  
 And out into the storm  
 Sailed forth the vessel, past the flats,  
 With a crew of 'old line ' Democrats  
 And I in my uniform !

" At length was seen, through the dismal sheen  
 That lay upon the sea,  
 A weak and piteous phantom bird,  
 Yclept Democracee.

A hungry bird fol-  
 loweth the ship.

" Though very shy, yet by-and-bye  
 The phantom bird did follow :  
 And every day, for food or play,  
 Came to the Governour's holloo. "



“ God save thee, ancient Governour,  
And keep thee lustily !—  
Why look'st thou so ? ”—“ With my cross-bow  
I shot Democracee.”



“ I shot Democracee.”

## II

Down sank the sun with sullen red,  
Down into the stormy sea :  
With terrible shock, we struck a rock,  
The rock of Tewksburee.

Now idly lies my wreckèd ship ;  
Try all the means I can,  
As idly as a speech of mine  
Affects an honest man.

The old man com-  
plaineth.

Voters, voters, everywhere !  
But all for Georgius D.  
Voters, voters, everywhere,  
But not enough for me

A phantom ship then hove in sight,  
And naught her way retards,  
Upon her deck two ghastly sprites  
Are playing a game of cards.

They meet a ship.

And well I ween, there could be seen,  
 As on the vessel came,  
 The skinny ghost of Democracee,  
 And it played a "*skinny*" game.  
 But the other wight, an honest sprite,  
 Called out in accents brave :  
 "I have won, for mine are the highest cards ;  
 You only hold the *knave* ! "



"Upon her deck two ghastly sprites  
 Are playing a game of cards."

As soon as that word was plainly heard,  
 Uprose my ghostly men,  
 And dropping in fine, the name "old line,"  
 They became "independents" then.

Now by their aid the wreck was stayed,  
 By the men of each degree,  
 But not a thing did they leave for me,  
 Not even an *LL.D.* !

He loseth his grip.

Now, this is my fate, thus to relate  
 To all the people free,  
 That the man who only cares for pelf,  
 Whose only object is himself,  
 The sooner, the better, he 's laid on the shelf,  
 To save our dear countree.

When thus he found that an honest heart  
Wins a more successful fame,  
A better judge of politics,  
That delegate became.

*Aurea.*

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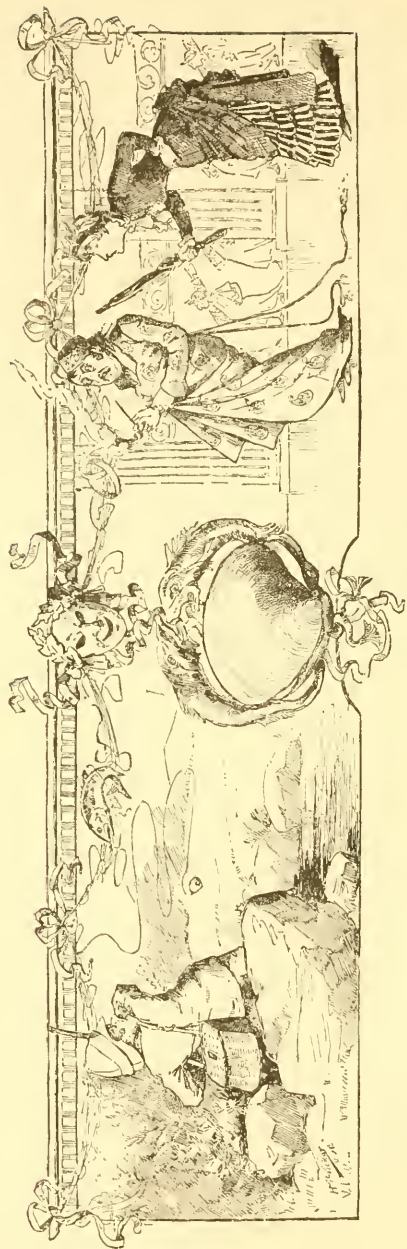
## BUT NATURAL

I MET her at the beach last year,  
And danced her down a dozen dances ;  
Arrayed in swallow-tail 't was clear  
I stood the very best of chances ;  
We lingered on the Promenade  
And parleyed personal reflections :—  
She even hinted that her Pa 'd  
Have no objections.

I own I felt encouraged then  
To rid my heart's prevailing passion,  
So in the manner of all men  
I made love in the modern fashion ;  
I soiled a pair of broad-cloth knees  
And grew as sentimental as a  
Poor mortal can—in slow degrees—  
On the piazza.

This afternoon upon Broadway  
I passed her looking sweet as ever,  
I wore my summer suit of gray—  
'T is rather shabby, true—however,  
I raised my hand to touch my hat,  
Responsive to the smile she 'd show me ;  
It grieves me sore to mention that  
She did n't know me !

*Dempsy.*



DE PROFUNDIS CLAM-AV-I

DE PROFUNDIS CLAM-AV-I

A FISHERMAN on trout intent  
Had cast his line right merrily ;  
He wanted trout, and never meant  
With other fish to be content ;  
And so he fished quite warily.

But when at last a bite he got,  
And hauled in with celerity,  
Instead of trout for which he sought,  
He found that he a clam had caught,  
Despite his great dexterity.

I loved a very stately maid ;  
She bore herself impressively  
With manner grand, demeanor staid,  
She was a most impressive maid.  
I loved her quite excessively.

I married that majestic girl,  
Rejecting others scornfully.  
I thought I had of pearls the pearl,  
I never saw so grand a girl ;  
But now I mourn quite mournfully.

Well !  
It was a really handsome clam,  
Quite free from pomp and vanity ;  
But still the fisherman said, " Dam !  
'T is not a trout ; 't is but a clam,  
And therefore my profanity."

*H. A. Freeman.*



## THE RINKER'S PSALM OF LIFE

OR, WRINKLES FOR RINKERS

---

LIFE tell not that thou affordest  
Nothing but a tiresome dream,  
That our dolls are stuffed with sawdust  
And things are not what they seem.

Lent is slow, but this thou learnest,  
Tho' the rink should be thy goal—  
Dust thou art—to dust returnest,  
Should'st thou strive on wheels to roll!

Let us have no cause for sorrow,  
Never fall or break our shins;  
Let us strive that each to-morrow  
Finds us steadier on our pins.

Rinks are smooth, and skates deceive us,  
If we've never rinked before;  
Strongest legs may slip and leave us  
Sprawling on the dusty floor.

As our shaky feet we rattle  
With all eyes upon us fixed,  
Do n't we feel like driven cattle ?  
Do n't our feet get somewhat mixed ?

Try no flyers—'t is not pleasant  
On the floor your length to spread ;  
Only keep your pins at present,  
Ankles stiff, and steady head.

Jolly rinkers all remind us  
Never was such sport before—  
We departing leave behind us  
Deep dents on the cold, hard floor.

Deep dents—that perhaps another  
Striving ease and grace to gain—  
Some forlorn, half-shipwrecked brother  
Meeting may fall down again.

Let us then be up and doing—  
Take the outer edge with care,  
Warily our course pursuing,  
Learn to fall, and not to swear !

*H. W. Shortboy.*



## LYRICS OF ERIE

### I

'T IS twilight, and a dim religious light beglooms the town  
I love to sit upon the bridge,  
And let my legs hang down.  
And while oblivious to pride  
I swing them to and fro,  
I love to watch the barges glide  
In majesty below.

How calm, how peaceful is the view!  
Deliberately sets  
The sinking orb, and now the dew  
The bridge's trusses wets.  
Hushed is the air afar and near  
About me quiet rules—  
But hark! a driver's voice I hear  
Admonishing his mules.

A shout, a blow, "Hi there! Go long!"  
A towpath Jehu this!  
"—— ————." How very strong  
That driver's language is!  
Poor patient beast, that railing boy  
Steeped to the eyes in sin—  
A sickening thud! A splash! Oh joy  
*The mules have kicked him in!*





## SONG OF THE DESERTED DAMSEL

I AM forsaken and forlorn,  
In little shreds my heart is torn ;  
I rue the day that I was born.  
Oh, dear, oh !

From morn till eve I weep and wail,  
And at my love do often rail—  
He was a Sophomore from Yale !  
O, dear, oh !

I only wish I now could find  
Another youth just to my mind  
As he was, and as sweet and kind.  
Oh, dear, oh !

For now I have a heart to let,  
Although I never can forget  
The softest youth I ever met.  
Oh, dear, oh !

Oh ye, who 've any heart to spare,  
And wish a lock of dark brown hair,  
Come, quickly answer to my prayer.  
Oh, come, oh !

*L. D.*



## AFTER THE BALL

BY THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

AND so you've come back to the ball-room  
Long after the dancing is o'er!  
Could n't sleep—yes, I know the sensation,  
For I've been there myself before.

And so you climbed in at the window!  
(I am glad there are no more spies)  
And you go straight back to that corner  
Where she looked up into your eyes!

And there, where she sat in the corner,  
You are looking with eager face,  
In the hope that she dropped a rosebud,  
Or a ribbon, or a bit of lace!

But, alas! your search will be fruitless,  
For the place has been just swept clean;  
So good-bye to the dingy ball-room,  
With its odor of kerosene.

---

### A POEM OF POVERTY

IF I had more a year, love,  
If I had more a year,  
I 'd take you to the opera,  
Which now would look quite queer;  
On carriages and Jacqueminots  
I 'd make it disappear;  
Candy, ice-cream,—what e'er you chose  
If I had more a year. •

If I had more a year love,  
I should my love confess,  
I 'd give you every kind of chance  
To softly murmur, "Yes."  
You might accept me *then*, I think,  
We 'll settle down next year,—  
The other men could take to drink  
If I had more a year.

If I had more a year, love,  
'T would very soon be shown  
If 't is (or not) a pleasant thing  
To live for one alone.  
You 're something like your mother, now;  
You 'll grow more like, I fear.  
Perhaps 't is better, anyhow,  
I have n't more a year.

M. B.

## BEGGARS' HORSES

I WISH that altitude of tone  
The waist-band's due expansion,  
The faculty to hold one's own  
In this and t'other mansion ;  
And shirts and shoes and moral force,  
Top-coats and over-gaiters,  
Were things that always came, of course,  
To philanthropic waiters.

I wish that not by twos and threes,  
In squads, and plural numbers,  
Young women would destroy one's ease  
Of mind, and rout one's slumbers ;  
But that, if by a poor heart's squirms  
Their pleasures know accession,  
They'd hold it for successive terms  
In several possession.

I wish I had been changed at birth,  
And in my place maturing  
Some infant of surpassing worth,  
Industrious past curing,  
Had grown up subject to my share  
In Father Adam's blunder,  
And left me free to pile up care  
For him to stagger under !

I wish that some things could be had  
Without foregoing others ;  
That all the joys that are not bad  
Were not weighed down with bothers.  
We can but wonder as we test  
The scheme of compensations—  
Is happiness with drawbacks best,  
Or grief with consolations ?

## LEX TALIONIS

HE offered me his heart and hand,  
Whereat I laughed and said him nay;  
But found too late that when he went  
He took my happiness away.

And so I wrote a little note :

“Dear Jack,” it asked, with sweet design,  
“In love is 't fair to change one's mind?”  
Said he : “ It is, and I 've changed mine !”

*M. E. W.*





### SERENADE—TO NORA

The moonlight is failin',  
The sad stars are palin',  
The black wings of night are a droopin' and trailin';  
The wind's miserere  
Sounds lonesome and dreary;  
The katydid's dumb and the nightingale's weary.

Oh, Nora! I'm wadin'  
The grass, and paradin'  
The dews at your door, with my swate serenadin'.  
Alone and forsaken  
Whilst you're never wakin'  
To tell me you're wid me, and I am mistaken.

Do n't think that my singin'  
It's wrong to be flingin'  
Forninst of the dreams that the angels are bringin';  
For if your pure spirit  
Might waken and hear it,  
You'd never be dreamin' the saints could come near it.

Then lave off your slapin',  
The pulse of me 's lapin'  
To have the two eyes of yez down on me papin',  
Ah, Nora! Its hopin'  
Your windy ye 'll open  
And light up the night where the heart of me 's gropin'.

*J. W. Riley.*



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## CHANGE

A LOVELESS seed slept in a cave  
Through years of frost and gloom,  
Until an angel sunbeam came  
And kissed it into bloom.

So did the blossom of my soul  
Awake, one perfect morn,  
But envious death beat down the bud,  
And left me but the thorn.

*Guy Carleton.*

## IN THE PARK

BENEATH a crown of blazing lights,  
Like stars that pierce the gloomy dark,  
All through the mellow summer nights  
The lovers linger in the park.

Bathed in a ghostly silver glare,  
The pavement shows with every breeze  
Sly shadows slipping quickly where  
The leaves are kissing in the trees.

Two faces close, while lips repeat  
That love each heart with joy receives—  
A moment—then they softly meet,  
And learn the lesson of the leaves.

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

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## OF MISTRESSE LUCE: HER EYES

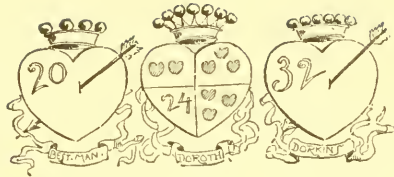
I LOOKE at Mistresse Luce, her eyes,  
And doe admire them moste sincerely;  
Yette whenne she turnes those orbs on me  
I must confesse my hearte feeles queerlye.

Y<sup>e</sup> skye atte nighte does not afforde  
Two stars of more entrancyng twinkle,  
And whenne she laughes, arounde theyre sides  
Appeares a moste bewitchynge wrinkle.

But whenne she weepes her tears obscure  
The love lighte softe withinne them glowynge;  
And nowe, as we are soone to wedde,  
Withe kisses I doe stoppe theyre flowynge.

*S. D. S., Jr.*





## DOROTHY

WHEN Dorothy was  
twenty-four,  
I was, I must confess,  
But twenty, yet for this I  
swore  
I loved her none the less.  
What though some saucy  
maiden teased,  
Or ancient one cried  
"Shame!"  
Might I not marry as  
I pleased,  
If Shakespeare did  
the same?

Although I know she favored me,  
For so she oft had said,  
This would she have no other see,  
Nor promise me to wed.

Indeed I took her much to task  
For flirting. "Very true,"  
She answered, smiling. "Thus I mask  
My preference for you."

And then I fancied—hateful thought!  
Some other might obtain  
The kiss that I myself had sought  
A thousand times in vain.  
My arguments upon this head,  
She found of little savor;  
"You jealous child, you know," she said,  
That kissing goes by favor!"

One day I met her, face to face,  
With Dorkins, arm in arm.  
So like it was to an embrace,  
I viewed them with alarm.  
She saw me; started; giggled; blushed;  
Then, pointing with her fan,  
"There's Tom; he's fond of me," she gushed;  
"Ask him to be best man."

*Walter Clarke.*

## THE DEATH OF PONCE DE LEON

[MSS. found in a bottle at Green Cove Springs, Florida, and believed to refer to the Iowa Prohibition Law.]

### I

THIS is to tell you the end of a gay and adventurous Spaniard,  
Leon his patronymic, Ponce his given name ;  
Great on plum-duff or a handspike, immense on a larboard lanyard,  
Soldier of Church and the Cross, of Spain and fortune and fame.  
Seeking the Fountain of Youth, he sailed from the sacred Saint Jago.  
Such was his innocence holy, he lay his course for the States ;  
Meaning to trade with the natives, he brought an assorted cargo—  
Rosaries, relics and rum—regardless of revenue rates.  
Ponce was a green young cove, prey to the land speculators ;  
This is the fountain he found—called, after him, “ Green Cove  
Springs.”  
Bunco-steered by land agents, bugs, beetles, and state legislators,  
Florida runners, Virginia creepers and other things.  
A fellow of temper even,  
And pleasant address as well,  
Helping a friend into heaven,  
A mere acquaintance to hell—  
He bottled the waters of youth,  
Taught savages goodness and truth,  
Imported the light of the Cross,  
Exported—a doubloon the gross—  
The water of Life. Of evil  
He 'd none. If he slew, at the worst,  
When consigning his foes to the devil,  
He always absolved them first.

### II

Our hope had been dazzled and dashed, and little left behind it ;  
Years had waxed and waned since we left St. Jago's shrine,  
Still we searched for the fountain, but hanged if we could find it.  
Weak grew our great Captain for want of the immortal wine.  
The Bottling Company (limited) stock still lower was quoted ;  
The gentle savage no longer took guaranteed scrip for sand.

We tried a collateral trust, but that mortgage could not be floated,  
 Wearier, hungrier, thirstier grow our little band.  
 Shaky the great speculation, savage the royal humor,  
 Even Ponce de Leon's hopes began to sink.  
 We thought the fountain a fable—a mere room-trader's rumor—  
 When at last we reached this longed-for fountain's brink,  
 And I said to him : “ Ponce,” says I—  
 As we sat on this golden shore,  
 And he asked me to drink it—“ Why,  
 This is water, nothing more ! ”  
 And he says to me : “ What ! ” says he ;  
 “ The fountain immortal can be  
 Only water ? Leftenant, you lie ! ”  
 And I says to him : “ Take it and try.”  
 And a Seminole maiden brought a  
 Bumper to him in his hat ;  
 And he said to me, “ Yes, it is water,  
 And d——d bad water at that ! ”

### III

One by one the soldiers took the cup and passed it  
 Onward, each to each, and set it down untried.  
 Knowing it by the smell, they did not seek to taste it ;  
 And the Captain, speaking, called me to his side.  
 “ Tell the King, to the ground has come the great undertaking ;  
 All the Springs we 've struck are water—nothing more.  
 Bugs infest 'em and snakes, their thirst uncultured slaking ;  
 Lying thick on their brinks is the barbarous alligator.  
 Nothing is left us to drink, nor eau-de-vie nor whiskey.  
 In this land the mint and julep flower no more.”  
 So great Ponce de Leon, far from his own sweet Biscay,  
 Felt my answer pierce and cleave him to the core.  
 And he bowed down his hopeless head  
 In the drift of the wide world's tide,  
 And dying, “ *It is water,* ” he said ;  
 “ *It is water !* ” He said it—and died.

And when the maiden brought up  
To us the insipid cup,  
We answered, in one breath :  
“ Remove it ; bring us death ! ”  
When Ponce raised his high, sad head  
Once more, no soldier replied ;  
Then, dying, “ *Thou hast conquered,* ” he said,  
“ *Prohibition!* ” He said it—and died.



### A TIME-WORN TALE

WHEN for Old Orchard Beach I departed,  
With my pocketbook full—glad and gay,  
I ne'er thought I'd return broken-hearted ;  
Broken pocketbooked too, by the way.

In the usual way, there I met her  
(The charmer, I hardly need say) ;  
Though I hate her I'll never forget her,  
For she pulverized me the first day.

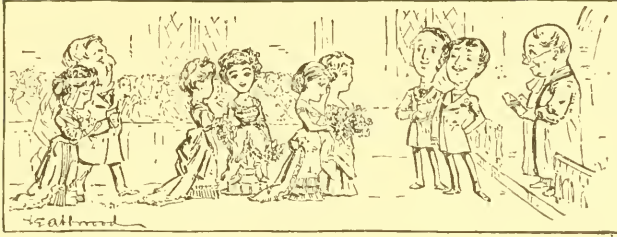
By wire-pulling worked with discretion  
I got into her own special *clique*,  
And I yielded and made a confession  
Within the short space of a week.

She was sorry she never could love me,  
Regretted to notice my "weeps;"  
But she swore by the heavens above me,  
"Did n't know I was 'playing for keeps.'"

*Aristophanes.*

N. B.—There is a curse goes with this poem.





## WHEN MAIMIE MARRIED

WHEN Maimie married Charley Brown,  
Joy took possession of the town ;  
The young folks swarmed in happy throngs—  
They rang the bells—they carolled songs—  
They carpeted the steps that led  
Into the church where they were wed ;  
And up and down the altar-stair  
They scattered roses everywhere ;  
When, in her orange-blossom crown,  
Queen Maimie married Charley Brown.

So beautiful she was, it seemed  
Men, looking on her dreamed they dreamed ;  
And he, the holy man who took  
Her hand in his, so thrilled and shook,  
The gargoyles round the ceiling's rim  
Looked down and leered and grinned at him  
Until he half forgot his part  
Of sanctity, and felt his heart  
Beat worldward through his sacred gown—  
When Maimie married Charley Brown.

The bridesmaids kissed her left and right—  
Fond mothers hugged her with delight—  
Young men of twenty-eight were seen  
To blush like lads of seventeen,  
The while they held her hand to quote  
The sentiments some poet wrote.—  
Yea, all the heads that Homage bends  
Were bowed to her—but O, my friends,  
My hopes went up—my heart went down  
When Maimie married *Charley Brown!*

*J. W. Riley.*







## LILY

AIRY, fairy Lily!  
Dot leedle Deutch gal, Lily!  
Ven I ekshd her off she love me,  
She shoumps rightd oop, by shinks, und shoves me—  
“Go vay, Hans, you silly.”  
Lily veighs two hoonert pound,  
Airy, fairy Lily.

Ven I gourt dot Lily  
(Lily vos a vidder),  
I do n'd gif somedings away,  
I do n'd tell her vot I say—  
She 's no pig vool, needer :

Schmile und schmile youst all de vile,  
Whispers nodding oudt, but schmile,—  
Dot 's youst like a vidder ;  
Vot off she veigh tree hoonert pound,  
Dot ish no heft for a vidder.

Ve gets married righd away  
Off I do n'd gif her der midden.  
Lily 's so pig ash a bale of hay,  
But she 's youst like a kitten.  
When ve fighd, den we agree ;  
Lily vos de gal for me—  
Vot off she veigh seex hoonert pound,  
Dot shblaindid vidder, Lily!

*Harold Van Santvoord.*

---

## GOOD LORD DELIVER US

I WENT to church and with my aunt  
Knelt where the richest people kneeled ;  
I listened to the rector's chant  
Oft broken as the organ pealed—  
“ Good Lord deliver us.”

Stained glass, and gilt, and velvet stools,  
With many a saint in fresco work  
I saw, and thought (O fool of fools !)  
“ Of our plain, white-washed village kirk—  
Good Lord deliver us.”

I whispered, “ Who is yonder man  
Gray-haired and praying so devout ? ”  
Quick glanced my aunt, as woman can,  
And said, scarce turning head about,  
“ Good Lord deliver us.”

“ Director—bank ! ” she whispered me ;  
“ Defaulted—million dollars, dear—  
Heads every public charity.”  
I clutched my purse and gasped in fear,  
“ Good Lord deliver us.”

“ But he, dear aunty, over there,  
Who worships with such pious look ;  
The one with apostolic air,  
Who chants so sweetly from his book—  
Good Lord deliver us ? ”

“ Stock-broker, love—a Cræsus, too—  
Appropriated funds, they say—  
He 'd make a splendid catch for you.”  
I hid my country face to pray,  
“ Good Lord deliver us.”

I glanced around. There must be one  
Good man amongst these wicked men.  
“ Pray what has that fair Christian done ? ”  
If such a face knows thieving, then  
Good Lord deliver us.

“ He 's no one, pet. I 'm half afraid  
The fellow keeps a bucket-shop.”  
“ At least,” quoth I, “ an honest trade.”  
My aunt quite out of place let drop,  
“ Good Lord deliver us ! ”

*S. Conant Foster.*

# A SAIL IN A CAT-BOAT

I

I SHALL have a nice trip  
Of the sea air I'll sip.  
(What makes the thing tip?)

II

In this sweet little boat,  
On the billows afloat,  
(Where is my rubber coat?)

III

I could sail for a year  
Without any fear.  
(I'm feeling so queer!)

IV

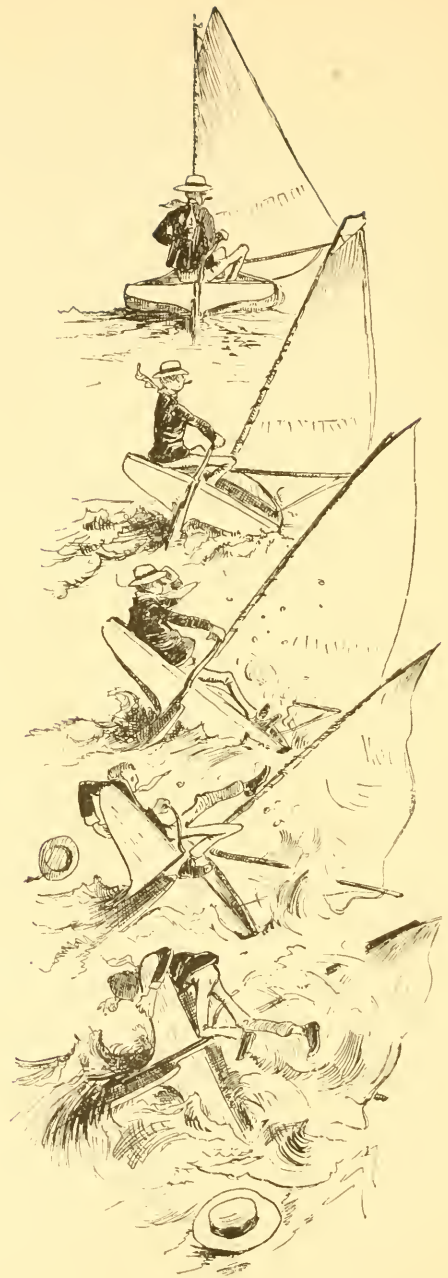
O'er the ocean I'll roam;  
I will skim o'er the foam,  
(I wish I were home!)

V

While the winds moan and  
sigh  
And the waters dash high,  
(I'm afraid I shall die.)

VI

\*\*!\*\*\* (—) \*?\*, ; .  
? ! ! ! ! ! ! — — ? — !  
Oh, my!



L. D.

## THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

O H, the weather was fine,  
When I sailed down the Rhine ;  
The sky was an orthodox blue up above us ;  
And an old lady cried,  
Who sat by my side,  
“God a mercy, the paddle-wheels, how they do shove us !”



Says I to a man near by :  
“Sir, what a charming sky ;  
I really know nothing to which I can liken it.”  
Then he nodded his head,  
As he feelingly said :  
“*Ja wohl, lieber Herr, er ist ganz aus gezeichnet.*”



Turning then me another way :  
"Truly, a lovely day,"  
I remarked to a blonde who could not have been  
blonder ;  
Whereupon she said, smiling,  
In tones quite beguiling :  
*"Pardon, monsieur, mais—je ne peux pas com-  
prendre."*

Then I tackled a priest,  
Hoping Irish at least :  
"Well arranged are these pleasant green valleys  
towninacuss,"  
Says I to him ; but,  
When his mouth came unshut,  
His rejoinder was : "*Sum pauper frater Dominicus.*"





But a bottle of wine  
Rendered everything fine—  
Aha ! though it spoke through its nose it was sensible ;  
French, Italian, or German,  
Or grown with John Sherman,  
It's the wine, when it talks, that is all comprehensible.



## LOCHINVAR EX-COLORADO

OH, the cow-puncher Budge has come in from the West ;  
In all Colorado his ranch is the best ;  
And, barring a toothbrush, he baggage had none,  
For he came in some haste, and he came not for fun ;  
Nor vigils nor gold to his quest does he grudge—  
On an errand of love comes the cow-puncher Budge.

A telegram reached him ; he called for a horse ;  
He rode ninety miles as a matter of course ;  
The last twenty-seven he galloped, and then  
Just caught the Atlantic Express at Cheyenne.  
He staid not to eat nor to drink, for he knew  
He could pick up a meal on the C. B. and Q.

He got to Chicago the second day out,  
But right through Chicago he kept on his route,  
Nor staid to buy linen, not even a shirt ;  
He liked flannel best and he did n't mind dirt.  
With trousers tucked into his boots, said he " Fudge—  
Small odds—if I get there," said bold Robert Budge.

\* \* \* \* \*

From Worth, the Parisian of awful repute,  
Had come divers gowns to Angelica Bute,  
And parcels from Tiffany daily were stowed  
Away in strong rooms of her father's abode ;  
But she languished, nor heeded she hint, cough or nudge ;  
She was bound to Fitz James, but she cottoned to Budge.



But hark ! 'T is the door-bell ! A symptom of joy  
Lights her eye—" Ah ! at last ! " 't is a messenger boy ;  
The maid brings a message ; she takes it, half dead  
With mingled excitement, hope, eagerness—dread.  
*" Mayor's house, on Thursday, at nine ; let me judge  
What next ; only meet me there*

*faithfully,  
Budge."*

\* \* \* \* \*

On Thursday at nine, to the house of the Mayor,  
Two persons came singly, but left it a pair.  
A man, and a bride in a travelling dress,  
Went Westward at ten on the Lightning Express.  
A wedding at Grace Church which should have occurred  
At twelve, was, for reasons not given, deferred.





## WHILE CIGARETTES TO ASHES TURN



### I

He smokes—and that's enough!" says Ma.

"And cigarettes, at that!" says Pa.

"He must not call again!" says she.

"He shall not call again!" says he.

They both glare at me as before—

Then quit the room and bang the door.

While I, their willful daughter, say,

I guess I'll love him, anyway!"

### II

At twilight, in his room, alone,  
His careless feet inertly thrown

Across a chair, my fancy can  
But worship this most worthless man!

I dream what joy it is to set  
His slow lips round a cigarette,

With idle-humored whiff and puff—  
Ah! this is innocent enough!

To mark the slender fingers raise,  
The waxen match's dainty blaze,

Whose chastened light an instant glows  
On drooping lids and arching nose,

Then, in the sudden gloom, instead,  
A tiny ember dim and red,

Blooms languidly to ripeness, then  
Fades slowly, and grows ripe again !

### III

I lean back, in my own boudoir—  
The door is fast, the sash ajar ;

And, in the dark, I smiling stare  
At one wide window over there,

Where some one, smoking, pinks the gloom—  
The darling darkness of his room !

I push my shutters wider yet,  
And lo ! I light a cigarette ;

And gleam for gleam, and glow for glow,  
Each pulse of light a word we know,

We talk of love that still will burn  
While cigarettes to ashes turn.

*J. W. Riley.*

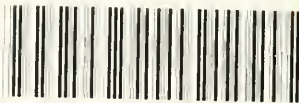








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