

both of idhom are lorking care fully doron amonyst the sand Seckuy perhapo fur Shello. The poet has hio eyes fixed sea-wards tordards the horizon may be he is watchiny the glitter any idave-cresto, the soaring birds, the feathur-like cland. . . . Idhen willing a fero yards from idhere 3 aus Staudius ne sudden-ly stopo and excitedly callo the attention of the old man to something whict he sees, far away to the 3 outh: "Idonderfut! Isonderful!" Ne cries. "A laud that has risen from the sea! Look! Look!" de all lodkehu the direction the indicated and there, Lure endeffu, was to be scen the most lovely land that ever poet idasking of in trio dream: a land of lilaes and of roses; of lilaes and of roses; of rainbows glitterius on the spray of fountaino falline on Sando of gold; of surect maidens, in pale draperies, Slumbering on idhite marble seato ou terraces that overlodhed the sea; and all bencath a sky of vaparous blue.

But it was not that idlict cored be seen idlinct 3o enraptured, but rather idhat one felt must be found in that magic island; something 5o certain yet 5o redefined. There mere floroers; therefore there must be bees with murmurius coings; there vere florvero: there were gardens: Merefora birds singins amonpt the Almond-Elosasoms in tu twiliglit. And, above all, that parfact peace the possession polhict would more that repay aux possible hardshises: undergone to attain it.

So the poet Said: "Let us go. The Godo are not dead! Over there in the island they still live; troubling themselves no longer with the affairs of mortalo they are happy in that exile tordlinct they have been banistred by the too-prosaic ideas of the nerdera. Let us go: perhaps they ivill admit us to share their exile."

And the old man Said: "Let us go: there is gold in the island! red and yellord gold. Many a time nave 3 seen the island appear: many a timo have 3 gone ont towards it, but alas! never Couldt get to it befora il disappeared. Let us goat once or it will too late."

"Let us go" Said the Child", if there are fluvero. . . .

Lo they todk a boat that idas lying on the beach and went toyards the island. O sand them go. The young man rowed, the old man held the tilles; the child sat in the prord, catchinx worth both hauds at the foam. On and on they went, but before they nad been gone five or six minutes 3 sand the island vanish, fadins firat and becominx confourde ed urith the mist Miat joined sea and sley. But still they rowed omdards. I called to them but they could not hear me. So Sit-aided in the tivilight till they Should return.

The sun went doron behind the purple hills, and flamins Clouds hung like tapisries

in the idast. But not nutil the sapphire sky idas filled urith many stars did? hear the plash of the peturnins oars.

"Too late! Too late!" Said the old man. "Ude must roro faster next time. All had disappeared."

"All had disappeared" echoed the child. "There rucere not even any flouvers. . . ." And the poet wept.

The Grandson of the Veteran

I 'VE got the finest grandpapa
That ever lived, I b'lieve;
He used to be a soldier boy—
He 's got one empty sleeve.

He tells the grandest tales to me,
Of battles that he fought;
Of how he marched, and how he charged,
And how that he got shot.

My papa was a soldier, too;
No battles was he in,
And when I ask him, "Why?" he laughs,
And guesses he "was tin."

I 've tried to understand their talk,
And b'lieve I have it right:
My grandpa licked so many, there
Were none for pa to fight.

Arthur E. Parke.

Jean Pasco's Trading

JEAN PASCO walked to Furnier's store,
Jean drove a horse back to his door;
The neighbors said: "Look, he feels big!
He 's traded the cow for a horse and rig!"

"Margot," cried Jean, "it 's summer now;
We 'll go on the road and need no cow!
This horse, you say, is too old to pull?
Not so; he can pull a wagonful—
Us two and the boys and more besides.
Oh, the road is good for one that rides!

"We 'll take a huckleberry load
And peddle to people along the road;
There 's money to make and things to see,
Silk for you and clothes for me!
Margot, you 'll say I 'm a clever one
The day our traveling has begun."

Before Jean Pasco spoke a word more,
Margot jumped in and drove to the store.
"Here is your horse!" she cried, "and now,
Jean Pasco, quick, bring home the cow!
Did you think to trade for clothes and silk
The cow that gives the children milk?
Next time you 'll know there is no trade
Till Margot Pasco says it 's made."

Francis Sterne Palmer.

Dat 'Skeeter

(A NARRATIVE BY BRUDDER GRIPPER, WITH CHORUS)

I 's 'quainted wid a 'skeeter—oh, he hab a hard heart!
 (Listen, now, Brudder Grip, listen, now!)
 He do sting me in the forehead an' ebery tender part.
 (Gracious Dow, Brudder Grip, gracious Dow!)
 W'en I rise up in de mo'nin', w'en I lay me down fer sleep,
 (Oh, cry, Brudder Gripper, oh, cry!)
 Dat 'skeeter he beside me, an' a studdy watch he 'll keep—
 (Till yer die, Brudder Grip, till yer die!)
 He foller me ter meetin', where de preacher talkin' tall,
 (Dat 's so, Brudder Gripper, dat 's so!)
 An' w'en I rise ter cogitate an' 'terrogate dem all,
 (Don't we know, Brudder Grip, don't we know?)
 Dat 'skeeter he sneak close ter me, he crawl up by my side,
 (He do, Brudder Gripper, he do!)
 An' de mo' dat I does appetite de wuss do he deride.
 (Dat 's true, Brudder Gripper, dat 's true!)
 Well, one night w'en de moon been high, an' watermelons fine,
 (You bet, Brudder Gripper, you bet!)
 I sneak down ter de Big House, jest fer *look* at maussa's vine.
 (Don't fret, Brudder Gripper, don't fret!)

I jest been wished fer test dem, so I 'blige ter eat a few—
 (*We* know, Brudder Gripper, *we* know!)
 Old maussa hab so many he can't grudge me one or two;
 (Dat 's so, Brudder Gripper, dat 's so!)
 But when I kinder runnin' home, 'c'ase maussa might be by,
 (Understan', Brudder Gripper, understan'!),
 Dat 'skeeter come behind me, an' I light out wid a cry.
 (Oh, land, Brudder Gripper, oh, land!)
 De for'man he been ketched me, an' he licked me black an' blue.
 (What a row, Brudder Grip, what a row!)
 Lor'! W'en I grabbed dat 'skeeter I killed him troo an' troo.
 (I swow, Brudder Gripper, I swow!)
 But dere ain't no use in killin'—dat 'skeeter 's livin' now!
 (Take keer, Brudder Gripper, take keer!)
 An' w'en I die, an' Peter plant dat crown upon my brow—
 (He 'll be dere, Brudder Grip, he 'll be dere!)
 Yas! He 'll settle down beside me upon dat pu' white t'rone,
 An' w'en I ride dat chariot, I ain't gwine ter be alone:
 Dat 'skeeter 'll sting in Paradise as sho as you is bo'n.
 ('T ain't fair, Brudder Gripper, 't ain't fair!)

Margaret Rutherford Willett.



Drawn by E. W. Kemble

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