

With epaulets as golden as the sun,  
 And two big ostrich feathers in my cap.  
 Make me so good that when my stockings I  
 Begin to empty, say, at four o'clock,  
 'T will take me until luncheon-time comes by  
 To gather in the store of candied stock—  
 The heel and toe ram-jammed with  
 caramels,  
 Marsh-mallows up to, say, about a half,  
 Then sugared fruits and nuts without their  
 shells  
 Laid in on top, and bulging out the calf.

Make me so true that I 'll deserve these  
 things  
 So certainly that Santa Claus will see,  
 No matter what the lovely things he brings,  
 He cannot help but leave them all for me.  
 Make me so good that all my uncles, aunts,  
 Grandmothers, teachers, nurses—all will  
 say,  
 "Now is n't this a really splendid chance  
 To do our level best on Christmas day!"  
*John Kendrick Bangs.*

#### The Chord of D

Brunhilde.



Ho - jo - to - ho.....

BRUNHILDE, go and call the horses home,  
 And call the horses home,  
 And call the horses home,  
 Across the chord of D.  
 The wind was wild and off the key did roam,  
 And all alone sang she.

The violins crept up along the chord,  
 And o'er and o'er the chord,  
 And round and round the chord,  
 And almost got the key.  
 The leader's stick came down and hit the  
 board,  
 And ever true sang she.

Oh, is it note, *motif*, or bit of air—  
 A tiny bit of air  
 A drowned bit of air,  
 Above orchestral sea?  
 Was ever leader's beat yet so unfair  
 Across the chord of D?

He made it seem she was the one to roam,  
 While strings and brass did roam,  
 Forgot her part to roam,  
 Into another key.  
 The critics could n't hear her call the  
 horses home  
 Across the chord of D.

*Esther Singleton.*

#### The Eternal Masculine

##### The Little Girl Speaks:

Boys are so bad and rough and rude,  
 They bother girls and strike 'em;  
 But yet, in spite of everything,  
 We cannot help but like 'em.

They tease us and they pull our hair,  
 They break our dolls and toys;  
 But would n't we be lonesome  
 If there were n't any boys!

#### EFFLORESCENCE

##### The Little Boy Speaks:

The Indian chief wears paint and beads,  
 The rooster wears a crimson crest,  
 The peacock wears a spangly tail  
 That outdoes all the rest.

My sister wears a crimson sash,  
 And peacock feathers in her hat,  
 And strings of sparkling Indian beads,  
 And other things like that.

But boys don't wear a single thing  
 To make them spangly, gay, or queer.  
 I guess I 'll go and make a noise,  
 Or folks won't know I 'm here.

*Catalina V. Pérez.*



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

#### A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT

THE BOY: I like red hair—honest I do. An', anyway, your  
 hair is n't so awful red.

## An Overworked Ring

As everybody knows, even a virtue may be carried to excess. It was Joseph Devine's most prominent virtue that lost him the hand of high-spirited Angélique Desormier. Angélique's mother, the widowed Lizette, told all the world about it.

"Ah, dose good Joseph ee ees moch too careful hon top dose money of herself. She ees squeeze hall dose coppaire cent until dose Indian-man hon herself ees proceed for holler, 'Elp! 'Elp!'

"Ma frien', eet ees good for save, for lay aside, for hoard som' beeg umbrel' behin' som' rainy day; but, mesdames, messieurs, behol' dose Joseph. She ees save *too* moch. She ees make of dose blessed dry season one horror, of dose umbrel' a shelter to dread. She ees expect a flood, dose Joseph.

"Eet ees one ring—but one small li'le ring—w'at he ees go for buy for Angélique w'at ees mak' dose expose, dose most worst give-away of Monsieur Joseph. I tole you, hey?

"For fi-seex year Joseph ees come for court ma daughtaire Angélique. For, observe, now; dose so careful Joseph ees not lak' som' *personne* w'at ees rush out for buy som' pork in a pink sunbonnet. But, no. Joseph weel mak' sure of dose good healt', dose wisdom, dose housekeep', dose handsome looks of Angélique biffore she ees tie heemself up by dose girl for bad.

"Behol' dose Angélique ees grow hon herself more strong, more bettaire for looks, more to beweetsh som' boy hall de taimé. So, hon dose week biffore Christmas, Joseph ees speak to heem at last. He ees got close hon his ear an' say, 'Angélique, weel you go got marry wit' me, hey?'

"An' dose Angélique, hall red on hees cheek ees mak' reply, 'But *certainement, mon ami*.'

"So Monsieur Joseph ees go away queek for proceed to buy som' ring—som' plain gold ring hon top som' second-hand store.

"'Angélique,' ee ees remark, w'en ee ees return hon herself, 'dose lar-r-rge expense of dose fine ring ees moch too beeg for de purpose of betrothment honly. See, eet mus' be for dose Christmas present of you, halso. An' behol', Angélique, eet ees of plain gold. Eet mus' do likewise for som' marriage ring of us.'

"But, messieurs, eet ees dose plan w'at ees finish dose good Joseph.

"'But, no,' Angélique ees reply, as she ees grow heemself seex-seven feet more tall, 'take your ol' betrothment-Christmas-wedding r-r-r-ring! Me, I would rather got drown hall hovaire dan spen' ma mos' rainy

day undaire dose stingy ol' umbrel' of you, Joseph Devine.'

"An', ma frien', dat ees dose whole reason why dose Angélique ees elope hon New Year wit' Napoleon Drolette, w'at ees nevaire save one dollaire hon her whole life."

Carroll Watson Rankin.

## The Cut Finger

## THE GOSsoon [Weeping]

It 's bleedin'! It 's bleedin'!

## THE OULD WOMAN [Soothingly]

An' shure, me lad, 't is bleedin';  
But come, me hearty laddy buck, be brave  
an' do not cry;  
A lad that 's learnin' readin' sh'u'd be far  
beyond the heedin'  
Av a tiny bit o' finger cut that hurrts a bit  
foreby.

'Ere ye come till wan an' twinty  
Ye 'll be havin' hurrts in plinty  
An' ye 'll learn a bit o' bleedin' does n't  
mean ye 're goin' t' die.

## THE GOSsoon [Crying]

It 's bleedin'! It 's bleedin'!

## THE OULD WOMAN [Comfortingly]

An' shure, me lad, 't is bleedin';  
But he 's me slashin' buckeen, an' he will  
not weep at all;  
A rag is all 't is needin' fer t' sthoph the  
whole proceedin',  
An', shure, a bit o' rosy blood won't make  
me gossoon bawl;  
Fer 't is but wan way av knowin'  
Ye have good red blood a-flowin'  
An' a-workin' all inside av ye t' make ye  
strong an' tall.

## THE GOSsoon [Sobbing]

It 's bleedin'! It 's bleedin'!

## THE OULD WOMAN [Lovingly]

Aye, aye, me lad, 't is bleedin',  
An' some foine day yer heartt will bleed as  
bleeds the heartt av me.  
The saints ye will be pleadin', but 't is little  
they 'll be heedin',  
Fer the worl'd is full av bleedin' heartts on  
either side the sea.  
An' I 'd die t' aise the achin'  
Whin ye feel yer heartt a-breakin',  
But, ah! the poor ould woman won't be  
there t' comfort ye.

Ellis Parker Butler.