

THREE LYRICS

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

I

LOVE IN A LOOK

LET me but feel thy look's embrace,
Transparent, pure, and warm,
And I'll not ask to touch thy face,
Or fold thee with mine arm.
For in thine eyes a girl doth rise,
Arrayed in candid bliss,
And draws me to her with a charm
More close than any kiss.

A loving-cup of golden wine,
Songs of a silver brook,
And fragrant breaths of eglantine,
Are mingled in thy look.
More fair they are than any star,
Thy topaz eyes divine—
And deep within their trysting-nook
Thy spirit blends with mine.

II

MY APRIL LADY

WHEN down the stair at morning
The sun-rays round her float,
Sweet rivulets of laughter
Are bubbling in her throat;
The gladness of her greeting
Is gold without alloy;
And in the morning sunlight
I think her name is Joy.

When in the evening twilight
The quiet book-room lies,
We read old songs of sorrow,
While from her hidden eyes

The tears are falling, falling,
That give her heart relief;
And in the shadowy twilight,
I think her name is Grief.

My little April lady!
Of sunshine and of showers
She weaves the old spring magic,
And breaks my heart in flowers!
But when her moods are ended,
She nestles like a dove;
Then, by the pain and rapture,
I know her name is Love.

III

A LOVER'S ENVY

I ENVY every flower that blows
Beside the pathway where she goes,
And every bird that sings to her,
And every breeze that brings to her
The fragrance of the rose.

I envy every poet's rhyme
That moves her heart at eventime,
And every tree that wears for her
Its brightest bloom, and bears for her
The fruitage of its prime.

I envy every Southern night
That paves her path with moonbeams white,
And silvers all the leaves for her,
And in their shadow weaves for her
A dream of dear delight.

I envy none whose love requires
Of her a gift, a task that tires:
I only long to live to her,
I only ask to give to her
All that her heart desires.



TAFT AS ADMINISTRATOR

TRAITS AND METHODS AS REVEALED BY
HIS WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY JAMES A. LE ROY

A MAN does not become President of the United States without having had the main facts of his life, and many minor incidents of it, published and republished. Mr. Taft had experienced this sort of publicity long before the campaign of 1908. We are now asking, What has he done? and, What manner of man is he? solely with reference to the larger question: What sort of President will he be?

Nobody can be ignorant of the fact that the new President is a very genial man. Only those who have come into personal contact with him can comprehend the full force of his winning personality. But the "Taft smile," once celebrated only in the Philippines, has become proverbial around the world, and surely that hypothetical being known as the "general reader" has long since learned that there is more than "hail-fellow-well-met" in this man's make-up, and that his stock of good-nature is a compound of magnificent tactfulness, a sane outlook upon life in the broader as well as in the lesser aspects, and a vigorous optimism that is almost invincible.

Something more than mere diplomacy was at the basis of Mr. Taft's success as a witness before the Senate Committee at Washington in 1902. It was shortly after his first return from the Philippines, and for days he had to undergo a searching and critical partizan examination, being meanwhile under the care of surgeons. The logic and the mastery of the subject he there displayed, impressed not only official Washington, but the whole nation; and it may be said that from that day to this there has been a general con-

sensus of opinion that the policy he advocated ought to have a fair trial in the Philippines. Any one will appreciate Mr. Taft's achievement who recalls what a tangle of conflicting views and contradictory testimony had been our "Philippine question" from 1898 to 1902. Afterward, in the heat of the bitterest partizan debate for years, not a Democrat critic—at least, in the Senate—but turned for a moment from personal recrimination and partizan attack to pay a compliment to Mr. Taft's fairness and honesty. He has never had a more striking tribute than that.

We human beings are, sadly enough, too cynical to accept such good humor quite at its face value at once. I have to be lenient with those who, after one or two meetings with Mr. Taft, pronounce him just a "good politician"; for, when I left newspaper work, a calling wherein one easily comes to think that every one treats him well because he has an ax to grind, or as a matter of policy, and went out with the Taft Commission in 1900, I made at first the same explanation of Mr. Taft's beaming smile and ever-ready joke. It required some months to learn that this was a man whose outlook on life was a constantly happy one, rather a constitutionally happy one; that he met and treated high and low in the same way, whether Japanese 'rickshaw man, Filipino servant, clerical subordinate, diplomat, or official.

I had begun to doubt whether Mr. Taft had a temper, when, one day, I happened to be the bearer of a written message, petty in tone and on a minor matter, but the more amazing because it came as the climax of a series of attempts to put