

the wild thyme grows; and another almost equally noted is the bank on which the moonlight slept so sweetly in Jessica's time. The hospital is a fine up-to-date building for the benefit of lovesick swains. Special wards are provided for sufferers from blues, melancholia, palpitation, heart failure, and lover complaint. At the livery-stables, palfreys may be engaged for eloping purposes, or chargers may be hired by the lover of medieval tastes.

*Time* in Arcady is entirely a matter of opinion. To a waiting lover, the minutes may seem hours, while to happy hearts a golden day flies by as if on wings.

*Side Trips:* Indefatigable travelers may choose to climb the Delectable Mountains, which lie not far away. From Hymettus Hill, the highest peak of these, one—no, two—may go to the End of the Rainbow, and bask in the golden light of the Honeymoon shining aloft in the Seventh Heaven.

*Carolyn Wells.*

#### The Joker

So you 're 'way down in the dumps—  
Blue, you say?  
Think you 've played out all your trumps?  
Oh, go 'way!  
Life 's not like a game of poker;  
In this game you use the Joker.  
It 's the card you hold the longest;  
It 's the one you find the strongest:  
Laugh, and drive the blues away!  
Laugh, I say!

*Jean Dwight Franklin.*

#### The Wooing

(*She*)

Yes?

(*He*)

OVER yonder, pretty lady,  
Waits an olden tree;  
Won't you where it 's cool and shady—  
Come and sit with me?

You may judge me but a booby,  
Yet I beg you come and see.  
I can sapphire find, and ruby,  
Under yonder tree.

(*She*)

I think that you 're queer in your head;  
Such nonsense I never have heard.  
But I 'll come if you 'll give me your word  
That there 's something behind what you 've  
said—

I 'll come, though I think you 're absurd.

(*He*)

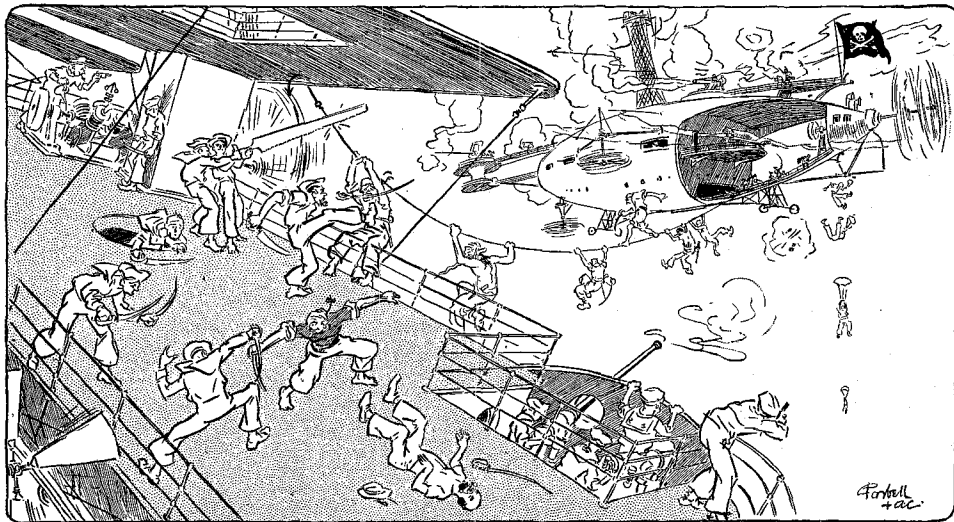
Then I 'll show you, pretty lady,  
Where the water-cross  
Holds a mirror, cool and shady—  
Oh, but can't you guess?

Gaze—and think me not a booby—  
In this little pool and see  
Eyes of sapphire, lips of ruby.  
Will you marry me!

(*She*)

Yes.

*Witter Bynner.*



Drawn by Charles Forbell

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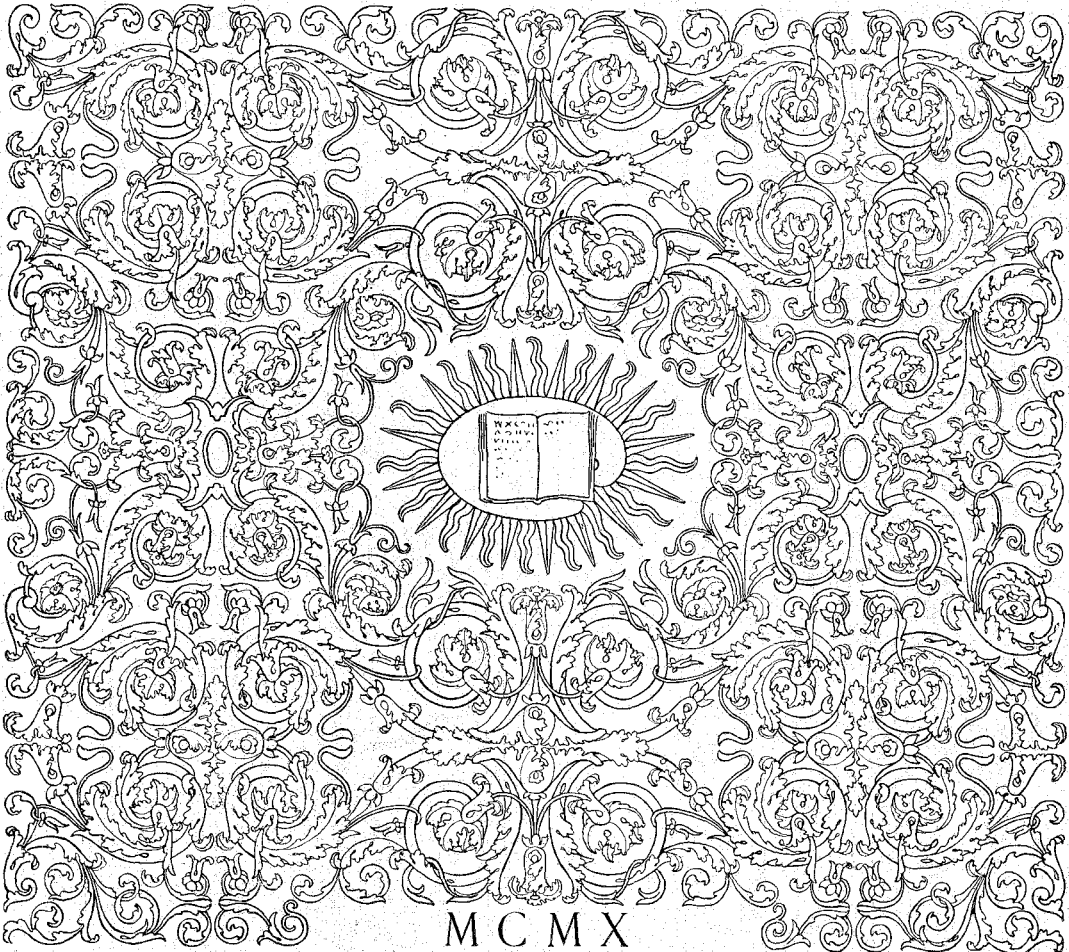
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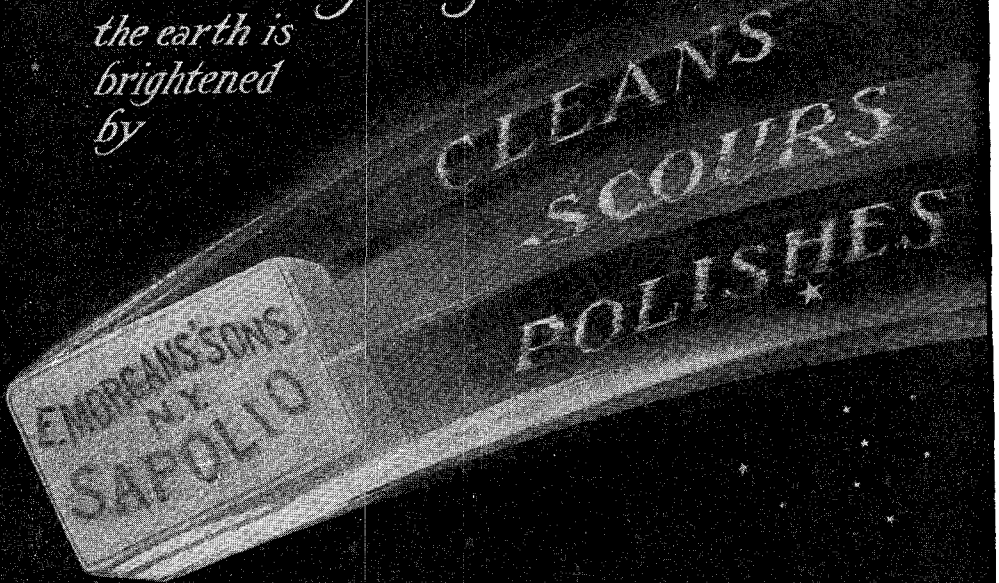
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Halley's Comet  
*brightens the skies once  
in seventy-five years*

But Every Day  
*the earth is  
brightened  
by*



SAPOLIO  
*Works Without Waste*

Halley's comet, with its millions of miles of tail, is sweeping into view in the evening sky on its seventy-five-year trip. Already astronomers have announced its appearance on time, and in April it will be visible to the naked eye. In May it approaches within a few million miles of the earth. It is named after Edmund Halley (1656-1742), who determined its orbit, a new and remarkable accomplishment for that time, risking his reputation with posterity by prophesying its return in seventy-five years.