



“My Grief That I Married a Gipsy Man”

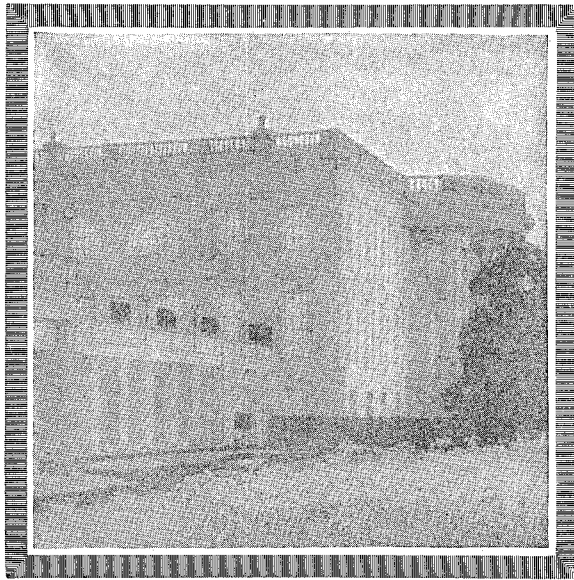
By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

My grief that I married a Gipsy man,
To follow him till I die!
To take my leave of a tidy town
And sleep by nights in a frowzy down,
Under the naked sky!
’T was truth my poor dead mother said,
“ ’Lizabeth, you have made your bed,
And in it you must lie.”

I ’ll give him his due that he tries to root
Like the world of Christian men.
I ’ll scrub and scour in a decent cot,
The grime of the greasy camp forgot,
A stingy while, and then,
Just as my musk begins to grow,
His bold, black eyes will gleam and glow.
I pack my pots and pans; I know
We ’re for the road again.

Eh, well, but I *married* my Gipsy man,
And a deed that ’s done is done.
If my skin be seared and my hair is wild,
Me that they called a lily child,
My stint must still be spun;
And broiling sun or thankful shade,
Blistering plain or poisonous glade,
I ’ll lose him to no Gipsy jade
The while my feet can run.





The War-Whirl in the White House

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

Author of "The Head of the House," etc.



NOBODY home—that is the feel in the air in and about the White House in these days of war. Gone is the hurly-burly of the Roosevelt days, of even the earlier ante-bellum days of the Wilson régime; gone the visiting brides and grooms who used to stroll along the now-deserted winding walks. Whether one wanders indoors among the semi-abandoned executive office furnishings or peers from afar through the iron fence at the graceful white façade, the feeling persists that perhaps the white walls house a crackly old parchment containing the Constitution or some such abstraction; but otherwise nobody home. To-day I saw a secretary's office and the President's office adjoining, which once upon a time were swarming with people, but now are silent, deserted, a vast gloom. The very policemen stationed on the grounds—and in these war days

there are more than half a hundred of them partly concealed in and around the White House—are carefully crated in lonely-looking sentry-boxes that fit as tightly across the shoulders as a thirty-five-dollar Harlem flat.

To-night, here in the little hotel room for which the wife and I had to keep up a drum-fire for two nights and a day to get, I can't help but make a mental contrast of the things I have seen in and around the White House to-day with something else that happened on a night in recent years in the same business end of the Executive Mansion, or what was once the business end of it. The incident of a few years ago which comes to mind to-night was only one of many which once made the large secretarial office in which Mr. Tumulty now has his desk hum along happily day by day. To-day that rectangular office, and particularly the circular office adjoining which the President