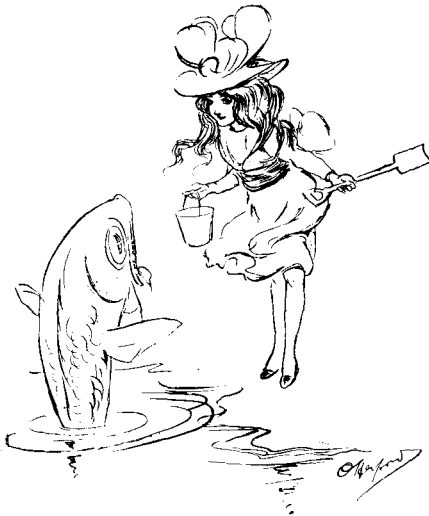


# The Codfish and the Maiden

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

ONE day a little maid was playing in the sand—  
She had a wooden pail; her spadé was in her hand—  
When to her great surprise a codfish came along.  
And standing on his tail he sang this pleasant song:



"Oh, raspberry jelly-fish are washed up by the sea;  
Sword-fish have no scabbards—I'm as sorry as can be;  
Razor-fish are cousins to the cuttle-fish, they say;  
Saw-fish have a heap of teeth with which to chew their prey."

"Thank you," said the maid: "what can I do for you?  
That was a lovely song—I hope you are not through."  
"Oh no," replied the cod: "'twas only verse the first,—  
But get some water fresh—I'm nearly choked with thirst."

Then said the little maid, "You're wet as you can be;  
Now how can you be thirsty, when your home is in the sea?"  
"Good gracious!" said the cod; "this water's full of brine—  
Salt water for the thirst is hardly in my line."

The codfish shook his fins, the maiden shook her head,

The codfish cleared his throat, and this the codfish said:  
"I've really got to stop, because it hurts my throat;  
Until I get a drink, I cannot sing a note."

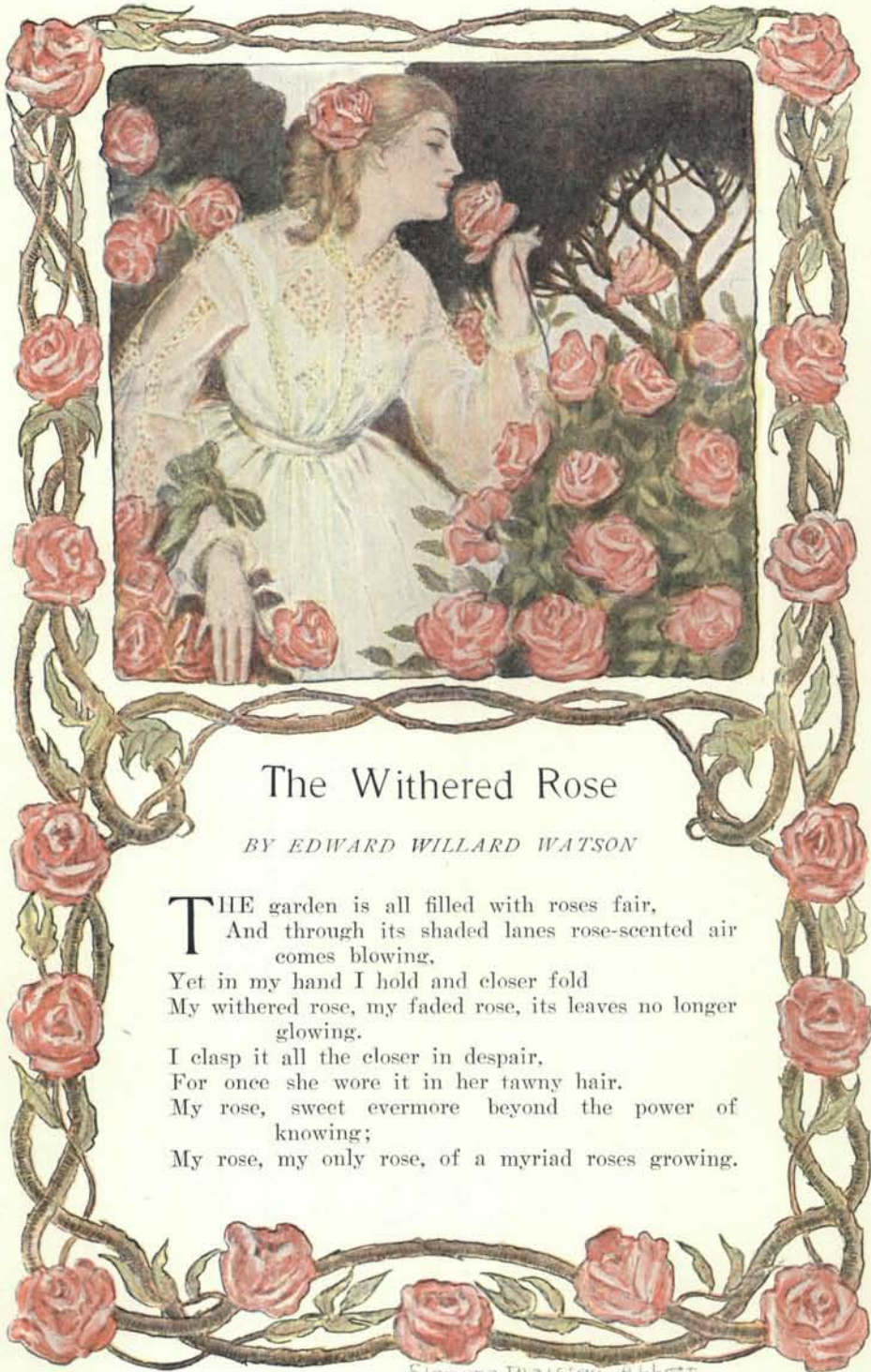
So then the little girl—whose name was Caramel—  
Departed with her pail and filled it at a well.  
And when she had returned, the codfish made a bow,  
And drank the sparkling water as fast as he knew how.

"Oh, thank you, little girl; please jump upon my back;  
And come just as you are—you will not need a sack."  
She did not hesitate, but sitting on the fish,  
She travelled through the sea as fast as she could wish.

The sea winds tanned her cheeks, the wave-lets wet each shoe;  
She dined upon fresh fish—and said she liked them, too.  
The cod with moistened throat gave voice to his delight,  
And merry songs like this he sang both day and night:

"Bluefish get their color from the blue that's in the sea;  
Lobsters are not ever red until it's time for tea;  
Mussels never are as strong as weak-fish sometimes grow;  
Porpoises are always smart—they live in schools, you know."





## The Withered Rose

BY EDWARD WILLARD WATSON

THE garden is all filled with roses fair,  
And through its shaded lanes rose-scented air  
comes blowing,  
Yet in my hand I hold and closer fold  
My withered rose, my faded rose, its leaves no longer  
glowing.  
I clasp it all the closer in despair,  
For once she wore it in her tawny hair.  
My rose, sweet evermore beyond the power of  
knowing;  
My rose, my only rose, of a myriad roses growing.

Elenore Plaster Abbott



THE FACE WAS THAT OF ROSALIE EVANTUREL





"BUT, AH, ROSALIE, THIS IS NOT MINE TO GIVE!"





"Will you serve me, Sir Sagramor,"





**U**pon his tower-top **S**ir **B**elem sat





THE THEINKIRCHE