

[*To-day*]
SUCCESS

BY CECIL ROBERTS

These are your triumphs; first you
draw the crowd
And stir it to applause, that long and
loud
Flows over you and thrills you, as the
waves
Flush the white, daring swimmer when
he laves
His limbs with rapture in the morning
sea;
So flushed you climb again — most
daringly
Laugh in the faces smitten with sur-
prise
That see a timid youth now strong and
wise
Conquering life with insolence sublime
That shocks the reverential sense of
Time.
And I, who watched, knew how within
you burned
Not rapture, nor delight, for I dis-
cerned
Under the graciousness of all your
ways
The vengeance glowing from the
stricken days
When those who now applaud had
mocked your dreams.
One day you will return again, the
streams
Will sing within your blood, old books
and friends,
The sacred silence when the twilight
ends,
Will call you back again to live the life,
Fulfill your dedication. Now the strife
Is yours, and you exult, and climbing
still
Enslave the crowd beneath your po-
tent will,
And nearer grows the day that you
desire
When they shall see your scorn, for you
aspire
And sway their world of petty facts;
being blind
They cannot see the quiet smile behind

The strength they worship in you, nor
can guess
How you are sick with all their little-
ness;
But they will know your scorn in full
one day
And watch you fling their tawdry toys
away
For your last triumph is renunciation,
And your revenge to see their conster-
nation
When they shall learn the dreamer was
not weak
And valued more the things they could
not seek.

MALEDICTION

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

Thrush, across the twilight
Here in the abbey close,
Pouring from your lilac-bough
Note on pebbled note,
Why do you sing so,
Making your song so bright,
Swelling to a throbbing curve
That brave little throat?

Soon, but a season brief,
The lice among your feathers,
Stiff-winged and aimless-eyed,
With song dead you shall fall;
Refuse of some clotted ditch,
Seeking no more berries;
Why with lyric numbers now
Do you the twilight call?

In the song I hear it,
The thud of a poor feathered death,
In the swelling throat I see
The splintering of song —
What demon then has worked in me
To tease my brain to bitterness —
In me who have loved bird and tree
So long, so long?

Until I come to charity,
Until I find peace again,
My curse upon the fiend or god
That will not let me hear
A bird in song upon the bough
But, hovering about the notes,
There chimes the maniac beating
Of black-winged fear.

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