

[*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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