

Light Verse

WORKING IN VACATION

DROWSY afternoons of summer,
What a spell your sunshine throws!
Here I've come to do some good work,
And I doze—doze—doze!

I have hastened from the city,
Thinking here no time I'll lose,
So I make all snug and comfy,
Then I snooze—snooze—snooze.

In the city, loud distraction
For real work no chance allows:
In the country—quick, my paper,
Pen, and—drowse—drowse—drowse!

If I close my eyes a moment
To arrange my mental lumber,
Just as I begin my thinking,
I'm in slumber—slumber—slumber.

I arouse me of a sudden—
Dulness shall not o'er me creep!
I must work now—here! get busy!
Then—I sleep—sleep—sleep!

George Jay Smith

THE OPEN SEASON

("Ideal summer home; location unsurpassed,"
et cetera)

A FOOL there was, and he paid his fare
(Even as you and I)
To a neck of woods and a bungalow bare
(The agent called it a bargain rare),
And the fool he thought that the deal was square
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the leaks that soaked and the range that
smoked
And the servants we lured in vain
Belong to the agent we did not know
(And now we know we never should know)
And never could trust again!

A fool there was, and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I)
Travel and time and a thumping rent
(And it all worked out as the agent meant)
For a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I).

And it isn't the cost or the comforts we lost
That sting with a rankling pain—
It's coming to know that we swallowed the hook
(Seeing at last that we bolted the nook)
And probably would again!

Corinne Rockwell Swain

KILLING TIME

IF you want to kill time,
I'll advise you in rime
How to do it;
It will go in a breath,
If you work it to death!
Now go to it!

Faye N. Merriman

WE ARE ONE

WE are one, so said the preacher,
"One until death do thee part";
Yet I buy two railroad tickets,
And I reckon from the start
That I must
Find the dust
For two.

We are one; but there is trouble
In the camp if I suggest
That one opera seat is plenty,
Or one hat and coat and vest.
Clothes she'll buy,
And—well, I
Need a few.

We are one, and yet the waiter
Brings two orders when we dine.
What would happen if 'twere single,
And the "better half" were mine?
There would be
A m \acute{e} l \acute{e} e,
That's true.

We are one; but who'll acknowledge
That the preacher told no lie?
Is there any one to back him?
I'll not bet on him, not I!
I will swear
We're a pair—
That's *two*.

Alice Lindsey Webb