

"Unlucky beings we, on whom
No winds but ill are wont to blow,
For whom no scented blossoms grow—
Alas!" he sighed.

Amazed at such abysmal wo,
I said: "Deep grief you seem to show.
What filled you with this awful gloom?
What caused this aspect you assume,
And turned things topsyturvy so?"
"A lass!" he sighed.

Louis B. Capron

THE GLOBE-TROTTER'S PLAINT

I'VE been out West and seen the mountains;
I've seen the cowboys, too;
I've sailed out through the Golden Gate
Into the ocean blue.

I've been in many famous cities,
I've looked into Indian huts;
I've seen them growing pineapples,
And loading coconuts.

I've seen the Sphinx and Pyramids,
I've seen the desert sands;
I've watched the natives come and go
In many different lands.

But when I try to describe them
With words that ring and glow,
A bored reply comes back: "I know—
I've seen that at the picture show!"

David Baxter

CONSOLATION

LAST night a strange and wondrous dream came
visiting my bed;
I saw a bunch of famous men, and this is what
they said:

John D., says he:
"Tis plain to see
You're well and strong, all right!
Of all I've made
The half I'll trade
For your good appetite!"

Cried Edison:
"My life has run
Toward its declining stage.
My graphophone
I'd make your own
If I were just your age!"

Next Wilson spoke:
"It's not a joke—
Indeed, I'm in a hurry;
My White House fine
I wish were thine,
If with it went my worry!"

Came Roosevelt's smile,
And for a while
He gazed with envious glance:
"I'd give, you bet,
My fame to get
Your insignificance!"

The moral to this little tale I'm sure you'll find
is true—
You have what others want, although it mayn't
seem much to you.

G. Morrow

HIS TITLE TO GLORY

A SOUL from this planet toiled up toward the
gate;
At a distance he looked sadly spotted and
stained.

"What use in his coming?" a seraph sedate
Of St. Peter inquired, as the summit he gained.
"I can see at a glance he's bespattered with sin;
He surely should know that you can't let him in!"

Of the question St. Peter was fully aware,
But he made no reply. He had seen folks before
Who didn't look well as they mounted the stair,
But stacked pretty fair when one saw them
some more.

He never went off at half-cock, as we say
In this terribly flippant and garrulous day.

The figure came nearer—he didn't improve
On closer observing, I'm pained to relate.
St. Peter poured oil on the long, sloping groove
That leads to—below—from the heavenly gate.
Just then there arrived the new pilgrim from earth;
His countenance showed not a vestige of mirth.

"What claim to admission?" said Peter the
Prompt,

In tones that full many a sinner have scared.
Inquisitive cherubs in phalanxes romped
To the portal, to see how the newcomer fared.
The candidate stood with humility bent,
And out through the silence this statement he sent:

"I have been but a fizzle at goodness, I fear;
Some precepts I've broken, and others I've
bent;
But down in the neighborhood where 'twould
appear

I ought to be known, for my life there I spent—
Where they knew all my good points as well as
my ill,
They said I was good about paying a bill."

St. Peter swung wide the huge, jewel-set portal,
And said: "My regret is it cannot swing wider.
No welcomer soul than this new-fledged immortal
Ever stood at this gate or stepped proudly
inside 'er.

'Twould cover up sins that were high as the hills—
His singular habit of paying his bills!"

Strickland Gillilan

THE COWARDY CALF

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE



HE Rev. Homer Pettigrew's idea of discipline, like all his ideas, was as inflexible as iron. It was based in part upon his own sternly repressed childhood—though he himself had no suspicion that it had been repressed—in part upon the Old Testament. He preached it from the pulpit; he drilled it into the ears of parents on his parochial calls; he had even published a pamphlet, at his own expense, upon it. Finally, he put it into practise on a son born to him rather late in life, by a wife twenty years his junior.

Pettigrew himself had no music in his soul, and could never certainly distinguish "Yankee Doodle" from "Dixie"; so he decided that his son should be a violinist, thereby disproving some pernicious theories of heredity. At the age of seven, therefore, Bantry began his lessons.

The boy was of a wonderfully sunny, tractable disposition, like his mother; and he slaved with the bow for nearly a year without a murmur. But with him—as also with his mother—the limit of forbearance was a sharp one. Forced past it, rebellion flamed in his breast with a fury which the Rev. Homer Pettigrew could only characterize as demoniacal. Thus it happened that one day Bantry stuck his violin in the furnace and then calmly informed his father of the fact.

Mr. Pettigrew seized his hat. Half an hour later he thrust a new instrument into his son's hands, and sentenced him to three days' confinement in his room, with two hours' practise each morning and afternoon.

"Are you sorry?" the Roman father concluded.

The boy, with the face of a seraph, haloed in wavelets of corn-colored hair, answered respectfully, without a trace of anger or resentment:

"No, sir. And I never will be. And

I'll die in that room before I'll say I am when I'm not!"

It was very little progress that the clergyman made on his sermon that morning. Yet Bantry—and this was the baffling feature of his case—continued his lessons and his practise as faithfully as if nothing had happened.

Some six months after this incident Bantry trudged slowly along in the dense midsummer shade of the maples, his cheeks still cool and glossy from the wash-cloth and his damp hair striated by the brush. In one hand he carried a violin-case, in the other a music-roll, and out of respect to his teacher he wore shoes and stockings and his Sunday straw hat.

It was a drowsy, droning afternoon which tinged his thoughts with a sweet sadness—for he was something of a poet even at this tender age. Scented zephyrs fingered his brow; cicadas whirled above his head; a turkey-buzzard circled in the blue vault of heaven; cocks crowed lazily in the distance; and presently the low, tremulous blast of a steamboat, still miles away, floated to his ears. Through the umbrageous frame of trees at the end of the street the blades of a corn-field waved and glistened like banners of an army, and beyond this lay a shimmering reach of the Ohio River—that enchanted stream upon which Bantry's fancy had launched a thousand airy barks destined for the mysterious islands of uncharted seas.

As he neared Miss Perryman's old brick house, smothered in Virginia creeper, the dismal *ping-pang-pong* of a piano slightly out of tune and operated by a slow, uncertain hand, drifted out the parlor-windows. Bantry's imagination pictured the dusky interior, with little Lucy Ledbetter at the instrument, a penny on the back of each hand, to make her hold it level with the keyboard, and her tongue between her teeth; while Miss Perryman, prematurely