

Light Verse

TRULY THANKFUL

I CANNOT boast that I belong
To any proud alumni;
Nor have I, through the grace of fate,
Artistic triumphs come by.

No social circle swings upon
The edict of my pleasure,
And not a tailor in the town
Is begging for my measure.

No party in the field to-day
Does to my wish pay deference,
And no political machine
Has shown me special preference.

I cannot brag of having won
Of worldly wealth a bankful;
Yet, Lord, to Thee upon this day
I am most truly thankful!

My family I can support
By honest daily labors,
And I am not engaged in war—
Not even with my neighbors!

W. Y. Sheppard

THE OTHER FELLOW'S JOB

THE man behind the harrow, with his jersey full of dirt, looks with ever-growing envy at the merchant's laundered shirt; but the man behind the counter feels the nagging of the trade, and would swap his polished scissors for the farmer's rusty spade. In the night the sleeping doctor hears the clanging of the phone, and, "I wish I were a lawyer," is his aggravated moan; but the lawyer in his nighty hears the doctor's car go past, and he says: "That lucky doctor must be making money fast!" The man upon the vessel sees the coast-line slowly dwarf, and he longs for *terra firma* with the man upon the wharf; while the other marks the vessel moving out alone and free, and he longs for boundless freedom with the man upon the sea. The little boy in rompers thinks his daddy first in grace, and he wishes *he* were grown up with some whiskers on *his* face; but his daddy feels the burdens of the mortgage and the debts, and he wishes *he* were Willy in his baby pantalets! The young man sees his sister, with her money-spending beau, and he says: "If

I were sister, I could save a heap of dough!" But the young girl sees her brother, with his volatile finance, and she longs to be the owner of the ballot and the pants. Says the peasant in the cottage: "What a grand and happy thing to have the mighty scepter and the station of a king!" Yet I have heard it whispered that the man upon the throne would rather be the peasant with a spirit of his own. So, if your lot is irksome, you can set your pulse athrob just by musing on the virtues of the other fellow's job!

J. Edward Tuft

LOVE AND LOGIC

I LOVED a girl in days of yore—
A girl who said me nay
Because she loved another more;
That's why I went away!

And then I wandered everywhere
About this earthly ball,
And met a lot of maidens fair
Who held my heart in thrall.

For there were girls in Kankakee,
And girls in Rio, too;
Wherever chance has landed me
Were pretty girls to woo;

In Boston town or far Japan,
In Panama and Nome;
But each one loved another man—
And that's why I came home!

Berton Braley

HOW DAD LOST HIS PRESTIGE

WHEN mother 'n' me were left at home the lonely evenings through,
We used to worry quite a lot and not know what to do:
We'd play at games, or she would help me sing the songs I knew;
But even then we often found ourselves a feelin' blue.

For father b'longs to lodges, and to club he often goes;
Though when he stays at home with us we're happy, goodness knows!
Then mother's face with beaming smile and sweet contentment glows;

She looks at him and then at me, her cheeks are
like the rose.

But many evenings in between I used to worry
'bout;
When mother'd force a happy smile 'cause I was
playing scout;
Until a pleasant pastime I determined to hunt
out—
One that would brighten evenings for us both
without a doubt.

It happened that in passing by a picture-show
one day,
The saving thought rushed to me that our eve-
nings would be gay,
If for a movie program our wee nickel we should
pay,
When father was at lodge or club; 'twould be
the surest way.

So now dear mother's smile is just as genuine as
gold,
As on the screen a battle by grim soldiers we
behold,
Or see a roaring comedy, or watch a love-tale
told.
We're movie mad, we don't miss dad as in the
days of old!

Aletha Pearl McPherson

A READY RIME

SAID the musical boarder who somehow was apt
To complain of the breakfast: "I do not like
hash;
It lacks rime and rhythm." The landlady snapped:
"There's one word rimes with it—and that
word is cash!"

Eugene C. Dolson

THE TENDERFOOT

I WANTED to go to the end of the world,
Where life is fresh and new,
Away from the tramp of a city's feet,
With never a thing to do.

I wanted the freedom of clean, pure air,
Un sullied by chimney spires;
I wanted to live by the giant hills,
And build my own camp-fires.

Oh, I went my way to the end of the world,
Where life is wild and free;
Now I eat my meat alone in camp;
There's never a soul to see.

And I want to go back from the end of the world,
Back where the street-cars hum;
I want the glare of electric lights,
And the crowd when day is done.

I want the street where the multitude walks,
And the smoke of the chimney spires;

I want to flee from the stillness of death,
And the quiet of dead camp-fires.

The mountains breathe a silence that hurts,
As I ride over hill and plain,
But I long with a heart that almost bursts
For the roar of the city again.

Oh, I want to go back to the city once more,
Back where the soul is aglow
With the fire that burns in the city's breast—
But I haven't the money to go!

Leora Whitehouse

THE FLIGHT OF TIME

I LOVED her once, but we were children then—
For I was twelve, and she was only ten.
We roamed the woods and raced along the sands,
Or played at being old, and held our hands
In tighter clasp with joy of being grown.
Oh, happy childhood! But the years have flown.
Then I was twelve, and she was ten. Ah me!
I'm forty now, and she is thirty-three!

Herbert Heron

TO AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER

I—QUESTION

HOW may the busy wife compete
With maidenhood in spring?
The caught seems never quite so sweet
As is the cageless thing!

II—ANSWER

Cook well and wisely. Fickle minds
Must have their hour to roam,
But manly hunger always finds
The path that leads it home!

Arthur Powell

WASTED TEARS

THAT many handkerchiefs
Are moistened by
The sorrows that have not occurred,
Who will deny?

Harold Susman

THE BON VIVANT

HIS merry little twinkling eyes
Some hidden truths disclose;
You'll read a lecture in his paunch,
A sermon in his nose,
A volume in his gouty foot.
To cut it short, papa
Would make a dandy unabridged
Encyclopedia!

Joseph P. Hanrahan