

# Light Verse

## WHEN PHYLLIS WALKS WITH ME

WHEN Phyllis walks with me, the skies expand;  
The wind blows sweeter from a brighter sea;  
The fluttering leaves lisp gentler; near at hand  
Is all my heaven, when Phyllis walks with me.

When Phyllis walks with me, I am in tune  
With highest, holiest airs; I hold the key  
That opes the gods' strong gates; I am immune  
From direst wrath, revenge, or penalty.

What matter if to-morrow my good star  
Go down in ebon gloom? To-day my fee  
Is vaster than the stars. What fate can bar  
My path? For now my Phyllis walks with me!

There is a cold abroad, a murk ahead,  
White, frigid flakes fleck path and rock and tree;  
But warmth shines from her eyes, on fancy fed.  
What matters cold when Phyllis walks with me?

In those sweet, liquid eyes that flash and glow  
I see the gleaming of a soul, I see  
A purity that shames the whirling snow  
That flies and hides while Phyllis walks with me.

Those fairy feet that keep light step with mine!  
Would they might tread the Far Trail, fleet and free,  
Thus on and ever on to realms divine,

That seem at hand when Phyllis walks with me!  
*Bailey Millard*

## WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

NO time-clock I shall punch this morn,  
For 'tis a holiday,  
And I may do just as I please—  
Hooray! Hooray!

Oh, I can lie abed till ten,  
Then a big breakfast gorge,  
And leisurely my paper read—  
Thank George! Thank George!

All afternoon I'll stroll around  
And mark the city's growth,  
Or see a "movie"—or perhaps  
Do both—do both!

Oh, I am glad, you bet your boots,  
Our country had a dad,  
And in fit way I mean to show  
How glad—how glad!

Not once throughout this livelong day  
I'll tell or act a lie;  
At least I've formed a firm resolve  
To try—to try!

*W. Y. Sheppard*

## MABEL'S COLLAR

MY Mabel is a modish miss;  
Dress is her ruling passion,  
And what she wears is sure to be  
The *dernier cri* of fashion.  
Her turban is the tiniest  
A lady ever sported,  
Her skirt the very shortest that  
A zephyr ever courted.

Her collar covers up her chin  
With edges soft and furry;  
And so, alas, my days and nights  
Are full of wo and worry;  
For every time I try to kiss  
The ruby lips of Mabel,  
I only get a mouthful of  
Expensive fox or sable!

*Minna Irving*

## THE UNIMPRESSED

FOR hours and hours he practised in the carriage-house and shed,  
Turning handsprings and somersaults, and standing on his head,  
Just to display, when she was near, the products of his art.  
She murmured, audibly and clear: "My, don't boys think they're smart!"

For weeks and weeks he practised with his college football squad,  
That she might witness his renown and prettily applaud.  
She said she thought that, on the whole, the game was rather rough;  
"And is it necessary, Jack, for you to look so tough?"

For years and years he practised, seeking after  
 legal fame,  
 Because the name she shared with him must be  
 an honored name;  
 She told her honorable judge she thought it very  
 funny  
 He should be called successful, when he made so  
 little money!

*Edna A. Collamore*

TO SLEIGH-RIDING ROMEOs

WHEN you've tucked the dainty creature  
 Snugly in the robes of fur,  
 Spring that speech you wish to feature,  
 If you would be sure of her;  
 For there's nothing like the sleigh-bells  
 And the moonlight on the snow  
 To convince your Pearls and Maybells  
 That you are a steady beau.

When her eyes begin to filter,  
 And her nose gets good and red,  
 And her heart seems out of kilter  
 After all that you have said,  
 Then just trust the reins to Cupid—  
 He's been driving all his life!—  
 And hold both her hands, you stupid!  
 That's the way I won *my* wife!

*Frank M. Williams*

THE INTERVAL

THE fads for which she cared a lot  
 No longer Margaret pursues.  
 Society concerns her not;  
 The suffrage question she eschews.  
 From fashion's thralldom now she's free,  
 Content its mandates to ignore,  
 And what the latest dance may be  
 She does not care a tittle for.

It is not that she's full of hate  
 Or e'en dislike for things like these;  
 'Tis not that she's not up to date,  
 Or thinks them mere frivolities.  
 Not that—she says it with a smile—  
 Such things she is indifferent to;  
 But they have got to wait the while  
 Her babe's first teeth are coming through!

*Nathan M. Levy*

MADE IN AMERICA

IN Paris, just before the war,  
 I shopped for frocks and hats galore.  
 While wandering through the Bon Marché,  
 'Twas joy to hear the shop-girls say:  
 "Voilà! You need no further seek!"  
*Ceci, madame, est vraiment chic!*"

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To-day in Stacy's crowded aisle  
 I shopped for frocks and hats awhile;  
 The coy young person said to me,  
 Just like those girls across the sea:  
 "Lady, you'd better take your pick—  
 This here is something very *chick!*"

*Mary Sutherland Baker*

PHILOSOPHY

"OH, graybeard, do you not repine  
 That all of love's delights are o'er?"  
 "Nay, much rejoicing now is mine,  
 For I feel love's regrets no more!"

*Harold Susman*

MUSIC IN THE HOME

SAID Brown, "To stop the baby's yell,  
 Each night I ring the dinner-bell;  
 But even then no rest I know,  
 Because it makes the dog howl so!"

*Eugene C. Dolson*

TWO GREENIES

THE species of the pavement views the genus  
 from the soil, marching careful on the side-  
 walk, and perspiring with the toil. He takes in  
 the borrowed swagger and the ill-affected ease,  
 and observes the pedal action and the fluctuating  
 knees. He beholds the cut-glass stick-pin in the  
 multicolored tie, and notes the trouser-bottoms  
 are aspiring rather high. He observes the rubber  
 collar with its notches and its glare, and anon the  
 terraced fashion of the mother-shingled hair. The  
 side-draft of the shoulders also meets his critic  
 eye, and a trailing leather shoe-string, as the  
 genus marches by.

"A country swell," he snickers, "and some  
 pumpkins, too, I ween; but a greenhorn in the  
 city—the most verdant kind of green!"

This species from the pavement seeks for tissue-  
 building toil and for nerve-recuperation with the  
 genus of the soil. He essays to milk a Jersey  
 with his talcum-scented hands, and forgets all  
 city polish—for a Jersey never stands. A dozen  
 squealing porkers make a bid for barley mash,  
 and manicured decorum gets another mighty  
 smash. Old Dobbin must be harnessed, and the  
 species, firm but pale, straps the breeching on  
 his bosom and the bit behind his tail. The  
 meadow hay is spoiling, and the species tries to  
 stack, but performs a Delsarte tumble on his  
 urban-polished back.

"You may have some city breeding," cries the  
 genus, in alarm, "but you're greener than the  
 greenest on a scientific farm!"

Thus the genus and the species each is king in  
 his own niche, but neither could with comfort  
 take the other fellow's pitch!

*J. Edward Tuft*