

While that grim time seems on the way,
When men and women, under stress,
Will have much trouble to array
Themselves in aught but nakedness;

There's consolation to be sought,
And something of content and peace,
In pondering the happy thought—
The cost of love will not increase;

And that, whatever may befall
Because of speculation's aim,
The price of kisses unto all
Will evermore remain the same!

Ralph M. Thomson

THE SONG OF THE COLLAR-BUTTON

I LOVE to slip away and hide
Within some sheltering shade,
Where no rude hand may break my rest
Or my retreat invade.
My choice is for some curious spot,
Unseen by human eye,
There to reflect in polished ease
While others seek and pry.

Why should I rivet girds upon
The soft and yielding neck?
Why should I with my brilliancy
Those starchy fetters deck?
Sooner the hermit's restful life
In some sequestered nook,
While fashion's slave, with muffled oaths,
In vain for me shall look!

Tudor Jenks

LOST AND FOUND

LOST, on Franklin Street, between
Girard and Oxford, thereabouts,
A wayworn heart, grown somewhat lean
With loves and longings, dreams and doubts.
'Twas shop-worn, damaged—what you will—
And yet my property until
It slipped and fell on Franklin Street
Before a pair of twinkling feet.

Found, on Franklin Street, above
Girard or Master—who shall care?—
A little heart all full of love,
A tangled glow of golden hair.
Said I: "The heart you found was mine!"
The brown depths of her eyes ashine,
And with a shake of that gay head,
"But finding's keeping, sir!" she said.

Arthur L. Hanna

HER KIND HEART

AH, never shall I find, I fear,
A maid so gracious and so dear,
A heart so full of tenderness,
A girl so amiable as Bess,
So sweet and kind.

I swore I loved her ardently;
I vowed her all the world to me;
I said I worshiped her; and she—
She didn't mind!

Kenneth White

THE EXCEPTION

IF you've had a lurid past,
Forget it!
Been quite indiscreet and fast,
Forget it!
If you've had a sorry loss,
If upon life's wave you toss,
Don't be cranky, don't be cross—
Forget it!

If you've made a sad mistake,
Forget it!
Causing you in fear to quake,
Forget it!
If you're lonely and forlorn,
Treated everywhere with scorn
Till you wish you'd not been born,
Forget it!

If you're older than of yore,
Forget it!
If you're wedded to a bore,
Forget it!
Notes of these last lines pray jot!
If some cash of mine you've got,
Book, umbrella, aught—do *not*
Forget it!

Harold Seton

A SPLASHIN' THROUGH THE RAIN

WHEN the clouds hang thick and heavy and
there comes a steady shower,
Don't you love to go a splashin' through the
rain?
When you feel so wet and happy that the world
has lost its power,
And Dame Grundy might lecture you in vain;
For you wouldn't give the luxury of that one
dripping hour
For all the proper pleasures she could offer, every
one—

'Tis such fun

A splashin' and a splashin' through the rain!

What a pity that the time will come when rain
will lose its charm,
And each swelling pool will beckon us in vain;
When our feet must court the fender, and we talk
of "keeping warm,"

And only distant memories remain
Of the time when, wet and careless, we would
laugh at wind and storm,
And would just a little rather have the shower
than the sun—

'Twas such fun

A splashin' and a splashin' through the rain!

Nellie Goode

John Smith, an American Soldier

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

Author of "Home, Sweet Home," "Just Woman," etc.

IN the beginning the great war appealed to John Smith purely as a sporting event.

"You certainly got to hand it to those Dutchmen!" he declared admiringly, when the gray sea of Germany's terrible purpose overflowed the Belgian border. "They certainly are there when it comes to this war stuff!"

Belgium died that she might live, and her defeat struck home to John Smith no more than would the passing of a vanquished prize-fighter.

"Those Belgians are game, all right," he declared, granting them the same meed of casual praise he would have bestowed upon a defeated pugilist who had gone down fighting. "But they're no match for those Germans. They're there!"

France stood bloody guard over a sentenced world, baring her interposed breasts to the merciless steel of a world's executioner.

"Those Frenchies will never stand the gaff," John Smith prophesied. "They haven't got the stamina. They're brave enough, all right, but they haven't got the temperament to stand a hard grinding. Those Germans—say, they're there!"

England grumbled, and slashed her arteries that her life-blood might run free for the sustenance of the threatened world and its guardians.

The New York Stock Exchange had closed as a result of the war, and in consequence John Smith lost his job as clerk in a Wall Street brokerage house. Limp and disconsolate, he sought out Nellie Fenway, the girl to whom he was engaged.

She was a stenographer in the office of a department-store, a blond, overly smart girl, with a taste for noisy clothes, emotional movies, and much dancing. She had been engaged to John Smith for a year. The date of their wedding was set, tentatively, for the early winter of 1914. Smith's loss of a job automatically set it ahead—indefinitely.

"It's all on account of England coming into the war," he told her gloomily. "If she hadn't butted in, the Germans would have had Paris in a few weeks and cleaned up all around, and everything would have been over; but now nobody knows how long it's going to go on, and everything's upset. It's a fine thing that I've got to go and lose my job and not be able to get married and all that, just because a lot of Frenchies and Dutchmen and Russian hunkies and such like over there get mixed up in a fight. I don't see what England had to go and butt in for!"

Nellie wiped her eyes furtively and dabbed at the tip of her nose with a puff from her gaudy vanity-bag. They were dining at a restaurant that echoed confusingly with the raucous calls of the white-aproned waitresses—a restaurant where painfully bright lights revealed an interior done in the manner of a supersanitary bath-room. Nellie was deeply hurt, but no degree of misery could compel forgetfulness of her appearance in public; so she powdered her nose, and forbade herself further emotion because the resultant tears would make her eyes red.

"What are they scrapping about over there, anyhow?" she asked peevishly.