

# THE ROMANY SIGN

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Over the hills with the Romany train,  
In the sweet wet woods and the whispering rain,  
Looking back through veils of gray  
To the roofs of the town where we paused to-day.  
There, in the crowd of the market-place,  
Is a Romany heart with a Gorgio face.  
Where did you find the heart of my clan,  
Under the shadow of roof and spire?  
Did your mother dream of a Romany man  
In the house of your Gorgio sire?  
Even so shall you dream of me  
When you light the hearth for a fair white bride—  
Of a road untrodden, a door untried,  
And an hour that is never to be.  
I have set my patteran  
Deep in your Romany heart.  
I broke the branch from my tree of life  
Where the fairest buds had begun to start—  
And they never shall bloom, but they never shall fall.  
Wide are the ways of your feet and mine;  
It's the market-place for the Gorgio face  
And the roof and the spire and the fair white wife.  
I'm over the hills with the Romany chal,  
And there's never a fire shall warm us twain  
The width of a world apart.  
But what is a world to the Romany heart  
That follows the Romany sign?

# MY WISH

BY ELIZABETH HANLY

This is a poem to be read only by those who love Stevenson's "The Lamplighter," or children, or both. We frankly advise every one else to skip it.—THE EDITORS.

If I could be who I would be,  
If suddenly to me God said,  
"Of all my dear and noble dead  
Choose one to be again on earth  
For strife or service, toil or mirth,  
Resume, one hour, mortality,—"  
I know right well who I would be.

If I could go where I would go,  
In all the lovely lands that are  
From Southern Cross to Polar Star,  
If I could linger for a space  
In one long-loved, earth-hallowed place,  
Why, then God's will should set me down  
At nightfall in a Scottish town.

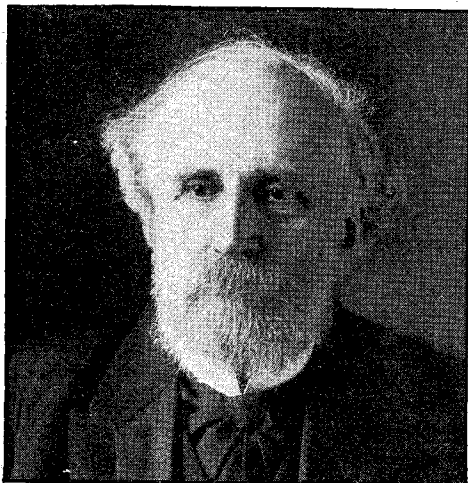
In "Leerie's" shape I would go forth  
Through that dim city of the North,  
And run again with eager feet  
Along the Edinboro' street,  
To light the gas lamps, one by one,  
And nod to little Stevenson!  
And as he lay in bed, he'd see  
My street-stars shining in a row.

If I could be who I would be,  
If I could go where I would go.

# Current Events Pictorially Treated



ARISTIDE BRIAND  
Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs



ALEXANDRE RIBOT  
Minister of Finance



GENERAL HUBERT LYAUTEY  
Minister of War



ADMIRAL LACAZE  
Minister of Marine



ALBERT THOMAS  
Minister of Munitions and Transportation



GENERAL JOFFRE  
Military Adviser to the Cabinet

THE NEW FRENCH WAR COUNCIL

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