

## BACK IN TOWN

“THE melancholy days have come”—so sings the poet-fellow  
 Who loafs about the dreary woods to watch the leaves turn yellow.  
 Ah, foolish poet, while you prate of Autumn bare and brown,  
 You miss the best thing of the year—the girls’ return to town!

The liberty of men is gone; their car-seats now they offer,  
 And maids accept, sometimes with thanks, the courtesy they proffer.  
 But still the men are mighty glad, although they swear and frown,  
 That Autumn’s here and that the girls are once more back in town.

At every corner now one hears the merry maidens chatter  
 Of gowns and men and frills—and *men*—how subtly women flatter!  
 If you had walked Fifth Avenue, you stupid poet-clown,  
 You ne’er would dub the Autumn sad; it brings the girls to town!

ELISABETH R. FINLEY.



## STILL A FEW SPECIMENS

PARVENU (*proudly*)—I have every variety of cattle to be found in the world on my estate.

WITLEIGH—Not the Irish bull?

“Save that. I endeavored to secure it, but was told the only ones in existence were extinct.”



## LAUDABLE AMBITION

SHE—Why is Grace going to marry Mr. Muchwed? He has already had three wives.

HE—I don’t know. I suppose she’s marrying him to reform him.



## ACCORDING TO HABIT

BROWN—Can you tell me how your impecunious friend, Lord Deasy, can stand the expense of owning and running one of those electric vehicles?

SMYTHE—Same old way; has it charged.

# LOVE BY LETTER

By Louis Pendleton

“I SAW your picture by accident at an uptown photographer’s,” wrote Barclay Vandenesse, “and a friend who was with me told me your name. I know all about your people, and you doubtless know something of mine, for we belong to the same stratum of society.

“That we have not met is due to accident and to the fact that I am not often seen in society. I do no more than show myself, now and then, at some crowded function, and even this is because I prefer not to be quite forgotten. I must confess that socially I am diffident, though were I otherwise I doubt if there would be enough entertainment in the wearisome evolutions called social duties to make them worth my while.

“I am not enamored of my own company, however, or satisfied with that of my own sex. I ardently desire to cultivate the friendship of a girl of strong character, but despair of being able to interest her in myself. If distinguished by neither a ready wit nor a striking appearance, what can a man do in the presence of a girl who is surrounded by handsome and clever admirers? I always feel that I make no impression, that to establish a friendly footing is impossible, and I pass on with a smile and a sigh. You are not to understand that I have ever loved hopelessly, but merely that I have ever been in love with loving. I could love only after an intimate acquaintance, and under our social conditions such an acquaintance seems impossible for a man of my temperament and unlucky characteristics.

“And now dare I confess to you

that your picture pleases me beyond my power to express, revealing rare beauty, rarer qualities of mind and heart and a nature at once strong and fine?

“‘Go, then, and try to win her, for there is no social nor other gulf between you,’ one of my few friends would say. I could not make it clear to him, but I hope I have made it clear to you that it would be useless to have myself presented to you at one of Mrs. Cadwalader Brown’s receptions; you would not waste on me a second glance. Were I thrown with you under exceptional circumstances and for a considerable period, it might be different; we should then come to know each other, and you might, after a time, see something in me to admire.

“Now, at the risk of your prompt refusal and of being pronounced crazy, I write to make an unusual proposition—that you will allow me to make myself known to you at first by letter. During an indefinite period I wish to write to you frequently, with the hope of letters from you in return. In this way you would know me better in two months than you would otherwise know me in two years. Such an experience, entered into in all seriousness on my part, may, on your side at least, prove amusing. I am aware that I run counter to the acknowledged proprieties, and that you have the right to charge me with impertinence, but I risk everything on the venture as my only hope.”

“Yes, I know who you are,” replied Miss Margaret Branchwater, “otherwise I should not even acknowledge the receipt of your ex-