

THE INCONSISTENT POET

ONCE a Poet praised a Bird,
That his praises overheard.

Thought the Bird, "Oh, rare delight!
I will sing to him all night."

Long it sang, and somewhat shrill,
On the Poet's window-sill,

Till the Bard, grown wroth and grim,
Made a Silent Bird of him.

But, next day, this Poet signed
Sixteen sonnets ere he dined,

Having heard that someone is
Quoting certain lines of his.

ARTHUR UPSON.



COULD NOT FACE DISGRACE

THE WIFE—I understand that the man they rescued from the burning
building tried to commit suicide.

THE HUSBAND—No wonder. He had on a pair of pajamas his wife had
made for him.



AND HE SWITCHED OFF

HE thought he had the "inside track;"
He stood beside her chair,
And deftly stole, behind her back,
A lock of gleaming hair.
But when he told her, she condoned
His theft and thus confessed:
" 'Twas off the oldest switch I owned—
Tom Travers has the rest."

JENNIE O. LOIZEAUX.



A WORD to the fathers—If there were fewer fatted calves there would be
fewer prodigal sons.

A BOUQUET OF ILLUSIONS

By Edgar Saltus

“**H**AS the *Figaro* again succeeded in losing itself?”

The temperature was heavenly. I had had a beautiful swim in the beautiful sea. I had breakfasted on dishes a poet had prepared. The evening previous I had passed with some of the most agreeable people in Europe. At baccarat, the night before, I had managed without effort to rid myself of ill-gotten gains. I had not a care on my mind, a regret on my conscience, a speck on my shoes. In spite of which, or perhaps precisely on that account, as I stood that morning in the reading-room of the Cercle de Biarritz I found nothing better to do than to affect annoyance because the *Figaro* was not under my monocle.

“Pardon, monsieur,” said the lackey to whom I had spoken. “Behold a gentleman who is reading it.”

I had beheld the gentleman before. Who he was I did not know; but, to use a localism of the land, he had intrigued me. He had the appearance of a Somebody, the distinction that study and suffering bring. He suggested perspectives and possibilities that the entirely amiable yet perfectly aimless dukes and princes by whom the club was frequented neglected to supply. Merely in the manner in which he turned his head there was manifest that preoccupation which is characteristic of those whose existence is cerebral. Twice already I had met him—once with one of the little Pignatelli princesses and once with the Prime Minister; but on each occasion his name had escaped me. Yet not the *timbre* of his voice. It was grave and deep, and presently in

his beautiful baritone he addressed me, recalling an incident that had occurred at the Casino and asking whether I had won.

“*Le baccarat apporte, emporte mais ne rapporte pas,*” I answered, and after a few other platitudes I gathered up the *Figaro*, which meanwhile he had offered me. When I put it down he had gone.

On the morrow I met him on the road that skirts the *Chambre d'Amour* and that through kilomètres of pines leads to the Adour, a river so beautiful in itself that all the ingenuity of Bayonne has been unable to make it wholly hideous. The next day I ran into him at Bidart, a hamlet so silent that you might fancy it enchanted by the spells and marvels of its languid afternoons. And again I encountered him on the *Route d'Espagne*, than which even the *Corniche* is not lovelier.

On these occasions we rode awhile together, and in the process I discovered that he was alarmingly learned. He appeared to have been everywhere, met everybody and studied everything. He appeared, too, to be remarkably intuitive, and flattered me—very basely, I have since thought—by telling me I was a born novelist. “And there are precious few,” he was insidious enough to add.

As a result I found him highly interesting. It is, I believe, a recognized fact that though you may have in yourself nothing that particularly appeals to your neighbor, yet if that neighbor appeals to you, at once a bond is created. Admiration is like