

BACK INTO THE FOLD

By Gelett Burgess

BACK into the fold, Dolly, back into the fold;
Break into society before you get too old!
You've drunk life to the dregs, Dolly, laughed and didn't care,
But now your nieces have begun a-doing up their hair!
If you really want to spare them all unnecessary shock,
Invite the Misses Grundy to your Friday four-o'clock!

Back into the fold, Dolly, back into the fold,
Now before you're withered and spiteful tales are told!
Now you've got your money, now that Will is dead,
Everybody will forget what everybody's said.
While your smile is charming, none will dare to mock;
Invite the Misses Grundy to your Friday four-o'clock!

Back into the fold, Dolly, back into the fold!
Teach your little nieces all the potency of gold;
Teach them how to pour, Dolly, teach them how to dance,
Skip the larks in Italy, skip the fun in France!
Chaperon them carefully, get a sober frock,
Invite the Misses Grundy to your Friday four-o'clock!

Back into the fold, Dolly, back into the fold,
Cram yourself with dignity, all that you can hold!
You never needed spurring, and you ran without a rein,
But you're a bit too old, Dolly, to set the pace again!
Where the gossips chatter, gather with the flock;
Invite the Misses Grundy to your Friday four-o'clock!

Back into the fold, Dolly, back into the fold!
Once you didn't care much, you were young and bold;
Now the slyest whisper finds a shrinking nerve—
Have you ever heard, Dolly, all that you deserve?
But now you're rich, the doors, Dolly, open to your knock;
Invite the Misses Grundy to your Friday four-o'clock!

Back into the fold, Dolly, back into the fold!
Places in society can be bought and sold;
You owe it to your nieces to be proper and severe,
They will not believe, Dolly, anything they hear.
The wildest privateer, Dolly, at last must seek the dock;
Invite the Misses Grundy to your Friday four o'clock!

IN THE CASCINE

THE dark Cascine skirts the sleeping tide,
 And breaks the passion of a burning sun;
 The Arno's amber waters creep and hide
 'Twixt pebbly beaches where their course is run.
 The butterflies hang perched like living flowers
 Upon the petals in the moving grass;
 The birds cry shrilly from their tree-top towers,
 And whirl and swoop and flutter as we pass.
 The hot, moist breath of purpling Apennines
 Blows wandering breezes through the thirsty noon;
 The soothing hush of Nature's anodynes
 Drowns the harsh fever of a languid June—
 She brings strange unguents in her open palm;
 Upon the wounded heart they drop their balm.

JULIEN GORDON.



A SURE INDICATION

"THE Johnsons are home again."
 "Did they have a good time?"
 "Oh, I haven't seen any of them yet."
 "How do you know they're back, then?"
 "Their maids' beaux left at eleven o'clock last night."



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY

EMINENT TRAGEDIAN (*at dinner in his private car*)—Aw, conductor,
 just order the engineer to reduce speed for the next hour or so.
 CONDUCTOR—What for?
 "I want to eat more slowly."



THE CHICAGO WAY

MRS. WABASH—Are you related to her by marriage?
 MRS. LAKESIDE—Incidentally; she was the co-respondent in one of my
 divorce suits.