

## TO HER WHOM I SHALL WIN

I'M thy wooer,  
 My rose, my flower, my maid!  
 Dost hear?  
 The arm's gentle enfolding  
 Is not yet mine, nor even the divine  
 Hand touch; but I am near,  
 And thou canst not evade  
 My rapture of beholding.

I'm thy wooer,  
 My love, my maid, my flower!  
 Dost hear?  
 And 'tis no windy lover  
 To bruise thy bloom, seeking his heart's home  
 In haste. I'd never wear  
 A "Yes" won in an hour—  
 It must be lingered over.

I'm thy wooer,  
 My love, my flower, my rose!  
 Dost hear?  
 Sunlike I revel, holding  
 Thee still in bud, thy young heart's fragrant good  
 Leaf-hidden. Delay is dear,  
 Not dull, to one who knows  
 Thy sweet way of unfolding.

MILDRED I. McNEAL.



## POOR HUMAN NATURE

WAGGLES—He couldn't remember why his wife tied a string around his finger, so he was afraid to go home, and stayed out all night.

JAGGLES—What was it he should have remembered?

WAGGLES—To come home early.



## HOW IT WORKS

CORA—Don't you think that being an actress is likely to make a woman notorious?

MERRITT—No; but being notorious is likely to make her an actress.

# THE BOWER OF CUPID

By Frank Dempster Sherman

*WHO*SO enters at this portal  
Shall find Love the one immortal.

Green the grave that hides the grotto  
Over which is hung this motto;

Broidered paths of bloom and berry  
Lead unto the monarch merry;

Birds above on leafy branches  
Loosen lyric avalanches;

Bees go singing in the sunny,  
Blossom-built haunts of honey;

Flutes of brooks and lutes of grasses  
Waken with each wind that passes;

All is fragrance, song and joy,  
Made for one immortal boy!

Many seek this grotto hidden;  
Welcome all, and none forbidden.

Soft the air and clear as amber;  
Round the gate red roses clamber;

Day long, mirth and music fill it;  
Night sends moon and star to thrill it.

Voices, visions, dreams of rapture,  
There await, the heart to capture;

Full it is of faultless faces—  
All the Muses and the Graces;

Poem, picture, flower and fancy—  
Every form of necromancy;

Naught to worry or annoy,  
Save the one immortal boy!

In this grotto lies the golden  
Guest-book, full of legends olden,