

by a two-hundred glow-worm power chandelier and twenty firefly side-lights, presented a scene of fairy-like beauty.

The first prize, a large seed-cake, was won by Mrs. Peacock and her partner, Mr. Pouter Pigeon, whose strut was truly wonderful.

Among those present not already mentioned were: General Stork, president of the Internat'l Delivery Company; Mrs. Plymouth Rock, regent of Colonial Hens; Signor Cockatoo, consul to Birdsboro from Patagonia, who wore full uniform; Admiral Gull and his nieces, the Misses Penguin, and many others. Greatly regretted was the absence of the Mallard-Ducks, who, as usual, have gone South for the winter.

George S. Chappell.

The Proposal

HE planned he would start with the weather;
Compare it to life;
And laud storm and shine shared together
By husband and wife;
And having in masterly fashion
Approached by degrees,
Would breathe like a poet his passion,
Perchance on his knees.

He started, therefore, with the weather,
But wabbled to books;
They chatted of burning on leather,
And troublesome cooks.
Again to the weather he shifted—
"Such terrible dust!"
To world's expositions they drifted,
And autos discussed.

The weather a third time. "So dusty!"
She fully concurred;
They wandered to "brassic shots" lusty,
And "holes" quite absurd;
To riding, equestrian habits;
To dramas well staged;
To picnics, hats, roses, Welsh rabbits—
And couples engaged!

So now for the weather. Chance beckoned.
He thought it might rain—
And changed to Czar Nicholas Second.
(His plans were in vain.)
He rose for good night (the tongue-twister!
He 'd made such a mess!),
When, suddenly, lo! he had kissed her
And she had said "Yes!"

Edwin L. Sabin.

Texts

"A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." James i. 8.

NOW quit you' readin' fer a spell;
You runs you' words togedder
Des like a passel o' wild sheep
A-tram'lin' thoo a medder.

Find 'bout dat double-minded man
(His mind so strong 't was double),
Honest an' able in his ways,
A he'p in time o' trouble.

"Hit ain' dat way"? "Hit don't mean
dat"?

I got de facts an' figgers.
I had dat teck from Marse Perdue,
What owned a hundred niggers.

Dey meanin' in dat teck, my chil',
What you hain't never finded;
You pray de Lawd from dis day on
To make you double-minded.

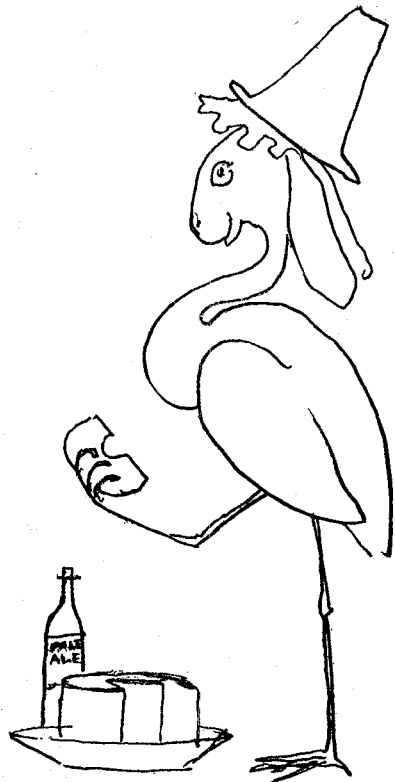
Grace MacGowan Cooke.

Mixed Beasts

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE MAN WHO FIRST
INVENTED THEM)

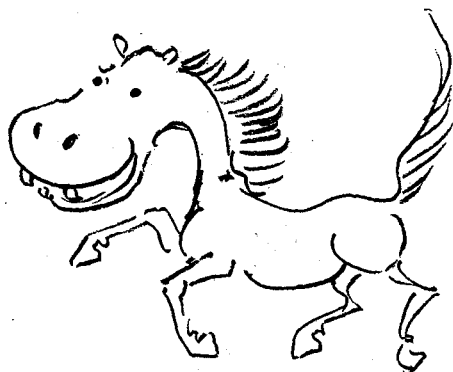
BY KENYON COX

With sketches by the author



THE WELSH RABBITTERN

THIS is a very fearsome bird
Who sits upon men's chests at night;
With horrid stare his eyeballs glare.
He flies away at morning's light.

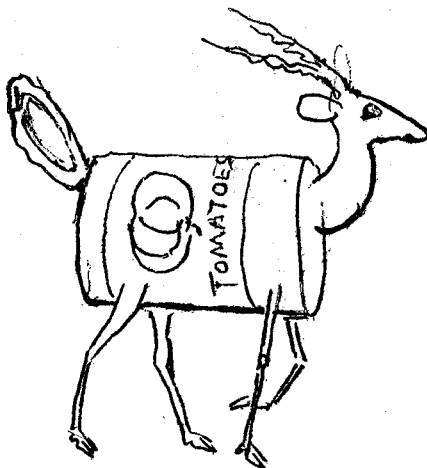


THE HIPPOPOTAMUSTANG

O CHILDREN, note his cheerful smile—
 You never hear this beast complain.
 He gallops gaily for a mile,
 With swishing tail and flying mane;
 Then stows away a ton of hay,
 And so begins to smile again.

THE KANGAROOSTER

His tail is remarkably long
 And his legs are remarkably strong;
 But the strength and the length of his legs
 and his tail
 Are as naught to the strength of his song.
 He picks up his food with his bill;
 He bounds over valley and hill;
 But the height of his bounds can't compare
 with the sounds
 He lets out when he crows with a will.



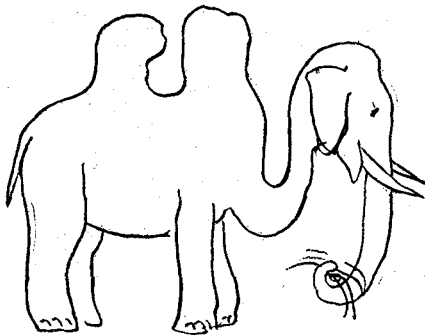
THE TOMATOCANTELOPE

THIS tinny and timorous beast
 Roams the forest of kitchen shelf
 And is so afraid of the scullery-maid
 That he keeps inside of himself.



THE HORNBILLYGOAT

THOUGH he 's handsome and bold
 And protected from cold
 This creature is far from jolly.
 It 's the curl of his toes
 And the hump on his nose
 That cause his melancholy.



THE CAMELEPHANT

THIS is the ship of the jungle
 Whose form is much of a bungle.
 He never is happy except when in bed,
 For it takes all his strength to hold up his head.

