



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

A SECRET

THE VISITOR: And what is your baby sister's name?
THE CHILD: It's Mabel Elizabeth Gwendolen Jane, but we have n't told her yet.

THE BEST METER FOR A SPRING POEM

(PANTOUM)

BY MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

A PANTOUM is the very thing for me,
Because twice over I can use each line,
So shall I practise wise economy;
Such endless repetition will be fine.

Because twice over I can use each line,
It's better than a rondeau or rondel;
Such endless repetition will be fine,
And I prefer it to a villanelle.

It's better than a rondeau or rondel,
And sonnets are so difficult at times!
And I prefer it to a villanelle;
A ballade takes so very many rhymes,

And sonnets are so difficult at times!
But that's the trouble with all kinds of
verse.

A ballade takes so very many rhymes,
And those with two refrains are even
worse.

But that's the trouble with all kinds of
verse,
Sestina, chant royal, or virelai,
And those with two refrains are even worse;
A lyric should have something new to say.

Sestina, chant royal, or virelai,
I will not choose those measures when I
sing.

A lyric should have something new to say
To chant the glories of the coming spring.

I will not choose those measures when I
sing,

So shall I practise wise economy;
To chant the glories of the coming spring,
A pantoum is the very thing for me.

Meditations of Marcus Artelius

BEING POSITIVELY THE LATEST WORD ON
THE RACE PROBLEM

BY LUCY PRATT

"WELL, cert'nly is gittin' wea'ysome, ser
much talk 'bout de culled folks. - Dat 's de
trufe," meditated Marcus Artelius.

Miss Abolition Jones looked attentive,
quite ready, in fact, for *any* new expression
on the subject.

"An' nudder thing, I doan' like ter hyeah
nobuddy, white or culled, talk foolishness.
Now, de gen'leman where written dat piece.
Fus place, I doan' r'ally see w'at he written
it fer, anyway, 'ca'se he ain' sign 'isself, so
't ain' fer popalarity, an' he cert'nly did n'
git no money fer it, so he ain't written it fer
mercantile pu'poses. No 'm, he did n' git
no money fer *dat* article, Miss 'Lition, dat 's
sho, 'ca'se yer kin see way he talk he could n'
'a' studied inter de case 't all. W'y, w'at
yer s'pose? Fus thing he 'mence right off
by sayin' one way o' treatin' de culled folks
would be ter sen' 'em all back ter Africa.
Now, w'at 's he mean by sech triflin' talk 's
dat? W'at 's he thinkin' 'bout, anyway?
De culled folks is gwine let 'im pack 'em off
in ships like beas's? Well, dey ain' gwine
do it. No 'm, I ain' gwine let nobuddy sen'
me off ter Africa, so dey need n' be studyin'
'bout it. No, ma'am. Need n' be thinkin'
'bout it, 'ca'se I ain' gwine."

An undertone of remarks from Marcus
still continued to trail on while he arranged
his ideas in more definite shape.

"Well, co'se could n' nobuddy wid sense
r'ally 'gree wid 'im, anyway," he finally de-
clared reasonably, "an' doan' look like he 's
ever been ter de culled Baptis' convention or
de Mefodis' camp-meetin', eider, 'ca'se ef
he is, he 'd see fer 'isself he could n' mek
p'eparations sufficient ter properly 'commo-
date 'em all. Oh, shuh," he exploded, "I
cert'nly would like ter see 'im runnin' 'em
all on bo'd; 'ca'se cert'nly 's gwine be a heap
o' balkin'. An' Preacher Smiff o' de Bap-
tis's he gwine be 'mong de fus ter balk.
No 'm, he ain' gwine up no plank fer Africa.
No, ma'am. He got too much sense. An'

time he lif' up 'is voice to 'is people, reckon de gen'leman where written dat article 'll 'cide it 's too much wuk, anyway, ter sen' 'em all ter Africa. An' same wid Preacher Miles. De Mefodis' voice is jes ez ca'yin' 'ez de Baptis'; jes ez ca'yin'. An' time dey gotten Preacher Miles abo'd, de gen'leman where written dat article would n' have no coat to 'is back ner no ha'r on 'is haid.

"But 't ain' nuth'n' but foolish talk, anyway. Doan' know which 's mos' triffin', 'bout Africa or 'bout ma'iage. You know w'at he say 'bout ma'iage, Miss 'Lition? W'y, he say ef de culled folks stay yere, nex' yer know all de culled men 's gwine be steppin' up 'n' axin' de white women will dey ma'y 'em. Well, now, 't ain' so. W'at he think? De culled men 's a-gwine runnin' off f'om dey own folks w'en dey 's han'some, edjercated culled women roun' 'em ez dey is ter-day? No 'm, dey ain't. De Lawd did n' inten' it no sech a way, an' He ain' gwine have it no sech a way, an', mo' 'n all dat, de culled women ain' gwine have it no sech a way. But de gen'leman where written dat article he say ter pervent any sech trouble arisin', w'y, he think p'raps anudder way is gwine be ter run all de culled folks off inter one cohner o' de country an' let 'em stay dere—jes keep on livin' dere in de cohner. Now, w'at kin' uv a cohner 's dat gwine be? An' how he reckon he 's gwine keep 'em in dere, anyway? P'raps he 's fixin' ter buil' a fence roun' 'em. Well, I kin tell 'im 'fo' he stahts dey 'd be r'arin' an' cha'gin' f'om de fus, 'ca'se natchelly, yer kin see yerself, Miss 'Lition, it 's gwine be a ve'y discomodin' 'rangement. An' yer know, too, 't ain' sense ter ax no fam'ly man ter go off like dat 'thout offerin' 'im no mo' pummanency o' wuk. No, ma'am. 'T ain' gwine wuk. No 'm. I ain' gwine stay in no cohner behine no fence.

"An' lemme tell yer, Miss 'Lition, 't ain' gwine do no good ter start out an' talk like dat, anyway. W'y, way he talk yer 'd think all de folks in de Souf, white 'n' culled, did n' git time fer nuth'n' 't all but quar'lin' 'n' fussin'. Well, now, co'se de culled folks has dey faults, an' 'casion'y de white folks fusses at 'em. But dat ain't de r'al trouble, nudder. No 'm. De r'al trouble is it 's too many white folks spen'in' dey time talkin' 'n' holl'in' 'bout dey faults, an' not 'nough ter r'ally help 'em an' 'vise 'em an' tek a hole 'n' teach 'em. No 'm, look like it 's too many uv 'em ain't willin' ter demean deyselves by teachin' 'em w'at 's right, an' den complain ef dey doan' do w'at 's right.

"Well, trufe is, Miss 'Lition, any one wid sense oughter know dey 's allays gwine be some trouble 'long 's dey 's a perpondrance o' dat kin' o' folks."

"EVERY MAN HIS OWN LETTER-WRITER"

[THE Open Letter of George Watt Fellows in the present number of THE CENTURY suggests to us the reprinting of a bit of fun which will pleasantly remind the older generation of readers of a favorite writer. It was one of a series of letters satirizing the correspondence manuals of the time, and was contributed by Frank R. Stockton to the number of this magazine for December, 1877, and is included in the complete edition of Stockton's writings published by the Scribners.—THE EDITOR.]

From the wife of a farmer, who, having sewed rags enough to make a carpet, is in doubt whether to sell the rags, and with the money buy a mince-meat chopper and two cochin-china hens of an old lady, who, having been afflicted with varicose veins, has determined to send her nephew, who has been working for a pump-maker in the neighboring village, but who comes home at night to sleep, to a school kept by a divinity student whose father has been educated by the clergyman who had married her father and mother, and to give up her little farm and go to East Durham, New York, to live with a cousin of her mother, named Amos Murdock, or to have the carpet made up by a weaver who had bought oats from her husband, for a horse which had been lent to him for his keep—being a little tender in his fore feet—by a city doctor, but who would still owe two or three dollars after the carpet was woven, and keep it until her daughter, who was married to a dealer in second-hand blowing-engines for agitating oil, should come to make her a visit, and then put it down in her second-story front chamber, with a small piece of another rag-carpet, which had been under a bed, and was not worn at all, in a recess which it would be a pity to cut a new carpet to fit, to an unmarried sister who keeps house for an importer of Limoges faience.

Greenville, July 20, '77.

Dear Maria: Now that my winter labors, so unavoidably continued through the vernal season until now, are happily concluded, I cannot determine, by any mental process with which I am familiar, what final disposition of the proceeds of my toil would be most conducive to my general well-being. If, therefore, you will bend the energies of your intellect upon the solution of this problem, you will confer a most highly appreciated favor upon

Your perplexed sister,
Amanda Daniels.