

LIGHT VERSE

A CITY SQUARE

LIGHT and shade in the city square,
Water and shade and light!
Grass in an emerald everywhere;
Sparrows to chirp and fight;

Tulips in circles of painted tin;
Patter of children's feet;
Love—where the quieter walks begin;
Age—on the open seat;

Cleaners alert for the fallen shell;
Stately police on guard—
We play it is nature, but, truth to tell,
The playing is somewhat hard!

Mary McNeil Fenollosa

THE SHOPPER

WHEN Annabel goes shopping
She rises with the lark
And scans the morning papers
The bargain sales to mark.
She hurries through her breakfast,
And ties her veil in haste,
And leaves her mail unopened—
No precious time to waste.

She looks at silken blouses,
And parasols and gloves,
And *lingerie* and laces,
And hats—such perfect loves!
She tries on frocks from Paris,
And prices chiffon veils,
And muffs of mink or sable
With half a hundred tails.

She does not stop for luncheon,
But flies from store to store,
And nightfall finds her weary,
And sick, and sad, and sore;
And home she goes, with camphor
To bind her aching head,
And proudly shows her purchase—
A spool of cotton thread.

Minna Irving

THE MILLIONAIRE

HEAVE half a brick at the duffer!
Give him a lash with the knout—
Make all his interests suffer;
Rip him up inside and out.

Ruin his good reputation,
Give him a jolt and a scare;
Drag him from off his high station—
He's only a millionaire!

Cover his name with black scandal,
Deep from Beersheba to Dan;
Give him a thorough man-handle;
Smirch him whenever you can.
Trip him in every venture;
Catch him with pitfall and snare;
Drown him with cynical censure—
He's only a millionaire!

Call him a thief and a liar;
Greet him with jibes and with jeers.
Drag down the name of his sire;
Snub his grandmother with sneers;
Whisper vile gossip and rumor—
None of his family spare—
Treat his achievement with "humor"—
He's only a millionaire!

Cater to every excitement
Likely to tarnish his name.
Try to secure his indictment,
If he's a fellow of fame.
Fill him a poisonous chalice,
Mixture of wormwood and care.
Up with all envy and malice—
Down with the millionaire!

Blakeney Gray

AN AWAKENING

I

I MIGHT have known
Her heart was metal, bone,
And stone!
Have I not told her oft enow
That she possessed a marble brow?
Have I not said time and again
Her tempting lips were rubies twain?
Have I not spoken more than once—
Love-blinded dunces!—
Of eyes that held the depth and fires
Of twin sapphires;
Of hair of gold spun into curls;
And teeth of pearls?
Have I not likened both her arms
To alabaster in their charms,
And her complexion sung right free
In terms suggesting ivory?
And did I not to questioning friends reveal
This maid I loved was true as steel?
I hate like sin

To think of what an ass I've been
 To look for soft endearments from a lass
 Who's in the marble, steel, and ruby class;
 Whose locks are ore;
 Whose eyes and teeth suggest a jewelry
 store—
 I might have known
 Her heart was metal, bone,
 And stone.

II

Next time I would dispose of this sore heart
 I'll lay it down before some hall of art,
 Or possibly, to keep myself from hurt,
 I'll flirt
 Outrageously
 With some Carnegie library;
 Or some vast office-building high,
 With feet on earth and head up in the sky,
 And hope to weather Hymen's tropic storm
 With something far more warm
 Than she who last night turned me down
 With cold and ruby lips, and marble frown,
 And shot forth ire
 From each sapphire
 Until I fled and wished with inward groan
 That I had known
 Her heart was metal, bone,
 And stone!

John Kendrick Bangs

SONG

O HARK! a little song I sing
 About a day in early spring,
 You know the sort I mean!
 When fresh and balmy was the breeze,
 And birds were piping in the trees,
 And oh, the grass was green!

And not a cloud was in the sky,
 And not a soul was standing by,
 To look or intervene.
 We stood together hand in hand,
 But still we could not understand,
 For oh, we two were green!

Harold Susman

A STAKE

I'LL stake a kiss against a kiss;
 And if I lose you win
 That which will give the utmost bliss
 For me to render in.

I'll stake a kiss against a kiss—
 Such wager is no sin.
 The moral of a game like this,
 Is, if I lose I win.

Faye Naomi Cooke

A HEART LONGING

I SHOULD like to go back to the little old
 town
 Where she lived in the long, long ago,
 When I thought that her eyes were the
 loveliest brown
 And her brow was far whiter than snow.

I should like to go back to the tree-shaded
 lane
 Where we strolled in the hush of the
 eve

With my heart throbbing swiftly a drum-
 ming refrain
 While her hand rested light on my sleeve.

I should like to go back to the banks of
 the brook

Where she told me it never could be—
 To go back to the shade of the vine-bowered
 nook

Where I pleaded my suit on my knee.

I should like to go back, just to see her
 once more—

It would give me great joy to do that;
 Since she married my rival who worked in
 the store

She has waxed most excessively fat.

I should like to go back, for they say he is
 bald

And in manner is wondrously meek,
 And they whisper at times he is viciously
 mauled

If he pricks up his courage to speak.

I should like to go back, just to stroll to
 their gate

In the beautiful hush of the night,
 And to thank him for thus interrupting my
 fate,

And to tell him it served him just right!

Wilbur D. Nesbit

THE UNLUCKY DAY

THEY walked in Central Park, they two,
 Alone upon that warm spring Friday;
 The jealous grass untied her shoe.
 They walked in Central Park, they two—
 I do not blame the grass, do you?
 But shoes untied are so untidy!
 They walked in Central Park, they two,
 Alone upon that warm spring Friday.

Poor Jimmy knelt upon the spot
 Just one wild palpitating minute.
 A bow he tried, but tied a knot;
 Poor Jimmy knelt upon the spot—
 The string had vengeance on his lot—
 He tied his own light heart within it!
 Poor Jimmy knelt upon the spot
 But one wild palpitating minute.

Reginald Wright Kauffman

THE NEW DOCTOR

BY JACOB BROWN

WITH A DRAWING BY H. L. V. PARKHURST

THERE was a suggestion of the Celt in Cathcart's reddish hair and bluish eyes, and a Yankee keenness in the nasal lines. His chin was set, firm, beneath thin lips. He was an American, a Harvard M.D. and an ex-Philadelphia hospital interne, thirty years old. He was a driving, gripping sort of man who drove and gripped himself as well as others; altogether, one equal to his environment in this California foot-hill town between the belts of grain and gold, its life vigorous from the strength of each.

Now, closing Cyrus Drummond's gate after his first professional visit to the family, he wore a mood of elation. To become the family physician of the Drummonds was to live down the sobriquet, "the new doctor." Hitherto, they had employed old Carver. This time, however, Gavin, the youngster of twelve, having sustained a compound fracture of the left leg, the result of a dare to jump from the barn roof, Carver had been ignored, probably because of his growing fondness for liquor.

Cathcart had done a good job, and he knew it, and he hoped for further recognition. His hope was the more confident in view of the manifest approval which he had read in the little mother's anxious eyes—eyes that focused the whole of an ideally maternal nature—a blending of love and mind and will.

Ten weeks saw the boy again leading his cronies and Cathcart wondering just how big a bill the traffic would bear. Immediate dollars were as large as full moons to him, while the patronage of the Drummonds meant the highest standing in the region. Moreover, Cyrus Drummond and his money, though he was the richest man in four counties,

were notoriously adhesive. Finally he determined that, where the patient could meet it, his services must be taken at his own valuation; and Cathcart was not modest.

Cyrus Drummond was known to him, chiefly, by reputation. He was styled "the old man." The expression imported an age of sixty years, witnessed by white hair and flowing beard; a patriarchal dominance in wealth, politics, and religion, but no depletion of mental or physical powers; and, from the populace in general, a trace of affection and an abundance of fear. He owned the bank, besides mines, ranches, and roads; he named the Congressmen; he chose and dismissed the ministers of at least one denomination.

A week after the treatment of the boy had ceased, the old man entered the new doctor's office, ignored the offer of a chair, and asked the amount of his indebtedness, his left hand in his pocket proclaiming that he paid cash.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," said Cathcart.

The old man smiled a grim, slow smile, belied by a hardening in the eyes.

"That's altogether too much, young man. I won't pay it."

The Celtic in Cathcart began to glow.

"That is my charge, Mr. Drummond; I shall not come down."

"As you please, sir. I don't waste words or time. I'll not pay it;" and he turned and started to leave.

Cathcart had a dim remembrance, afterward, of having speculated, for a second, as to whether or not the broad shoulders of the man could go squarely through the doorway. He was, however, thoroughly angry and he did not hesitate for words.