

# LIGHT VERSE

## IN A EUROPEAN ART GALLERY

(An American Father and His Daughters)

“COME, girls! This way! We’ve got a lot

To see before we’re through.

The train for Paris leaves—Great Scott!  
One catalogue will do.

“What god is this? Apollo, eh?”

The one that came from Rome.

Come on! We see him every day—  
He’s reproduced at home.

“What’s this—a Rembrandt? How much bid?”

Rubens for me! I’ve placed

An order for the best he did;

He’s much more to my taste.

“Come on! Hello! Correggio?”

Bully—and see that frieze!

What name? Oh, Michelangelo!

Great work! Now, hurry, please.

“The train for Paris leaves—what’s this?”

A Raphael—he’s good.

And Tintoretto—come, we’ll miss

Our dinner. (If we should!)

“I’m tired to death! I know you are.

Sightseeing is no joke.

Here’s Phidias—Della Robbia.

Come on! I want to smoke.

“Let’s go! No more of this for me.

Why, I can hardly crawl!

The train for Paris leaves at three—

Let’s say we’ve seen ‘em all!”

*Thomas L. Masson*

## LITTLE GIRL

SWEET are the flowers that blow, little girl,

In the wood and the garden and field;

I have gathered them all, and I know, little girl,

Of the beauty and sweetness they yield.

But all of their fairness and fragrance combined,

From the rose to the violet blue,

Cannot equal the charm that I find, little girl,

In the bonnie sweet features of you.

The south wind sweeps over the hill, little girl,

Through the red clover-blossoms it roves;

The honey-bee’s drinking its fill, little girl,  
And is drunk with the nectar it loves.

The clover yields saccharine food for the bee,

But the warm, loving touch of your lips  
Is a hundredfold sweeter to me, little girl,  
Than the nectar the honey-bee sips!

They’ve reckoned the breadth of the land,  
little girl,

And they know when the worlds were begun;

The mountains and plains they have spanned,  
little girl,

They have measured the heat of the sun.  
They have reckoned the ocean’s depth and length,

And counted the stars in the blue,  
But no power can reckon the strength, little girl,

Of the love in my heart for you!

*Howard Dwight Smiley*

## TREASURE

THE Sultan brought from Ispahan

A caravan of precious things—

Rare gossamers, so finely wrought

Their pattern seemed a woven thought

That any moment might take wings;

Long strings of pearls and amethysts,  
And anklets quaintly carved of gold,

And yellow sapphires, centuries old,

And curios of alchemists—

Elixirs made in Ispahan.

I walked within his garden, near

The palace. Blossoms drooped with dew

Before the breeze of morning blew,

And crystal fountains tinkled clear—

The night he came from Ispahan.

For all his wealth I did not care!

The moon hung low upon the rim

Of day—I did not envy him;

I loved the jasmine in the air

More than the gauds of Ispahan!

Until my heart beheld her there—

Swathed round with moonlight, as if she

Herself were moonlight verily,

Upon the jasmine-scented air—

She whom he brought from Ispahan.

A living song of Paradise,

Perfection from the brow to chin,

With all love's sorrow crowded in  
The glowing glory of her eyes,  
That looked away toward Ispahan.

A treasure carved from head to heel  
For Love's seraglio—eloquent  
Of warm delights, as flowers of scent—  
Incarnate kisses! Yet the wheel  
Had turned her here—from Ispahan.

The Sultan is a weary man;  
He counts her as another pearl  
Upon a string. To me that girl  
Were more than all the caravan  
That he brought home from Ispahan!

*Helen Noé*

#### THE NEAR BIRD-LOVER

SWANS in the park I know by sight;  
The catbird by its cat-like call;  
The robin by his waistcoat bright;  
The chippy sparrow on the wall;  
The eagle, stuffed, on pedestal;  
The ostrich, captive in a show—  
I know and understand them all;  
But, ah, the birds bird-lovers know!

Owls by their hooting in the night;  
Quail by their taste—in banquet-hall;  
Partridge I know by like delight;  
The duck, so oddly comical;  
The patient hen and rooster tall;  
The parrot and the pirate crow—  
I know and understand them all;  
But, ah, the birds bird-lovers know!

As for canaries, they are trite.  
I know the peacock by his squall.  
(In novels English ladies write  
He struts full proudly on the mall.)  
The dove, devoted, conjugal;  
The little chickens in a row—  
I know and understand them all;  
But, ah, the birds bird-lovers know!

#### ENVOY

Bird-lovers, at your feet I crawl,  
For these are such a few, although  
I know and understand them all;  
But, ah, the birds bird-lovers know!

*Ralph Bergengren*

#### UNREQUITED LOVE

A SCIENTIST of great renown  
One day resolved to settle down;  
And so, to make complete his life,  
He sought an antiseptic wife.  
"I cannot," he remarked, "endure  
One that's not chemically pure.  
Her kisses, to be duly prized,  
Must be the kind that's sterilized.  
In her vicinity, indeed,

No germ must carry out its creed."  
He sought in vain, for try his best  
No maiden could survive the test;  
Till, restless and dissatisfied,  
He vowed that he would make a bride.

With powders and retorts he toiled,  
Made up a mixture, which he boiled,  
And while this mixture was quite warm  
He shaped a lovely angel form,  
Infused it with the vital fire,  
And then—attempted to draw nigh her.  
But thus she scorned him: "Nay, desist,  
You microbe-laden scientist!  
Come, hurry up and quickly make  
A germless lover for my sake!"  
As one at last who understands,  
The scientist held up his hands  
And cried: "Alas, too late I learn  
A septic lover should not yearn!"

*Chesterton Todd*

#### HIDE AND SEEK

"WHERE'S spring?" we ask, with long-  
drawn sigh.

"Where's spring?"

Ah, wilful baby of the year,  
Do we not know that you are near?  
In vain before your face you hold  
A veil of showers, misty-cold;  
The crocuses are indiscreet,  
Nodding and beckoning round your feet.  
We hear your whisper, sweet and low,  
In every stream of melting snow;  
Your laugh is in the southern breeze,  
And you have wakened all the trees.  
Still hiding? But the sky grows blue.  
Your merry eyes are peeping through,  
And as the veil flies, rent, away,  
To humor you, in mock dismay—  
"Where's spring? Why, here she is!" we cry.  
"Here's spring!"

*Aldis Dunbar*

#### LET ME TELL IT TO-DAY

LET me tell it to-day, for to-morrow  
I then shall be one long day older,  
Perchance not one atom the bolder,  
So why from Love's calendar borrow  
Twelve hours that may bring naught but  
sorrow?

No! Here with your head on my  
shoulder,

Let me tell it to-day!

Let me tell it to-day, for To-morrow,  
With all the delights that unfold her,  
Perchance may not dawn! Do not  
scold her,

But here, lip to lip, *mia cara*,

Let me tell it to-day!

*Clarence Urmy*

# THE STAGE

TWO MILLIONAIRES AND A CIRCUS-RIDER

LET the cleverest dramatist of the day have three plays in succession go down to failure, and he will find it hard work to place a fourth."

This was what Alfred Sutro said just two years ago, when he made a flying visit to New York to be present at the first production of his "Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt." Poor man, he little recked that he would himself be in line to furnish an example in point. At that time his "Walls of Jericho" had made a very decided hit in London. It was followed by "Mollen-trave on Women" and "The Perfect Lover," neither of which set the Thames afire; and Ellis Jeffreys could not save his "Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt."

It does not appear, however, that this trio of misfires had the effect that Mr. Sutro himself predicted, for in March, 1907, his next venture, "John Glayde's Honor," was produced by George Alexander at the St. James's. London received it with favor, thus crediting the author with a second success, which has just been capped by another failure, "The Barrier," written for Marie Tempest.

Meantime, James K.

Hackett, who produced "The Walls of Jericho" in America, made haste to secure "John Glayde's Honor" for himself, and submitted it to New York in Christmas week. The result was a speedy reversal of the London verdict. The critics disagreed, to be sure, some



PAULINE CHASE, THE AMERICAN WHO ACHIEVED FAME IN NEW YORK AS "THE PINK PAJAMA GIRL" IN "THE LIBERTY BELLES," AND WHO IS NOW PLAYING MAUDE ADAMS'S PART IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF "PETER PAN"

*From her latest photograph by the Rotary Photograph Company, London*