

CURRENT VERSE

A WRITER'S PRAYER

By Henry Van Dyke.

Lord, let me never tag a moral to a tale, nor tell a story without a meaning

Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work

Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people for they are both alive

Show me that as in a river, so in a writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed

Teach me to see the local color without being blind to the inner light

Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real

Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life

Steady me to do the full stint of work as well as I can; and when that is done, stop me; pay what wages Thou wilt, and help me to say, from a quiet heart, a grateful Amen.

—Reedy's Mirror.

INVOCATION

By Wendell Phillips Stafford.

O Thou whose equal purpose runs
In drops of rain or streams of suns,
And with a soft compulsion rolls
The green earth on her snowy poles;
O Thou who keepest in thy ken
The times of flowers, the dooms of men,
Stretch out a mighty wing above—
Be tender to the land we love!

If all the huddlers from the storm
Have found her hearthstone wide and warm;
If she has made men free and glad,
Sharing, with all, the good she had;
If she has blown the very dust
From her bright balance to be just,
Oh, spread a mighty wing above—
Be tender to the land we love!

When in the dark, eternal tower
The star-clock strikes her trial hour,
And for her help no more avail
Her sea-blue shield, her mountain-mall,
But sweeping wide, from gulf to lakes,
The battle on her forehead breaks,
Throw Thou a thunderous wing above—
Be lightning for the land we love!

—Atlantic Monthly.

THE MISLEADING THEATRE TICKET

Expecting to go and enjoy a good show,
You humbly appear at the wicket
Of an opera shop, intending to cop
For your wife and yourself a good ticket.
You go ten days ahead, having frequently read,
That this musical show is a corker—
Especially made and 600 nights played
For the ultrafastidious New Yorker.

You get there at nine, and you file into line
And you push and you shove and you bunt,
Until you appear before the cashier,
And ask him for "two, 'way up front."
You spend your last buck, but you're pleased with
Your luck,
For your pasteboards read "B, 1 and 2."

A surprise for your wife—you're contented with life,
For she'll now be contented with you.

On the aisle, second row! How is that for a show?
You chuckle—but ah, shed a tear!
For the seats which you boast are stuck back of a post,

Side aisle, and two rows from the rear!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A MEASURE OF HEAVEN

By Bliss Carmen.

Heaven is no larger than Connecticut;
No larger than Fairfield county; no, no larger
Than the little valley of the Silvermine
The white sun visits and the wandering showers.
For there is room enough for spring's return,
For lilac evenings and the rising moon,
And time enough for Autumn's idle days,
When soul is ripe for immortality.

And then when winter comes with smouldering dusk

To kindle rosy flames upon the hearth,
And hang its starry belt upon the night,
One firelit room is large enough for heaven—
For all we know of wisdom and of love,
And the eternal welfare of the heart.

—Everybody's.

THE MEN IN THE FLANDERS

By Margaret Sackville.

The men go out to Flanders
As to a promised land;

The men come back from Flanders
With eyes that understand.

They've drunk their fill of blood and wrath,
Of sleeplessness and pain,
Yet silently to Flanders
They hasten back again.

In the low lands of Flanders
A patient watch they keep;
The living and the dead watch on,
Whilst we are sound asleep.

—San Francisco News Letter.

IN THE HAIR

A fellow lost a Ford one day,
He hunted everywhere,
Until he found it, so they say,
Next time he combed his hair.
—Southern Automobile and Garage.

Still nastier:

Si lost a Ford at lunch one day,
Upon a misty heath,
He found it hiding, so they say,
When next he picked his teeth.
—San Francisco News Letter.

"Are you unmarried?" inquired the census man. "Oh, dear, no," said the little lady, blushing; "I've never even been married."—Ladies' Home Journal.

"He does a roaring business." "What's his line?" "He blows the megaphone on a sightseeing 'bus.—The Club Fellow.

Miss Ethyle Stewart
and Addison Fowler
the dancers whose
various terpsichorean
interpretations are
attracting attention
nightly at the New-
house hotel

