

THE POET'S CORNER

By Harold Carter.

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"What can I do for you, madam?" inquired Jim Bryce, editor of the "Four Corners Sentinel," as the little old lady approached his desk timidly.

"I want you to publish a poem on my daughter Jane," she said. "I writ



"Now Then, When's That Poem of Mine Going To Appear?"

it myself. I hadn't thought I had the gift of poetry till I was along on seventy, but when Jane took mad and died up to the asylum it sort of loosened me up."

Jim Bryce, being only twenty-five, and sympathetic by nature, took the ill-scrawled manuscript and read as follows:

God held thee, Jane! Such pains she had

That she in half a year was mad
And in a prison housed;
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of
wrong
She fearfully caroused.

Farewell, and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Jane, in hallowed mould
Thy corpse shall buried be;
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

"Excellent, madam," said Jim Bryce diplomatically, "but don't you think it is a little too gloomy for the 'Sentinel' to publish?"

"Gloom does folks good," said the old lady. "Besides I want to get my name printed. I haven't never had any of my poems printed yet, and if folks likes this I've got nigh on a quire of 'em I'll bring around to you."

Jim dismissed little old Mrs. Saunderson with a sort of promise, but, when she was gone, he sat scratching his head in perplexity. He was a young man and had a young man's ambition to make his paper a medium of culture in Four Corners. And to print such doggerel as that would be to hold up the "Sentinel" to contempt and execration.

Perhaps, being a young man, he overestimated the popular appreciation of poetry in his native town. At any rate, he could not bring himself to insert it. He laid it aside in a pigeon-hole.

"Why hain't my poem appeared in the 'Sentinel' this week?" inquired little Mrs. Saunderson, meeting the editor on the street the day after the weekly's next appearance.

"Why, Mrs. Saunderson, I thought I'd better hold it over a while," answered Jim. "You know we are overstocked with contributions of all kinds and it is a little difficult—"

Mrs. Saunderson cut him short. "All right, Mr. Bryce, I'll wait till next week," she said. "Only it's sort of disappointing, because folks is asking why it hain't been printed yet."