

“To Low Rate”

In Genesis we find the ban the Almighty placed on single man. “Not good for man to live alone,” by such as “Low Rate” plainly shown. But I may err; perhaps “Low Rate” was not of woman born, worse fate! If mother, sister, he had known like ours, he would not “groan, groan, groan.” So I infer his Monkey Mother—he surely could have had no other—just gave him sense enough to “wonder” and not enough to scent a blunder; else he had “Adam” understood, and also “Judas,” bad and good, learned how through Woman we are given our only chance to enter Heaven. So, poor “unfettered” man “Low Rate,” we sure must leave thee to thy fate. Amid the jungle some fine day, when we in foreign lands may stray, we hope to see thee climbing higher. ’Twill help thee to escape the mire of thine own mind. I tremble though, lest Mistress Monk leave thee below.

“VENOMOUS WOMAN.”

THE “COST” AND THE “STANDARD.”

—
(“Let ’em eat grass.”—Foulon.)

Joe found that an Assistant Clerk
Can hardly live the life of Riot,
But no one needs a generous diet
To keep alive the vital spark.

So Joseph getting out of bed
Solaced with milk his void inside,
And all that day when Nature cried
For meat he gave her milk instead.

It would not do. Joe gave it up,
Feeling he’d been a fool to risk it.
Disconsolate he gnawed a biscuit
Reft from the unreluctant pup.

Joe had a manly share of “guts”
(Excellent Anglo-Saxon word!)
And though he might be thought absurd
He swore he’d try a day on nuts.

So Joseph at the office desk,
When surly seniors turned their backs,
Produced a fusillade of cracks,
A mad composer’s Humoreske.

It would not do, for Joseph found
He scarce could stand upon his feet.
“O Lord,” cried Joe, “I must have
meat!”
And pawned his watch and wolfed a
pound.

Then shone his face, then gleamed his eyes,
Then rose his spirits high and higher,
Hope burned within him like a fire;
He felt that he at last was wise.

—T. H. L. in London *Civilian*.

THE BROWN OLD EARTH.

—
By G. R.

How, like a tired child outworn with play,
The brown old earth today
Lies deep
In tranquil sleep;
Yet, in its slumber, seems
To smile, as if it lived again the prime
Of its lost summer time;
Or like Endymion on Latmos’ steep,
To hold in glorious dreams
A life forever fair, forever young.

And like the dream-born babblings of the
young,
The stream, with murmurous tongue,
Recites
Its lost delights;
And thrilling with its theme,
June’s laughing tide, returning, flows once
more
Along the lonely shore,
Whispering its memories of summer
nights;
Till from that glorious dream
It wakes upon the bosom of the sea.