



A Spenathrift.

THE year was departing, the very last day
Of the month of December was passing away,
When old Mother Earth, with a slight quake of fear,
Said, "Father Time, please, could you spare me a year?"
"Zounds, madam!" cried Time, "another year? No!
Where's the one that I gave you a twelvemonth ago?"
"I spent it," replied Mother Earth, looking down.
"You did?" thundered Time, with a menacing frown;
"Then give an account; if wisely 'twas spent,
And none of it wasted, perhaps I'll relent."
"I spent it as usual," confessed Mother Earth,
"In the pursuit of happiness, pleasure, and mirth."
"What have you to show for it?" Father Time said.
"Alas, I have nothing," and Earth hung her head;
"But if you will give me a new year to-night,
I'll make earnest resolves to spend it aright."
Time reached for his wallet and took out a year,
Saying, "Those resolutions are worn out, I fear;
But it's growing quite late, so take this one, then,"
And he gave Mother Earth 1910.

From Carolyn Wells' "Year-Book."

