

VERSE AND REVERSE.

In a recent issue of the "Red Magazine" there appeared a short poem signed by "J.K.L.," entitled "When he kissed her." The first spasm begins "He kissed her on the balcony—it was a dreadful sin." Now, consider these beautiful words for a short time—"He kissed her on the balcony." Just what did the muse mean? Did he mean to a-muse us? What part of a woman's anatomy is her "balcony"? We have heard of such parts as the "dial," the "map," the "mush," and the "upper storey," but never of a "balcony."

One thing is certain—it must have been an unwarranted outrage; it must have been an act in the direct contravention of the laws of Mrs. Grundy, hence the second line, "It was a dreadful sin."

This is a terrible accusation, for it indicates to what degradation the individual referred to had sunk. What a low, depraved wretch he must have been! Then it shows again how lofty are the ideals of the illustrious author; and yet, withal, our modern verse is sadly inferior in quality and morality to that of "Auld Lang Syne."

Now take that popular song, for instance—I mean that universal favourite, "When you wore a tulip and I wore a big red rose." There's a low-down silly song; think of the thousands, aye, millions of innocent children who are daily singing those awful words. They will chatter and hum without knowledge of their horrible intent. Just think of them—"When you wore a tulip and I wore a big red rose." I'm quite positive that the man who

wrote that song must have been prevaricating; he must have been picturing how he would like to have acted, not as he actually did do. I'm sure that he isn't a married man. No! he must be a bachelor. If he were married, his wife would never allow him to publish broadcast the story of his misdeeds. Of course, he might be a Hawaiian or a South Sea Islander, who had emigrated to a northern clime, and was only reflecting on the days of his youth. It's a certainty that he didn't run around Chicago or Toronto in that garb. Even the cabaret artistes in those salubrious places have to wear a little more than a tulip or a rose. I confess that some of them were very little more, still, we have stony-hearted men of law who are adamant in their demands regarding morals.

But, to go back to my original contention, that the old-time poetry was better than that of the present day. Take, for example, that beautiful song, "Sweet Marie." You know how it goes, "Sweet Marie, come to me; come to me, sweet Marie." There's a gem for you. The man who wrote that knew what he was doing. I'll wager that he married a widow; at least, he was certainly wise in the ways of women. You see how he gets her both ways—coming and going. "Sweet Marie, come to me, come to me, sweet Marie." That's putting over the double cross on her and making her like it. In trench parlance, "that's the stuff to give 'em." You don't find such verse nowadays; like going to church and the weekly bath, it's a forgotten art.

