

won the Rosedale Club championship, and was runner-up to Miss Campbell in the Canadian championship.

Mrs. Blight is a small, lithe woman, whose playing is extremely graceful as well as accurate. With luck, she should be the leading figure in the ladies' golf games of 1913.

**Making the "Popular" Song.**

HERE'S the way many popular songs are written (declares Thomas E. Parker, in *Town and Farm*). Two fellows, one a piano player and the other a lyric writer, get together at a piano. The piano player runs his fingers over the keys, strikes a chord, leans back and looks up at the ceiling. With rag-time ecstasy in his eyes, he murmurs: "Listen to that, bo. Some bear, huh!"

"You baby!" ejaculates the lyric writer. "It's a bear cat rag."

"What's the matter with that for a title?" suggests the piano player.

"Go to it," says his partner.

"Bang! Bang!" goes the piano, and the piano player leans over the keys, humming softly to the tune he grinds out.

"It's a bear, it's a bear, it's a bear." Bang! Bang!

"It's a bear cat rag, you ba-by, it's a bear cat rag."

"Great kid, kill it," shouts the lyric writer above the din, and the piano player plays it three ways across the board, and winds up with a hot finish that sends the lyric writer into a state of coma until he emerges with words that fit the fine frenzy of the musician's efforts.

That's all except the publishing and the reaping of royalties. Sometimes these royalties run into



Mrs. Howard Blight, Runner-up in the Ladies' Canadian Golf Championship.

thousands, when the song is a good one and the plugging is easy. Again the effusion is a flat failure, but the publisher suffers when this occurs, and the lyric writer and piano player can almost always repeat.

Probably the most famous of the popular song writers is Irving Berlin, who has made over \$100,000 in the last three years from his work. He writes both words and music for his songs, and is guilty of "Alexander's Rag Time Band," "Everybody's Doin' It," "Sweet Italian Love," and "That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune."

Think of the blind Milton who laboured for seven

years on "Paradise Lost" and sold it for £15; of Poe, half insane, hungry, hawking "The Raven" about the streets, and finally parting with it for \$10. Think of Bliss Carman, Richard Le Gallienne, or Edwin Markham labouring for days and weeks over a gem which is to be sold practically for nothing. The syncopated king labours for ten minutes and reaps royalties from a half-million to two million copes. Shades of Homer, what have we come to!

**The Bathing Boy**

I saw him standing idly on the brim  
Of the quick river, in his beauty clad,  
So fair he was that Nature looked at him  
And touched him with her sunbeams here and there,  
So that his cool flesh sparkled, and his hair  
Blazed like a crown above the naked lad.

And so I wept; I have seen lovely things,  
Maidens and stars and roses all a-nod  
In moonlit seas, but Love without his wings,  
Set in the azure of an August sky,  
Was all too fair for my mortality.  
And so I wept to see the little god.

Till with a sudden grace of silver skin  
And golden lock he dived, his song of joy  
Broke with bubbles as he bore them in;  
And lo, the fear of night was on that place,  
Till decked with new-found gems and flushed  
of face,  
He rose again, a laughing, choking boy.

—Poems and Songs, by Richard Middleton.

**Why Willie and Lillie Were Late - By Estelle M. Kerr.**



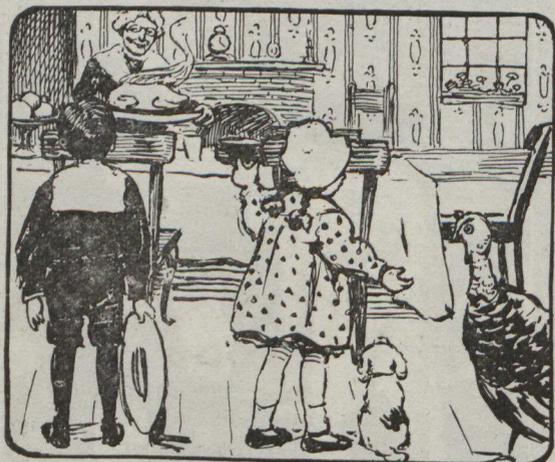
See Will and Lillie starting out so gaily on their way,  
They're going to dine at Grandmama's this fine Thanksgiving day.  
And walking on ahead of them, with nervous steps and jerky,  
And dropping tears along the road, there is a monstrous turkey.



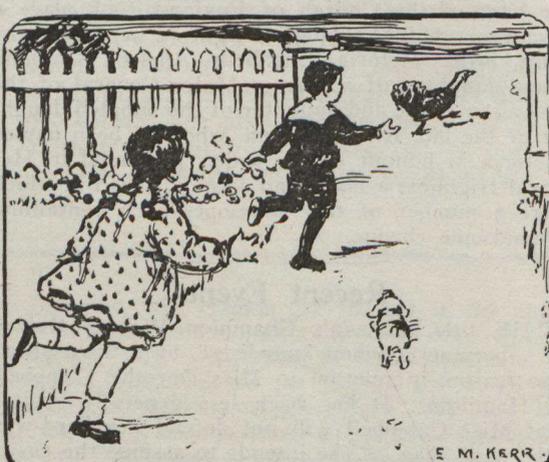
And Lillie said: "Oh, tell us please the troubles that distress you!"  
The turkey sighed, and wiped an eye, and said: "My dear, God bless you!  
The people are complaining of the awful cost of living  
And say they can't afford to ask me out to dine Thanksgiving.



"That's what they say, but well I know that I am deeply slighted,  
For nearly every goose around this year has been invited!"  
Then Willie said: "You come with us, my Grandmama's got a goose,  
But she will love to have you! Come, come now and no excuse!"



"We'll get an extra dish," said Lill, "and make an extra fire."  
"With goose and turkey both," said Will, "what more could we desire?"  
And when they got to Grandmama's, how fine the table looked!  
"Why, where's the goose?" the turkey said; "good gracious, he is cooked!"



"Is that the way you treat your guests?" he cried, and off he flew.  
He was in a most awful rage—I don't blame him, do you?  
He ran so hard, he ran so fast, it made him thin and thinner,  
To think in what capacity they wanted him for dinner!



The children both ran after him and caught him by the wing,  
"We wouldn't hurt you, dear," they cried, "you great, big, silly thing!"  
They got an extra knife and fork and laid an extra plate,  
And all enjoyed their dinner—only twenty minutes late.