



An Old Argument.

A wise young head a whole week
 spent,
 With a baby heart in argument,
 The infant's claim defying.
 The wise young head was cold and
 clear,
 Ironic, logical, sincere,
 And strenuous—one scarce could hear
 The baby heart's low crying.

"I want," sobbed out the heart, "I
 want—"
 And then the head began to taunt,
 "Oh, yes, you're bleeding, dying,
 For someone who is proud and poor,
 Whose mode of life I can't endure.
 I *must* think of some way to cure
 You of this endless crying."

Then said the owner of the two,
 "O wise young head, I think with
 you."
 And then she spoke denying
 Him who stood there, so poor and
 proud.
 Did he depart with face down bowed?
 Ah, no! He heard aloud—so loud—
 That precious baby crying.

There's a Woman in It.

In this queer old world there's a very good excuse
 That a man is always sure to keep on hand,
 Be he Briton or Norwegian,
 Be he Scythian or heathen,
 It will serve him just the same in every land.
 Altho' 'tis very ancient, yet it never will grow old,
 In fact, Adam in old Eden did begin it—
 If accused of any failure you will very soon be told
 With calm assurance, "There's a woman in it."

If in climbing up life's ladder a man has had a fall,
 And has failed to win the laurel wreath of fame,
 You may put it down to chance,
 Or unlucky circumstance,
 But he'll not be slow to tell you who's to blame—
 Be it love or money, it is just the same old song,
 Why he failed in every way to meet success—
 He will tell you 'twas a woman, and not himself at all,
 And refer you to old Adam for his text.

—M. L. CLAYPOLE.