

Who now have cured the world
Of all its other ills and woes!
But even they are sport as all men are,
And things; thus shun these deadly foes,
Know, too, from all the vibrant air above
And round you, that the greatest sport is love.

B. C.

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A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

He set him out
A lady's fan to buy,
For Christmas now was nigh,
The shops he'd rout.

He reached the store,
And boldly entered there
To choose, with leisure rare,
This offering poor.

His lady shy,
Unknowing, sought that store,
And on that self-same floor
Stood near to buy.

A mounted stick
For him she had in view,
But not a word he knew,
The best she'd pick.

So side by side
To purchase their surprise
They stood, when their keen eyes
Each other spied.

Confused, they smiled,
Then sought a ready ruse,
Their secret must not ooze,
Thus they beguiled.—

For 'ere they stir
To smiling servers say
"Madam, your pleasure pray?"
"What for you, sir?"

She blushed, but quick
Chose out a dainty fan.
Which, stuttering, he did scan,
Then bought a stick.

'Twas ever thus,—
That fate at us conspires
To rob our best desires,
And sadden us.

B. C.



Rolf Hoerschelmann