Album Verse. D.W. Holmer.

When Eve had led her lord astray,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The star and flower, the poet says,
Agreed with one another,

To cheat the evening tempest's art,
And touch the breeze its daffi,
By keeping on its wicked heart
This eye of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning.
And as the flowers would watch by day,
The star from ere to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn,
Till within skies are burning.
That each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame & sinning,
That some turn white as sea-glazed shell,
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discoveries,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown
The lips of dying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes
And in their pain endure
We see them dimpling in the sky
And in their midst forever.

BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight,
Make me a dude again just for to-night;
I am so weary of being too fat,
Wearing broad trousers, a seventeen hat;
Weary of baldness and teeth that are gone,
Weary of having my dry goods in pawn;
Weary of being so fat and so rude,
Make me a dude again, make me a dude.

Once I was slim as a hickory cane,
My pocket by ounces out balanced my brain;
I drove dizzy horses, I rode in a hack,
I had a ten dollar shirt onto my back;
I wore all my glasses all bordered with gold,
I ne'er told a story too ancient and old;
I always was found in the happiest mood,
Make me a dude again, make me a dude.
In the midst of a queer, giddy, fidgety dream last night I thought the great Panjandrum appeared to me with the kind offer to have some one class of my fellow beings immediately exterminated, provided I could, without taking too much of his valuable time, decide which particular class it should be. Just seven minutes were given in which to make and announce the decision. Of course I accepted with alacrity, and at once hastened to run over in my mind such of the numerous varieties of human nature as could most speedily be recalled.

At first I thought I would select the people who do not answer letters, but I reflected that sometimes we write letters in haste, which had better be answered at leisure, or even not at all, on the principle that the least said soonest...
mended. Then I dallied for a moment with the idea that it should be those who hearing me pay things in jest, straightforwardly report them as things said in earnest. Surely, thought I to myself, we can’t go astray in having this venomous species obliterated! But as the genial destroyer looked at his watch a little impatiently, I hurriedly recollected certain other deeming candidates. Those were those who always allow for every body else being late at appointments and so afflict the juncture and wish a quarter of an hour of painful fidget; and those who borrow tennis rackets and sheet music, and the lacrosse attendant who tag me around with recommendations of the latest insanities, and the Brotherhood of locomotive engineers who
agonize the ear of night with gratatious shrieks, with whistling fife, and the literary ladies who follow up our plainest observations with praise of how nicely, so prettily, so nobly, or something, it was said.

"Six minutes and three quarters" whispered the Grand Panjandrum, punching at me with his scepter, and knocking his little round butt-ton at top against the ceiling as he shuddily rote. I made one more rapid snatch among my recollections of people who are with difficulty to be endured and cried:

"Take those who carry a perpetual contumace of acid displeasure, and endeavor to make each member of the household in the company feel that she is at all times the special object of it." The detaining moniker nodded. Re-
magnily over his shoulder and winked at who should say, "You have well chosen."

We all have a general idea of imagination and recognize it as a greater force than manipulation, calculation, or intuition. If we see an old woman spinning at the spindle, and distributing her thread dexterously, we respect her for her manipulation. If we ask how much she will make in a year and she answers quickly, we respect her for her calculation. If she is watching at the same time that none of her grandchildren fall into the fire, we respect her for her observation. Yet for all this she may be a commonplace old woman. But if she is all the time telling those grandchildren a fairy story, we praise her for her imagination and say she is a remarkable woman.