



Diogenes, the first switchman

REJUVENATION

Once as my life was entering upon a new chapter
And my very soul slipping into the abyss of dis-
pondency;
Fate, that unquestionable instrument of God,
Did send an angel across my wavering path.
In a mighty burst of passion new to me
She captured my senses and tied them
Into a new and fruitful whole that led me
Into a realm of truth unknown to him
Who does not see a vision of love as a divine
agency.
And since then as I ponder over new and ancient
lore,
With thoughts perplexed and mazed, like a ship
in fog at sea,
My mind careening madly, does suddenly
straighten up,
With the thought that of the thousands who used
to drink with me
The dregs of that foul cup called by men dis-
pondency,
If they could have my vision, would they know
the truth and see
The lovely Good and Beauty that my angel
showed to me?

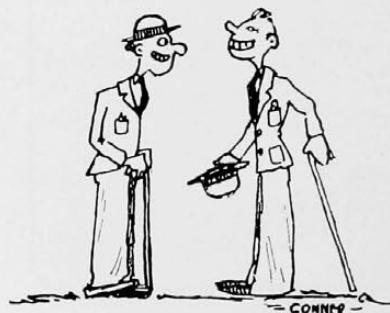
—SEYMORE HOWE.

TRUTH AT LAST

(Wherein a modern poet takes leave of a lady
love.)

Ah, Elusia.
Thou ever-haunting maiden of my dreams
Whose beauty promises
Life and love to me forever.
Would that we might sit,
Thee and me,
Eternally
Beneath this canopy of stars,
In this flower decked dell;
The silence of which is disturbed
Only by the mournful
Yet delighting song of the night-bird.
You, Elusia, lie enfolded in my arms,
Thy fair head, resting on my shoulder,
Thy glowing eyes now closed,
While from these rose-petal lips
I sip nectar,
Sweeter far than all the cloying wines
Of the Orient.
Oh, Elusia, darling of my dreams!
Would that we should never part,
Since to love thee
Is my fate,
But—
Well, babe, I gotta go now
'Cause I gotta another date.

—H. B. ANDERSON.



"It's a pipe!"
"What?"
"Dunhill."