

A MORNING COCKTAIL

I'm told that to drink before noon
Is really in very poor taste,
But I'll show you here very soon
That it's not such a terrible waste.

Believe it or not, 'twas my mother
Who started me thinking this way.
She's no different from any other,
Least not in this point, I dare say.

She taught me to crave this delight, you see,
To delight likewise in the craving.
This son she raised a tippler to be,
Despite dame temperance's raving.

Each morn twixt rising and school time,
When breakfast gave way to fast-breaks,
A lingering draught would I make mine
Of all that I thought I could take.

Now, an uncertain future awaits me.
Could a wife be so condescending,
Could she bear with this weakness within me,
This craving that seems so unending?

Some day when the right one is clenching
My hand, my fears to dismiss
Will she be any good at quenching
My thirst for a hot-buttered kiss?

—CHOYA—

GLASS CRAFTS

Once, in a very distant age, a primitive ancestor of modern man stooped to pick a shiny bauble out of the cooled lava of an erupted volcano. His childlike mind could not have known the word "glass", nor could he have possibly understood that the volcanic inferno had created a new material—destined to bring loveliness and utility into homes down through the ages.

History does not reveal when our prehistoric friend made his significant discovery, nor does it record when man's natural inventiveness first led him to improve on Nature's "accident". But it is known that centuries before the birth of Christ the Chinese, Greeks and Egyptians were making beautiful objects of glass, many of them now priceless treasures.