

LINES TO A DISTANT FRIEND

Across two hundred miles
I share with you
Each lovely thing:
The smell of spring,
The busying
Of tulip buds,
The pussy-willow's fuzzy bloom,
The mayflower's rare perfume,
And, daily new,
The twinkley dew—
I share all these with you.

Across two hundred miles
I see your smiles,
And love each lovely thing with you:
The day,
The warm-sweet noon,
The night,
The tentacles of moon
That trail within my quiet room—
I love each lovely thing with you.

But, ah, sometimes I find
Two bridgeless hundred miles
Grown long:
At sunset-glow
My song runs weary-low,
And each sweet thing
I've shared with you—
The smell of spring,
The busying
Of tulip buds,
The twinkley dew,
And every lovely thing—
Is there with you.

—A. P. C.

GLORY OF THE LAND

The trial had been short. The accumulation of evidence had been so great that any attempt to fight the case was almost futile. The Jury had retired to reach a decision, but there was not a person in the crowded courtroom who did not know what the ultimate verdict would be. Jimmy Hart had no chance this time. And nobody gave a darn.