

TIME

As the mist of night
Falls o'er the wooded stream
A thought
Of home
And other years
And other nights
And others . . .

Hark! List! to the far-off toll
Of the cathedral bell
'Tis an echo of our sinful past . . .
Oh, woe . . .

The sound drowneth in the distance . . .
The fire-fly flits in fitful fantasies
Like a flickering funeral pyre . . .

And all is dead . . .
And we're . . .
Not feeling so
Hot
Ourselves!

—HILARITATIS AUCTORES '50

UP AT A VILLA

Are you happy tonight, Sir, up here in your palatial home overlooking the city? Your home must certainly be gay tonight; every one of its windows is brightly lighted, and I can hear the sounds of merriment very clearly from where I am standing, out here in the frosty winter's night. I know that inside the drinks are flowing freely; and through those large windows before me, I see the moving forms of your friends, dancing the happy hours away. More of your friends are here now, just getting out of that handsome limousine at the door. In a moment you will meet them at the door, bowing, smiling. Ah! there you are now, glass in hand. I do not need to hear your voice; how well I know what you are saying. "Good evening Oscar; how are things in the advertising business. And Mrs. Ridgeway, you look indeed charming tonight. You are a little late so you must make up for lost time—Oh James! cocktails please!"