

T H E M S S

DAYS

If I could hold back the crowd of pale-faced days
 Ready to spring into rosy bloom at every dawn!
 If could keep them from pushing me
 With thin palms against my back. They shove me on!

They shout, they glare
 How dare I plant
 My feet and try
 To halt their pace?

You'll wait, I say, you shall not go!
 I'll stop the mob! I will! But no

The frenzied crowd
 Insane and mad
 Cries out, we go!
 We go!

They elbow past in drunken reel
 And stream by faster heel on heel!

I cannot stop
 The mad day's gait!
 They will not halt;
 They will not wait!

—MARTHA ROSE SCOTT.

BLEMISH

That day in the country, I remember,
 We climbed the fence by old Bill's place to get
 The yellow apples lying in the grass.
 I filled my hat and then you gave me yours
 And we searched carefully for whole, round fruit
 Not pecked by birds or flecked with small brown spots.
 Bill had gone for the day—taken his wife
 To town, you said—and so I reached above
 To snap an apple from its stem, though what
 We had was good enough, and more than we
 Could eat. I thought that you would smile and say
 It wouldn't hurt old Bill to lose a few—
 What had we climbed the fence for, anyhow.
 But you only turned away to another tree
 As if you believed the apples underneath
 Might be better there, or might be more.
 I remember still how the grasses switched
 About your feet as you walked, and how straight,
 How very straight, your shoulders seemed.
 "It isn't old Bill," I thought, and the firm,
 Warm apple in my hand slipped from my grasp.

—LOUISE GARRIGUS.