

JOCUND SPRING HAS COME

Humorous Poet Sings of its Pleasures in Rhythmic Measures.

Birds are Twittering in the Air and
and all Around us Everywhere,
Mankind Doth Smile.

SPRING — the jocund spring — has come.

The birds are twittering in the air and all around us everywhere mankind doth smile in hopeful style, in sweet content and lack of care. The poets thrum their living lyres. The iceman lays his little wires. The hurdy-gurdy man aspires and wealth acquires.

For spring has come.

O, everyone is on the grin, and Coney Isle will soon begin to gather in the surplus tin amid the barkers' fearsome din.

And soon we'll dine in weather fine on balconies above the sea and take a dip, and have a sip of something good for you and me.

Aye, just a wink and just a drink. How happy then we all will be!

A little ice within a glass, a little shake, a little pass, a little crook, a blissful look, and O, the fragrance of the mint!

The auto, too, will set a pace among the farming populace, annihilating time and space with joyful hoot and brassy toot and horrid goggle-eyed grimace.

The chickens, too, will lay again.

What joy to see th' industrious hen steal soft away, her egg to lay up in the mow upon the hay, and what a row she raises when her task is done! And how the farmer's children run to see what Speckled Jane has done!

The gentle housewife will be seen intent upon the great spring clean, while on the mat you'll see our cat a-wondering what these doings mean.

And marble time!

What strenuous play will while away each happy day! With heart of gold and knees of clay the small boy now is here to stay.

"Fin everies!" you hear him sing.

The marbles in a magic ring he knuckles down with anxious frown.

O, blissful spring!

The circuses are in the air. You see their posters everywhere. The girl in tights our eye delights. The equestrienne is also there. And what can fill us with such glee as the odorous menagerie with the behemoth a-sweating blood (a truly awful sight to see)?

And how the tent is still as death and each one of us hold his breath, when the lions roar as through the door the tamer steps and looks them o'er!

A few of us the other day were seated in a chaste cafe, and as we drank to the health of spring our conversation ran this way.

"The peach crop is dead sure to fail."

"In Kansas now it soon will hail."

"And the silly goats will rock the boats."

"And the fat men will discard their coats."

As conversation makes one dry, we had another ball that's high and then again, took up the sad refrain:

"The skeeters now will soon rejoice."
"The baseball fan will howl and jeer."
"I wish that cuss would lose his voice."

"The end-seat hog will soon be here."

"O, dear."

And the bill collector he will come with burly speech and manner grum.

"Last winter's coal bill's here?" he'll say.

"Will you please call some other day?"

Then he'll upbraid:

"I want this paid, or else I'll sue!"

Then knock him down and crack his crown and ask him whom he is talking to.

And when the sky is blue as blue, you'll walk out with a girl or two, with golden hair and a baby stare and a waist that's awful peek-a-boo. And the busy bee will busy be, and you'll take a rest down by the sea, and there you'll see more girls, b'gee, in fact, most everywhere they'll be.

And the watermelon will come in. The sun will blister up your skin, and if a man has a coat of tan he'll be as proud of it as sin.

The strawberry shortcake will be here. The cantaloupe will reappear. The hoky-poky man you'll see and the man with the pea and thimbles three.

And as we sat in that chaste cafe, O, don't think we forgot to say:

"The ice-cream soda man."

"And the large size palm leaf fan."

"And the girl in white."

"And the fish that bite and the horse that also ran."

So clash the cymbals, bang the drum! For spring—the jocund spring has come!
—*New York Evening Sun.*

Sunday Episcopal Services.

Rev. Alfred Evan Johnson, Providence, R. I., will conduct the Episcopal service at the Village Hall at 10 a. m., tomorrow.



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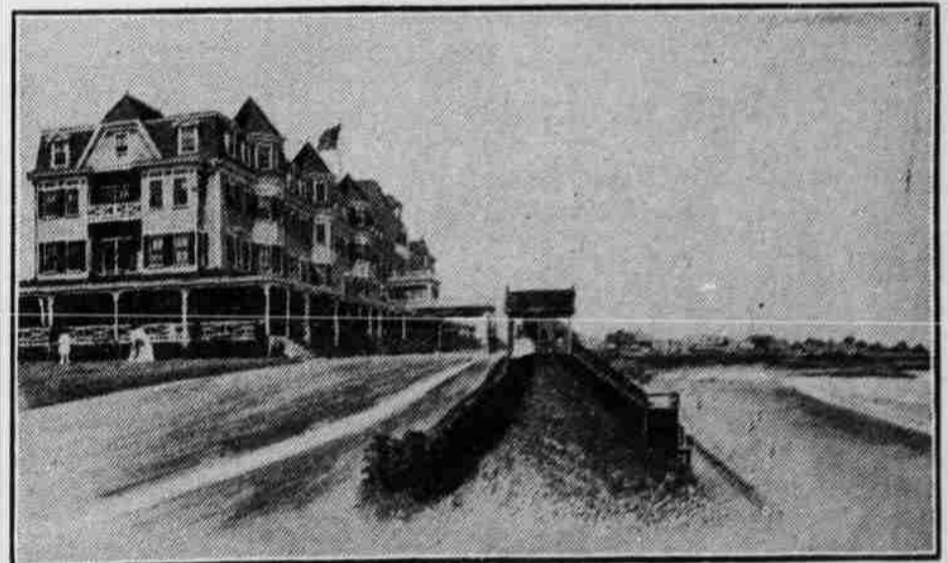
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