

Foolish forebodings ! more than futile quest !  
 Your slaves build up their lives on dead men's bones  
 That crumbling, shake down all. Know that content  
 Was never gained in actionless lament.  
 Live with to-day; throb with its throbs. The best  
 In man must grow from deeds, not empty moans.

—*Columbia Lit. Monthly.*

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THE SONG OF THE DYNAMO.

With a hum—hum—hum—hum !  
 And a long rattling tone like the roll of a drum,  
 And a zoom—zoom—zoom—zoom !  
 As I charge full of ozone the dynamo room,  
 While the workmen move 'round in their denim and jeans,  
 With oil-can in hand, to feed the machines  
 As they rattle and roar to the tune of my song,  
 And respond to the main-shaft, shining and long,  
 There's a booming deep bass in the song that I sing,  
 And a treble, a gnat-like, melodious zing !  
 And a buzz—buzz, like a myriad bees,—  
 Cantata electric in six minor keys.  
 So I hum—hum—hum—hum !  
 While men in my presence stand awe-struck and dumb.

The wife of the foreman is buxom and fair,  
 And one day I sang her a rollicking air.  
 I whirred and I buzzed an indefinite while,  
 Till at last I succeeded in gaining a smile.  
 And she spoke of my brass-work, admiring my steel,  
 And watching the belt that embraces my wheel.  
 Then in triumph I sang till the foreman looked glum,  
 With my soul-searching boom and my amorous hum.  
 So I sing and I sing, from morning till night,  
 If the weather be dull or the weather be bright.  
 I charm and bewitch till the senses grow numb  
 With my droning, monotonous, musical hum.

—*The Amherst Lit.*

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TRIFLERS.

A whirl of skirts and a lightsome laugh,  
 Red lips, curled in a tempting bow,  
 Brown eyes' challenge, provoking, sweet—  
 I stooped in a moment and kissed you so.  
 (*For the mistletoe hung in the paneled hall  
 And a kiss is a trifle after all.*)