A Modern Cure.

Scene—Dining Room at Adams House.

**Ned.**

(Charlie has just entered.)

**Charlie.**

I say, old boy, what's up to-night?

**Ned.**

You look knocked out and beastly white.

**Charlie (gloomily).**

Miss Gail's refused me.

**Ned (cheerfully).**

What of that?

Don't wear a frown and last year's hat

Because one woman, more or less,

Can't see the charms that you possess.

See here! I meet Jack Gay at eight

Down at the Globe,—"The Golden Fete;"

All new, the latest Paris show.

You'll join our theatre party?

**Charlie (still despondent).**

No.

**Ned.**

You needn't be so curt, old man;

Success won't jump at every plan.

Perhaps you pressed your suit too warm,—

One doesn't take a "Gail" by storm.

Try her again some other day;

Meanwhile come on and see the play.

**Charlie.**

Thanks; but I'm in no mood to-night

For plays.

**Ned.**

Come, come, it isn't right

To act as though you'd lost your rocks;

Besides, Jack's got a lower box,

And Rose—Rose Dashly—does a dance

That couldn't be excelled in France.

You'll see her, when she starts to sing,

Smile at—

**Charlie (interrupting).**

I'm past that sort of thing.

**Ned.**

Nonsense!

(Looks at clock.)

By Jove! It's almost eight;

Put on your things, or we'll be late.

**Charlie.**

Don't wait for me; I'm here to stay.

**Ned.**

Well, then, I'm going.

(_puts on gloves._)

By the way,

Rose asked for you this afternoon.

**Charlie (with a slight show of interest).**

I haven't seen the girl since June.

What did she say?

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**Ned.**

O, spoke about

That night when you and she went out

To "Chellis," when the Pop. was done;

Said that she never had such fun;

Sighed for another just such lark;

Said to be sure and keep it dark.

**Charlie (warming up).**

By Jove! That was a jolly night,

And Rose looked simply out of sight.

**Ned.**

Wasn't it there you said she sung

Something in French?

**Charlie (enthusiastically).**

Yes, yes; it's rung

For hours and hours through my brain,—

"La Danse."

**Ned.**

She sings that song again

To-night.

**Charlie.**

My boy, you're sure of that?

**Ned.**

Yes.

**Charlie.**

Wait until I get my hat.

**Ned.**

All ready?

**Charlie.**

Hold a moment more.

Waiter, have supper here for four

At half-past ten.

Come, hurry, Ned,

Jack will be thinking you are dead.

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**Richmond.**

"Sweep, sweep, sweep."

Sweep, sweep, sweep,

O'er the muddy streets, O She!

And I wonder what piece of folly

The next new fashion will be.

O, well for the dressmaker's trade

That your gowns wear out in a day;

O, well for the street-cleaning squad,

Whose labor you share without pay.

And the dusty robe trails on

In a manner that makes us ill;

But, oh, for the sight of a sensible girl

With courage such fads to kill.

Sweep, sweep, sweep,

With thy delicate dress, O She!

But the cleanly look of a dainty maid

Can never belong to thee.

---Phi-Rhonian.