Suggested by the "Birth of a Cynic."

There were two girls, earnest, thoughtful, working steadily as men work. But they loved gayety too, and dancing, music, the theater. Both had a great love of admiration,—a fault, perhaps, but one which accomplishes much good in the world.

With one there was a constant irritation in the attentions she received. When men she liked began to like her, just so soon did she begin to despise them. There seemed to be no basis of intercourse except sentimentality, and she was too sincere to flatter or to flirt. The more carefully she observed society, the more it seemed to her that its whole foundation was flirtation. She began to hate it and drew out, devoting herself more and more to her work. And if love of admiration was a motive, she cared only for the admiration of those she respected, and knew to be true and sincere. She was thought odd, and perhaps did lack some of that charm and grace which comes from constant mingling in a society world.

She knew there were earnest men who sought companionship with women, and it seemed strange to her that they should look for it among society maidens; and, failing to find it there, should become bitter and come to scoff at all women. Did they not consider that thoughtful women might exist elsewhere?

The other girl could not be satisfied with a far-off reward, or the admiration of future generations. She needed daily encouragement and incentive. Men demanded flirtation and she gave it. They demanded lightness and amusement and she gave it. For a while she hated herself in her heart, but became used to it and laughed at her friend. If she chanced to be earnest and serious in her conversation, men smiled, and with a compliment turned the talk to a lighter strain.

What wonder, then, that when a man came to her with a vital question she did not recognize his earnestness, nor the import of his question, but smiled and evaded it. Surely, surely it was not the girl alone who was to blame for the answer she gave.

**--Brunonian.**

**Hymns Ancient and Modern.**

**Ancient.**

Complexion like the winter snow
Just tinted by the sunset glow,
Throat white as alabaster,
Teeth of pearl, and hair of gold,
And figure—sure in Venus' mould
Th' immortal gods have cast her!
And I am proud her slave to be;
And deem it high felicity
To die if she should will it so.
Ye fates! to-night propitious be,
For I approach divinity:
My life depends on "Yes" or "No."

**Modern.**

Stunning girl,
Out of sight.
Guess I'll pop
Tuesday night.
Bully shape;
Pretty eyes;
Papa's rich;
Quite a prize.
Sure to have me;
Can't say no;
Lots of rocks;
It's a go.

---Lampeon.