EDITOR'S DRAWER

WHEN SHE DROPPED HER EYES WITH GENTLE SIGHS

What the Pug Knew

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

THE Pug sat up on the cabinet
With his short nose in the air;
He was only a pug of porcelain
With goggle eyes and a stare.
His legs were short with a strong incline
To be bandy at the knees,
But he wore the lofty air of a pug
Who took the world at his ease.
And that Porcelain Pug on the cabinet had a look which your soul might freeze.

He looked to neither the right nor left,
That being his scornful way,
But his goggle eyes were never closed
Either by night or day.
And what he saw, he saw, 'twas said,
And what he knew, he knew,
And what he might have said if he chose,
Might please neither me nor you,
For that Porcelain Pug on the cabinet had an eye to pierce you through.

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His mistress—(and he often gave
A porcelain sniff at that,
As on his Chinese pedestal
Unflinchingly he sat)—
His mistress he'd known far too long
To be the least deceived
By the tricks and airs and graces
In which some folks believed.
For he could have told—that Porcelain Pug—what their spirits might have grieved.

And he knew stern duty called on him,
With his bandy legs and stare,
To lead her in the path of Right,
And try to keep her there.
Which was quite as much as any one
From a porcelain pug could ask,
And, if the simple truth were told,
Was rather a thankless task.
"Don't ogle me," said the Porcelain Pug. "I could your tricks unmask."

He was neither moved by smiles nor tears,
And he did not care a rush,
When she dropped her eyes with gentle sighs
And even got up a blush.
"Let those take that who like," he said,
"It doesn't work with me."
Which was really disappointing,
Besides being bold and free,
But that Porcelain Pug on the cabinet had no sentiment—not he.

And when she appeared most sweetly meek
And innocent of guile,
And wore a simple artless gown
And a soft engaging smile,
He glared with both his goggle eyes
And his bandy legs outspread,
And sniffed his fiercest porcelain sniff,
Though never a word he said,
And before that Pug on the cabinet her air ingenuous fled.

For his glance insinuated that
She was not so wise or fair
As she would have the world believe,
Which was a statement bare,
And one to which she did object,
Although she felt it true,
And loathed that Pug on the cabinet,
In that so much he knew,
And what was worse, that he did insist that he knew *she* knew it too.

And many a silent tiff they had,
While he held aloft his head;
"Leave me alone," said she to him.
"Behave yourself," he said.
And when, her best effects prepared,
She tried her nicest scenes,
This porcelain scorn seemed erst to say
"Tell that to the Marines"—
If a Porcelain Pug on a cabinet looks only what he means.

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"POOH, YOU'RE ONLY A PORCELAIN PUG," SHE SAID

"I'm mistress here," she would oft remark;
But, his short nose in the air,
The sole response he deigned to give
Was his usual goggle stare.
And when she strove to jeer him down
And pretended she did not care
That he'd found her out with her flimsy ways,
And had bid the world beware,
"Pooh, you're only a Porcelain Pug," she said, "with goggle eyes and a stare."

But in the midst of her flippant scoff,
She'd falter 'neath his gaze,
And now and then—at intervals—
Resolved to mend her ways.
But why she should care for a staring pug,
Short-nosed, short-legged, and fat,
Is a problem the solution
Of which one can't get at,
And as to a guilty conscience—what have pugs to do with that—
Even the sharpest Porcelain Pug that e'er on a cabinet sat?

Lightening the Load

THERE had been a slight accident in a Pennsylvania coal-mine, with the result that Casey was partly buried by a small quantity of earth.

Callahan, the leader of the rescuing party, called down to Casey: "Kape aloive, Casey. We're rescuin' ye."

Whereupon there came from the earth a muffled voice, "Is that big McIntire up there wid ye?"

"Shure he is."

"Thin ask him plaze to step off the rooins. I've enough on top o' me widout him."

No Danger

A BOSTON woman recently engaged a new maid, with whose appearance and manner she was greatly pleased. When the terms had been agreed upon, the lady of the house said:

"Now, my last maid was much too familiar with the policemen. I think that I can trust you."

"Indeed you can, ma'am," replied the new maid. "I can't bear policemen. I was brought up to hate the very sight of them. You see, my father was a burglar."

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