

THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF
CLEVERNESS

Manuscripts, to receive prompt attention, should be addressed, "Editor of THE SMART SET."

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Entered at New York Post Office as second class mail matter

Issued monthly by John Adams Thayer Corporation

JOHN ADAMS THAYER, President

452 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WM. P. VOORHEES, Secretary

THE SEA

By Louise Driscoll

IN you are all the little streams
That came so far to reach your breast.
You were the center of their dreams,
Where now they lie at rest.

They lie like chords across your heart,
Invisible to mortal eye,
But the wind knows them all apart,
And as he passes by

He touches them with careful hands,
He plays the harp of the great sea,
An instrument none understands
Nor loves so well as he.

II

At midnight when on land the dead arise,
Creeping through the long grass like fireflies,

The drowned come up and walk upon the sea,
And live a little while in memory.

And it is strange to see them walking there,
With shells and seaweed tangled in their hair.

I heard one speak in that immensity.
He said: "The sea does not seem strange to me,

"But as a friend that I have known for years.
Its salt is like the savor of my tears."

