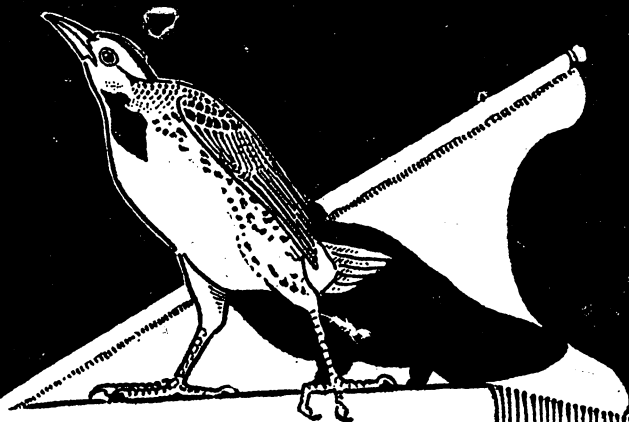


NO.VI~5 CENTS



THE LARK

"MY DIAL GOES NOT TRUE
I TOOK THIS LARK FOR A BUNTING"

The Lark;

GELETT BURGESS, EDITOR, 508 SUTTER ST., S. F.

ERNEST PEIXOTTO
BRUCE PORTER
KARL HOWARD

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HELEN'S FACE A BOOK.



ELEN'S face is like a book—

Charming all its pages.

Helen's face is like a book;

What 's the story I forsook

When on Helen's face I look?

When her smile engages?

There I read an old romance,

Here I see one living.

There I read an old romance,

But in Helen's lightest glance

Far a livelier tale enchants,

Wild excitement giving!

What is printer's ink to me?

Commas, dots and dashes!

What is printer's ink to me

If with Helen I may be,

Exclamation points to see

Underneath her lashes!

STUDIES FOR TRACTS II.



LATELY, having passed my youth, and coming on toward middle age, (the first stretch of that long journey between Life and Death, that all men must make, and most women,) I was for taking the road debonairly and with a good, swashing stride, to carry me from stage to stage along the way. So, with this habit upon me, I fell in with a various company, most of whom were for smacking their lips at every inn and the barmaid over the counter. Now, the habit of my bringing-up had been sober, and hence my late comrades had looked on me with suspicion of my sincerity, and I was often ill at ease with my conscience, and when I had been laid in a ditch over night, and was scraping my jacket in the morning, thinking on all this and the long way I had come from sobriety, I swore loudly to a post that I would mend my manner on the road, and, since conviviality landed one in the gutter, strive to walk upright with the gentry. So, setting forth, I joined company with one whose cloth had the scent of sanctity, and whose talk was dry with admonition.

"Faith! man," cried I (when I had been kept corked for near an hour), "I am but this morning reformed, and made choice of your company for a settler; but if you keep your eye pasted to the remnants of my last night's coverlid, still sticking between my shoulders, and your tongue so set upon my last night's misdirection, I'll be forced to find pleasanter company." And with that he bade me "speed" with an unbecoming alacrity.

Now I hung on the edges of the road in hope of some passenger looking favorably upon me, and, as luck would have it, there came into view a comely and virtuous woman, as I knew by certain signs. And, being of a fair figure and not offensive of face, I had assurance in addressing her, and was soon in talk. She having a tender way with her, and a hesitating manner of looking out of the

end of her eye, I was won unawares to be making gentlemanly sorrow over my sins, and, being a good woman and nearing forty, she was for telling me her doubts, and then, on a sudden, (and me quite free-minded, and enjoying myself,) on a sudden she had her head in my jacket, and was wetting me down with her tears. Now, the case of an unmarried man is hard enough in this world, where all the women are for marrying; and, not having marriage on my mind, and having a care for the woman, I did what little I could for her, holding her up and keeping my cheek turned handy should she want it. I stayed by her as long as I could. Making no response, and sore beset in the meantime with not knowing what to do with her, I felt like a kicked cur when I sniggered out that "I'd better be going back for a little box I'd left behind with some odds and ends in it, and my marriage certificate." Gad! but I had it hot from her on that; and thinking to make it up with her and to shut off the scolding, I kissed her. She gave me a blow that nigh felled me, and while I was still staggering with it she packed her baggage and, I warrant, with less sentiment in it for the next man.

I sat and pondered one regret, when along the road came another—all elbows and ankles, as is the way with women light of love. She gave me a gallus greeting, and was for sitting down side to me; and what could I do but share the nip of drink. I was freshening on, and, after a bit, she was for taking the road together. I had to break it to her that I was a reformed man, and with that she cursed me flatly, and was off. "Devil's luck," quoth I, "she was pleasant company, and little harm in her;" and she was diminishing down the road.

Now, I fell in with many men that day (avoiding the women), and to all I was neither fish, nor fowl, nor good red herring, and as night came down I was going lonely and thinking in what lay my failing. Now I thought that it might be a lack of learning, seeing what respect is given

STUDIES FOR TRACTS II.

a well-read man; and now again I thought it might be that a man must have travel to lighten him; or, may be, the experience of a wife (God forbid!). But, after all, I came back to it: it was Virtue I was needing, and I wept for my sins. Now, in the dusk, I met two travelers, and they were returning on their tracks. Seeing so unusual a sight, I hailed the first. "Sir," I cried, "will you tell me why your face is set in the wrong direction on this road, where all men travel north; and why you weep?"

"I weep because of ignorance," he said, "and because of this, I am sent back from the gate that I may learn." Now, he had the speech and manner of a bookish man, and I marveled; and then I saw he was dressed in old parchment, and his breath had the stink of printer's ink, and the linen he wore was patterned with types. "Alack!" I cried, "you have a malady." "Nay," he said; "for a book-worm ate my heart." Now, this was strange talk to a common man, but I gathered something of it, though that little left me strong for Virtue as the chief need in life; and hereupon I met another; and his eyes were red with his grief. "Man!" cried I, "why do you travel back upon the road you have come, and what makes the body of your grieving?" He had chin whiskers and a long lip, but the human look was in his eye when he answered me. "I grieve because of my virtues," and with that I bit the road, for here was the last peg knocked from my hopes, and all the world set crossways. "Your virtues!" cried I, "and for what more do they ask at the gate?" "They ask for VIRTUE," he answered me; "not mine nor yours." "But, faith!" I shouted, "you had virtue!" "Nay," he replied; "it was my grandmother's; for I have never been tempted." Considering this man's words, I set my face with his, back upon the course I had come; and when my way lies north again, with a new heart under my waistcoat, you shall have the record of the journey, and of my regenerating adventures by the way.

**THE CENTURY IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE!
HURRY UP AND GET YOUR NAME IN
PRINT, OR YOU 'LL BE LEFT!**



HERE are 63,250,000 people in the United States. Of these, but 50,000 have suffered amputation of both hands. For the remaining 63,200,000 writers, there are to-day but 7000 periodicals (beside newspapers) in which their articles can appear! For this reason the editor's table is filled with the manuscript of his friends only. Can you blame him?—No!

But to bring within the magic realm of authorship the many deserving writers without influence, there has been established the

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It will be the *smallest* and most *extraordinary* magazine in existence. It will be printed on *Black* paper with *Yellow* ink. The margins will be very, very wide, the cover almost impossible.

The rates for insertion of prose articles will be only *five dollars a page*; poetry, ten dollars a page; but no manuscript will be accepted unless accompanied by a letter of regret at not being able to find the same available, from some leading magazine. *No manuscripts will be refused.* Terms are cash, invariably in advance.

Every article in every paper will be blue penciled, and the author's signature underlined.

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Address all subscriptions and manuscripts to the editor,

Gelett Burgess, San Francisco.

IN A TOWN GARDEN.



*LITTLE well of dark and leaves,
Sunk in the city's glare and noise;
My tree-tops, glinting 'twixt the eaves,
Stir strange desires in town-bred boys.*

*Here come the seasons in their round,
To play upon this mimic stage;
Spring, breathing bloom, and Autumn browned,
And Winter in the Masque of Age.*

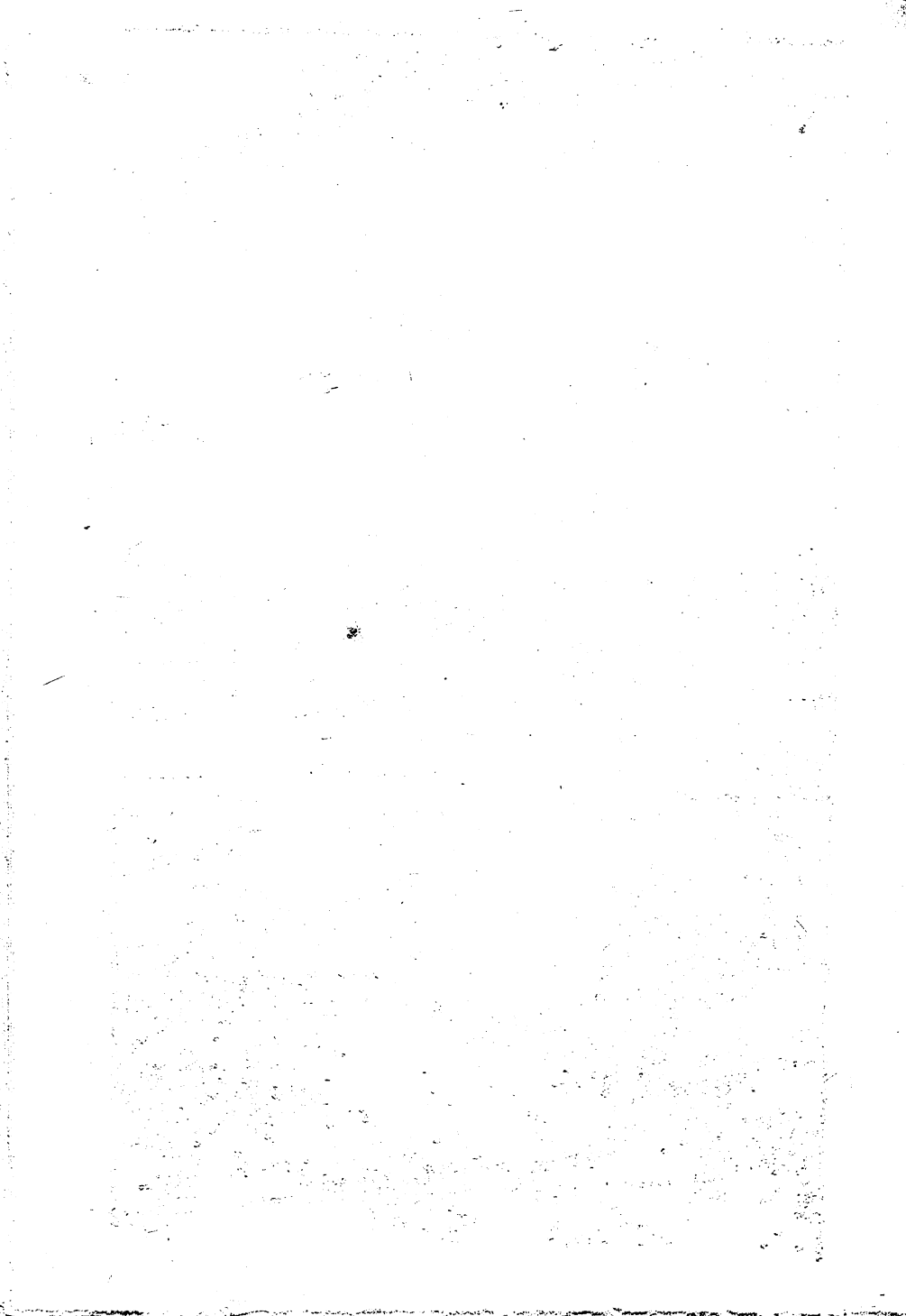
*And birds come here, and bees come here,
To taste what flavors towns can yield;
They go where skies are clean and clear,
And where the sun is gay, afield.*

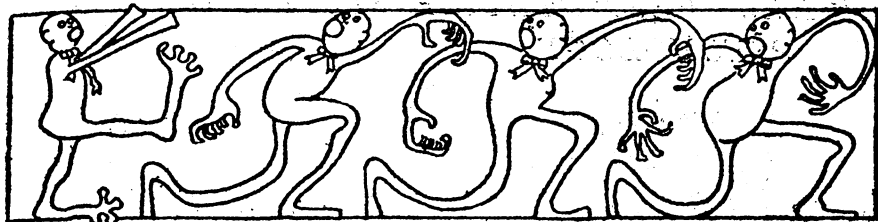


*Ah, well! content can be four-walled, allow;
I turn the earth and trim the tree;
And the bird that swings on the forest bough
Shall bite my cherry's cheek for me!*

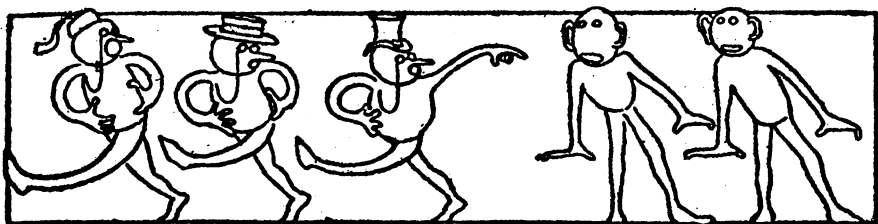
LE RETOUR DE
L'IMPRESSIONISTE







I'd rather have Fingers than Toes;



I'd rather have Ears than a Nose;

*And as for my Hair,
I'm glad it's all there,*



I'll be awfully sad when it goes!

A NEW PERMUTATIVE SYSTEM OF PSYCHOLOGY.



It may be doubted that any system of thought arranged upon the lines herewith proposed can be a success. The fact of its accomplishment alone, important as it must be, is no proof of method.

For instance, the correct relation between any two facts is one that must be investigated along the lines of thought most perfectly correlated to these facts.

And in spite of what might be called at first sight irrelevancy, there is this to be observed, no matter what bearing the above may have to the subject in hand, that the relation of one part to any other may or may not be true.

And here must be noted the importance of the demand that such types of thought do exist. This is, no doubt, a quality of subjects rather than of relativity between modes of expression.

So, too, are questions affecting the expression of coherent symbols of equal importance with the methods by which those symbols are expressed.

But at the same time there must be a certain divergence in form between the types of question to be discussed.

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INTERCHANGEABLE PHILOSOPHICAL PARAGRAPHS.

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WHILE LUCIA SINGS AND ARDON
PIPES.

Andante Pastorale:

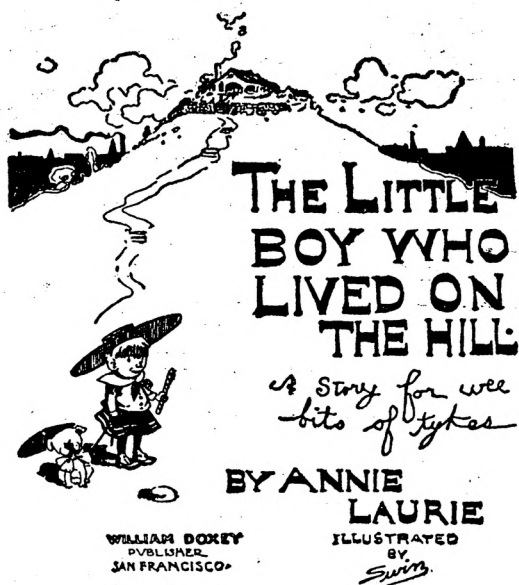
A decorative illustration of a shepherd's pipe, shown vertically on the left side of the page. The pipe has a long, slender body with a small bell at the bottom and a decorative, ornate top. The shepherd's head is visible at the top, looking towards the right.

1. *The bees to Sylvia's lips have flown,*
stores of honey sweet they go;
The flowerets all have jealous grown, to
be neglected so!

(PIPE)

for
(PIPE)

II. *But Sylvia has reprov'd the bees,
And she has sent them back again,
For flowers are sweet enough for these;
Her lips were made for men.*

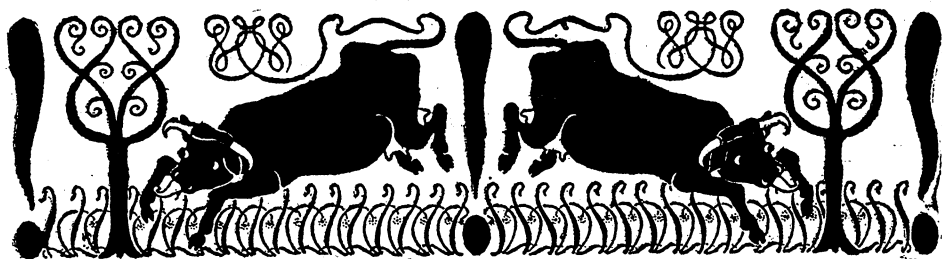


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