C O M P A R I S O N

Jo wore a blue cape
Swung from her shoulder;
El wore a scarlet one --
Oh, much bolder!

Jo had copper hair
Like dew stained with rust;
El's hair was colored
Like dark marble-dust.

Jo's feet were small
As the breadth of a dream;
El's feet .. they said ..
Were bathed in honeyed cream.

Jo could weep sedately
Whenever she tried;
El must seek a powderpuff
When she cried.

Jo clasped her small hands
At night when she prayed;

But I loved Elfriede
For the songs she made .....

Donfarran

A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO,
Chicago TRIBUNE (RHL's)
March 24,1927.

written to Elfriede Carlsen in Chicago