



AMERICAN HOME



WOMAN'S JOURNAL



NO. 4. NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JANUARY 3, 1897. Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.
Supplement NEW YORK SUNDAY JOURNAL.



MY JANUARY GIRL.
 Oh, welcome, frost and hail and sleet!
 Blow, winds of January, blow!
 The rose of June is not so sweet
 As white star blossoms of the snow.

For June sends Daphne from me far
 To shining sands and shimmering sea,
 Where radiant and remote, a star,
 She whirls through Heaven, forgetting me.

Through all the fall I count the days -
 'Till golf be done and shooting past;
 'Till Christmas shopping, from its maze,
 Yields Daphne back to me at last.

Then 'ere her Lenten prayers arise
 And churches claim her, this for me -
 A month when I gaze in her eyes
 Across a daily cup of tea!

Wherefore, O haste ye, frost and sleet!
 Blow, winds of January, blow!
 Love counts than June's rose far more sweet
 The white star blossoms of the snow.

ANNIE O'HAGAN.

DAN SMITH

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