

Wallace Irwin

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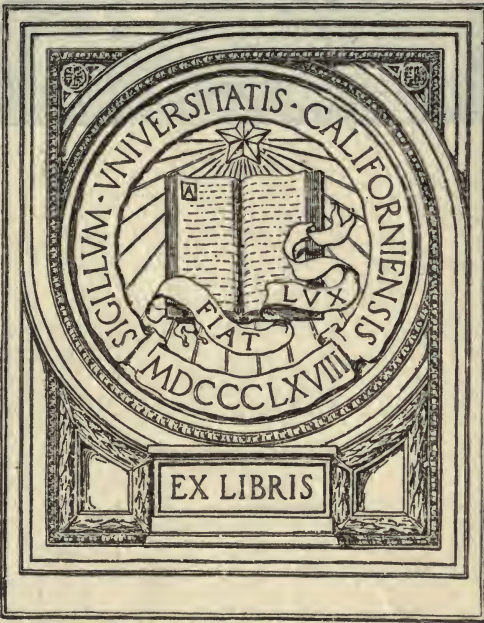
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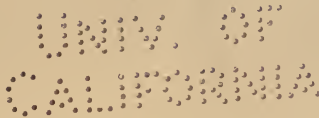
THE TEDDYSEE

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THE TEDDYSEE

BY
WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



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THE TEDDYSEE



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BOOK THE FIRST

THE TEDDYSEE

BOOK THE FIRST

I.—The Godlike Tedysses Setteth Out for Oblivion, But Misseth the Train

It seems that Jove, who on Olympus sat
Picking his teeth with thousand-volted
shafts—

The date was March 4, 1909—

Looked down on burning Washington and
cried:

“Juno, it seemeth me this Teddy Boy
Hath kicked the Short-and-Ugs about
enough.

See how his chariot rageth through the
smoke

Squashing Tillmanicus, bumping Uncle
Joe,

“Prodding the wolf Aldrichas till he snarls—
Now and again he swingeth on some Trust
E’en as J. Johnson poked the giant Jeff.
Minerva’s spectacles and Vulcan’s teeth
He wears for slaughter—O Tedysses bold!
Loud ringeth thy bullful ‘Bully!’ through
the land.

Wall Street doth throw a fit when thou
dost sneeze;
Smashed lies the Gang, and men are sick
of blood.”

The white-armed Juno, powdering her
nose,
From Heaven looked down upon the messy
scene.

She spoke: “ ’Tis easy to be rid of Ted.
Men vanish when the gods say ‘23!’
What I propose, O Zeus, is simply this:
Send this Tedysses on some wild-moose
chase

To Europe, via Congo, Swaziland,
Mombasa and a string of black-face stop-
offs

Not found in New York Central railway
guides,

Twelve months to wander—and I’ll bet
my sandals,

If Afric lions do not do their duty,
The Mighty Noise of Sagamore’s hill
Will find Oblivion in some other way.”

Thus Juno spake while jovial-smiling Jove
The button pressed, called Mercury and
cried:

“Boy, take this ticket to Tedysses—scoot!”
Fleet Hermes bore the pasteboard, which
was marked

“Good for One First-Class Passage to Ob-
livion.”

Oblivion! O ye gods, high overhead,
Ye cannot shove a card like that on Ted!

*II.—Mercury Delivereth the Ticket and
Tedysses Breaketh Away*

“Penelope, Penelope!”

The brave Tedysses cried—
And when he called Penelope
'Twas generally known that he
Meant Taftica, his bride—

“O fair and fat Penelope,
I'm going for to go
To wild and woolly Afrikee,
Where elephants and reptiles be
And pizen skeeters grow.
But I'll come back, Penelope,
As sure as you are born—
There ain't a snake can puncture me;
My cuticule
Is like a mule

“And skeeter-proof my pores they be;
While my rough-riding vertebræ
Would stop a rhino’s horn.”

“My hero!” cried Penelope,
“The rhino what collides with thee
Will surely crack his horn.”

“But, ere I go, Penelope,”
The brave Tedysses said,
“These last instructions take from me:
Shun Nelson A., Sereno P.,
And uncular Josephus C.,
When they come making eyes at thee,
Awishing for to wed.
Our little son Giffordius
In trust with thee I leave.
He is a Nature-loving cuss
And oft for me he’ll grieve.
And if some Moneyed Interest
Molests my Gifford P.,
Ah, press him tightly to thy breast,
And think, oh, think of me!”

Penelope she tightly pressed
The Constitution to her breast
And sighed: “I’ll think of thee!”

Tedysses cleared his golden throat
And dropped a godlike tear.

“My Policies you’ll kindly tote
 When I am gone, my dear.
I cannot name them all to you,
 Because they’re such a lot—
There’s several just finished new
 And some that I’ve forgot.
But if, when I return to thee,
My Policies intact I see,
I’ll know that you’ve been true to me—
 If not—why, then you’ve not.”

“My own, my Party Spouse,” said she,
“Perhaps I’ll be quite true to thee—
 Perhaps, again, I’ll not.”



*III.—Godlike Exploits of Tedysses in
Ethiopia*

(This here chapter I omit—
It is laid in Afric's clime,
Where Our Hero's gun doth hit
Fourteen jungles at a time.
Wounded lions he enrages—
Oh, you know the stuff I mean!
You can find it in the pages
Of a Current Magazine.)

*IV. — The Much-Wandering Tedysses
Heareth the call of the Tame; So
He Hiketh to Cairo and Calleth
Down the Black-and-Tan Insur-
gents*

On the shores of Africay
Bold Tedysses now doth stand
With a hippo dead and gray
Resting lightly in his hand.
There's a look of Far Away
On his brow of high command.
For his ear
Seems to hear
Something marvelously queer
In the distant U. S. A.
Something like a "thump-thump-thump!"
Followed by a ghastly Bump!!

“O ye gods and little fish!
O ye snails of Oyster Bay!
Faith, this soundeth quite suspish-
ious to one so far away!
Has Penelope, forsook,
By some Handsome Trust been took?
Have the Predatories snook
With my Conservation Book?
Is the Big Stick now a crook?
Has the Square Deal got the hook?
Fain on Congress would I look!”

Fear disturbed his plexus solar
As he ground each perfect molar,
As he stood in thought a while.
Then he hoofed it many a mile
Down the lotos-bearing Nile.
Holy Egypt!

Such a break-up

Of a shake-up

And a wake-up!

Not since Joseph, son of Jacob,
Prophesied long years of drouth
Has a stranger, bent on touring,
Hit old Nilus, long enduring,
Such a wallop in the mouth.

’Midst the mummies and the scarabs
Teddy lectured baby Arabs
On “The Strenuous Endeavor.”
While the poor, astonished Sphinx

Gasped with shrinks and winks and blinks
At this flood of Modern Thinks,
 Groaning hoarsely, "Well, I never!"
Teddy next, with manner urgent,
Called down many a black Insurgent,
Many a Murdock hued like jet,
Many a dusky La Follette
Who had come with hope paretic
That they'd "get the sympathetic."
"Down!" cried Ted; "Egyptian Smarty!
Join the Regulation Party!"
At these words there rose a chorus
 Of prolonged Egyptian powwows
As they barked round Theodorus
 Like a pack of angry bowwows.
And they'd surely got his goat
 If Our Hero, still undaunted,
 Hadn't packed his pelts and jaunted
By the early morning boat.

And the day that he departed
Rose a chant of hope which started
From the mystic fane of Isis:
"Rise, O Nile! We've passed the Crisis."

*V.- Tedysses Heareth the Sirens and
Admireth Their Voices*

To Italy, to Italy
Tedysses took his way,
The land of ease, the land of fleas,
Where Poverty is gay;
The land of bowers and carven towers
Where Art's undying name
Both permeates and penetrates—
And Garlic does the same

'Twas in the sea near Italy
That Ted received a shock.
"On yonder tide," the sailors cried,
"There lies the Sirens' Rock.
And if we hear the Sirens' song
Ourselves we'll so forget
Our bark will snag upon a crag
And sink into the wet."

So seven sacks of sealing-wax
Tedysses straightway got,
And in the ears of all the crew
He poured it boiling hot,
Then tight and fast unto a mast
He bound him with a thong,
And, thus secure, he wooed the lure
Of that sweet Siren Song.

On the beaches sat three peaches
 Thrice by Nature blessed.
 One was labeled "Solid East,"
 Another "Solid West."
 But of the three the fairest she
 Who sang, with rosy mouth,
 A bright refrain of Dixie strain—
 She was the Solid South.

Herewith I reproduce those strains which
 floated o'er the deck
 Until our godlike hero almost broke his god-
 like neck:

Song of the Sirens

O you restless Teddy, giving
 Free advice to France and Rome,
 Do you know the Cost of Living
 Is advancing 'way back home?

That the Tact of Taft has never
 Saved a rumpus—and we guess
 That the Finest Tariff Ever
 Is a mighty awful mess?

Do you know the Trusts are thicker
 And the forests growing thinner?
 Then why linger, Ted, and bicker
 With a bunch of Kings at dinner?

Home again, O Teddy!
Back to the long love-feast!
There's a great big heart in the great big
West
And another in the little old East.

We can ship you back on a flowery track
Right up to the White House Door—
If one good Term deserves another
What's the matter with Another Term
More?

(Our Hero paled and trembled as the vessel
onward skipped.

Although his ears were sealed with wax, I
rather think it slipped.)

VI

There is a place called Europe—
You'll find it on the map.
Here Teddy's bark did moor up
To wake it from its nap.
The Natives, seeing Teddy,
That Hero's praises sung
In accents rough and ready,
Each in his native tongue.
The Dagos cried "Robusto!"
The French exclaimed "Encore!"
The German line raised stein on stein
With "Hoch der Theodore!"

But in the town of Budapest,
 Where all the Magyars dwell,
 They simply shouted: "Szz boom fssst
 Yok pllst tish tush wat tell!"
 'Twas in the States of Europe
 That Teddy took his stand
 And plainly spoke to all the folk
 On "How to Run Your Land."
 'Twas in the childless Paris
 Where Theodore said he,
 "The art of raising babies
 Is in its infancy."
 'Twas he to Bill the Kaiser
 Who said, "Mein alt freund Bill,
 Your troops are green—you should have
 seen
 My charge up San Juan Hill!"
 'Twas he who went to London
 And got the keys of gold
 And told the British something skittish
 About the way—but hold!

.
 Round the Hero thronged the Kings
 Like a flock of eager muttons,
 Begging souvenirs and things,
 Autographs and pins and buttons.
 Night and day along his wake
 Dogged the Sceptered and the
 Crowned—

Faith, a King is hard to shake : : : :
 When he gets to hanging round!
 On his shoulderblade they wept, : : : :
 Told him of their joys and ills,
 Till, at last, when Europe slept, : : : :
 Ted escaped to Brescia's hills.

*VII.—He Meeteth His Favorite Policy,
 Giffordius, and Heareth Shocking
 News of Home*

'Twas in an ancient, peaceful olive grove
 Tedysses walked alone, composing o'er
 Tomorrow's little Peace Talk for The
 Hague,
 Entitled, "Hit the Other Fellow First!"
 When, whistling to him from the bough,
 he heard
 Some exiled dryad from the U. S. A.
 And lion-thewed Tedysses, looking up,
 Beheld, slow-stalking in a near-by glade,
 One of His Policies, tall and gaunt and
 sad,
 The Forest Lover of the Tennis Court.
 And then, "My Gifford!" cried exalted
 Ted.
 "My Ted!" cried Giff—they met in one
 wild clinch,
 E'en as some cyclone, strolling Kansas o'er,
 Picks up Emporia's First Baptist Church

And shakes its belfry loose. At length
spoke Ted:

“Hath Nature faked mine eyes? What do
you, Gifford,

Far from our Grand Old Party’s peaceful
perch?”

“Peaceful—Oh, Splash!” Giffordius cried
amain.

“My Ted, when thou wert on wild Afric’s
shore

Didst hear a distant Crash?” “I heard a
Bump,”

Said Ted. Whereat spake Giff: “That
Bump was me.”

Upon a noble Roman stone they sate
Lips close to ear, while Giff a tale unfolded
So wild, so weird, that full a half a minute
Ted listened tense, nor said a single word—
This for the first time in his public life.

I can’t repeat, O Muse, what Gifford told;
How bold Achilles round Tedysses’ hearth
Rocked in the old cane rocker, quite at
home;

How fair and fat Penelope, now false,
Was singing love duets with Uncle Joe,
Feeding the wolf Aldrichas with a spoon
While sly Sereno worked her spinning-
wheel

That wove the Tariff.

These mad truths he told,
When, sudden, up Tedysses rose in air,
Smashed his rough-riding helmet to the
sward

And through Liguria whooped this battle-
cry:

“Malefactors!
Falsifiers!
All mendacity;
No veracity—

Bully, Dee-lighted—Rah-rah!”
Fair Gifford smiled and leaned against a
tree.

His heart was glad to hear this old-time
shout,

For well he knew he'd started Teddy off,
And that, when he had made the Guild
Hall speech

And called the English down for good and
plenty,

He'd make a home run for his Native
Land,

Get the Big Hickory into play, and
then——



*VIII.—Chorus of Mermaids Attending the
Teddyboat Back to America*

Little boy Ted,
 Come, blow your horn!
The wolf's in the forest,
 The hog's in the corn.
The Regulars plot
 As they gather in rings
A regular lot
 Of irregular things.
Hi-diddle-diddle,
Truth's on the griddle;
 The Mule's kicked over Nebraska.
When Ted's away
The Trusts will play,
 And Gugg's running off with Alaska.

BOOK THE SECOND

BOOK THE SECOND

I.—The Wandering Tedysses Maketh Fresh Tracks

GREAT-SOULED Tedysses, going home,
The slow-poke vessel now doth fret.
His heart outyearns to Sagamore,
To Wichita his teeth are set.
And while he lifts impatient word,
Lo! where the ambient billows leap,
He sees a badly damaged Bird
Fly limply to him o'er the deep.

At Teddy's feet the Bird doth flop,
Its neck unhinged, its beak ajar;
Much sorrow sticketh in its crop
And on its tail no feathers are.

This Specimen with tender care
Tedysses lifts, despite its grease.
“I know you not!” Whereat the Bird
Exclaims: “I am your Dove of
Peace!”

“Fond Dove!” cries Ted in bitter tone,
“Last year I left you on the Job,
With feathers white and coo all right,
And fat like Philadelphia’s squab.
Why is thy wing done in a sling?
What have they gone and done to
thee?”
But all the dying Bird can croak
Is: “Taft, and Party Harmonee!”

The shooter of a thousand zoos
Into his gun a wad doth poke,
Harks to the Dove’s expiring coos,
Then careless Heaven he doth in-
voke:
“Since hunting is the sport I love,
My gun for slaughter still I’ll tote.
Since some one’s gone and got my Dove,
Now I’ll go forth for some one’s
Goat!”

*II.—He Entereth America by the Front
Door*

Muses, lend me an earthquake
 To rattle the big blue dome,
Or a dynamite bomb,
Or a fierce tom-tom,
Or a bugle-call,
Or Niagara's fall—
Full justice to do
To the hullabaloo
Which roared New York and the Country
 through
 When Teddy came sailing home.
Thunder and smoke, how the Patriots
 woke
 From Kalamazoo to Nome!
Your Uncle Sam fell off o' the porch
And the Statue of Liberty swallowed her
 torch
 When Teddy came sailing home.

There was color, there was noise,
There were Abernathy boys,
 There was many a chief and scout and
 lion-trainer;
Cuban Vets with battered hilts
And Cornelius Vanderbilts
 And that Tammany-Insurgent, Mayor
 Gaynor.

Woolly war-cries filled the air,
Cowboys rode in Union Square,
 Fame stood on her heavenly perch and
 yelled like Melba;
Sons of Erin, Sons of Titus
And the Order of Saint Vitus
 Skinned their throats to raise the Bat-
 tle-cry of Elba.

Through the Ready-Money Town
They paraded up and down,
 Teddy bowing right and left like Ju-
 lius Cæsar;
And the Nation, which had slumbered
As the empty months they numbered,
 Thrilled again to greet its Corporation
 Squeezer.

When the tumult and the spouting
 Died away amidst the shouting,
 And the Captains and the Colonels
 had departed,
Sat a Grafter in his clover
Chuckling: "Gee! I'm glad it's over!"
 Echo answered: "Over, man! He's
 scarcely started!"

III.—*False Albany Togeth with the
Character of Penelope*

When Sodom's sins were burned away,
And vile Gomorrah cooked,
The thriving town of Albany
Was, somehow, overlooked.

'Twas there, ere dew of morning dried,
Timmus of Woodruff rose and cried:

“Hey, Willie, look to yonder plain!
Methinks I hear,
With sickening fear,
The Big Noise coming home again!”

Then William Barnes he up did start—
Fear swelled his apoplectic heart

As through the State he raised the shout:

“To arms, ye Olde Garde!—tumble out!”
Then forth from mountains, forests, val-
leys,

Rathskellers, cisterns, bowling-alleys,
The noble Stalwarts flocked amain—

“Our jobs! Our jobs!” their wild refrain.

From Utica, to join the game,
That little sunshine, Sherman, came.

Before the hosts
For war arrayed,
With empty boasts
Of “Who's afraid?”

With godlike stride J. Sherman goes;
 While, perching deftly on his nose,
 His large Pickwickian specs repose.

(A flash of spear,
 A Noise of dread,
 Proclaim the near
 Approach of Ted.)
 "Let's hatch a plot,"
 Says Tim to Jim,
 "'Tis well—why not?"
 Says Jim to Tim.

So head to head and heart to heart,
 With ghastly glance and ghostly start,
 The Fatal Papers they procure
 And sign the Fatal Signature.

When, lo! upon that guilty scene
 A Comet, run by gasoline,
 With sportive snort
 And short cavort,
 Arrives and casts a gibbous green
 On the grim glim of Tim and Jim—
 "Horrors!" they babble. "It is Him!"

Tedysses, like a square-faced ghost,
 Thus spake to the assembled host:
 "Fair gentlemen, it is my fate
 Full many million Things to hate.
 The liar plain
 I do despise;

"At grafters vain
 My gorge doth rise;
 I hate the cats
 About New York
 Who live in flats
 And dodge the Stork.
 The man of news
 Who rakes the muck
 Well knows my views
 Upon his Truck;
 The greedy Trust
 With scorn I clothe;
 The Judge unjust
 I likewise loathe.

But of the Things I cannot brook
 The most, by George, I hate a crook!"

But Barnes, in suaver manner cloaked,
 Swallowed his rage—and almost choked.
 "O Ted!" quoth he, "thou speakest flip.
 My kindness see!
 I offer thee

The Temporary Chairmanship—
 Say, wouldst thou take it if thou couldst?"
 Fair spake Tedysses: "Sure, I wouldst!"

(These politicians beat the Dickens—
 Please notice how the plot now thickens.)
 Just as Tedysses took his stand
 The loyal Olde Garde to command,

An A. D. T. boy, undersized—
 T. Woodruff for the part disguised—
 Into Bill Barnes his crafty mitt
 A message prest—and this was it:
*“From us pray take our Royal Tip—
 For Temporary Chairmanship
 The sunny Sherman I indorse,
 The Grand Old Party’s noble horse,
 The friend of Man, the foe of Graft,
 Thine for harmonious action,
 Taft.”*

As when the birdman Brookins flies
 Ten thousand feet into the skies,
 And there doth drop an orange sweet
 Upon some Aviation Meet,
 So did the soul of Ted downfall
 To read that message fraught with gall—
 His dear-loved Consort writing notes
 And lending comfort to the Goats!
 His flashing eye
 Doth slightly blear;
 A tearful sigh,
 A sighful tear
 Drops on his native sward—and then
 He grasps his mighty fountain pen:
*“Penelope, since I have went,
 Why didst thou choose another gent?
 And why, oh why, that heartless whim
 To knock of me and block for Jim?”*

Then, answering to
Those words of ire,
This message flew
Across the wire:

*“Your fears allay, beloved Ted!
You say they say the things I said:
Which said remarks I didn’t say.
Say what I say. I’m thine alway.”*

Then o’er the ranks of Albany there fell
a sickly, solemn hush—
Such as when some big bumbling bee falls
footless in a bowl of mush.

“War to the knife!” Tim Woodruff hissed.
“Aye!” thundered Ted, “and to the
teeth!”

His good right hand he crooked and drew
his Liar Killer from its sheath;
But, even as he paused to strike, a wireless
wave him thus addressed:

“Drop the Small Game and come to help
the Woolly but Progressive West.”

His Killer in his belt he stuck,
And this impromptu speech spake
he:

“Fate cannot change the Teddyluck—
Prepare a future jolt to buck,
Bill Barnes—anon you’ll hear from
me!”

*IV.—Tedysses Swingeth the Square Deal
in the Big Circle*

“East is East and West is West, and never
the two shall meet,”

As Rudyard K. exclaimed in a way, which
is putting it rather neat;

Now the Voice of the East has a nasal
twang, but the West, when her
Voice she blows,

She lets out a yell like the Pipes o’ Hell
—and the fellow she calls for goes.

So into the West went Teddy

On the swiftest he could procure,

For a Conservational,

Conversational,

Radical lecture tour,

On matters of urgency

Boosting Insurgency,

Patting the Elba Clubs,

Praising the fighters,

Alarming State-Righters

And chumming with Governor Stubbs.

With a phonograph

And the Outlook staff,

And Dolliver vocally sweet,

And Garf and Giff

All ready to biff

Achilles from off his seat,

Each hour of the day
With something to say
 And something to drink and eat—
A galaxy gallant
Of popular talent
 Which Four of a Kind can't beat!

Among the tall burdocks
With Bristows and Murdocks
 He hunted the Trust to its lair;
A fist broad and brawny
He shook after Tawney,
 And shouted: "Come out, if you
 dare!"

To crossroads and sidings
He brought the good tidings
 Of "Boost my New Policies strong!"
He praised little mothers
And slammed the weak brothers
 Who didn't know Virtue from
 Wrong.

At every station
There stood an Ovation,
 With banzais so lusty and salvos so
 swinging
That the welkin, in fact,
Got outrageously cracked
 After several weeks of continuous
 ringing.

Shall I mention Cheyenne, with its busy
corrals,

Where the cattlemen told him, "You
bet' we are sta'nch!"

How he talked upon "Waterways, fleets
and canals"

To the dry-farming boys of the Al-
kali Ranch?

Shall I tell how he burst upon Denver's
plateau

To the Third Term Enthusiast's usu-
al cheer?

How he stood on the platform, looked
round and said, "No—

I won't speak a word till Ben Lind-
sey is here!"



How he slammed the Supreme Court's
supremer banalities,
Cross-eyed decisions and "high technical-
ities"?

Then on to the land of Insurgent Bonanzas—
Muse, tie your hat on; we're going to Kansas:
Wichita, Ottawa, Lebo, Eureka,
Delphos, Eudora, Chetopa, Topeka;
Then on where the sunflower flaunts its
bravery—
Osawatomie, still the staunch foeman of
slavery,
Where the soul of great John,
Whose last name was Brown,
Goes marching right on
Through the cute little town.



Here the Teddy Train stopped with a toot
that was rollicking;

Whole population of Kansas came frolick-
ing:

Mothers and fathers and grizzled old Vets
Thronged from the farms

As they bore in their arms

The hardiest crop that young Kansas be-
gets—

Infantile Bristows and wee La Follettes.

“Tonight is the night!”

Said Governor Stubbs

To Will Allen White,

Who was up to the hubs

In a trance of delight

As forth in his might

Strode the Soul of Progressive Republican
Clubs.

Oh, how can I focus my mind's feeble prism
On that wonderful speech on New Nation-
alism,

Where a Platform was built,

Some Trust-blood was spilt

And Wrong got the javelin up to the hilt?

Next he praised Kansas City's Missourian
forces,

Then stopped at Sioux Falls, where, in
thrilling discourses,

He spoke on “Notorious Party Divorces.”

Then a stop-off at Fargo
To let on a cargo
Of deputy sheriffs and cowpunching boys
Who were eager with praise
Of "them hell-splittin' days
On the Little Missouri—wow! Let's make
a noise!"

Next he dropped at St. Paul
On the Governors all
And handed State-Rights a most serious
"call";

Then an afternoon talky
He spent at Milwaukee,
Where he gave Mayor Seidel a gall-coated
pill.

Then on to Chicago flew Ted with a will,
Where the Hamilton Club sat prepared
for a thrill,

As, with hard, vacant stare
Stood a hard Vacant Chair
Marked "Lorimer"—faith, it is standing
there still.

So thus and etcetera Theodore pressed
A Garland of Speeches three thousand
miles long

Like a barb-wire fence round the heart of
the West,

Till the West yelled "I'm yourn!"
and took after him strong.

But Marse Henry Watterson spoke from
his heart:

“The Slayer of Lions is now being lionized;
And the Colonel, of course, will continue
his part
Till the dear old Republican Party
is Bryanized.”

*V.—Our Muse Taketh the Express Ele-
vator to Olympus*

Muse, here's our elevator waiting. “Go-
ing up!”

Up to Olympus, where, with twitching
beard,

Great Jove sits at his desk and, with a pin,
Traces across the map of U. S. A.

The latest zigzag of the Teddy Tour.

Around him sit the Council of the Gods,
Each looking anxious as the scratching pin
Passes from Kansas eastward to New York.

“O tell me, Uncle Jupe,” fair Venus speaks,
Brushing the star-dust from her perfect
nose,

“What ticket will you give your Favorite
now?

What will Tedysses be a-doing next?”

Nine thunder-sneezes sneezed the Cloud-
compeller;

Then thus to Venus: "Pretty pinky one,
I'm merely hired to boss the Universe—
Then how can I control this Teddy, pray?
For there are things of which the gods
 themselves

Can simply speak the Delphic phrase,
 'Search me!'

But, since you ask me what's my guess,
 I'll say

Tedysses may, within a week or so,
Fly angry to his ruined Party Home,
Where his Penelope of Taftlike face
Doth entertain his enemies at lunch."

"O bully!" Venus cried; "then I foretell
There'll be the loudest crash, the maddest
 yell

Since Vulcan through the heavenly sky-
 light fell."

BOOK THE THIRD

BOOK THE THIRD

I.—Tedysses Taketh a Club Unto the Sinful Suitors of Penelope

TIRED with his starry touring through
the West,

A thousand towns, a million epigrams,
Tedysses paused—a thing he seldom did—
And fell asleep within his special car.

Whereat Minerva, Harvard's sacred goddess,
d

Upon her ambient aero gliding down,
Lifted Tedysses sleeping from his bunk
And bore him to arboreal Washington.
Softly she laid him on the White House
lawn

And with an angel-feather scratched his
nose.

Our Hero sneezed. "Alas, where am I
at?"—

A question seldom asked by Theodore.
He rubbed his glasses; then, quick glanc-
ing round,

Beheld his dear Administration Home;
The very same — and yet how sadly
changed!

"Oh, what hath happened to my Tennis
Court,
That sacred plat where erstwhile Garf and
Giff

Bounced the swift ball belike a Rubber
Trust?

Weeds now infringe the spot—it seemeth
me

The Old White Homestead hath a differ-
ent air

From what it had before I left the place
In charge of fair and fat Penelope."



Thus Teddy spake, when sudden through
the trees
A dusty, damaged, dopey Dog appeared,
Whined whimpering at Teddy's feet, and
there
Licking his hand fell in a hunger-faint.
Tenderly leaning, Ted with terror saw
The truth—it was his dog "My Policies"!
"Horrors, poor hound!" he moaned; "I
left you fat,
Gnawing rich steaks from juicy Corpora-
tions—
See how your ribs stick out—your listless
tail
Betrays the fact that you have fed on
scraps,
And few of these, for many, many moons.
Poor mutt! While you lie gasping in the
ditch
Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, decked
with ribbons blue,
Bark saucily from out the Royal Coach.
By George, I'll fix 'em!" Speaking thus,
Tedysses
Reached for his magic blade. . . .

When from the sky
Divine Minerva, goddess Suffragette,
Swooped swiftly down and thus to Theo-
dore:

“Sheathe the sharp sword, O Strong One!
Only wait
Until the proper time, and I shall grant
thee



A chance to smite thy foes in yonder Palace
Such an Homeric swat as Honus Wagner
Swings on some gosling from the Minor
League.”

So saying, the goddess, by a magic word,
Changed Teddy from his vast and warlike
bulk

To the more humble shape of Richard
Glavis.

Seattle clothes she put upon his back
And in his hand a satchel labeled "Evi-
dence."

Thus strangely changed she led him gently
forth

And set him knocking at the White House
door

Just when Josephus Cannon and The Rest,
Clad in rich robes and bearing sweet bou-
quets,

Were dropping in, as usual, for lunch.

*II.—The Crafty Tedysses Obtaineth Admit-
tance to the Old Homestead*

There came a bump on the White House
steps

And a knock at the White House door.

Achilles blank and Hitchcock frank,
They gasped like trout in a brackish tank.

"Who's there?" they cried, full sore.

Then Achilles opened a weeny crack

And peeked with a look surprised,

For out in the storm stood a Glavis form—
Which same was Our Ted disguised.

“O poisonous snake of Insurgent make!”
Godlike Achilles hissed;
“Why come you here with suspectful leer
And a fatuous Conservation sneer
And a tainted Alaska list?”
“I have evidence plain,” quoth the Glavis
swain,
“Which will rattle your slats some
more;
For it tells of loot.”—Here he stuck his boot
In the crack of the White House door.

“Oh, Evidence plain ye may bring in vain—
Avaunt, vile viper, avaunt!”
Achilles cried as he rubbed his heels.
“We’ve muckraking spiels on Land Office
deals
Far more than we’ll ever want.”
But Hitchcock fair cried: “What do we
care?
Such clowns but amuse the Bunch—
For this Glavis bloke is a Popular Joke;
Let’s haul him along to lunch!”

Then into the empty Cabinet Room
Led they the glaviform Ted.
Then they put bright bells on his toes of
pride;
Then gave him a bauble—and next they tied
A fool’s cap over his head.

So they laughed "Ha-ha!" and they
shrieked "Huzzah!

Sure, the look on his mug is rum!"—
Changed were their tune had they known
how soon

The End of the Laugh would come.

*III.—Tedysses Smiteth the Lyre, yet Hold-
eth His Rage*

Within the royal dining-hall
The Suitor Horde sat lunching all.
Such stacks of fattening food to eat!
Such Taftlike joints of roasted meat!
Such bumpers passed 'twixt college chums!
Such 'possums stuffed with Party Plums!

Upon a dais of solid make

Reclined Penelope devout,

Eating as though her heart would
break—

A goddess, though a trifle stout.

Tedysses from his humble place
Gazed on that well-remembered face.

"They say," said he, "Penelope

Mourns my long absence day and
night.

And yet, so far as I can see,

Grief has not lessened Appetite."

On either side the royal plate,
As if to share the royal state,
Cannonos and Aldrichas sate.

They seemed to be
 In rivalree
 To win the fair Penelope,
 Josephus, with his black cigar
 Tiptilted to the morning star,
 Spake thus: "Fair Taft, if in the tie
 Of Party Wedlock we should mate,
 Oh, think how smoothly you and I
 Could run the gol-dinged Ship o'
 State!"—
 Tedysses heard and broke a plate
 In silent, concentrated hate—
 Aldrichas spake: "Fair Taft, if I
 Could share thy throne my whole life
 long,
 The special Interests, weak and shy,
 We'd nurse till they were straight and
 strong!"—
 Tedysses, chewing silent glue,
 Snarled: "Rubber trustling!—meaning
 you."

The nectar gurgled round on round
 To wild Reaction's tuneful sound,
 While Hale, of Democratic Maine,
 A jest or two could not refrain
 On absent Teddy's teeth and voice;
 And Cæsar Burrows, once the choice
 Of Michigan, until that state
 Stabbed Cæsar in his consulate—

C. Burrows made some cutting crack
Anent "Ex-champs, who can't come
back!"

Tedysses heard. His smile was black.
Then Woodruff, whom the gods call Tim,
And he whom men call "Sunny Jim,"
Indulged in sentimental chat

On Saratoga's splendid prime,
When Tweed passed down the robe to Platt
And votes meant money all the time.

Quoth Wickersham: "I pledge a toast
Unto the classic G. O. P.,
Which, like some mighty Hitching Post,
Moves not, yet holds its dignity."

The toast was drunk with piercing yell
By Tawney, Penrose and Dalzell;
At which a frenzy of affright

O'ercame the fair Penelope—
"If Ted should happen home tonight
My, what a clearing out there'd be!"

Tedysses, in his Glavis shape,
Rose and o'erlooked the ribald fun
As one who craves a shooting scrape,
Yet lacks the necessary gun.

The crowd beheld him with a screech
Of "Get the hook!" and "Get the
prong!"

Some scoffers shouted, "Dick, a speech!"
Yet others, "Say it in a song!"

Our Hero cleared his golden throat,
 His speechful throat to song unused,
 Then, as of yore, the Lyre he smote
 And tuned this melody enthused:

Conservation Versus Devastation

“A tree stood alone
 On a high, high hill.
 If they’d let it alone
 It would be there still.
 But the tree was shipped
 To the old sawmill,
 Where its heart was ripped
 With a sawyer’s skill.
 And now on the place
 Where the chipmunks jump
 There’s a Land Fraud Case
 And a blackened stump.”

Chorus

“It’s too late to lock the stable when the
 mare’s skipped spry;
 If you throw away the apples, then you
 can’t have pie;
 But the wisest affirmation
 In the Law of Conservation
 Is: You cannot draw the water when the
 well runs dry.”

“In the primal soil
Lay a ton of coal,
Prize for the toil
Of some needy soul.
But it fell in the snitch
Of a greedy Trust
Which was in with the Rich
And out for the dust.
Oh, that Trust was deep
As the midnight’s dye.
It could buy things cheap,
It could sell ’em high:
Now that coal doth smoke
Over Pittsburgh sere,
Where it adds to the choke
Of the atmosphere.”

Chorus

“When the kerosene has vanished, then the
well won’t spout;
It’s too late to talk of dancing when you’ve
grown too stout—
But the brightest aphorism
Of the Brand-new Nationalism
Is: You cannot fill the scuttle when the
coal runs out.”

Achilles rose with frenzied nerve,
Fear quavering through his pallid
brain:

"This clownish Glavis chaunts a dirge—
 Can't some one pipe a livelier strain?"
 Sereno Payne, devoted man,
 Worked in the background wild with
 zeal,
 Weaving a Tariff as he ran
 Penelope's own spinning-wheel.
 "Oh, list!" he cried, "friends of mine own,
 This tripping threnode I'll intone:

High Tariff Spinning-Song

"If Uplift is good—and they say that it is—
 It's bully in any direction;
 It's fine in Religion, it's better in Biz,
 But in Tariff it's simply perfection.
 So we'll hike up the schedules on stockings
 and breeks,
 On rice, cotton, flour—can you beat 'em?
 But we'll let down the bars on Italian
 Antiques,
 Because folks can't wear 'em or eat
 'em."

Chorus

"Spin 'er out fine
 All down the line;
 Boost all the prices a wee little shade.
 So we'll sit our high horse
 And serenely indorse
 The Corkingest Tariff that Ever was
 Made."

“If kindness is good—and they say it is sich—
Then the poor should not lack our
protection;
But it’s kindlier still to be kind to the Rich
Who reciprocate love and affection.
So we’ll aid the directors of Bethlehem
Steel
And the billionaire barons of rubber,
Till the campaign bonanzas resound to
our zeal
And the Pork Barrels blossom with
blubber.”

Chorus

“Let us be just
To the Shoemaking Trust—
Wee Infant Industry needing our aid;
And our Party we thank
As we stand on the plank
Of the Helpfulest Tariff that Ever
was Made.”

IV.—Tedysses Turneth Loose

The luncheon now was drawing to a close,
And, dallying dankly with the fingerbowl,
The wolf Aldrichas rose and thus addressed
Penelope:

“Great Queen, alas, too long
You’ve kept your suitors on the anxious
seat!

Teddy, you see, is coming back no more:
So, say, for good and all, which one of us
You choose to fill the strenuous place be-
side thee."

A shy, sly twink shot from the mystic orb
Of smooth Penelope as thus she spake:

"Sweet suitors, as I love ye equally,
I'll choose to fill Tedysses' vacant throne
The one among your train who this can do:
Up in the garret lies a Weapon stout,
Covered with cobwebs, deep in mothy
dust—

'Twas called 'the Big Stick' when by Ted
'twas swung.'"—



A deathsome shudder thrills along the
line—

‘Now him among ye who can swing this
bludgeon

Thrice round his head and say ‘Dee-
lighted!’ thrice,

To him the chair of Teddy I surrender.’”

Then upward seven colored porters ran
And, groaning gruffly like piano-movers,
The big, black, brutal bludgeon down
they bore,

The wolf Aldrichas was the first to try.

Baring his elbows, spitting on his hands,



With biceps bent and shoulders firmly
 squared,
 He seized the weapon by its handle-end
 And tugged as might some little, busy ant,
 Trying to drag an auto up a hill.
 Next old Josephus of Cannonic fame
 Strained at the Stick and raised it far
 enough
 To drop it on his homespun Danville sock.
 Achilles tried in vain, then sunstruck Jim,
 Then twenty stern, standpattish Senators.
 "What!" cried Penelope. "Can no one lift
 The Stick which once my Ted with one
 hand swung
 While writing notes to Congress with the
 other?"
 Then did Tedysses, still in Glavis form,
 Step forth. "O Queen, a timid boon I
 crave:
 Though I may not be like Aldrichas strong,
 Or like Josephus wiry, grant me leave
 To try my puny wrists upon the Stick."
 With comic jeers the boon he asked was
 granted.
 And then . . .
 Ye Furies! How shall
 I describe
 The marvel that immejut did befall?
 For, the thin mask of Glavis shaking off,
 Tedysses reared his well-remembered bulk,

His knobby, knotty, super-bulldog shape.
Within his gumptious grasp the Stick he
clutched;

One tug, the mighty timber reared in air—
Then through that charnel hall there
shrilled the shriek

Of “Ouch!” and “Spare us, Ted—we
didn’t do it!”

Wretches! Why plead where pity there is
none?

Josephus and Aldrichas fell together,
Squashed on the floor in one conglomerate
blob.

Skulls popped amain and on the marble
walls

Pattered the splatter of standpattish gore.
Did one escape? Nay! On the lawn
without

Gathered the stout Progressives, fully
armed,

Bristow and Murdock, Cummins, La Fol-
lette,

Holding their choppers right across the
doors.

So, when the screeching fugitives poured
out,

Bang went another deader on the sward!

So, all that wild avenging afternoon,

“Thud! Thud!” the Stick descended.

Heaven, assisting,

Poured deadly lightning from the black-
ening sky.

The screams grew less. At length the
Hall was still.

Upon the scene Penelope did flit,
Observed her Lord, then had a fainting fit.

At last she raised her head,

Smiled affably and said:

“Good gracious me, you haven’t changed
a bit!”

BOOK THE FOURTH

BOOK THE FOURTH

*I.—Tedysses Taketh a Pullman for Hades
and Return*

IN myrrh and asphodel and drowsy lotus
Tedysses sleeping lay,
The Big Stick loosely wrapped, till further
notice,
In lavender and bay.

Again in dreams he heard the shrieks and
bellows
Responding to the blow
When with the scourge he smote the
Crooked Fellows
And brought the Olde Garde low.

While thus he dreamt, from out the am-
 biant ether

Jove sent this wireless fleet:

“Waste not thine hour in dreams, O Heavy
 Breather!

More toil awaits thy feet.

“Awake! descend at once to gloomy Hades
 And interview with care

The Ananiac band of spooks and shadies
 Whom thou hast driven there.

“Speak to them kindly whom in life thou
 chided,

And when the jaunt is o’er

Come back to Earth and manage undivided
 Thy throne forevermore.”

“Orders O. K.,” T. R. to Heaven cabled;
 Then hastened to affix

Upon his trunks a baggage-ticket labeled,
 “To Hades, via Styx.”

*II.—He Slideth the Chute to the Infernal
 Basement*

“Halt! Who goes there?” From out the
 craggy black

Of midnight Erebus a Voice outrasped,
 Harsh as a handsaw grating on a nail.

Tedysses, who with jungle-seasoned feet
 Had strode into the very jaws of Hell,

Now halted. "Who art thou, dour sene-
schal,

That biddest the Moving Van of Progress
stop?

No Man or Thing hath ever stayed my
course.

What jest is this?" "O Tumbo," spake
the Voice,

"I have stopped kings and queens and
actresses,

The ruddy gold of Ormus or of Ind-
-iana naught avails when I cry 'Halt!'

I am the Heart of Stone, the Voice of
Brass.

All hope abandon ye who enter here."

Ted struck a match and gasped when he
beheld

At Hades' gate the form of William Loeb,
Three-headed, terrible, collecting tithes
As tariff from the living and the dead.

"Surely you know me, Bill," Tedysses
spake.

"That's what they all say," growled the
icy Loeb.

"Cough up the keys, now, for I see ye bear
A suitcase filled with dutiable goods."

He who had made the Afric lion faint
And sassed the British lion to his teeth,
Now meekly oped his suitcase and declared

The following items:

Seven fountain pens,

A photograph marked "Bill, R. I.,
to Ted,"

The Keys of London,

Wagner's Simple Life,

A safety razor,

Works of Marc Aurelius,

A gun,

A pair of boots,

The Pilgrim's Progress,

A pack of faded letters postmarked
"Rome."

Loeb cast upon the pile his duteous eyes,
Tagged the lot "Confiscated," rang the
bell

And summoned Pluto. "Here's a gent,"
he said,

"Who's bent on raising Hades—show him
round."

*III.—He Chatteth with the Crushed
Spirits of His Foes*

The dark-browed Pluto, Hades' king,

Removed his crown to Teddy's state:

"Dear sir, thou art the livest thing

That ever passed this sable gate.

Now, tell me plain: Of my Domain

What part wouldst thou accelerate?"

Fair spake Our Ted: "I would prefer
To see the victims, if you please,
Who fell before my Walloper."

Glum Pluto smiled with deathly ease.
"We have a whole Department, sir,
Devoted to the souls of these."

All in a Stygian motor-boat
They launched them on the troubled
tide.

Grim Charon piped: "We scarce can float,
The sea's so rough." But Teddy cried:
"Fear not, Old Geezer — thou bearest
Cæsar!"

So crossed they to the other side.

They first beheld a spout of fire
Hard by a fogged infernal fen,
Whence came loud shouts of "Who's a
liar?"

Wild issuing from some dismal den.
And as the Voice rose high and higher
Tedysses whispered, "It is Ben!"

In a crude cave Ben Tillman stood
Eating hot coals and spitting flames
As though the banquet tasted good
And burning brands were parlor games.
"Hullo!" he said, observing Ted;
"You can't beat *me* at calling names!"

“O Pitchfork Ben,” Tedysses cried,
 “‘No scorching names I bring to you;
But this advice I bear to guide
 Your farther passage Hades through:
Be suave to your Superior
 And do not speak till spoken to.”

Then from that pit of deathless hate
 Burst a blue blaze of sulphured cuss:
“Thou egocentric puffed Ingrate,
 Hades ain’t big enough for us!”
Pluto, dismayed, said: “Come, let’s fade
 Before he starts another fuss.”

Hard by upon a Tarpeian rock,
 Lay Foraker, reduced to nil,
Listless of any sound or shock,
 Limp as a rag and void of will.
“Pluto,” said Ted, “I hate to knock,
 But Joe, I see, is lying still.”

Lorn, lonesome in the jaundiced mist,
 A gray Tree reared its gnarl and
 knot;
A hardshell Tree, whose sturdy twist
 Showed the healed scars of many a
 swat.
Behold! What ho! ’Twas Uncle Joe,
 Securely rooted to the spot.

About this noble wooden chunk
The hurricane of Progress blew,
But Joseph neither budged nor shrunk,
From the hard rocks on which he
grew.

“Chop, if you will, this old gray trunk,
But spare My Country’s wool and
glue!”

A tremor twitched his tattered twig
Beholding Teddy’s outlines faint;
Then whistled he: “I don’t renege—
If you’re Republican, I ain’t.”

“I half suspect that you’re correct,”
Teddy replied, with some restraint.

More words had passed, but Pluto’s snort
Broke in: “Come, Teddy, stir your
feet!

Eternity seems far too short
When two Perpetual Speakers meet.
The next to view is Aldrich, who
Will furnish us a pretty treat.”

Through the weird Vale of Nature-Fakes
The twain did wend their weary way,
Past flying cows and singing snakes
And clawfoot mules that ate their
prey,
Past climbing hogs and rabbit-frogs
And storkichicks, both red and gray.

The ghost of Reverend Mr. Long
Forever climbed the lofty trees,
Where apelike horses sat in song
In altitudes one seldom sees.
“They don’t exist!” Tedysses hissed,
Though obviously ill at ease.

Soon Pluto and Tedysses came
To an ice cliff topcapped with snows,
Up whose smooth sides a ghost of fame,
N. Aldrich, clomb with naked toes:
As up he wore he madly bore
A dollar balanced on his nose.

’Gainst the smooth slope he slowly stepped,
His straining sinews sorely sot,
Balanced the coin with nose adept
Till halfway up the peak he got,
When sudden—zip! —with frightful flip
Down the slick, slippery slide he shot.

Undaunted by that bumptious fall,
Another dollar he obtained;
This on his nose he set withal,
And to the peak again he strained.
“What’s this grim joke?” Tedysses spoke.
Whereat N. Aldrich thus explained:

“This icy pinnacle you see
Is called the Solid Interest;

Ten million years I'm doomed to be
Its climbing toy, its bitter jest.
Upon my nose I thus repose
My Currency—you know the rest."



As summitward again he toiled,
Again to slip and downward dart,
His dignity forever spoiled,
His temper peevish with the smart,
A bully thrill of right good will
Warmed Theodore's progressive
heart.

IV.—He Beholdeth the Specters of Familiar Monsters

Upon a horrid, hopeless midland weir
Malformed, gallumptious, bulbous brutes
 he saw;
Some like the Singer Building, planet-
 reaching,
Some short and slimy, squalid but im-
 mense.
And yet, withal, they bore as half-devel-
 oped
A sort of human shape—yet, oh, how
 twisted,
Swollen, lopsided, fat, mal-specialized,
As in the spectral swamps they rolled
 about,
Babbled of mergers, panics, stock reports,
Tearing their flabby sides and bleeding
 bullion.
Tedysses sudden standing in their midst,
An awful silence struck their mad carouse.
Then, like a million boilers belching steam,
They reared haunch-high and raised this
 hellish salvo:
“Hail, Great Pile-Driver of the mighty
 chug!
Thou who from realms of daylight ham-
 mered us
To deeps of Stygian Orcus, by the fury

Which thou on earth didst sway, devoid
of mercy,
Oh, stay thine arm, and pity us in Hell!”

Tedyssees, unto Pluto turning, said:

“Who are these vast Homunculi here gathered—

These monstrous near-Men lummoxing
about?

They seem to recognize me; yet their like
I’ve never met in all my lecture tours.”

Pluto unto the giants turned and cried:

“Since our Distinguished Tourist wants to
know

More of you—come now, give your college
yell!”

Whereat the monsters thus their roar in-
toned:

“We are the Grafters,

We are the Thugs,

We are the Crooks and the Shorts and
Ugs;

We are the Preds

And the wealthy Mals,

We are the Corporation Pals;

We are the Rebate Spoils Distributors,

We are the Campaign Fund Contributors;

The Meddling Mats,

The Mollycods,

The Standing Pats,
 The Salary Gods;
 The grubs of Gammon,
 The slaves of Mammon;
 The Pork-Keg Grabbers,
 The Cork-Leg Stabbers;
 The Senate-protected,
 Boodle-directed,
 Toothless,
 Truthless,
 Utterly ruthless,
 Soot-bad,
 Loot-mad
 Cogs unclean
 Of the old Republican Coin Machine.
 Har! Har!
 That's what we are!
 Huroo!!"

Tedysses gazed a while with looks elate;
 Then said to Pluto: "This is simply great.
 When we get out of this
 It wouldn't be amiss
 To put an extra padlock on the gate."

*V.—The Elevator Descendeth with the
 Latest Load*

They struggled a while in a downward
 direction
 To a cave plainly marked, "Editorial Sec-
 tion."

Close to this portal
Of terrors immortal
 Covered with fetters
 Sat Bellamy Storer,
 Typewriting letters
 And looking still sorer.
These billets, marked "Private," I blush
 to confess,
Were quickly devoured by the fiends of
 the press.
"In this busy department," said Pluto to
 Ted,
 "You'll find a fresh editor lashed to a
 Post,
With the Sun in his eyes and the World
 on his head——"
 "We'll cut out this show," said Ted to
 his host.
"Since I've got a long life on the Outlook
 before me,
I'm weary of printers; and editors bore
 me."

As Teddy thus spoke
 From the darkness there bounced
An imp black with smoke
 Who distinctly announced:
"There's a fresh load o' spooks of a serious
 natur'
Jest bein' sent down by the west elevator."

To the west elevator they speedily loped.
 The Victims poured out as the great door
 was oped
 And the first to arrive on the Stygian tarns
 Were Sherman and Lorimer, Woodruff
 and Barnes.

“Well, boys,” said Tedysses,
 “You’ve got to the place
 Where one seldom misses
 A popular face.”

Whereat the Big Four, with a sigh of
 regret,
 Lined up and delivered this mournful
 quartet:

Sentimental Song

In the fields of our en-deav-or, when we
 worked in days of yore,
 We mowed down miles and miles of
 golden grain—

 Tra-la-la-loo!

But to them Old Head-quar-ters we will
 ne’er go back no more,
 For happy days won’t never come
 again.

 (*Close harmony*)

The Same Old Gang sets silent round the
 empty ballot-box,
 Joe Cannon’s picture’s turned against
 the wall;

Their campaign buttons need a shine, and
holes are in their sox
As this refrain they warble thro' the
hall:

Chorus

“The Old Machine is bursted, mother dear!
There's a clothesline tied around the run-
ning gear.
Can't we coax some kindly Trust
To relieve the wheels of rust?

For

the Old

Machine

is rotten,

Mother dear!!”

VI--The Windlass is Again Hoisted

Weary of ghosts Ted turned his toughened
tissues

Back to the sunlit earth of living issues—
The earth of platforms, policies and kings,
And just about a million Other Things;
The World of Struggles, where the human
race,

Being from torpor shook,

May learn at last to look

Truth, the Magnificent Bromide, in the
face.

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