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IDLE MOMENTS
IN FLORIDA

GEORGE V. HOBART

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BY

GEORGE V. HOBART



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TO
MY FRIENDS, THE ROTARIANS,
IN ST. AUGUSTINE

Thanks are extended to the *St. Augustine Record* for permission to reprint some of the articles contained herein.

G. V. H.

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**IDLE MOMENTS
IN FLORIDA**

IDLE MOMENTS IN FLORIDA

ON THE WAY

Say!
Did you ever bid a gay
And fond farewell
To a Northern Cold Spell,
Grab your hat,
Leave the Bliz flat
And breeze off to Florida
Where it's torrid? Ah!
That's a pleasurable jaunt!
And all you want
To make it complete
Is a neat
Package of Kale
So you can be a hale
Fellow well met
When you get
Up against the Hotel Bill,
Which will
Peek
Around corners at you and seek
You out; it doesn't matter where

You may hide, it will stare
At you and haunt
You unless you flaunt
Good Coin in its presence and chase
It away by throwing in its face
A handful of Iron Men,
Then
It will get up and leave
The room and you can heave
A deep sigh,
Or the water pitcher, and try
To forget the horrors it brings
When it rings
Your bell—
For, truth to tell,
There's only one manner in which to Kill
A Hotel Bill,
And that is to pour Kale
On its tail
Until it screams for mercy.
What a curse he
Put upon mankind, the gink who
Drew
The plans and
Specifications for the first grand
Fashionable Hotel Bill,
And taught travelers to spill
Their coin in a Landlord's till!
Well, be that as it may!
I started out to say
That it's a gay
Jaunt down Florida way!

In the first place
The train service is a case
Of wait
For eight
Weeks or more
Before
You can get the sales gent
In the Ticket Office to consent
To part
With a smart
Little Lower;
And he's much slower
If you have a great
Deal of money and want a state
Room, because of the loud
Murmuring crowd,
Clamoring in front of the wicket
Which separates the ticket
Sellers
From the yellers
Who are wildly offering gold
And precious stones and every old
Thing
For a chance to fling
The grip-sack
In the rack,
And hear the Conductor shout, "All
A'board!"—it's the Call
Of the Sunny
South!—and if you have the money
It's *some* joyous way
To burn it—say!

Did you ever glide
Through the Carolinas and slide
Past the Georgia cotton-fields in
A Train de Luxe? It's a sin
If you haven't ridden
In a Happy Wagon with your feet hidden
In a plush
Carpet; where you blush
With pride
As you slide
Into a barber's chair
And have your hair
Trimmed all the way
From Washington, D. C., to, let us say,
Raleigh, N. C.
Gee!
What a trimming you can get
On one of those pet
De Luxe trains
Where it simply rains
Luxury, and all that!
And what a fat
Chance your face has when
Now and then
The cars swerve
Around a curve
And the barber slips
And chips
A slice
Off the north-eastern end of your nice
Home-made chin;
But you must grin

And bear
It, remembering that the fare
Is only ten dollars
A minute more, and he who hollers
Is a piker, anyway!
Say!
If by one of Fortune's flukes
You get rich, grab a De Luxe!
You'll love it!
To the roof above it
In each car
Are
Elevators—oh, yes!
There must be, else why do they assess
Each passenger a Liberty bond
For the fond
Privilege of riding therein?
And you can take a spin
In your roadster on the fast track
Just back
Of and behind
The engine before it joins the blind
Baggage car;
And there are
Also delightful promenades where one
Or two may run
Or stroll
And tell droll
Stories as the train speeds
Into the night, and if one needs
A bath, there
Must be a swimming pool somewhere

On the De Luxe, and for exercise
 A delightful bowling alley, otherwise
 Why all those loud cries
 For extra fares?
 At any rate, there's
 A gold-plaited observation car
 Where the trained porters are
 Crowded coyly in the dust room,
 Forever pointing a whisk-broom
 In your direction and singing
 In ringing
 Accents, "Doan slip me nickels,
 Doan slip me dimes;
 Dese yer days is
 Mighty ha'd times!
 I brush yo' clothes,
 Slip me a dollah!—
 Make it six bits
 And I ain't gwiner hollah!—
 Hallelujah—hallelujah—amen!"
 But then
 When
 One travels de luxe one must do
 As the other de luxers and strew
 Backsheesh from Broadway
 To Bimini Bay,
 Fla.
 If not,
 You've got
 To join the Crab Contingent and be
 As close as the bark on a tree—
 But the

Bark on a tree doesn't travel, so
It can set no
Good example to mankind;
And you'll find
Nowadays
That it pays
To place alms
In outstretched palms,
Otherwise you'll miss boats, trains, ferries,
Early strawberries,
Good seats in the bald-headed row
For a girl show,
And you'll grow
To hate yourself
If you cold-storage your pelf;
And no bell-hop
Will ever stop
And hint
That he has a blue print
Of just how to get you a gill of grog;
And you'll jog
Through life with a bitter taste
In your mouth if you don't waste
An occasional dime
And chime
In with
A reluctant quarter when Smith,
The waiter, bespeaks
You a hopeful "Good Evening!" and seeks
To know if he
Shall put a few ice in your iced-tea,
Or more chicory

In your yellow coffee;
For if, in parsimony's name, you lay off, he
Will probably
Put the ice
In his nice
Clean, white (maybe) vest pocket and stray
Away
Out of your life forever.
But never
Be it said that I wade knee-
Deep in philosophy
All day when we
Are on a trip to Florida—so
Let's go!
From the mo
You arrive in the Land
Of Sunshine and Flowers and stand
In the grand
Little depot in Jax.
The climate backs
Into your presence with a hearty "How d'ye!"
No rowdy
Breeze from the North is there;
The air
Is full of soft, cooing zephyrs that stare
In well-bred surprise
At the size
Of your overcoat,
And then float
Around and sneer a little at
That
Red, gray, green and blue

Muffler you
Have wrapped around your epiglottis—
They're hep how hot is
The burden you're carrying,
And they're tarrying
To see you open the muffler and try
To get into High
Without the Polar Bear Benny
Or any
Of those
Northern warmth-coazer clothes
During your brief stay
In Jax. Say!
Jax is the way
You mention Jacksonville when
You're short of breath, d'ye ken?
And so
Let's go!
Off through jungle lands afar
In our de-luxified car;
With a blue sky
On high
Smiling o'er a Land of Romance
Where sunbeams dance
On distant waters; where
The air
Is like rare
Old wine;
Where the snuggling vine
Entwines
The Pines;
Where gray

And hoary mosses in wild disarray
Have hung
Among
The oaks since Time was young.
Where the throbbing throats
Of wild birds sing sweet notes
Of welcome, and where
Care
May be
Buried so easily
In yielding sand
In the Land
Of Happy Hours—
Of Sunshine and of Flowers.

WITH UNCLE GILBERT

When Uncle Gilbert Hawley learned that we contemplated spending several weeks in Florida he invited us to come straightway to his mansion in St. John's county, and from there he'd take us on a motor trip through the State.

Of course, we knew what a wildly hilarious time we'd have splashing out small talk to the collection of Northern human bric-à-brac always to be found at Uncle Gilbert's, but then we wouldn't be there long—we'd be off and away in the motor, and, besides, what is one going to do when the richest old gink in the family waves a beckoning arm?

I'll tell you what one is going to do—one is going to take to one's o'sullivans, beat it rapidly to a choo-choo, and float into Uncle Gilbert's presence with business of being tickled to death—that's what one is going to do.

You know Nature has a few immutable laws, and one is that even a rich old uncle must in the full course of time pass on and leave nephews and nieces. Leave them what? Ah! that's it! Pass the timetable, please!

Hawleysville is out in the Florida potato country, about ten miles from Hastings, and it's some burg—

nearly eleven houses, eleven barns, eleven cows, eleven dogs and one street.

Uncle Gilbert wrote it all himself.

He owns a lot of things in Florida. He has orange groves, potato groves, alligator groves, grapefruit groves, rattlesnake groves and, if there are any other kinds of groves, he has those, too.

Uncle Gilbert has nearly all the money there is in the world. Every time he signs a check a national bank goes out of existence. He tried to count it all once, but he sprained his wrists and had to stop.

On the level, when he goes into a bank all the government bonds get up and yell, "Hello, Papa!"

When he cuts coupons it's like a sheep shearing.

He has muscles all over him like a prize fighter just from lifting mortgages.

When we finally reached the Hawley mansion after an exciting trip over the Dixie Highway we found there a scene of great excitement. Old and distant relations were bustling up and down the stone steps, talking in whispers; servants with scared faces and popping eyes were peeping around the corner of the house, and in the roadway in front of a sobbing automobile stood Uncle Gilbert and Aunt Miranda, made up to look like two members of the Peary expedition at the Pole.

After the formal greetings we were soon put hep to the facts in the case.

"We're getting ready to take you all through Florida!" murmured Aunt Miranda, after casting an anxious glance in the direction of the busy Uncle Gilbert, who was testing out the alarm-shrieker on

a car that made its début as a dashing soubrette back in—well, at a guess, let us say 1909.

“Good for you, Aunt Miranda,” I replied; “it surely is kind of you and Uncle Gilbert to map out a trip like that for us. Shall we go all the way to Miami in the College Yell?”

“The College Yell?” she echoed.

“Yes, the Rah-Rah-Rah wagon,” I explained.

“Oh!” she sighed; “well, I hope so, if your Uncle Gilbert masters it.”

“Why—why—you mean—doesn’t he know the combination?” I stuttered, slightly nonplussed for the nonce, in a manner of speaking.

“You see,” explained Aunt Miranda, while a pair of green goggles danced an accompaniment on her nose, “your Uncle Gilbert loaned the money to a man to open a garage in Hawleysville. But automobilists never got any blowouts or punctures going through here because there isn’t a drop of liquor hidden in a cellar in the town, so the garage failed and the man left town in an awful hurry, and all your Uncle Gilbert got for the money he loaned was this car. We’ve been four years making up our minds to buy one, and now we have one whether we want it or not.”

“Fine!” I said; “going out for a spin, Uncle Gilbert?”

“Possibly,” he answered, never taking his eyes off the man-killer in front of him, which stood there trembling with anger.

“What car is it?” I inquired politely.

“It’s a Seismic,” Uncle Gilbert said.

"Oh, yes, of course; made by the Earthquake Brothers in Powderville—good car for the hills, especially coming down," I volunteered. "Know how to run it?"

"I guess so; I was always a good hand at machinery," Uncle Gilbert answered.

"Don't you think you should have a chauffeur?" I suggested.

"Chauffeur! Why?" Uncle Gilbert snapped back; "what do I want with one of those fellows sitting around, eating me out of house and home?"

Now you know why he has so much money.

"We'll be back in a little while," Aunt Miranda explained; "just make yourselves at home, children."

Uncle Gilbert continued to eye the car for another minute, then he turned to me and said, "Want to try it?"

"Nix, Uncle Gilbert," I protested; "what would the townspeople say? You with a new motor car, afraid to run it yourself, had to send to New York for your nephew—nix! Where's your family pride?"

"My family pride is all right," answered Uncle Gilbert; "but there's a lot of contraptions in that machine I don't seem to recognize."

"Oh, that's all right; you're a handy little guy with machinery," I reminded him. "Hop in now and break forth. Don't let the public think that you're afraid to blow a Bubble through the streets of your native town. The rubber sweater buttoned to the chin and the Dutch awning over the forehead for yours, and on your way!"

Finally and reluctantly Uncle Gilbert and Aunt Miranda climbed into the kerosene wagon, and I gave him his final instructions.

"Now, Uncle Gilbert," I said, "grab that wheel in front of you firmly with both hands and put one foot on the accelerator. Now put the other foot on the rheostat and let the left elbow gently rest on the deodorizer. Keep the rubber tube connecting with the automatic fog whistle closely between the teeth and let the right elbow be in touch with the quadruplex while the apex of the left knee is pressed over the spark coil and the right ankle works the condenser."

Uncle Gilbert grunted. "Why don't you put my left shoulder blade to work," he muttered; "it's the only part of my anatomy that hasn't got a job."

"Nephew," whispered the nervous Aunt Miranda, "do you really think your Uncle Gilbert knows enough about the car?"

"Sure," I answered, and I was very serious about it. "Now, Uncle Gilbert, keep both eyes on the road in front of you and the rest of your face in the wagon. Start the driving wheels, repeat slowly the name of your favorite coroner, and leave the rest to Fate!"

And away they started in the Whiz Wagon.

Before they had rolled along for six houses through town, the machine suddenly began to breathe fast, and then, all of a sudden, it choked up and stopped.

"Will it explode?" whispered Aunt Miranda, pleadingly.

"No," said Uncle Gilbert, jumping out; "I think the cosmopolitan has buckled with the trapezoid," and then, with a monkey wrench, he crawled under the hood to see if the trouble was stubbornness or appendicitis.

Uncle Gilbert took a dislike to a brass valve and began to knock it with the monkey wrench, whereupon the valve got mad at him and upset a pint of ancient salad oil all over his features.

When Uncle Gilbert recovered consciousness the machine was breathing again, so he jumped to the helm, pointed the bow at Tampa, and began to cut the grass.

Alas! however, it seemed that the demon of unrest possessed that Coal-oil Coupé, for it soon began to jump and skip, and suddenly, with a snort, it took the river road and scooted away from town.

Uncle Gilbert patted it on the back and spoke soothingly, but it was no use.

Aunt Miranda pleaded with him to keep in near the shore, because she was getting seasick; but her tears were in vain.

"You must appear calm and indifferent in the presence of danger," muttered Uncle Gilbert as they rushed madly into the bosom of a flock of scrub range cows.

But luck was with them, for with a turn of the wrist Uncle Gilbert jumped the machine across the road, and all he could feel was the sharp swish of an old cow's tail across his cheek as they rushed on and out of that animal's life forever.

Aunt Miranda tried to be brave and to chat pleas-

antly. "How are the grapefruit bugs these days?" she asked, and just then the machine struck a stone and she went up in the air.

"Active," answered Uncle Gilbert when she got back, and then there was an embarrassing silence.

To try to hold a polite conversation on a frightened motor car in full flight is very much like trying to repeat the Declaration of Independence while falling from a seventh-story window.

Then, all of a sudden, the machine struck a chord in G and started for Key West at the rate of 7,000,000 miles a minute.

Aunt Miranda threw her arms around Uncle Gilbert's neck, he threw his neck around the lever, the lever threw him over, and they both threw a fit.

Down the road ahead of them a man and his wife were quarreling. They were so much in earnest that they did not hear the machine sneaking swiftly up on rubber shoes.

As the Benzine Buggy was about to fall upon the quarreling man and wife Uncle Gilbert squeezed a couple of hoarse "Toot toots" from the horn, whereupon the woman in the road threw up both hands and leaped for the man. The man threw up both feet and leaped for the fence.

The last Aunt Miranda saw of them they were entering their modest home neck and neck, and the divorce court lost a bet.

Then the machine began to climb a telegraph pole, and as it ran down the other side Aunt Miranda wanted to know for the tenth time if it would explode.

"How did Nephew tell you to handle it?" she shrieked, as the Rowdy Cart bit its way through a stone fence and began to dance a two-step over a strange man's lawn.

"The only way to handle this infernal machine is to soak it in water," yelled Uncle Gilbert as they hit the main road again.

"I don't see what family pride has to do with it; there isn't a soul looking," moaned Aunt Miranda.

"Oh, if I could only be arrested for fast riding and get this thing stopped," wailed Uncle Gilbert as they headed for the river.

"Let me out, let me out," pleaded Aunt Miranda, and the machine seemed to hear her, for it certainly obliged the lady.

I found out afterwards that in order to make good with Aunt Miranda the machine jumped up in the air and turned a double handspring, during the course of which friend Uncle and his wife fell out and landed in the most generously inclined mud puddle in that part of the state of Florida.

Then the Buzz Buggy turned around and barked at them and with an excited wag of its tail left them flat and scooted for home.

It must have come home by taking a short cut through a potato farm, because there was nothing but Murphys à la Julienne clinging to the wheels, the tonneau was full of potatoes à la shoe string, and about seven ounces of Saratoga chips nestled and clung to the carbureter for warmth.

Now you know why we didn't see Florida from the afterdeck of Uncle Gilbert's automobile.

ST. AUGUSTINE

St. Augustine!
Queen
Of Matanzas Bay!
The books of history say
Discovered on a day
In 1513
All in her green
And lovely glory!
There is a story
Or Indian legend which relates
That if the Stranger within her City Gates,
Standing on her land,
Shall get the sand
Of St. Augustine within his shoes
He'll never lose
His desire to return to
That Ancient Town—and it's true!
St. Augustine the Quaint!
With its Street of George the Saint,
Where queerly contrived
Balconies which have survived
The Hammerings of the Years overhang
That same roadway where the gay gang
Of Spanish soldiers of Menendez' day
Strolled at their ease,
Or sat beneath the trees

In the twilight of other days.
 The Oldest House, too, plays
 Its part in the sublime
 Drama entitled, "The Passing of Time";
 For there one may learn
 How the monks were taught to spurn
 That which is called Life by
 Keeping ever nigh
 The symbol of Death—o'er their heads
 A coffin in the ceiling—from their beds
 To look at and ponder on—
 A pleasant thought on a smiling dawn,
 Is it not? Answer; it is not!
 Great Scott!
 How it does make
 You think when you take
 A walk around
 The Oldest House to be found
 In the oldest town
 Set dōwn
 On the map of the U. S. A.,
 Gay
 Old St. Augustine with its hoary
 Story
 Going back
 To old Jack
 Ponce
 Who did ensconce
 Himself on a rock hard by
 A babbling stream and drink dry
 Said stream
 Which in his dream

He called
The Fountain of Youth, but he got all balled
Up, because
According to the laws
Of Nature there was nothing near
But clear
Sulphur water—dark brown
Sullen sulphur water all over town!
And Ponce de Leon!
Was *he* on?
Sure!
It might cure
Lumbago,
And in a way go
Far to aid digestion!
But as to the question
Of Eternal Youth!—
Good sooth!
In order to be
As young as Wm. Jennings Bryan, he
Would have to drink, say,
Eight quarts of sulphur water a day
For weeks and months, and then
Before he got young again
Suppose the sulphur grains
All went to his brains?
Horrors! he'd be a *match!*
And he'd catch
Fire if he but scratch
His head!
Enough said.
Ponce put away

His papier-mâché
Cup,
Saying, "I don't want to be all lit up!"
Then he hurled anathemas and
White sand,
Together with coquina shell,
At the well,
Saying, "I'll tell
The world!"
(As he hurled)
"That I'm no spring chicken,
Even if I did thicken
My system with liquid ore
And stucco my stomach with more
Sulphur than any drug store
Contains in Old Madrid!"
Then Ponce did
A fandango and, shaking his castanets,
Gets
Himself hence and skeedaddles
To his canoe and paddles
Back to Spain
Again,
Where he dies,
And as he passes on he sighs,
"Unfountain of Youthless, I go!"
And so
Ponce became a memory.
But he
Left a precious heritage here,
For near
At hand

In a few acres of land
Is a well
Full of water, and the smell
Of sulphur 'round about—
Where the sign-boards shout,
“Fountain of Youth—1513,”
With waving palms of green,
And protecting it a fence;
And for twenty-five cents
(And war tax, if you don't mind!)
You can find
Juan Ponce de Leon's well,
And they will tell
You it is his very same
Oaken-bucketless and tame
Little Fountain of Youth!
But, in sooth,
It cannot be
For he
Is DEAD,
And when all is done and said
The fact must remain
That a Fountain of Youth must contain
Eternal Youth, otherwise
It is fair to surmise
Somebody is talking through his hat;
And, besides, if that
Were really a Fountain of Youth—say!
To-day,
Last week and next year,
In weather clear
Or dark,

Out there in that Park
 You'd find
 Dear old Jack Ponce behind
 The fence
 Raking in each twenty-five cents
 (And war tax, if you don't mind!)
 With a kind
 Spanish smile
 On his young face all the while—
 Wouldn't you? I ask you!
 I won't task you,
 But don't you think
 If Ponce took a deep drink
 From the Fountain of Eternal Youth he
 Would still be
 In evidence around his discovery,
 And would he let the bar
 Privilege and the cash register get far
 From his sight?—would he?
 JAMAIS DE LA VIE!
 Which is the French name
 For what the same
 Thing means in Spanish—Gee!
 And incidentally, whee!
 I suppose
 Those
 Hack-drivers will hate me
 And berate me
 For monkeying with tradition—they,
 To-day,
 Are the only
 Lonely

Survivors of the buccaneers
And privateers
And pirates bold
Of the old
Régime.
Each with his team,
A smiling Captain Kidd,
With a howitzer hid
In the surrey,
Ready to hurry
You around the city
With witty
Comments, at the rate
Of the old horse's gait
Which is geared to go
Five miles or so
In a week—although
There
Is a proverb somewhere
Which says, "Money makes the mare
Go," it is refuted,
Disputed,
And put to shame
By these same
Hack-drivers, who join
Earnest hands to get your coin
And, getting it, the mare
Doesn't go anywhere
Much!
And the touch
Of the whip to her
Is, per-

Adventure, even as a mild
Lullaby to a sleepy child.
One of these
Rovers of the Spanish Seas
Beckoned to me with his whip
And inquired if I'd like to slip
Off my care and worry
And see the city in his surrey.
I asked him how much
He would touch
Me for to see
The nearest orange groves, and he
Said, "Say, three
Dollars, Boss!"
I said, "Three dollars, boss!" at a loss
To know how else to meet
Such a situation except repeat,
"Three dollars, Boss!" over and over,
But the deadly Rover
Stood there and only
Grinned a lonely
Pirate's grin;
So I got in
The galleon, and we set sail
Out into the pale
Unknown, far from the safe retreat
Of friendly King Street,
And I said to the grandson
Of one
Of the Bo'suns of Sir Francis Drake,
"How long will it take
Before we have hove

In sight of the Grove?"

And then, shaking his ear-rings, the old
Bold

Buccaneer

Answered clear:

"Mebbe a l'il while, mebbe longer,
'Pends on the ol' hoss goin' stronger!"

And then I found myself saying,
Meanwhile displaying

One of my ill-at-ease smiles,

"How many nautical miles?"

"Ain't none of 'em va'iy nautical, Boss!

I dess chawges for de loss

Of time consumed!"

Then he resumed,

"Mebbe it's 'leven mile—mebbe fo',
I ain't dess sho'!"

And so the voyage was re-begun,

And we drifted into the setting sun,

Passing a derelict farm

Or two, until the pirate's arm

Went up in the air,

And then and there

I thought he'd yank

Me out and shout, "Walk the plank!"

But, instead,

He said:

"Dah he!"

Which, translated, seemed to be

"Yonder am dat Fountain

Of Youth whey I was countin'

On takin' you all to!"

And before my eyes grew
A fence!
Admission twenty-five cents
(And war tax, if you don't mind!).
So this is what Ponce came to find!
I looked me all around,
Then suddenly a profound
Thought came,
And in the flame
Which shone
As my own,
After Knowledge lit her lamp,
I could see the Truth in the damp
Bottom of the well—and I knew!
I knew then who
Drank the brew
And profited thereby—
Why
It was the old mare
In the shafts there!
In each eye
I could descry
Ages and ages of despair—
Poor young old mare!
Centuries ago
She found eternal youth, but the slow
Corrosions of time
Had robbed her of ambition,
And hers now was the sad condition
Of having to live ever
Without pep, and never
Be more

Than a shuttledore
Between the right and left shaft
Of a pirate's fore and aft
Carryall—Ah, me!
Also Gee!
Whiz!
'Tis
A cunning sample of the irony of Fate!
I looked towards the gate
And the fence—
Admission twenty-five cents
(And war tax, if you don't mind!)
Blind
Were mine eyes with tears,
So I said to the pirate, "Here's
Your three dollars, Boss!
If you can stand the loss
I'll walk back to town—
It's only down
The road a few blocks—
Which knocks
A hole
In your droll
Ideas of distance—and say!
Lay
Off with that whip
On the mare who was a slip
Of an equine-girlie
In the early
Days of St. Augustine.
Between

And 1516

She was a two-year-old,

And on a cold

Track

Could do a there-and-back

In record time—and say!

Hand her plenty of hay,

Because she's

With ease

The oldest relic in town—

A roadster of renown,

Loved and respected by

That good old guy,

Juan Ponce de Leon!"

Was *he* on,

That pirate?—I don't know,

For with slow

And faltering steps I,

With another sigh

For days that are no more,

Bore

Sou', sou' east from the fence—

Admission twenty-five cents—

(And war tax, if you don't mind!)

To find

A pleasant path

Which hath

Forever waving palms to nod the way

To gay

St. Augustine—

Queen

Of Matanzas Bay—

Whose memories of an ancient day
Are older than the sands of snow
Which grow
In white glory on her distant shore,
Where despite the ceaseless roar
Of the ever-restless waves they do
Contrive to whisper allegiance to
Their listening Queen—
St. Augustine.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

For your delectation a little side excursion into one of the Floridian by-ways, entitled, "Music Hath Charms."

SCENE:—The Plaza in St. Augustine, in the immediate neighborhood of the band stand.

DISCOVERED:—OMNES, which, as you know, means everybody except a few hotel clerks, one night watchman and the motorman of a street car, which is unfortunately stalled at the other end of town.

MRS. MUFFIN, of the Borough of Brooklyn, is seated on the end of a bench at Center. She has her wraps, her handbag and a box of candy on the up-stage end of the bench, which is her method of reserving the seat for her friend, MRS. TRISKET, who is a trifle late.

There are hundreds of other people present, all trying to listen to the good music which SIGNOR VESSELA'S band is discoursing.

The air is balmy and a tropical glitter may be noticed in connection with the stars—if you get what I mean!

Presently MRS. TRISKET, also of the Borough of Brooklyn, but nearer Flatbush, arrives, and after the

wraps, the handbag and the box of candy are removed she settles on the bench with a hen-like flutter.

The audience will kindly remember that the band is playing steadily throughout the drama.

Late, aren't you, Grace, dear?

Yes, Lottie, I was waiting for the Northern papers. I always like to see what the weather was day before yesterday in New York.

Why, Grace, what difference does day before yesterday's weather in New York make when you're here?

Well, you see, Lottie, if it was cold and snowy and sleety up there, I can be glad I'm here, and if it was warm and pleasant up there I can worry because I'm not home. Delightful band, isn't it?

Yes, Grace, but I think the drums are a little too loud. They're so discouraging to conversation—especially if one's hearing isn't any too good. I came here two or three times to talk to Mrs. Open-face—you know her! Rich!—oh, dear me! Oodles of money! Her husband invented a method of opening hard shell clams by electricity and made a fortune. And her son-in-law, Hector Squeeze-eagle, well, he discovered a lotion for removing sunburn

from golf balls, so the family is just itchy with money. Well, as I was saying, we came here several evenings ago to have a little chat, and, do you know, it seemed to be old-home-week for the drummers. Every time we tried to discuss some of our mutual friends—and Heaven knows they need discussion!—those drummers would pound out a deafening cadenza and poor Mrs. Openface, being slightly deaf, was frightfully discouraged, so finally we went over and sat by the trolley tracks, where it was quieter. But I do love good music, don't you? What's the news in the papers?

Nothing, Lottie, nothing in the papers but strikes—don't you hate to be always reading about strikes?

I do, Grace; it seems such a waste of time to be striking and then un-striking all the time. If they'd only strike somebody or something and get it over with—but it seems to be the fashion nowadays. Don't you remember that beautiful poem, Grace, dear—who wrote it now? Was it Robert Hitchens or Senator Lodge?—I've forgotten, but one verse was so true!—wait till that trombone person hushes his noise! See if I remember it, Grace! It went something like this:—

“Strike and the world strikes with you,
 Work and you work alone,
 For the profiteer needs your money, my dear,
 Though he has enough of his own.”

I think that's perfectly splendid and so true and real, don't you, Grace?

Oh, Lottie, it's wonderful! And how well you recite. What a gift it is to be able to recite—dear me, that trombone *is* loud, isn't it? I wonder if it's really a trombone—I thought they had to slide it?

Well, Grace, if you're really curious and want to hear the music, far be it from me to prevent you, but when a person hasn't seen another person for weeks and——

Oh, Lottie, I *beg* your pardon! What is mere music when I'm dying to have you tell me all the news. Did you go to Petersburg this year?

No, Grace, I didn't. And it is so perfectly splendid at Petersburg. They have those little intimate symphony concerts there, and they are so delightful to talk through. And the time passes so quickly, it's amazing! One evening I started to tell Mrs. Cruller how Jessie Wafer ran away with her father's chauffeur—you remember, Grace, the Wafers lived next door to us when we had that salmon-colored house near the cemetery!—well, I no more than got Jessie and the chauffeur to the subway at Borough Hall when the concert was over. It's perfectly astounding how the time passes in Petersburg.

Do you think you'll go to Ormond Beach, Lottie?

I don't know, Grace. I have a two weeks' invitation from friends in Tampa—it's perfectly splendid at Tampa, and then I have friends in Daytona,

and they may surprise me with an invitation—it's perfectly splendid in Daytona—and Sea Breeze! that's perfectly splendid! I spent two weeks there last summer, and it's perfectly splendid! Wonderful beach at Ormond and Daytona, too. The tide goes out so far it's no trouble to sit there and talk for hours.

Have you been to the Everglades, Lottie?—I'd like to see those.

Oh, yes, Grace, I've seen them—perfectly splendid, but slushy, frightfully slushy. You have to go in a boat, you know. They are full of strange looking Indians and perfectly splendid alligators and one eats the other. I don't remember now whether the Indians eat the alligators or the alligators eat the Indians, but it doesn't matter much, does it? Oh, I like the Everglades. If you have a nice comfortable boat, they are a perfectly splendid place to sleep for hours and hours, because nothing at all ever happens there except scenery—and that's perfectly splendid if you care to look at it. Delightful music, isn't it?

I'm told so, Lottie. We must drop around some evening and hear it. Perhaps, Lottie, we should come here separately. They say that in order to fully appreciate good music one should shut out the world and do nothing but listen.

Well, Grace, I'll tell the world I won't shut it out—not to hear music.

You know, Lottie, the old proverb says that music hath charms to soothe the naked Indians.

Oh, nonsense, Grace, you can hear all about the Indians down at Fort Marion, where Osceola escaped through an eight-inch drain pipe under a flag of truce. Indians don't interest me. Didn't you tell me, Grace, that Mr. Vessella had written a song entitled "Florida Water"?

No, Lottie, dear, not "Florida Water"—it's called "Florida Nights."

Oh, of course, Grace, I should have remembered that "Florida Water" was written by Ponce de Leon—I never was much good at geography. Ask the woman sitting next to you if "Florida Nights" will be sung this evening.

(Business of MRS. TRISKET asking the woman sitting next to her and then turning to MRS. MUFFIN.)

She says that Miss Ribekova has just started to sing "Florida Nights"—shall we listen, Lottie?

Oh, Grace, if she's started, what's the use? It's so hard to follow the plot of a song unless you hear the very beginning of it. Oh! isn't that Mr. Figelspotter over there, two benches up and one across—you know him, Grace! He's Mrs. Openface's brother—she was a Figelspotter before she married

Gipthem Openface. Figelspotter is an inventor, too. It runs in the family. He invented an anesthetic for women to take just before going shopping. It makes them insensible to the prices. Sometimes three whole days pass before the effects wear off and you realize that you've paid two dollars and forty cents for something you could get in the palmy days for two bits. Of course, by that time your grief can be kept under control. I think it's a perfectly splendid invention, don't you, Grace? But I wish Mr. Fiegelspotter could invent a safe method of coaxing a sirloin steak away from a butcher without having to leave a Liberty Bond with the butcher's cashier. I wonder why Tom Edison doesn't think it over—but then he may be a vegetarian and find the subject uninteresting. Oh, dear, it's a great life, if you don't have to powder!

Oh, Lottie, dear, I knew there was something I was dying to ask you—I just knew it. Have you been over to the alligator farm?

Yes, Grace, but I don't care for alligators—they annoy me. I can't classify them. I don't know whether an alligator is an animal or an insect or the grandfather of a snake. Besides I'm here alone on a pleasure trip, and an alligator reminds me too much of my husband.

Lottie! for goodness' sake, why?

Because, Grace, you can't trust him even when he's asleep.

Oh, Lottie, aren't you perfectly horrid to your poor Murgatroyd—and he up there in the slush and snow and cold wishing for you to come back and working like a beaver.

No, Grace, beavers build dams, but my husband wouldn't give a whole village of beavers' dams if I never came back. Oh! he's perfectly frank about it. He says we get on so much better when I'm South and he's in the North. I suppose our lives together would be perfectly splendidly idyllic if I lived in Africa and he had two rooms and a kitchenette on a roof garden in New York.

Lottie!

Yes, Grace, dear!

Listen!

I didn't come here to listen, Grace—I came here to talk, and I intend to get my money's worth.

Oh, Lottie! did you hear that? The nerve of that man. He's sitting behind us—did you hear what he said?

How could I, Grace, dear? You know how hard it is for me to hear when I'm talking. I find I get better results with my vocal cords if I concentrate on my enunciation—what did he say?

Well, Lottie, that rough looking man with the fur overcoat and the straw hat has been inquiring for five minutes why we don't hire a hall.

Tell him, Grace, dear, if you care to, that this is a free country, made so by the Declaration of Independence and kept so by William Jennings Bryan. Tell him that free speech is one of the Fourteen Points, and tell him that he'll find the other thirteen points on the compass, and he can take his fur coat and his straw hat and go in whichever one of those directions he chooses. This Plaza was a free Plaza long before the raccoon was born and died to give him that coat, and it will be a free Plaza long after his straw hat has been turned into a cottage pudding, and if I want to sit down here and talk and have Vessella accompany me on the saxophone I'll do so to the full limit of the law, which says that all men and women are born equal except those who wear straw hats with fur overcoats and—has he gone?

Yes, Lottie, dear, he got up and hurried away, just when you mentioned William Jennings Bryan.

Why, Grace, dear, they're all going. The concert must be over.

It is, Lottie, dear, the band just played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Oh, yes, that's a tune I've always wanted to hear, but somehow or other I never get the time. It's our national anthem, isn't it?

Yes, Lottie.

How do you know they played it?

I just knew it instinctively. I happened to look up and see the musicians wrapping up their instruments, and it's always customary to play the national anthem before putting the instrument away. Don't think for one moment, Lottie, dear, that I've been unfaithful, because I've listened to every word you've said, and I'm sure I'd rather listen to you any time than hear even Galli-Curci sing Frosty's "Good-by." Where shall we go now?

Let's go over to the hotel, Grace, dear. We can get some chairs near some of those nice old people who play auction bridge and we can chatter till bed time. I've been told that it throws a perfectly splendid sidelight on bridge to have an interesting and intellectual conversation going on nearby when four people are concentrating on a no-trump hand, doubled and re-doubled. It's almost as exciting as sustaining a conversation throughout a band concert—shall we go along?

Yes, Lottie, let's hurry before the nice old people break up their game.

(MRS. MUFFIN *and* MRS. TRISKET *pick up wraps, box of candy, handbags, etc., and exeunt into King street still talking.*)

CURTAIN

PALM BEACH

Palm Beach!
A peach
Of a place
To chase
Care into the ocean,
Unless you have developed the notion
That Care is a dear friend,
And you have no desire to end
Your acquaintanceship,
In which case you can slip
Your bank account
And any amount
You can beg or borrow
Into that Sub-cellar of Sorrow
Known
As the Sucker's Own
Sinking Fund,
Which hund-
Reds do every season down there,
And have Care
Sit and stare
At you, and follow you back
Home, and keep on your track
Until you replenish your stack.
And if you do replenish
It's a bottle of Rhenish

Wine
To a shine
Jug of sarsaparilla you
Will do
The same thing over again next season—
And that is the reason
The expression, "What's the use!"
Is hurled so often at the Obtuse.
Palm Beach is a delight
To the sight
For Nature is lavish and o'er the scene
Spreads her gorgeous green
Mantle, delicately tinted
With recently minted
Poinsettia blooms,
And the whispering palm looms
Ever pleasantly on the sight.
The night
Is filled with distant echoes of the sea
And the
Moon and stars come there to play
And make holiday.
And there also come
A few dear, dumb
Dwellers in distant Kokomo
Who, having saved up a dollar or so,
Are clad in garments rare
From the "Fair
Price Store" at home,
And they roam
The walks and porches, eyes
Agog and filled with glad surprise,

Hoping to
Touch elbows with a few
Dukes or Princes or Earls,
Or get a glimpse of those priceless pearls
That vex
The necks
Of the Moving Picture Queens,
They see on screens
In the Home Town.
You can write it down
That Palm Beach is a Mecca—
By Heck! a
Veritable shrine for the proletariat!—
Whatever that
May be!
And it's plain to see
It is also a Mecca for the
Bourgeois and the Social Gnat
Known as the Aristocrat—
Oh, I beg pardon! What?
Great Scott!
You say there
Is no Class Distinction in this fair
Land of the Stars and Strikes!
We're all on the same Pike's
Peak
So to squeak?
And the only thing that lowers or raises
Us in the praises
Of our fellow travelers through life
Is the amount of Cash our wife
Has in her name?—is that what you mean?

Well, between
You and me
And the
Lamp-post, maybe
You're right;
But, if I might
Be so bold,
Why do all the funny old
Politicians and small fry
Editors of two-by-four newspapers cry
Continually, "O Proletariat!" and with one eye
Closed temporarily sigh,
"Of those am I!"
By and by
Sometime will you please
Tell me, to ease
My mind, just what is a proletariat;
And did the cat
Bring that
Funny word in the parlor, and where
Did the cat find it?
I wouldn't mind it
If you also tell
Me how to spell
"Bourgeois" and why,
When I know how to spell it, do I
Have to mention it again?
Now and then
Doesn't it strike you
That quite a few
Uncomfortable birds
Of words

Immigrate to this country and
After they stand
Around Ellis Island for a while
They smile
Themselves into our language and we make
A great fuss over them and take
Them out for an airing
Every day, never bearing
In mind
That though we mean to be kind
We don't know just what we do mean
When, with the Bean
Proud of its Pronunciation, we exclaim,
With eyes aflame,
"He's a Bourgeois" this or that
Or a "Proletariat!"
We shouldn't be
So free
With these alien Children of Speech,
For when we mention their names each
One of them sneaks away
To some gray
Corner in our brain, lies flat
On its little fat
Foreign stomach, and laughs itself sick
Over the slick
Manner in which it has made
A nice home for itself in our staid
Old Language. Now, all that being so,
Let's go
Back to Palm Beach, swept
By ocean breezes, and kept

Gay

By Broadway

And Forty-second Street;

Where you can meet

Any Notable of Earth,

If the girth

Of your roll is wide

Enough to permit you to abide

In that neighborhood for more

Than four

Or five days.

And where every chaise

Longue will uphold

From time to time those who are bold

In Finance or Statesmanship;

If not these, then some one who had the grip

And enough dough

To go

There and recuperate.

Great

Writers will tell you

That there are two

Hotels of the Class A

Type,

Each with an army of bellhops to swipe

Your hand-baggage the moment you

Drop off the train due

From the North at 1:22,

And arriving at 8:29—

Late—late for everything except to dine

Under the plain

But eagle eye of Joe McLane.

One of these hostelries, you will be told
On every old
Occasion, is beyond doubt
The largest wooden hang-out
In the world,
And it lies curled
On
The lawn
On the shore of Lake Worth,
But you can bet Perth
Amboy against Manhattan Isle
That though it's some pile
Of timber, investigation does not disclose
Any wood in the heads of those
Who make it a joyous playground
For the visitors who stay 'round
Its pleasing purlieus.
Here the Curlews
Of Fashion and the male
Birds of Paradise scatter the Kale;
One may sit on its wide
Porches and hear quaint side
Remarks when Money meets Cash,
And see the flash
Of recognition in the eye
Of Former Poverty when spry
Profiteer
Draws near
With a smile
To shake the hand of Plenty-All-The-While.
My memories of the Beach are these:
A health-laden breeze

From over tropic seas;
 A fat man with tight
 White
 Flannel trousers which wouldn't permit
 Him to walk or sit.
 Poinsettia bordered glimpses of fair
 And rare
 Gardens where Nature tried to do
 Her best and succeeded only too
 Well.
 A Swell
 Named John
 Newriches, from Waterbury, Conn.,
 Parking his Robert Burns cigar on
 The lawn
 While he tried to flirt
 With a panatella-shaped Skirt
 Who was out walking
 With and*talking
 To a Pekinese
 And paying no heed to the Big Sneeze,
 John,
 From Waterbury, Conn.
 Palmettos whispering to the date
 Palms great
 Bits of gossip about those
 Poor human things in gaudy clothes
 Who strutted, all tailor-made,
 Beneath their shade.
 A pretty girl trying to
 Pour a few
 Pounds of face-powder on a well-done

Sun-
Burned nose
Which chose
To spurn
The powder and tried to turn
Pinker
And make her think her
Date to take tea
With the
Man of Her Choice was frost-
Bitten and Lost
In the Everglades of Circumstance.
The phosphorescent dance
Of the Lake fishes which throw
A glow
Of beautiful, unearthly light
Into the night—
And the night keeps it for its own.
The fatherly tone
Of Flo
Ziegfeld, who, in slow
And measured accents, tells
Irving Berlin the mystic spells
To weave in order to win,
And the thin
Upward curves
Of Irv's
Left eyebrow
As he replies, "How
Come you lose yourself, how come, now?"
And the saddened voice of Arch
Selwyn asking Edgar how to steal a march

On the fickle jade
Called Fortune, and the staid
And solemn reply:
“Buy
A ticket back home!”
The white foam
Hurrying to the shore
Seeking to get away from the roar
Of the following wave,
And the moon making the night its slave,
While Southern stars gleam
And seem
To be so near;
Then clear
And far away the call
Of a night-bird, “All
Is well!—All’s well!
Tell
The sleeping world all is well!”

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SNAP SHOTS

When friend Wife gave friend Son that new-fangled camera last Christmas I had a hunch that the dealers in photographic supplies would get the supreme exercise of their lives hot-footing it to the bank with the contents of my wallet.

Son just grabbed that camera and went after everything and everybody in the neighborhood.

It so happens that our neighborhood is Ventnor, N. J., and the poor, patient, old Atlantic Ocean certainly did get some severe punishment from Son's camera. He forced that ocean to pose for enough pictures to make it conceited for the rest of its life, but as most of the views turned out to be nothing more than a pale white line ending with sudden and unenlightening darkness I'm sure the ocean won't care much. If it did keep still long enough to be "shot" in any of the pictures it was most thoroughly disguised.

Then Son decided that land views might possibly lead to better results, so he picked out the Hotel Ambassador, standing huge and inspiring against the distant sky line, and opened up his eight dollar machine gun on that inviting view. I don't think Son ever got enough of the Ambassador in any one snapshot to identify it as a Class A caravansary, but he did get a wonderful approach in the form of

enough zigzag lines, parallelograms, obtuse angles and right angle triangles of twisted Boardwalk to make a corking good lesson in geometry.

Before we started on our Florida trip Son was cured of collecting the landscape; so he turned the camera over to friend Daughter, and she began to take views of everything that couldn't run all the way from Ventnor to Florida, and then she discovered the camera wasn't loaded, which helped a little.

Like everything else in this world, picture pinching from still life depends entirely on the point of view.

If your point of view is all right it's an easy matter to make a four-dollar dog-house look like the villa of a Wall Street broker at Palm Beach.

Ten minutes after we arrived in Hawleysville Daughter had set me up as a series of statues all over Uncle Gilbert's lawn, and she was snapping at me like a Spitz doggie at a peddler.

I sat for two hundred and nineteen pictures that forenoon and I posed for every hero in history, from William the Conqueror down to a conscience-stricken Profiteer handing the money back.

But when she tried to coax me to climb up a limb of a tree and stay there till she got a picture of me looking like an owl I swore softly in three languages, fell over the back fence, and ran for my life.

When I rubbershoed it back that afternoon friend Daughter was busy developing her crimes.

The proper and up-to-date caper in connection with taking snapshots these days is to buy a developing outfit and upset the household from pit to dome

while you are squeezing out pictures of every dearly beloved friend that crosses your pathway.

Friend Daughter selected a spare room on the top floor of Uncle Gilbert's home where she could await developments.

A half hour later ghostly noises began to come from that room and mysterious whisperings fell out of the window and bumped over the lawn.

When I reached the front door I found that the gardener had left, the waitress was leaving, and the cook was telephoning for a rural policeman.

"Where is Daughter?" I asked Mehitabel, the cook.

"She is still developing," said Mehitabel.

"What has she developed?" I inquired.

"Up to the present time she has developed your Uncle's temper and she has developed your Aunt's appetite, she has developed in your wife a desire to take a long walk, a couple of bill collectors developed a pain in the neck when she took their pictures, and, if things go on in this way, I think this will soon develop into a foolish house!" said Mehitabel, the cook.

A half hour later, while I was hiding behind the pianola in the living room, not daring to breathe above a whisper for fear I would get my picture taken again, friend Daughter rushed in, exclaiming, "Oh, joy! Oh, joy! Father, I have developed two pictures!"

I wish you could have seen the expression on Daughter's face.

In order to develop the films a picturesque assortment of drugs and chemicals have to be used.

Well, friend Daughter had used them.

A silent little stream of wood alcohol had trickled down over her left ear into her startled bobbed hair, and on the end of her nose about six grains of extract of potash was sending out signals of distress to some spirits of turpentine which was burning on top of her right eyebrow.

Something dark and lingering like iodine had given her chin the double-cross and her apron looked like the remnants of a porous plaster.

Her right hand had red, white, green, purple, and magenta marks all over it, and her left hand looked like the Fourth of July.

"Father!" she yelled; "here it is! My goodness, I am so excited! See what a fine picture of you I took!"

She handed me the picture, but all I could see was a woodshed with the door wide open.

"A good picture of the woodshed," I said; "but whose woodshed is it?"

"A woodshed!" exclaimed friend Daughter; "why, that is your face, Father. And where you think the door is open is only your mouth!"

I looked crestfallen and then I looked at the picture again, but my better nature asserted itself and I made no attempt to strike that defenseless girl.

Then she handed me another picture and said, "Father, isn't this wonderful?"

I looked at the picture and muttered, "All I can

see is the colored gardener walking across lots with a sack of flour on his back!"

"Oh!" gasped friend Daughter, "how can you expect to see what it is when you are holding the picture upside down?"

I turned the picture around, and then I was quite agreeably surprised.

"It's wonderful!" I shouted. "It's a real thing, all right! Why, this is splendid! I suppose it is called, 'Moonlight on the St. John's River'? Did this one come with the camera or did you draw it from memory?"

"The idea of such a thing," friend Daughter pouted; "can't you see that you're holding the picture the wrong way? Turn it around and you will see what it is!"

I gave the thing another turn.

"Gee whiz!" I said; "now I have it! Oh, the limit! You wished to surprise me with a picture of the sunset at Governor's Island. How lovely it is! See, over here in this corner there's a bunch of soldiers listening to what's cooking for supper, and over here is the smoke from the gun that sets the sun—I like it!"

Then friend Daughter grabbed the picture out of my hands and burst into reproachful speech.

"Oh, Father, why do you try to discourage my efforts to be artistic?" she Nazimovaded. "This is a picture of you holding Mrs. MacIlvaine's baby in your arms, and I think it's perfectly lovely, even if the baby is crying."

When the exercises were over I inquired casually,

“Where, my dear, where are the other 21,219 pictures you snapped to-day?”

“Only these two came out good because, don’t you see, I’m an amateur yet,” was her come-back.

The net result of Floridian views as collected by both Son and Daughter and highly approved of by friend Wife is as follows:—

One portion of a dotted Swiss dress with a large and rather fantastic sea shell in background, labeled, “The Band Concert at Miami.”

One shattered remnant of a trench in the Somme Sector, surmounted by sand bags, fondly called by the perpetrator, “The City Gates, St. Augustine.”

A remarkably intelligent looking Seminole Indian gathering firewood, which turns out to be none other than yours truly picking shells on Miami Beach.

A telegraph pole standing in an attitude of embarrassed silence with one of its cross-arms beckoning to a letter box, which, it appears, is friend Daughter’s cameraistic idea of how friend Son looks while lighting his pipe.

A boulder in the foreground which has evidently fallen from one of the steep walls of a cañon which must have strayed away from Colorado, labeled, “Mother, in St. George Street, St. Augustine.”

A snappy little feather duster standing upside down with one of the feathers resting on a plate of oysters—which was Son’s idea of a good picture of Daughter eating ice cream.

A bright knot-hole in a high board fence, entitled, “Morning on Matanzas Bay.”

Two slightly used whiskbrooms, a broken water

pitcher and a futuristic view of something that looks like a cry for help, labelled, "The gardens of the Alcazar, St. Augustine."

A view on the Indian river showing a small oak tree with hanging moss, which I considered quite good, especially after it was explained to me that Daughter's dog, "Gyp," posed for the entire scene.

A colored boy selling newspapers to the end of an automobile with a Georgia license plate on it, called, "The Old Slave Market, St. Augustine."

Something that resembles three nervous looking men handing money to an almost human guide from whose left hand a cactus plant is growing, carefully inscribed, "The Alligator Farm, Anastasia Island."

A very large and hitherto unused porous plaster with a step-ladder and four very quaint dog houses in the foreground, which is called, "Yachts at Anchor in Biscayne Bay at Miami."

Side by side two large round sea shells, looking exactly alike; above these a white sand dune; below and between the sea shells a hillock; under the hillock a long, straight, dark ravine, supported by a field of stubbly wheat, the entire production labeled, "A Portrait Study of Father."

An attenuated scarecrow standing solitary and alone on a dark night in a very black field, entitled, "Palm Trees and White Sand on the Beach at Anastasia Island."

For my part, I'm glad my memory is still on the job; otherwise, a study of these snapshots would lead

me to believe that Florida is nothing more than a tame nightmare being entertained by freaks in a gloomy junkshop—but the kids think the pictures are great, so what's the use?

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MIAMI

"My! Ah, me!"

Balmy

In the Winter sunshine!

"My! Am I?"

Spry

As a mining town

Set down

Behind a Western mountain,
Countin'

Its nuggets of bright

Gold ere comes the night.

"Me? Am I?"

Why

Do the strangers fly

To you in Winter from the four,

Or more,

Corners of the earth,

Adding to your mirth,

And the amounts

Of your bank accounts?

It is the climate—

So sublime it

Coaxes health to come back and stay

And stick for many an added day.

"Mammy!"

No clammy

Silence there!
What with the bands blaring
And the aeroplanes tearing
Through the air—
Why, it's a bear—
Cat for Pep!
Are you hep
That I
In my
Poor, artless, little Japanese way
Have been making a gay
Bit of an effort to show
The various pronunciations that go
With "Miami," eh?
Say!
I've been
Trying to screen
A "movie" for you
Of the few
Methods of approaching the name
Of that same
Busy, bustling town
'Way down
South in the land of grapefruit,
So take whichever style may suit
Your fancy. As for mine
I rather incline
To Miami—
You may gather from the rhyme how I
Pronounce it—and so!
Let's go!
Whether it be "me" or "my"

Miami is shy
On nothing except diffidence.
Immense,
Not in size,
But in the eyes
Of the "natives" who live there
During such time as they can spare
From their birthplaces
In Boston, Mass., or Chicago, Ill., as the cases
May be;
But these "natives" agree
And meet
And set their feet
On one common ground
Which is, that more suckers abound
In Florida than in their
Home town—be that where
It may,
So they stay
In the "Sunny,"
Observing the color of the money
Which the tourists flash;
It is then that the "natives" cash
In on the agility
With which they show their ability
To make
The stranger take
To the idea that he needs
The deeds
To a smart
Little bungalow and become a part
Of the "native" pop-

Ulation, with stop-
 Over privileges in his erstwhile home
 In the frozen North, whence he may roam
 When all the other "natives" go,
 With steps faltering and slow,
 North to *their* erstwhiles
 And stay there until the money thirst wiles
 Them back
 To stack
 The shack
 And become "natives" again in the Fall.
 All
 The real, blue-blooded "natives" park
 Themselves in the dark
 Background,
 And are hard to be found.
 You
 Will notice that the real "native" is few
 And far between,
 But may be seen
 Occasionally paddling a droll
 Canoe, himself disguised as a Seminole,
 In the far reaches
 Of one of Nature's peaches
 Of places—the Everglades!
 To the shades
 Of the tall
 Jungle palms all
 The real "natives" have hurried
 Into retirement, worried
 By the look of keen
 Competition on the lean

Faces

Of the avant couriers of other races
Flocking from the North to take up places
At the receipt of customs, and otherwise fit
Themselves to sit
On the Temple steps and barter.

Smarter

Than any "native" is he
Who hurries South with the
Commodity known as "Yankee thrift,"
And a swift
Eye to values—so
Exit sullenly the slow

Habitant

Who can't

Compete

With the lad from the effete,
So to speak, East, who can trade in
A tin

Automobile for seven acres of sand
And turn the sand into land,
And put seven little spick and span
Queen Anne

Cottages thereon and rent

The same so he will achieve 43 per cent
On his

Investment. Modern biz

Of that vociferous kind

Penetrates the mind

Of the "native" in the same way

The police penetrate a joint

Where the bartender continues to anoint

The thirst
With the worst
Kind of expensive boozes
And where no customer loses
A beat in picking
Up the Volstead Act and kicking
It on the shins.
All of which knocks the pins
From under
The real "native" and with wonder
In his sad eyes
And a number 2 size
Portmanteau in his hand
He hikes for the jungle land
Afar,
Where the alligators are
Blinking in the swamps;
And there he romps
Care free,
And consorts with only the
Happy hookworm
For the term
Of his natural life.
Far from strife,
Far from the madding crowd,
And the loud
Echoes of the hurrying throng
Singing its ceaseless song
Of Big Business, the real "native" can say
Pax Vobiscum! and lay
His head upon a stump,
Not even troubling to jump

When he hears
The swift in-take of breath which appears
To be
The
Preliminary custom of the rattlesnake
Before it decides to take
A few bites from its prospective lunch—
For even snakes have a hunch
To keep away from a lone
“Native” who has troubles enough of his own.
But, nevertheless, Miami by day
Is a dream of green and gray
Delight,
And when the night
Falls o’er Biscayne Bay
And its ripples play
Tag with each ray
Of moonlight,
That, indeed, is a wondrous sight!
Brave yachts ride
On the trembling tide,
Their twinkling lamps smiling
At the fairy darkness which is beguiling
The on-looker not to call it Night.
Tall palms, bedight
With the sheen
Of ghostly green,
Silhouetted against the far
Horizon where angry waves of the ocean are
Forever seeking conflict with the quiet Bay!
The gay
Strains of a distant mandolin coming o’er

The waters, and to the shore
Crooningly comes the Southern breeze,
From over distant seas,
Where it has kissed forgotten waves
And still it saves
Caresses for the brow of this fair Night.
And now my thoughts take flight
To the white
Sands on Anastasia Isle
With the smile
Of the same moon on old Mantanzas Bay,
Where the same ripples play
The same
Game
With each delighted ray!
And so, I say,
Mantanzas and Biscayne
Remain
In memory Queens of Night!
Twin Sisters of Delight
A sight
Fit to feast the eye
Of the gods, for try
Where you may,
Biscayne or Mantanzas Bay
Under a tropic moon
With the world-old tune
Of the distant sea
For an accompanying melody,
Is the
Ultimate in Beauty, and no gleaming star
Is so far

Away
That it cannot play
Its part
In Nature's fairest Panorama of Art.
Hail! Miami! Hail! and good-by!
And, with a passing sigh,
Hail, St. Augustine!
Queen
Of Matanzas Bay!
Hail and farewell—until another day.

MR. EIDEL WEISS

I met him one evening in the lounge of the Alcazar in St. Augustine.

He talked and I listened. And so the evening wore on.

I am py birth A Sviss chentleman py der name of Weiss. Ven I vas qvite young in der age I hat such a hesitation in my ambition dot many peoples t'ought I vas der laziest boy in our commune. I t'ink dot is der reason vy my fadder christened me py der name of Eidel. He set dot for laziness I vas der flower of der family so he called me Eidel Weiss.

But I ofercrew dis pleasant disease owing to a bunch of seasickness I ackvired ven I emigrated to dis country on a steamship vich dit a nautical shimmy all der vay from Havre to der Hook of Sandy.

It is now forty years since I came py dis glorious land of der Stars and Strikes, bud to dis day venefer I catch a glimpus of der ocean I lean ofer to der north-vest und mit strange noises in my t'roat I begin vigvagging for a doctor.

Since I am py dis country I haf played many parts in der pannermama ve call Life. Fairst I vas der assistant floorvalker mit a plumber und it vas dare

I learned how beautiful and eggsciting is der idea of highway robbery.

From den on it vas der ambition of my young life to make a name for myself in der highway robbery pitzness, so I studied und studied und finely my ambition vas sterilized und I became a head vaiter.

All I hat to do vas to make a low bow to a lot of vell-dressed peoples, und if dey hat der courage to slip me a cubble of dollars I vould point dem at a table und let dem battle mit der menu card, because none but der brafe deserf der bill of fare.

As der poet says it, "All der vorld's a stage und eferybody vants to be der stage driver." Vich is true, bud only a few know how to handle der reins. It ain't der vay you crack der vip, it's der vay you steer your horses dot gets you vare you vish to vent in dis vorld.

A head vaiter mit a pleasant smile and a keen knowletch of polite robbery can get far ouid on der road to riches eggpecially if he has a chack-knife attachments between der collar-bone und der sub-basement vich permissions him to bow politely for eight hours a day mitouid losing der smile vich goes mit it.

Und so it aind long before my leedle bank account crew und crew und efery night I vould go home mit der spoils und say my prayers to Jesse James.

Und ven it came time to buy Liperty Bonds I vas able to go ouid und pick up an armful big enough to paper t'ree rooms in our apartment.

As der poet says it, "Dem dot has—gits." Und nefer vas a truer vord spoken from der chest ouid.

Holding up a train has der disatvantagement of climate und perhaps der moon ain't right on a t'ick fog might come und spoil der toot assemble or some-ding. Bud ven a vell-meaning head vaiter stands smiling in front of a money-lined chentlemans mit a desire in his heart to get a table near der chazz band so he can vatch der vimmens shaking deir camosoles it is der biggest skinch vich has yet been discofered by der Columbuses of Graft.

Vell, anyvay, after being at der Rich Hotel for a cubble of years, und hafing made Captain Kitt und der price privateers und Robert Hood und Richard Dick Vittington und Americus Vesuvius und all dem udder pirates look like a flock of Sunday school boys I got a idea in der head und I vent home to speak about it to Mrs. Eidel Weiss, because I always insult her about everyt'ing.

"Mrs. Eidel Weiss, my dear," I set to her, "I haf an idea!"

"Really," she responded, mit a scornful up-turning of der eyebrows. "Is it annoying you mit much pain or does it took der formation of a fever? An idea in your head, my dear Eidel, is in der same position as a stranger in a strange land und ve must be kind mit strangers. Leave us approach mit caution dis idea vich py some mistake has strayed into your head. It may be timid und stampede und leave feet-tracks all ofer your brain, is it not so, Eidel?"

You know, efer since I took all my safings and financialed a munitions factory during der var and made myself a fortune, Mrs. Eidel Weiss has been afflicted mit sarcasm of der langvitch. She gets

dis habit from a friend of hers by der name of Mrs. Muffin vich has a husband vich made a fortune ven he inventioned a paper match dot breaks in two at der fishological moment ven you vish to light your cigar in a hurry. Mrs. Muffin is vot der French call a nouveau-riche—vich means a fresh rich.

A fresh rich is a person vich gets good money faster den dey get good manners.

Mrs. Muffin believes in sarcasting her langvitch ven speaking mit her husband und der udder servants in der house, und Mrs. Weiss, vich is always on der lookoid for somet'ing new in household amusements, has introductioned dis idea in our home mit der result dot der servants vich formally became olt und gray in our service py spending nearly a veek mit us now leave like der trains from New York for Phillymadelphia—every hour on der hour.

Vell, anyvay, ven Mrs. Weiss sarcasticated me I responsed her briefly, "Voman," I set, "many ideas get in my head und many ideas get oid again. A man's brain is like a railroad station vich is no good mit all going oid and nothing coming in. A vise man's brain should be like a reception committee und should shake hands und smile at efery idea dot comes up to it. If you doan'd like der idea after you smile at it, avoid it der next time. Bud, voman, my dear, ven a person gets der notion in her head dot sarcasting her husband is vun of der keenest of indoor sports den her brain vill soon become like Tennyson's cook—vich is leaving forefer."

Mrs. Weiss yust looked at me, gulped a cubble of times und fell backvards und subsidized weakly

on der sofa, breathing deeply through her nose, beaten, crushed, wounded to der heart, but cured of her sarcaisticalness—for der time being.

“Vot, Eidel,” she set after a slight silence, “Vot is dis nice idea vich has moofed into der nice furnished room under your nice roof—tell me, Eidel, please!”

“Voman, my dear,” I set, “I vas now rich enough to say dot money ain’d eferyding in dis vorld—and believe it is true ven I say it. A lot of men spend der best part of deir lives getting rich und der rest of deir lives holding on to it. Und den all of a sudden dot old rascal called Death comes along, picks deir pockets, snatches deir bankroll und sends dem on a long woyage midouid a penny to bless demselfs mit—so vot is der use? Now, Voman, my dear, my idea is dis. I vill gif up working und make myself into a retirement, und mit der childrens ve vill trafel, und trafel und see der vorld. In der vinter time ve vill go to Florida und vish ve vas in California. Der next vinter ve vill go to California und vish ve vas in Florida. In der summer for a leedle vile ve vill go to der Catskin Mountains und for annuder leedle vile ve vill go py Newport und see der bare skins in der svim. In udder vords, Voman, my dear, ve vill enchoy der money dot I made vile ve vas lifing, because afterwards if I take gold mit me to vun place dey vill use it to make streets, und if I take my paper money to der udder place it vill burn—so vot’s der use? Dare, Voman, my dear, is der big idea! I vill make a retirement from der pizness of making

money under false expenses, und ve vill trafel und see der world!"

Mrs. Weiss yust looked at me und set, "Who vill ve get to bring der trunks up ouid of der basement?"

Can you beat such?

Here I haf made der most important epochs of my life. I haf t'rown oferboard mit vun fell soup all der additions of a lifetime; I haf cut der cable vich anchors me to der bed rock of easy money and my wife calmfully inkvires who vill bring der trunks up from der basement!

Ain't dot a vimmens?

CÔME YE BACK!

“Those who once get the sand of St. Augustine in their shoes and stray away into far lands will ever after have a longing in their hearts to return to the Ancient Town.”—Indian Legend.

I

I am weary of the City
And the never-ceasing beat
Of the hurried onward trampling
Of a hundred thousand feet;
And my thoughts turn always Southward
To that spot so far away
Where the breezes through the palm trees
Make them beckon me and say,
“Come ye back and rest beneath us!
Come ye back, now don't refuse!”
O the sand of old St. Augustine
Is surely in my shoes!

II

I am standing on the ramparts
Of the Fort so grimly gray

Where the breezes romp, then scurry
 Over blue Matanzas Bay;
 And I'm gazing off to seaward
 Where the distant breakers roar,
 And they murmur while caressing
 Anastasia's lovely shore,
 "Come ye back again and watch us!
 Come ye back, now don't refuse!"
 O the sand of old St. Augustine
 Is surely in my shoes.

III

I am strolling in the sunlight
 Through the street of George the Saint
 With its overhanging balconies
 And buildings queerly quaint;
 There a mocking bird is singing
 In a cage above a door,
 And in memory I hear him
 Trilling sweetly o'er and o'er,
 "Come ye back again and listen!
 Come ye back, now don't refuse!"
 O the sand of old St. Augustine
 Is surely in my shoes.

IV

I'm lounging in the Swimming Pool,
 Where Youth in muscle grows,

Where "Forrest" goes "a-snagging"
 With his glasses on his nose;
 Where the "Judge" with jokes is present—
 Also "Apple," "Mills" and "Dike,"
 And I seem to hear a whisper
 From a tiny little tyke,
 "Come ye back again, applaud us!
 Come ye back, now don't refuse!"
 O the sand of old St. Augustine
 Is surely in my shoes.

V

On the Highway out to Hastings,
 Where the grand "peraties" are,
 I am riding with "Bob" Stephens
 In his nifty jaunting car;
 Brown and Felkel mark the miles off
 As we gayly speed along,
 And methinks I'm sure and certain
 This the burden of their song,
 "Come ye back, come back, you're welcome!
 Come ye back, now don't refuse!"
 O the sand of old St. Augustine
 Is surely in my shoes.

VI

I am dreaming in the Plaza
 When the Dark hath fallen down

And the peace of other ages
Settles o'er the sleeping town;
Southern stars are brightly gleaming
And the Night-winds passing by,
Crooning gently, crooning softly,
'Round about me pause and sigh,
"Come ye back! come back and rest ye!
Come ye back, now don't refuse!"
O the sand of old St. Augustine
Is surely in my shoes.

VII

Years and years may roll between us
And it may be Fate's decree
That those kindly, smiling faces
Nevermore in Life I'll see;
But while Mem'ry lives I'll picture
Waving palms that beckon me,
And the wild birds to my heart shall
Ever sing this melody,
"Come ye back, come back among us!
Come ye back, now don't refuse!"
O the sand of old St. Augustine
Is surely in my shoes.

THE BOOK OF RO TARY

In St. Augustine—in the oldest house in the oldest city in our new world oftentimes have I browsed amongst the relics of by-gone days, and pondered thereon.

It may be that on this particular occasion within those memory-haunted walls I dreamed, but dreaming or waking methought I came upon an ancient tome—a book, mildewed with age, finger-printed by the passing of innumerable years and thumb-marked by antiquity.

Dreaming or waking, I marked it well, for I remember almost its every word, and those words I shall set down herewith and await the honor of your perusal.

The title page of this ancient book read in this wise:

“Ye Booke of Ro Tary which ye same hath been translated from ye hieroglyphics on ye ancient toombes of ye Kings in Egypt and is herewith made into ye Englishe language by Brother Sebastian, Anno Domino, Seventeen Hundred and Sixty-Four.”

Then followed on the next page the introduction to the original “Book” which had been written upon

stone by an Egyptian historian when the second Rameses was a child in arms.

And I, GEOR, the Scribe, have collected these thoughts and I have graven them upon stone hard by the Temple of Isis.

And I have put these thought upon stone and they shall abide here near the great market place so that those who run may read and give heed thereto.

And many wise men in Egypt have already drawn nigh and have signified their approval.

And they are known to be wise men and there are none wiser in all Egypt, from the Pyramids, which are now building, to the remotest boundary.

And these men are by name the following:

JON GAN NON, who doth make a great light to illumine our homes and when the bill doth come forward for this illumination many are those who do protest wrongfully at its enormity with much frothing at the mouth.

JO RAH NER, who holdeth in the hollow of his hand all travel on the banks of the Nile, and if thou kickest because thou hast drawn an upper when thou wisheth a lower berth he will tell thee where thou gettest off.

GEOB ASSETT, who standeth high in the favor of Rameses, the King, as a prophet of the law, and who will one day be a Grand Vizier in Lower Egypt.

CHAR LES YOUNG, who hath a kindly soul and who doth keep a caravansary hard by the fortifications where in the shadow of his friendly smile voy-

ageurs may rest a weary head save only when they are disturbed by motor boats upon the Nile.

XAV IER LO PEZ, who hath a surprising bazaar hard by the water front, whence go many purchasers, even from distant Nineveh, and Babylon and Palatka.

JIMING RA HAM, who hath land to sell thee to suit thine every purpose, and if thou hast no purpose he will sell it thee anyway.

GASSOW AYL MAR, he who is high in finance and hath the treasures of Rameses in his keeping and hath also that which few High Treasurers possess, a kind and courtly manner the which he has constantly with him and locks it never in his vaults.

BOBST EPHENS, who doth supply with food the dwellers in the Palace, aye, even doth he send food to those who live in tents, and is ever in high esteem.

O TIS BAR NES, who doth wager with thee large sums of money that plagues of fire shall not burn thy bungalows and neither shall plagues of grasshoppers destroy the breakfast food growing in thy fields, and if, peradventure, he is in error then doth he pay thee promptly.

ALB ERT WAL KER, whose reward shall be great when cometh the final allotment, for he ministers to those who walk in darkness and he is their staff to lean upon.

FREDHEND ER ICH, who draweth for thee the symbols of thy future habitation and who buildeth it for thee and when thou movest in thou findest it ever as thou specified and he remaineth thy friend.

MUR RAY SEA GEARS, who is the physician extraordinary to Rameses, the King, and is a man of great skill who goeth among the poor with cooling hands to allay their fever even as he goeth among the rich.

CLAREN CELA MONT, who is a tamer of devil-waggon and who doth look the deadly six-cylinder in the eye without fear or trembling.

OL LIEF ANT, who will transport thee across the Nile in his red barouches even unto the abode of the crocodiles, and who sendeth parchments abroad with many frozen figures thereon, but whose kindly eye gives no man the ice-house glare.

FRAN KPAR KER, who when the plague of blow-outs falleth upon thee and maketh thee tired, will tire thee over and over again until thou art tired of being tired, whereupon he will cause thy battery to be recharged and thou shalt rejoice.

CLAU DES MITH, who hath a fancy bazaar where the ladies of the court of Rameses are wont to sit by the hour, prizing this and prizing that and finding great pleasure in pawing the precious silks, but purchasing infrequently.

HEN RY HANKB ROWN, who compileth the day's doing and layeth all these before Rameses at eventide; who is known in both Upper and Lower Egypt as a goodly scout with an earnest desire to serve his people, an unsullied appetite and a splendid Record.

HERBF EL KEL, who is also a Scribe and who hath a wit so nimble that it is even as a whirling dervish in a Joseph's coat of many colors dancing in the sunlight; and with a stencil on papyrus he

prints many quaint thoughts and lays these before Rameses, whereupon the King laugheth immoderately, and exclaimeth, "Herbf El Kel, of a verity, thou art a case! Why does a chicken—ha, ha, ha, ha! Thou hast made my sides to ache and for this thy name shall be spread even as a pleasant smile over all of Egypt. Why does a chicken—ha, ha, ha, ha!—Oh, boy!"

And these are the wise men of Egypt and they are my friends and they are witness that I have graven upon stone the words which hereinafter followeth:

And this is the Book of Ro Tary.

And in these days there are Giants and they dwell in that which is called Ro Tary.

And Ro Tary is built upon a High Spot in the Land of Endeavor.

And those who dwell in Ro Tary are men of clear vision and they are concerned 'with the Future of all things.

And in Ro Tary they worship a goddess named Truth.

And this goddess named Truth is ever a partner in their business enterprises, and it is she who makes them to flourish even as a bay tree.

And those who fail to lay sacrifices at the feet of the goddess named Truth, and who cease to do her homage, find themselves full soon far from Ro Tary, and they go to live in barren lands and are disconsolate.

And there is a budding vine in Ro Tary and from this vine is extracted the Milk of Human Kindness.

And in Ro Tary this Milk of Human Kindness is the favorite beverage.

And there are no cows, neither is there any bull in Ro Tary.

And there are feast days in Ro Tary and those who dwell therein sit them down to that which is called a Lun Cheon.

And at that which is called a Lun Cheon there are many viands and those who dwell in Ro Tary say one unto the other, "Let us eat, drink and make merry for with the passing of the hour we shall be back in our counting houses!"

And at these Lun Cheons in Ro Tary they partake of the Mince of the Chicken, and the Mash of the Potato and the Stew of the Corn, and they make merry, mentioning in kindly manner one and another's foibles.

And even as they eat the Mash of the Potato and the Stew of the Corn their ears are attuned to catch such words of wisdom as may fall from their neighbor's lips.

And those who dwell in Ro Tary are ever kind to the Stranger within their Gates, and they bid him also to be present at their Lun Cheon.

And the Stranger within their Gates is enthroned and made much of.

And willing hands crowd upon his plate the Mince of the Chicken and the Stew of the Corn, and honest voices make him a royal welcome.

And when the moments of mastication are over the Stranger within the Gates is invited to speak briefly, for the dwellers in Ro Tary are ever eager

to gaze upon the precious stones of thought which strangers from far lands sometimes carry with them.

And if, peradventure, the Stranger prove himself to be that which is called an Onion, and orates pompously for that length of time which is called interminable, and utters no precious stones of thought save only those which concern himself and his manservants and his maid-servants and his oxen and his asses, then do those who dwell in Ro Tary show the gentleness of their breeding, for they throw at the Stranger none of that which is called the Stew of the Corn, neither do they hurl in his direction the Sliver of the Pie.

And when the Stranger hath fully explained that he is a self-made man and hath produced all the original blue-prints, and hath told how proud he is of his own achievement in subtracting nothing from nothing and having one to carry, and hath sat him down in his pride, and hath ceased from troubling, then do those who dwell in Ro Tary applaud him loudly and with shining eyes, for such is the goodness in their hearts that they will swat no one who partakes of Lun Cheon with them, save only the flies.

And there is no Deceit in Ro Tary, for long before the Stranger had arrived they drank deep of their favorite beverage which is the Milk of Human Kindness, and they were prepared for any emergency, even unto the uttermost.

And they have a Song in Ro Tary, and that Song is not written in flats, neither is it written in sharps, but is sung ever in that key which is called b-natural.

And this is the Song they sing in Ro Tary:

*Let the green grass grow
 All around, all around;
 Let the old rain softly fall;
 Let the flowers spring up
 From the ground, from the ground;
 Let the wild birds sweetly call.
 There is sun enough
 To shine for us all,
 If we don't
 Stand back in the shade;
 There is joy galore
 For every man—
 If not—
 Then more will be made*

*By the Ro Ro Ro Ro Rotary!
 (By the Ro! By the Ro! By the Ro!)
 To Smiles be a Vo Vo Votary—
 (Let'er go! Let'er go! Let'er go!)
 If Grouch wants to sell you
 Melancholy or the Blues
 Kick him out of your office,
 Put some Pep in your Shoes—
 Get a Smile on your face,
 Keep it there and Enthuse
 With the Ro!
 With the Ro!
 With the Ro! Ro! Ro!
 With the Ro Ro Ro Ro Rotary!*

And those who dwell in Ro Tary are of a keen perception, albeit they frolic betimes as becometh all wise men, yet do they frivol never.

And they are not that which is called a Club and which hath for its foundation the shifting sands of sociability; rather are they a Blessing to the Community, for they are steadfast in the Right.

And those who dwell in Ro Tary are Argus-eyed, and each eye searcheth out only that which is for the general good of the Commonweal.

And there are dreamers of dreams in Ro Tary and there are also magicians who turn those dreams into glorious realities, and in this manner are the eternal verities observed.

And they have Laws in Ro Tary and these Laws are the Keystone in their triumphal arch of Success.

And these are their Laws:

I

Thou shalt not worship money, but thou shalt hold it in high esteem lest in the midst of Assets thou art in Liabilities.

II

Thou shalt remember that fair-dealing is thy chief stock in trade, and when thou runneth out of fair-dealing thou also runneth out of business.

III

Thou shalt not kill the smile upon thy neighbor's face.

IV

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's jitney, nor his talking machine, nor his wife's ability to brew un-sanctified beer in their private catacombs, for he who findeth time to covet is a loafer, and he who loafeth hath discovered the pathway to Oblivion.

V

Thou shalt not steal thy neighbor's thunder. Rather shalt thou manufacture thine own thunder, for the Heavens are wide and there is room therein for every Big Noise.

VI

Thou shalt honor thy name and thy Promissory Note that thy days may be long in the Land of Business.

VII

Thou shalt remember the Lun Cheon day and keep it wholly in mind, for on that day thou shalt exchange ideas one with another and be comforted.

VIII

Thou shalt not be a seeker after Easy Money, for he who seeketh Easy Money is a follower of the Will o' the Wisp which leadeth ever into the Swamps of Despair.

IX

Thou shalt view thy services to thy Community as a pleasurable burden, and thou shalt not find this burden heavy, neither shalt thou drop this burden until thin eyes are dimmed by age and thy body weary in well-doing.

X

Thou shalt put thine own business first, but if thy Community calleth thee then shalt thou make answer and say, "The first shall be last," and doing this thou shalt be a precept to thy neighbor and a lamp to his feet.

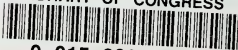
THE END





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