

NOAH an' 

JONAH an' 

CAPT. JOHN SMITH

By 

DON MARQUIS



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*Noah an' Jonah  
an'  
Cap'n John Smith*



**BOOKS BY DON MARQUIS**

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**P R E F A C E S  
H E R M I O N E  
C A R T E R**

**NOAH AN' JONAH AN'  
CAP'N JOHN SMITH**

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**D. APPLETON AND COMPANY**

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*Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith*



NOAH AN' JONAH  
AN'

CAP'N JOHN SMITH

A BOOK OF HUMOROUS VERSE

BY

DON MARQUIS

Author of "The Old Soak," "Carter,"  
"Hermione," "Prefaces," etc.



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## DEDICATION AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT

*To the people of the New York Sun—owners, editors, reporters, and printers—I dedicate these verses. They have a way of encouraging me in this sort of thing, and they should share the responsibility. And to the Sun I am indebted for the permission to reprint.*







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## *Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith*

**N**OAH an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith,  
Mariners, travelers, magazines of myth,  
Settin' up in Heaven, chewin' and  
a-chawin'

Eatin' their terbaccy, talkin' and a-jawin';  
Settin' by a crick, spittin' in the worter,  
Talkin' tall an' tactless, as saints hadn't orter,  
Lollin' in the shade, baitin' hooks and anglin',  
Occasionally friendly, occasionally wranglin'.

Noah took his halo from his old bald head  
An' swatted of a hoppergrass an' knocked it dead,  
An' he baited of his hook, an' he spoke an' said:

---

## *Noah an' Jonah*

---

“When I was the Skipper of the tight leetle Ark  
I useter fish fer porpus, useter fish fer shark,  
Often I have ketched in a single hour on Monday  
Sharks enough to feed the fambly till Sunday—  
To feed all the sarpints, the tigers an’ donkeys,  
To feed all the zebras, the insects an’ monkeys,  
To feed all the varmint, bears an’ gorillars,  
To feed all the camels, cats an’ armadillers,  
To give all the pelicans stews for their gizzards,  
To feed all the owls an’ catamounts an’ lizards,  
To feed all the humans, their babies an’ their  
nusses,  
To feed all the houn’ dawgs an’ hippopotamusses,  
To feed all the oxens, feed all the asses,  
Feed all the bison an’ leetle hoppergrasses—  
Always I ketched, in half a hour on Monday  
All that the fambly could gormandize till Sun-  
day!”

Jonah took his harp, to strum and to string her,  
An’ Cap’n John Smith teched his nose with his  
finger.

Cap’n John Smith, he hemmed some an’ hawed  
some,  
‘An’ he bit off a chaw, an’ he chewed some and  
chawed some:—

“When I was to China, when I was to Guinea,  
When I was to Java, an’ also in Verginney,

---

## *Noah an' Jonah*

---

I teached all the natives how to be ambitious,  
I learned 'em my trick of ketchin' devilfishes.  
I've fitten tigers, I've fitten bears,  
I have fitten sarpints an' wolves in their lairs,  
I have fit with wild men an' hippopotamusses,  
But the perilousest varmint is the bloody octo-  
pusses!

I'd rub my forehead with phosphorescent light  
An' plunge into the ocean an' seek 'em out at  
night!

I ketched 'em in grottoes, I ketched 'em in caves,  
I used fer to strangle 'em underneath the waves!  
When they seen the bright light blazin' on my  
forehead

They used ter to rush at me, screamin' something  
horrid!

Tentacles wavin', teeth white an' gnashin',  
Hollerin' an' bellerin', wallerin' an' splashin'!  
I useter grab 'em as they rushed from their  
grots,

Ketch all their legs an' tie 'em into knots!"

Noah looked at Jonah, an' said not a word,  
But if winks made noises, a wink had been  
heard.

Jonah took the hook from a mudcat's middle  
An' strummed on the strings of his hallelujah  
fiddle;

---

## Noah an' Jonah

---

Jonah give his whiskers a backhand wipe  
An' cut some plug terbaccer an' crammed it in  
his pipe!

—(Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith,  
Fisherman an' travelers, narreratin' myth,  
Settin' up in Heaven all eternity,  
Fishin' in the shade, contented as could be!  
Spittin' their terbaccer in the little shaded creek,  
Stoppin' of their yarns fer ter hear the ripples  
speak!

I hope fer Heaven, when I think of this—  
You folks bound hellward, a lot of fun you'll  
miss!)

Jonah, he decapitates that mudcat's head,  
An' gets his pipe ter drawin'; an' this is what he  
said:

“Excuse me ef your stories don't excite me  
much!

Excuse me ef I seldom agitate fer such!  
*You* think yer fishermen! I won't argue none!  
I won't even tell yer the half o' what I done!  
You has careers dangerous an' checkered!  
'All as I will say is: Go and read my record!  
You think yer fishermen! You think yer great!  
'All I asks is this: Has one of ye been *'bait?*  
Cap'n Noah, Cap'n John, I heerd when ye hol-  
lered;

---

---

## Noah an' Jonah

---

What I asks is this: Has one of ye been *swal-  
lered*?

It's mighty purty fishin' with little hooks an'  
reels.

It's mighty easy fishin' with little rods an' creels.

It's mighty pleasant ketchin' mudcats fer yer  
dinners.

But this here is my challenge fer saints an' fer  
sinners,

Which one of ye has v'yaged in a varmint's  
inners?

When I seen a big fish, tough as Methooslum,

I used for to dive into his oozly-goozlum!

When I seen the strong fish, wallopin' like a  
lummicks,

I useter foller 'em, dive into their stummicks!

I could v'yage an' steer 'em, I could understand  
'em,

I useter navigate 'em, I useter land 'em!

Don't you pester *me* with any more narration!

Go git famous! Git a reputation!"

—Cap'n John he grinned his hat brim beneath,

Clicked his tongue of silver on his golden teeth:

Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith,

Strummin' golden harps, narreratin' myth!

Settin' by the shallows forever an' forever,

Swappin' yarns an' fishin' in a little river!

## *Spring Ode*

### I

**F**ILL me with sassafras, nurse,  
And juniper juice!  
Let me see if I'm still any use!  
For I want to be young and to sing again,  
Sing again, sing again!  
Middle age is a curse!  
It is Spring again, Spring again, Spring again!  
And the big bull oyster comes out of his cave  
At the flood of the tides  
And bellows his love to his mate where she rides  
On the crest of the wave!  
The crimson pylorus is singing his song  
And the scarlet sciaticas flame in the grass,  
The snail is abroad with his periscope prong—  
Fill me with sassafras!  
I want to be one  
With the joy of the earth, under the sun,  
For the purple convolvulus convolves and volutes  
And the arbutus ups and arbutes—  
Fill me with sassafras,  
And cohosh and buchu and juniper juice  
And then turn me loose!

---

---

## Spring Ode

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### II

Out of the prison of Winter  
The earth and its creatures emerge,  
And the woodlouse sits on a splinter  
And flirts with the cosmic urge;  
Steep me in camomile tea,  
Or give me a shot with a needle,  
For I want to be young again—Me!  
And woo with a lyrical wheedle!  
Go page Amaryllis,  
And tell her Spring's here with a heluva moon—  
Oh, Chloë, come hither!  
Here's a bald-headed Strephon that's willing to  
spoon!  
He brings to the business a lyre and a zither  
And a heart that's been chewed by the romance  
bacillus—  
Nurse, the juniper juice,  
And the sassafras, nurse, and then turn me loose,  
Let me see if I'm still any use!

# *The Hero Cockroach*

(In the manner of the earlier Kipling)

**T**HE Cockroach stood by the mickle wood  
in the flush of the astral dawn,  
And he sniffed the air from the hidden  
lair where the Khyber swordfish  
'spawn;

The bilge and belch of the glutton Welsh as they  
smelted their warlock cheese  
Surged to and fro where the grinding floe  
wrenched at the Headland's knees.

*Half seas over! Under—up again!  
And the barnacles white in the moon!  
The pole star's chasing its tail like a pup again,  
And the dish runs away with the spoon!*

The Waterspout came bellowing out of the red  
horizon's rim,  
And the gray Typhoon and the black Monsoon  
surged forth to the fight with him,  
With threefold might they surged to the fight  
for they hated the great bull Roach;—  
And they cried, "Begod!" as they lashed the sod,  
"And here is an Egg to Poach!"



---

---

## *The Hero Cockroach*

---

We will bash his mug with his own raw lug new-  
stripped from off his dome,  
For there is no law but tooth and claw to the  
nor' nor'east of Nome!  
The Punjaub Gull shall have his skull ere he  
goes to the burning ghaut,  
For we have no time for aught but crime where  
the jungle lore is taught!  
Across the dark the Afghan Shark is whining  
for his head—  
There shall be no rule but death and drool till  
the deep red maws are fed!"

*Half seas under! Up! and down again!  
And her keel was blown off in a squall!  
Girls, we misdoubt that we'll ever see town  
again—  
Haul, boys! Haul boys! Haul!*

The Cockroach spat—and he tilted his hat and he  
grinned through the lowering murk,  
The Cockroach felt in his ragoon belt for his  
good bengali dirk,  
He reefed his mast against the blast and he bent  
his mizzen free  
And he flung the cleats of his binnacle sheets in  
the teeth of the yeasty sea!

---

---

## *The Hero Cockroach*

---

He oped his mouth and he sluiced his drouth  
with his last good can of swipes—  
“Begod!” he cried, “they come in pride, but they  
shall go home with the gripes!”  
“Begod,” he said, “if they want my head it is  
here on top of my chine—  
It shall never be said that I doffed my head for  
the boast of a heathen line!”  
And he scorned to wait but he dared his fate and  
loosed his bridle rein  
And leapt to close with his red-fanged foes in  
the trough of the howling main!

*Half seas over! Down again and up!  
And the cobra is wild with her fleas—  
The rajah whines to the pukka's pup,  
And there's dirt in the Narrow Seas!*

From Hell to Nome the blow went home where  
the Cockroach struck his foe,  
From Nome to Hell the mongeese yell as they see  
the black blood flow;  
The hawsers snort from the firing port as the  
conning chains give way  
And the chukkers roar till they rouse the boar  
on the hills of Mandalay;—  
And the Cockroach said as he tilted his head:

---

## *The Hero Cockroach*

---

“Now, luff! you beggars, luff!  
Begod,” says he, “it is easy to see ye cannot  
swallow my duff!  
I have tickled ye, I have pickled ye, I have  
scotched your mizzen brace,  
And the charnel shark in the outer dark shall  
strip the nose from your face—  
Begod,” says he, “it is easy to see that the Nar-  
row Seas are mine,  
So creep ye home to your lair at Nome and patch  
your guts with twine!  
Begod (says he) it is easy to see who rules this  
bloody bight—  
Come ye again, my merry men, whenever ye  
thirst for fight!”

*Half seas over! Stop! She is queasy!  
The Cockroach has dropped in the stew!  
Honestly, fellows, this stuff is easy!  
The trouble's to tell when you're through.*

## *A Commuter's Garden*

### GARTER SNAKE

**H**OW wan, on the first of July,  
The gardens of April appear!  
Now the plants that aspired to the sky  
Droop, and think of the bier.

### FIRST ONION

I am a disillusioned onion plant—  
So sad, so sad am I  
That if one fed me to a maiden ant  
She would curl up and die.

### INDETERMINATE VEGETABLE

In youth, I hoped a Bean to grow—  
But what I am I do not know!

### FIRST BEET

I have malaria, croup and botts.

### SECOND BEET

I have such leprous-looking spots!

---

---

## *A Commuter's Garden*

---

### THIRD BEET

I was a beet of promise, as a young beet;  
But now I have the mournful feeling  
That neither root, nor top, nor peeling  
Will ever be fit to eat.

### GARTER SNAKE

Ah! what a melancholy patch!

### TOAD

Yon egg-plant there will never hatch!

### INDETERMINATE VEGETABLE

One paused by me but yesterday  
And spoke of me as hay—  
But what I really am I do not know.

### CUCUMBER VINE

Strange insects walk me to and fro.

### PEPPER PLANT

Had I been treated with formaldehyde  
The goat that in the dewy eyes  
Came here to feed upon my leaves  
Might not have died.

### SECOND ONION

The great splay feet of Destiny  
Have trodden me, have trampled me!

---

## *A Commuter's Garden*

---

### RHUBARB

Ah, once I hoped to line a pie!

### CUCUMBER VINE

Will yon marauding hen pass by,  
Or must I die?

### INDETERMINATE VEGETABLE

What thing I am I do not know;  
Men have no name for me.

### GARTER SNAKE

I think you are a spinach vine.

### TOAD

And I should call you eglantine.

### SPARROW

Perhaps you are a pea!

### FIRST BEAN

I was a bean!  
Unto some glad tureen  
I might have given tone,  
But a dog yestere'en,  
Hiding a bone,  
Took from me all my mundane hope.

### INDETERMINATE VEGETABLE

Sometimes I think I am a cantaloupe.

---

## *A Commuter's Garden*

---

### SECOND BEAN

Drooping between two hills of corn,  
I am the butt of all men's scorn.

### THIRD BEAN

Ah, how I aspired  
In the glad May morn!

### FOURTH BEAN

I am so tired! so tired!

### SPARROW

Friend Toad, from yonder plant keep you away!  
I saw a neighbor child but yesterday  
From off its foliage pluck a spray. . . .  
And then how he yelled!  
And his hand turned black and swelled.

### INDETERMINATE VEGETABLE

Perhaps I'm not a plant at all  
But some strange sort of animal.

### FIRST CABBAGE

Pigeons have riddled me, and weasels.

### SECOND CABBAGE

I am spotted as with German measles.

### FIRST CORN STALK

Woe!

---

## *A Commuter's Garden*

---

### SECOND CORN STALK

Woe!

### THIRD CORN STALK

Woe is me! Ah, woe, woe, woe!

### FOURTH CORN STALK

Even the weeds beside me will not grow.

### FIRST TURNIP

Gott!

### SECOND TURNIP

Gott! Gott! Gott!

### THIRD TURNIP

Mildew, blight and rot!

### FOURTH TURNIP

And smallpox, like as not.

### INDETERMINATE VEGETABLE

But cheer, brothers, cheer!

Perhaps before the year

Dwindles to winter drear

We'll poison some one here!

I know not what I am,

Parsley from Siam,

A vegetable ham

Or a Long Island clam—



---

## *A Commuter's Garden*

---

But this I know: I hate  
My miserable state  
And all human beans!  
I hate life and fate!  
I hate men and greens!  
I hate hens and grass!  
I hate garden sass!  
Who gets me on a plate  
Shall learn how I hate!  
I hate chards, romaine,  
Children and goats,  
Old men and young men,  
Cats, dogs and oats!  
And I am full of ptomaine—  
Who puts me within him,  
Scorpions had better skin him!  
Who puts me inside her  
Had better eat a spider!  
I know not what I be,  
Alfalfa, corn or pea—  
But cheer, brothers, cheer!  
Before the glad New Year  
We'll poison some one here!

## *April Song*

**F**ROM God-forsaken suburbs streaked with  
soot  
And miserable with mud,  
Past twisted trees that lack the sap to bud,  
Comes Spring, with shuffling gait,  
Red eyes and squelching boot,  
Rheumatic, ragged, wretched, sour as hate—  
Comes Spring, a-sneaking, slinking,  
Comes sore-eyed Spring, a-blinking,  
Comes Spring with clay upon her draggled gown.  
She makes a furtive sally,  
A tramp's attempt, and limps into the town  
Through some unguarded alley.

Do dancing fauns, do wreathèd nymphs attend  
her?  
Not currently, I fear—  
I watched her come this year—  
And in her train leapt cats uncouth and blear,  
Moth-eaten, gauntly slender:  
And frisked (to pipings of no cleanly Pan)  
From garbage can to thawing garbage can  
And passionately dug for fish heads there—  
These are her chosen sprites

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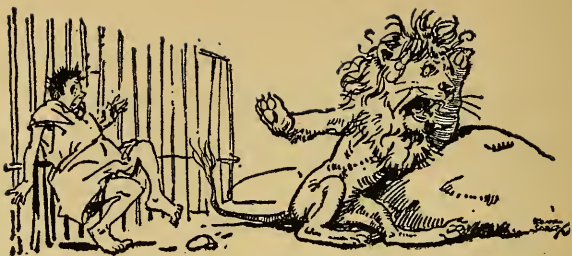
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## *April Song*

---

And through the damp, unhealthy nights  
They tear the reeking air  
With that saw-toothed and hell-born feline voice  
that blights  
And withers all things fair.

Now icy pavements turn to thick, black grease,  
For melting Spring has come:  
And all the prisoned germs of all disease  
Now gambol in release,  
Now kick and frolic like wild goats  
And creep into a million gaping throats,  
For poisonous, wheezing Spring has come;  
Discouraged window boxes sadly strive  
To make last year's poor, sickly blooms revive;  
Displeasing Spring has come;  
And huddled subway crowds in sodden clothing  
Steam with a mutual loathing,  
For Spring, disgusting, sneezing Spring has come.



## *Alphabet of Bible: Birds and Beasts*

WITH OCCASIONAL MORALS, FOR USE BY SUNDAY  
SCHOOLS, ETC.

**A** IS the ASS whose jawbone smites  
Phi-lis-tines . . . see it flail 'em!  
It also talks with Is-ra-el-ites . . .  
At least one spoke to Ba-laam.

As you grow older, lads and lasses,  
You'll suffer from the jaws of asses.

B is BE-HE-MOTH. Hey! you kids,  
About Be-he-moth's cage, there,  
Don't feed him those tobacco quids!

You'll wake his Righteous Rage, there!  
That great blood-sweating beast could kick up  
She-ol as easy as you hiccough!

C for the crooked CAM-U-ELS.

No matter how one wheedles,  
With accents sweet as Sam-u-el's,  
They *will* not crawl through needles!

---

---

## *Alphabet of Bible*

---

For yon oasis see them humping  
To fill up on their annual pumping.

D is the dear delugeous DOVE  
Who fluttered o'er the waters  
To wave an olive-leaf above  
Old Noah's sons and daughters. . . .  
And Noah landing at an altar  
Fried one while Ham played on the psalter.

E is the EAGLE. Note his eye!  
He sails above the nations,  
A kind of watch-bird in the sky,  
From Kings to Revelations—  
A child that sees one spying, snooping,  
Had better pray ere it comes swooping!

F is the FOX that spoils the vines—  
I'm sure the Fox is right, child!  
He keeps bad men from making wines  
To get poor heathens tight, child!  
Sam-son made slaying them his mission  
Because he hated Prohibition.

G is the GOAT of Gib-e-ah  
Who feeds on curds and cummin;  
Upon the crags he cries Ha! ha!  
From Mich-mash to Zan-zum-min.

---

## *Alphabet of Bible*

---

Mo-ses slew many Goats at Mo-ab,  
And Sol-o-mon made one of Jo-ab.

H is the HEIFER spoken of,—  
Ho-se-a's Book, fourth chapter,—  
Who backslid, spite of kicks or love,  
Or if one coaxed or slapped her;  
And naught is blinder, dumber, deafer  
To reason than a haughty Heifer.

I is the ICHTHYOSAURUS which  
Became a floating prison  
With Jo-nah in a gastric niche  
Somewhere abaft the mizzen;  
Nor Fish nor Jo-nah took it kindly—  
Child, do not swallow too much blindly!

J is the JACKAL that makes moan  
Where Bab-y-lon was mighty,  
And a bad King slumbers, overthrown,  
Oblivion for his nightie.  
My child, don't ever be a Mes'pot—  
Amian or Chaldean despot!

K is the KID of Jer-i-cho,  
Who, when he heard the trumpets,  
Remarked, "That's grand-dad's horn, I know!  
He's come for tea and crumpets!"

---

## *Alphabet of Bible*

---

The walls fell then; his neck was broken—  
Kids should not speak until they're spoken.

L is the LION that refused  
A dinner off of Daniel,  
Which made the king so sore he used  
To cuff it like a spaniel—  
When guests drop in to dinner, Mable,  
Don't hang back, pouting, from the table.

M is the MOTH to E-phra-im  
And into Ju-dah eating;  
Ho-se-a somewhere mentions him,  
And says, "Your power is fleeting!"  
The lesson of Ho-se-a's annals  
Is, Guard your morals and your flannels!

N is the NIGHTINGALE that trilled  
Within the month of Ni-san  
When Sol-o-mon Queen Balkis filled  
With his own brew of hyson,  
His wit and proverbs o'er the teacups  
Charmed so she took two cups or three cups.

O is the OSTRICH. Job remarks  
The bird is rather silly;  
She leaves her eggs in public parks  
And lets them get all chilly—

---

## *Alphabet of Bible*

---

The bird, indeed, is scarcely proper ;  
Read Job on her and the grasshopper.

P for the PEACOCKS Hi-ram sent  
From Tar-shish and from Si-don,  
And everywhere a Peacock went  
He had an Ape to ride on ;  
The vanity of these loud creatures,  
I trust, is dwelt on by your teachers.

Q for the QUAILS they ate all raw—  
Chapter 11, Numbers—  
At windy Kib-roth-hat-ta-a-vah,  
And then passed to their slumbers.  
Garnish your birds with cress or romaine,  
And keep a sharp lookout for ptomaine.

R is the RAVEN kind that fed  
Elisha (or Elijah?)  
When bad boys cried, "You old Baldhead,  
Go up, go forth and hide you!"  
Don't mock a bald head, flout it, scoff it,  
Merely because it's on a prophet.

S is the SERPENT! Hear him hiss!  
A low-life and a snide, dears!  
Go look him up in Genesis,—  
Beware that subtile glide, dears!



---

## *Alphabet of Bible*

---

Don't fall for him! Don't you believe a  
Serpent's statements, little Eva!

T is for TOWSER—"dogs without,"

Says John, in Revelation.

Without what, do I hear you shout?

Honest occupation!

And Satan finds some mischief still fer

Idle hounds to do . . . they pilfer.

U is the UNAU, or the Sloth.

The Bible's full of warnings

For lazy children who are loath

To get up early, mornings!

Some are so stiff I hate to print 'em,

I only shake my head and hint 'em.

V is the VULTURE; VIPER, too.

Don't take 'em to your bosom!

For once they get attached to you

You find it hard to lose 'em!

Respectable communications

Assist you in all life's relations.

The well-known WORM is W.

'Tis said he never dieth—

The thought should somewhat trouble you—

Eternally he frieth.

---

## *Alphabet of Bible*

---

Be little gentlemen and ladies  
And try and keep away from Hades.

X is the Unknown Quantity  
In Scripture commentary—  
The sort of arguments you see  
On Martha versus Mary.  
*Bete noire* it is to many kiddies—  
So we'll just skip him, chickabiddies.

Y is the YOKE of Oxen that  
Were by their burdens broken ;  
They are in Gen., Lam., Deut. and Matt.  
And Tim. has likewise spoken  
In sympathetic fashion, rather,  
Of this subjugatory bother.

Z is—did they have ZEBRAS then?  
In Zik-lag, or parts Zinn-ish?  
Hitt-ites, or Mo-ab-it-ish men?  
This Z, it is my finish!  
But here's the Moral: dodge all swipes, boys,  
Be good and you'll keep out of stripes, boys!

## *A Fable*

**O**NCE there was a man of science  
Who had looked at little things for so  
long a time  
That he came eventually to deny  
The existence of big things . . .  
Every big thing in the universe,  
To his mind,  
Was merely a collection of little things.  
A comet did not interest him as a comet,  
Nor a planet as a planet,  
But he was curious as to the traits  
Of the infinitesimal particles of which comets and  
planets are composed . . .  
A world is not merely the sum of the parts which  
make a world;  
It is the sum of the parts *plus* that something  
which makes the parts into a world . . .  
But the large, simple realities,  
The agglomerate masses endowed with definite  
form and singleness of character,  
Escaped him in his quaint search among atoms  
and electrons  
For ultimate truth . . .

---

## *A Fable*

---

He thought of a Man as so much salts and  
gases . . .

But a Man is not that: a Man is a Man,  
And if you seek his soul biologically  
You progress towards that wilderness of diffusion  
Which the ancients called Chaos;  
And your sanity will perish in a bedlam of  
nomenclature.

Our friend the man of science,  
Looking at nothing but little things,  
Had come to feel a strange superiority to all  
things at which he looked . . .

It was illogical, according to his own theory, and  
he was unconscious of it, but he *did* feel su-  
perior to all things at which he looked . . .

And one day he looked at the sun;  
It occurred to him to study the sun—  
And in an absent-minded mood he looked at the  
sun

In the same manner in which he looked at every-  
thing else,

He looked at it patronizingly,  
He looked at it, as he looked at everything,  
Through a microscope . . .

He had the microscope habit . . .  
The sun does not like to be patronized,

---

## *A Fable*

---

Because it remembers the day when it was  
Apollo and a god.

It spins, out there in space, with considerable  
dignity,

And thinks highly of itself :

If there were clubs out there where the sun lives  
the sun would be a member of the Union  
League Club . . .

"God bless my soul!" said the sun,

"Am I deceived, or is there somebody actually  
looking at me through a microscope!

Heh!

Through a microscope! What? At me! At the  
sun! Through a microscope!

I'll fix him!"

A moment later the scientist's wife said to him,  
"George, I smell something burning!"

"I don't smell anything," said the man of science,  
"but I have an odd pain in my head."

"George," said his wife, "you poor fool, I think  
it is you that I smell burning."

"I think you are right, my dear," said the scien-  
tist, "I believe my eye is fried!"

"Just like an egg!" said his wife, looking at it.

"Ha! Ha!" said the sun. "You will look at me  
through a magnifying glass, will you?"

---

---

## *A Fable*

---

I'll show you who's who in this solar system!  
If I ever see you so much as tilting a drinking  
    glass or a milk bottle in my direction again,  
I'll cook your other optic for you, too,  
Damn your eyes!"

If you look at little things so much  
That you eventually deny the existence of big  
    things,  
The big things, sooner or later,  
Will take their revenge upon you,  
Tragically or grotesquely.

## *Another Villon-ous Variation*

**S**TINGER and Gonoph and Peterman,  
Dip and Yegg that prig and prey,  
Flimp the thimble as fast as you can,  
But still in the end it doesn't pay;  
Stick up a Boob or strong-arm a Jay,  
Snatch a Hanger or shove the Queer,  
And square the Bulls for a getaway—  
*But where are the Crooks of Yesteryear?*

There's Cush in the Keck for a little span,  
Fagin or Booster may have his day,  
Shine with Ice like a new tin pan,  
But still in the end it doesn't pay!  
Lagged by the Dicks of Fate are they  
Whether they lammister far or near—  
The lamps of justice are bum, you say?—  
*But where are the Crooks of Yesteryear?*

No Stool may snitch or rap your plan,  
You may never be settled in Stir to stay,  
You never may ride in the Hurry-up Van,  
But still, in the end, it doesn't pay.  
The Level Lay is the only Lay,  
Take it from me as a friendly steer—

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---

*Another Villon-ous Variation*

---

The life of the Grafter is easy and gay?—  
*But where are the Crooks of Yesteryear?*

Ask the Gonoph whose hair is gray  
And he'll tell you straight that it doesn't pay;  
When he's young and flush the Gon may  
sneer—

*But where are the Crooks of Yesteryear?*



## *Proverbs xii, 7*

**F**ATE is the Gunman that all gunmen  
dread;  
Fate stings the Stinger for his roll of  
green;

Fate, Strong-arm Worker, on the bean  
Of strong-arm workers bumps his pipe of lead.

Oh, cross guy, Fate is cross—a super crook  
That stands in with the dicks to get you  
jugged;  
Fate has you measured, numbered, tagged and  
mugged,  
And keeps your thumb prints in a little book!

Take it from David's son, the thought profound:  
The Gonoph's due to go away from here!  
Where are the busy mobs of yesteryear?—  
Somehow we do not find them sticking round!

Some lammistered to get a change of air.  
Some are in Stir. And some sat in the Chair.

# *Improbable Epitaphs*

HERE LIES  
THE BODY OF  
NICHOLAS WAX  
WHO LOVED  
TO PAY  
HIS INCOME TAX.

\* \* \*

THERE LIES AT REST  
IN THIS EARTHLY BED  
THE MORTAL  
PART  
OF POTIPHAR JEDD  
WHO NEVER TOLD  
WHAT HIS CHILDREN SAID.

\* \* \*

A REMARKABLE MAN  
WAS SOLOMON GAY  
WHO IS PLANTED  
HERE  
TILL THE JUDGMENT DAY.  
WHEN HE FOUND  
HE HAD NOTHING  
IMPORTANT TO SAY

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---

## *Improbable Epitaphs*

---

HE WOULD KEEP HIS MOUTH  
SHUT  
AND GO ON HIS WAY.

\* \* \*

LEONORA BUTTERFIELD  
WAS NEITHER  
SAINT NOR SINNER,  
GOOD TRAITS  
AND BAD TRAITS  
BALANCED WERE  
WITHIN HER,  
BUT SHE NEVER JAWED  
HER HUSBAND  
WHEN HE  
WAS LATE FOR DINNER.

\* \* \*

THIS IS THE GRAVE  
OF  
TIMOTHY TETHER  
WHO NEVER KICKED  
ABOUT THE WEATHER.

\* \* \*

OUT HERE IN THE COLD  
AND THE WIND  
AND THE RAIN  
IS THE GRAVE OF THE WIFE  
OF BENJAMIN BAYNE,

---

## *Improbable Epitaphs*

---

BELOVED TO THE LAST,  
FOR SHE NEVER SAID:  
"BEN,  
OF COURSE WHEN I'M DEAD  
YOU WILL MARRY AGAIN!"

\* \* \*

HERE LIE THE BONES  
OF ELIHU FOX  
WHO NEVER BRAGGED  
OF HIS DEALINGS  
IN STOCKS.

\* \* \*

HERE BY THE ROOTS  
OF THIS OLD  
OAK TREE  
REPOSES THE BODY  
OF  
ELINOR LEE,  
AS LOVELY A WOMAN  
AS WOMAN  
COULD BE.  
SHE NEVER GOT CROSS,  
SHE NEVER SAW RED,  
WHEN HER SPOUSE BURNT HOLES  
IN THE SHEETS AND SPREAD  
ON SUNDAY MORNINGS,  
SMOKING IN BED.

# *The Gods at Coney Island*

*Momus, the Jester of Olympus, dared  
To criticize the gods; Jove's anger flared*

*In lightning, and he kicked the thing of mirth  
Forth from the outraged heavens, low as earth.*

*The sequel hearken to, and ponder well:  
With Humor gone, the great Olympians fell.*

*Lacking the tonic whip, the stinging mind,  
The gods turned gross and presently declined.*

*They're strollers now, and antic for men's  
    laughter,  
A dragged troupe, they follow Momus after—*

*Immortal still, they are immortal brutes,  
Enslaved to their own lesser attributes.*

\* \* \*

I'm out at the Island. Here, on a dais,  
A troupe that is called "The Amusing Im-  
mortals."

A quarter I paid to pass the portals,  
And sit at a table and see what the play is.

---

## *The Gods at Coney Island*

---

*You waitress, come here!—You are Hebe?—  
Come hither!*

*Hurry up with that stein! Do you want me to  
wither?*

Who's this doing stunts? Not Aphrodite?  
Venus, you're fat—but aren't you flighty!  
O Venus the blowsy, Venus the frowsy, ogle us,  
leer and wriggle;  
Undulate, Venus, mocking the motion,  
Over-voluptuous, wench, of the ocean;  
Cut as deep as the tin piano  
With the edge of your false soprano;  
Venus the tainted,  
Venus the painted,  
Stop the shrill ballad to kick out and giggle—  
Your bare, raddled shoulders thrust forth of  
your bodice,  
Venus the easy,  
Venus the greasy,  
Work on us, smirk on us, whirl your skirts  
over your knees—  
(She that was uttered a goddess  
Out of the mouth of the minstrel seas!)  
Wiggle, wench, wriggle,  
And maybe some drunkener drummer,  
Will take you to supper, poor mummer—  
Wriggle, wench, wiggle!

---

## *The Gods at Coney Island*

---

*Hither, my Hebe, my dubious maid,  
Fill up my seidel, you slatternly jade!*

And here's Bully Mars, the cock of immortals,  
The breaker of bars, the burster of portals,  
Looking fit, looking oily and sleek,  
Breathing of slaughter,  
Will box his four rounds with any old geek;  
Here's Poseidon, billed as the Tank Diving  
Greek,  
Eating a frankfurter under the water:  
And the Wild Man of Hades, who howls  
While Mistress Minerva exhibits her mar-  
velous Owls.

*Hebe! you Hebe! don't lop about there looking  
idle!  
Don't you see that the gempm'n has finished his  
seidel?*

Here's Juno, the sour-visaged wretch,  
Comes next in a knock-about sketch  
Entitled, "The Trials of a Public Man's Spouse";  
Apollo, the tenor, and Bacchus, present  
A skit called "The Souse  
And the Musical Tramp," which brings down  
the house

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---

## *The Gods at Coney Island*

---

With its humorous  
Kick-ups  
And numerous  
Hiccoughs  
So madly and merrily blent!

*Hebe, my beery one, hasten, my bleary one,  
A liter of light, in a hurry, my deary one!*

And now is the turn of that scowling old chap  
So sulky and bulky and stupid and stolid,  
Who rouses up snorting from out of his nap  
To toy with those ton-weighting dumbbells, un-  
doubtedly solid;

And next he's the base of a pyramid,  
With six buxom deities hoisted above him,  
Or maybe it's seven—

One hopes it won't skid;

It would break down the stage if it did—  
How the fair mortal dames used to love him  
When he was all Jove and ruled in his heaven!  
Now he does the Strong Man every night in  
this place from six to eleven.

Groaning, his burdens under,  
He occasionally blasts, on a pay-day night,  
Some bung-starting, barbarous, bartending wight  
With a touch of the old-time thunder.



---

## *The Gods at Coney Island*

---

*Hebe, my Hebe, whither, my Hebe?*

*Come hither, my Hebe, come hither, my Hebe!*

*Come floppily, Hebe, sloppily, Hebe, as fast as  
you're properly able,*

*Perfectest pattern extant of the slattern,*

*Serve the gent yonder who bangs on the table!*

\* \* \*

I sought the manager. Lame Momus grinned:

“Not gods alone,” the Jester said, “have sinned—

High-stomached mortals in false dignity

Have likewise frowned on wholesome comedy;

And like these gods disgraced to jades and sots

Man falls. With satire mute, the gross world

rots.”

## *A Seaside Romance*

“**M**Y name,” I said, “is Peleg Doddleding,  
And Doddleding has been my name  
since birth.”

And having told the girl this shameful thing  
I bowed my head and waited for her mirth.

She did not laugh. I looked at her, and she,  
With wistful gladness in her yellow eyes,  
Swept with her gradual gaze the mocking sea.  
Then dried her gaze and swept the scornful  
skies.

I thought perhaps she had not heard aright.  
“My name,” I said again, “is Doddleding!”  
Thinking she would reply, “Ah, then, good-  
night—  
No love of mine round such a name could  
cling!”

We’d met upon the beach an hour before,  
And our loves leapt together, flame and flame.  
I loved. She loved. We loved. “She’ll love  
no more,”  
I moaned, “when she learns Doddleding’s my  
name!”

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## *A Seaside Romance*

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---

She was not beautiful, nor did she seem  
The sort of person likely to be good;  
Her outcast manner 'twas that bade me dream  
If *any one* could stand my name she could.

She seemed a weakly sentimental thing,  
Vicious, no doubt, and dull and somewhat  
wried.

I said once more, "I'm Mister Doddleding!"  
Feebly she smiled. I saw she had no pride.

The westering sun above the ocean shook  
With ecstasy, the flushed sea shook be-  
neath. . . .

I trembled too. . . . She smiled! . . . and one  
long look  
Showed something queer had happened to her  
teeth.

O world of gladness! World of gold and flame!  
"She loves me, then, in spite of all!" I cried.  
"Though Peleg Doddleding is still my name,  
Yet Peleg Doddleding has found a bride!"

I stroked her hair. . . . I found it was a  
wig. . . .

And as I slipped upon her hand the ring  
She said, "*My name is Effie Muddlesnig—*  
Oh, thank you! *Thank you!* Mister Dod-  
dleding!"

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---

*A Seaside Romance*

---

In all the world she was the only one  
For me, and I for her . . . lives touch and  
pass,  
And then, some day beneath a westering sun,  
We find our own! One of her eyes is glass.

## *An Ode to the Oyster*

### I

**I**N the dim beginnings of Time,  
Ere the Plasm met up with the Prote,  
The Oyster lay nude in the slime,  
And that was an Eluvanote,  
That was an Eluvanote!  
Lay nude, off the coast of Nantucket, Nan-  
tucket, Nantucket,  
As nude as a bug in a bucket!  
And the Oyster was coy, he was bashful, em-  
barrassed and shrinking,  
And he blushed as a nose  
That belongs to a person enamored of drinking;  
He blushed from his cerebrum down to his toes,  
He blushed as a rose,  
And he cried through the primeval dark:  
"Gimmie clo'es!  
Gimmie clo'es!  
I feel so infernally naked and stark!  
Lords of the universe, hark to me, hark!  
Gimmie clo'es!

---

---

*An Ode to the Oyster*

---

I am fain to retire from this world to a cloister  
Of shell;

I haven't the temperament needful to royster,  
To royster, to ramble, to doister,

All nude in the depths where the sea urchins  
dwell.

I am modest, I am,

I am, I am,

I'm as coy as the King of Siam,

Siam, Siam,

And I wanta be clothed like the clam!

As I lie here in gloom, getting moister and  
moister,

I suffer because I am nude—

I trust that I am not a prude,

But I suffer because I am nude!

Be Moral, O Cosmos, and furnish a shell for  
thine Oyster!"

II

Ere ever the Prote had met up with the Plasm,  
Out of the depths came the voice, out of the  
murk of the night,

The plaint of the Oyster soaring out of his ulti-  
mate chasm;

And it reached a clerk of the Cosmos perched  
on an ultimate height,

---

## *An Ode to the Oyster*

---

Who rubbed the sleep from his head  
And peered down the void and said:  
"Of these prayers I grow weary! Ah, weary  
and wearier!

Some day, with a yell,  
I will rush from this cell  
And beg 'em to sing something cheerier!  
And yet, yonder Oyster that dwells down there  
in the ocean,  
No doubt his petition proceeds from an honest  
emotion—

He is as nude as was great Aphrodite  
When sculpted by Phidias,  
Whose morals, so hideous,  
Gave the goddess not even a nightie—

A nightie, a nightie,  
Yon Oyster lacks even a nightie!  
Whether he lies off Nantucket,  
Or drifts in the tides of Cape Horn,  
And wishes he hadn't been born,  
He's as bare as a bug in a bucket—  
No wonder he feels embarrassed, no wonder he  
feels forlorn!

What grief to toss among the tides of bleak  
Nantucket

As bare as a bucket,  
Wishing one hadn't been born!"

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---

*An Ode to the Oyster*

---

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III

This is a Moral Universe, and not a mere in-  
different machine,

Whatever neo-vitalists may say,  
As Moral as a Woman's Magazine,  
As straight-laced as a bale of hay;—  
It loves the Noodle and abhors the Nude,  
The Tree of Life drapes all its Limbs with  
leaves,  
And over all the book of life the cosmic censor  
grieves

At such allusions as allude  
To anything undraped and crude.  
And therefore, when the Oyster's cry,  
Out of the sapphire sea-caves mounting climbed  
the aëry sky,  
The cosmic rulers, peering down at far Nan-  
tucket,

Exclaimed, glad eyed:  
"If we gave you a shirt would you shuck it?"  
To whom the hopeful bivalve straight replied:  
"If you gave me a shell for a shirt I would  
tuck it

Over myself like the clam!  
I hope that you won't think me selfish  
For wanting a bit of a nightie,  
But I would be known as a shellfish!  
A model, a modest young shellfish,



---

## *An Ode to the Oyster*

---

A shellfish that never gets flighty!  
I am modest, I am, I am!  
Vouchsafe me but a shell, and I will never rush  
Out of my shell  
With a heluva yell,  
But will stay safe within, in the deep ocean hush,  
And feel myself superior,  
In that sweet cell's interior,  
To all things inferior  
That seek to leave their cloister—  
And when I think on all that is not of the genus  
oyster  
Then will I blush and blush and blush and  
blush!"

#### IV

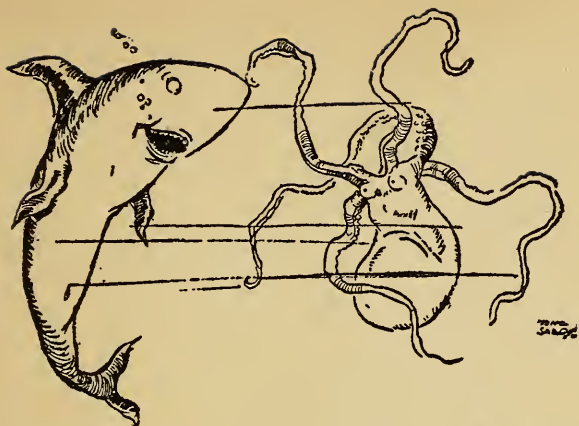
So it was, in the dim dawn of time, ere the  
Prote was wed to the Plasm,  
That the plea of the Oyster was heard, and a  
shell was sent down to his chasm.  
Strong in his moral notion,  
As the slow cycles multiplied,  
At last in myriads the Oyster left his native  
Ocean,  
Shell-brained and oyster-souled and clammy-  
eyed,  
Invaded earth, and strong and virtuous of heart,  
Impressed his Morals on a great nation's Art.  
These oysters you may see,

---

*An Ode to the Oyster*

---

With dull eyes, giving art its laws to-day,  
Each little bivalve deity  
Rejoicing in his sway.  
But as for me—I don't givadam, I don't giva-  
dam,  
I'd much rather write of the King of Siam,  
Siam, Siam  
Than have this oyster art the god of me—  
You may think it odd of me,  
Odd of me, odd of me,  
But I'd rather write odes to the King of Siam.



## *A Tragedy of the Deep*

**T**HOUGHT may, at times, be a very dangerous thing . . .

It is better never to use conscious thought  
Until instinct has flivvered.

There was once an Octopus  
Who was very proud of his eight legs . . .  
They were long and slithery and beautiful,  
And he would sit on his ear  
And wave them in front of his face in the water  
And admire them by the hour.

A Shark, who had no legs or tentacles at all,  
Used to watch the Octopus,  
And he grew weary of the Octopus's self-  
content . . .

One day, with a most malicious intention,

---

## *A Tragedy of the Deep*

---

The Shark said to the Octopus:

“Your tentacles, or legs, or whatever you call them,

Are very pretty indeed:

And it pleases me to observe your continuing enthusiasm with regard to them . . .

I have never seen you swim . . .

May I ask you, when you swim, which leg do you wiggle first?—

The right-hand leg in front?

The right-hand leg behind?

The right-hand leg in front of the right-hand leg behind?

Or the right-hand leg behind the front right-hand leg?

Or do you begin with one of the left-hand legs?”

The Octopus said: “Why, I start with . . .”

And then he stopped . . .

He had always swum before without thinking . . .

He had always swum by instinct . . .

How *did* he start?

With the front leg on the left-hand side?

Or the front leg on the right-hand side?

For the life of him he couldn't remember . . .

He tried one set of legs, and it didn't seem the proper way;

---

## *A Tragedy of the Deep*

---

And he tried another set, and *they* weren't the  
right ones . . .

And he stopped trying and thought and thought  
and thought . . .

And the more he thought the less able he was  
to swim at all.

To draw this painful story to a conclusion at  
once,

The Octopus sat in the midst of his legs

Looking wanly at the subaqueous world

Until he starved to death

Through his inability to catch food.

The moral is, *Never think as long as you can  
dodge thought.*

## *Pantoum of the Pilfered Pups*

Where, oh, where has my little dog gone?—*Old song.*

*W*HERE has my little dog gone?  
Grief is wrecking my reason.  
(*He vanished in the Dawn.*)  
This is the Sausage Season.

LOST, terrier, pure white, male, four years old, neighborhood 123d st., 8th ave.; reward.—*Newspaper ad.*

*Grief is wrecking my reason.*  
(*I doubt thee, Butcher Man.*)  
This is the Sausage Season.  
(*Meat-selling Caliban!*)

Provisions are steady.—*Market report.*

*I doubt thee, Butcher Man—*  
*His collar with gold was crusted,*  
*Meat-selling Caliban!*  
*He had a heart that trusted.*

Boston man loved his dog so that he left it \$1,200 a year in his will.—*News story.*

*His collar with gold was crusted—*  
(*O Butcher, whet and smile!*)  
*He had a heart that trusted;*  
*Thy heart is full of guile!*

---

## *Pantoum of the Pilfered Pups*

---

Coats of black dogskin at \$29.75.—*From a department store ad.*

*O Butcher, whet and smile,  
My doubt of thee profound is!  
Thy heart is full of guile—  
And sausage two shillings a pound is!*

Owners of lost dogs . . . may apply to A. S. P. C. A.,  
Ave. A and 24th st.—*Newspaper ad.*

*My doubt of thee profound is:  
He oft paused by thy door!  
And sausage two shillings a pound is!  
He lingered near thy store!*

If the price of meat continues to rise, where are we  
to look for our food supply?—*From an article on the  
cost of living.*

*He oft paused by thy door—  
O Butcher enterprising!  
He lingered near thy store—  
The price of sausage is rising!*

Strong interests on the buying side and offerings  
small.—*Market report.*

*O Butcher enterprising,  
Where has my little dog gone?  
The price of sausage is rising:—  
He vanished in the Dawn!*

## *The Country Barber Shop*

**T**HE barber tucked beneath my chin an aged towel and frayed, it was as worn as grief or sin, the hair on it had grayed . . .

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And then a woman ambled in to buy three yards of braid . . .

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The barber sold it while he mixed the lather for my face . . .

---

She left a watch to get it fixed . . .

---

It was a *various* place!

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The barber swept his laden brush across my left hand cheek . . .

---

Then left me flat . . .

---

There was a rush of business that week!

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A little girl came in to buy a pencil for her slate, and so he let the lather dry in smears from chin to pate.



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## *The Country Barber Shop*

---

He washed it off . . .

He seized his strop . . .

He swung his veteran blade . . . a voice remarked, "The cabbage crop ain't much, I be afraid!" And then he bought (the man who spoke) a "GOOD FIVE CENT SEGAR" and with the barber cracked a joke beside the soft drink bar . . .

The barber seized the lather cup . . .

Gilt-lettered:

**SIMON GREER**

And quickly mixed a fresh batch up, and quenched me, ear to ear . . .

He seized the strop . . .

Gave it a toss . . .

And smacked that mordant steel . . .

And then he paused to put across a life insurance deal.

---

## *The Country Barber Shop*

---

Much of the lather dried . . . although my eyes continued damp . . .

---

The patient barber left them so and went to sell a stamp.

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I noticed that he cobbled shoes . . .

---

Sold tacks . . .  
And chicken wire . . .

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He dealt in garters, dyes and glues . . .

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He'd boats and bait for hire . . .

---

He sold wall paper, collars, bread, victrola records, gum . . .

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The sign above his doorway read: "CLEAN SHAVE EMPORIUM."

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And ever when he lathered me a trickle of fresh trade meandered in all leisurely and balked his ancient blade. But, bless the man, he did not care! He took it with a grin and ran his elbows through my hair while lathering mouth and chin . . . he soothed me with his pleasant air . . .

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## *The Country Barber Shop*

---

I slept. \_\_\_\_\_

My sleep was sound. \_\_\_\_\_

I waked . . . \_\_\_\_\_

And found he'd cut my hair . . . \_\_\_\_\_

And shaved my neck . . . \_\_\_\_\_

All round . . . \_\_\_\_\_

An ancient sitting by the stove and spitting in the door, a kind of mellow, ripe old cove who hadn't spoke before, came up and passed his critic thumb across my blushing neck: "I always get mine cut to hum, I always do, by hek! But when I get it cut next spring I'll tell my daughter Vic to cut it just like this, by jing! I want it round and slick!"

## *An Encyclopedia Affair*

**T**HE gay BOK-CAN was a gentleman  
In a coat of gold and green, O!  
And he loved SIB-SZO from head to toe,  
Though the alphabet stretched between, O!

“SIB-SZO,” he would say, “you keep away  
From MOT-ORM and his doings,  
Distrust the lip of the glib GOU-HIP,  
And hearken to my woings!

“BOKHARA goats, dear ma’am, eat oats,  
And BURGUNDY grows good wine, ma’am!  
CAMPHOR comes from vegetal gums,  
O say that you’ll be mine, ma’am!”

But SIB-SZO sighed as she replied,  
“The SIMOON sweeps the sea, sir,  
SPINOZA fought for the freedom of thought,  
I cannot wed with thee, sir!”

“Where will you find,” he cried, “a mind  
More crowded with information?  
Edmund BURKE was an eloquent Turk,  
BRAZIL is quite a nation!

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*An Encyclopedia Affair*

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“The BURIAT wears his cheek-bones flat,  
BROWNING wrote *Sordello*,  
The BRACHIOPOD is a creature odd,  
Do you love some other fellow?”

She bowed her head and she wept and said,  
“SYZRAN is a city,  
SOCRATES scorned luxuries,  
What I feel for you is pity.

“The SUGAR-BIRD is rather absurd,  
And STEAM will raise a blister,  
My sweetheart is the bold FAL-FYZ,  
But I will be your sister!”

BOK-CAN did choke, and sadness BROKE  
The heart in his noble BUST, sir,  
URA-ZYM found an URN for him  
And DUG-EF claimed his DUST, sir!

## *The Ghost and the Monument*

'**T**WAS the night of All Souls, and some  
specters,  
Finding Eternity hanging heavy on their  
hands—

(As Time does on the hands of the heroes in  
fiction)—

In a half sentimental and half ironical mood  
Paid a visit to Earth.

And one Shade sought the streets of a town  
Where he had been born and lived out his strenu-  
ous years . . .

And there, in a great central square,  
Was a Monument builded,

A massive bronze bulk of a thing in the moon-  
light.

"Strange," murmured the Shade, "but I cannot  
remember

This statue . . .

I wonder how long I've been dead?

I wonder what man among men in this stupid old  
city of mine

Has thus been immortalized."

(And the ghost of a ghostly sneer rippled the  
fog of his face

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## *The Ghost, and the Monument*

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As he said "immortalized.") . . .

"Statue," he said to the Bronze, "what Beautiful  
Life

Has been systematically uglified in you  
So as to bring it down to the comprehension of  
my some time Fellow Citizens?"

And the great bronze bulk  
(With the moon on its lips as dawn on the mouth  
of a Memnon)

Shivered and spoke:

"I am a Symbol of Love,  
Built from the Gratitude, Respect, Admiration  
and Devotion

Of this City,  
In Honor of the Noblest of its Noble Sons,  
In recognition of his Services to the Community,  
To the Nation,

And to the Cause of Humanity in General . . .

And I was Unveiled thirty-seven years ago,

Come next Michaelmas,  
With Appropriate Ceremonies,

The Mayor's Little Daughter pulling the string  
And five Governors, two Senators, the President  
of the United States

And two ex-Presidents being among those pres-  
ent and speaking . . ."

"There is," said the Ghost, "something vaguely  
familiar

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## *The Ghost and the Monument*

---

About your general outlines . . .

There is character in the shoes, somehow,

And something that I seem to know in the  
cravat . . .

But I can't say I remember your face . . ."

"If you were Anybody At All,"

Said the Monument,

"You must either have known me or heard about  
me when you lived here . . .

The man I Honor was the most Popular Man in  
Town . . .

Loved by All,

Rich and Poor alike. . . ."

"I wasn't Anybody At All when I lived here,"

Said the Ghost, with a smile.

"I might have been, but the people wouldn't let  
me . . .

I was the most *Unpopular* person that ever dwelt  
here,

And they finally got rid of me. . . ."

And the Ghost continued to smile, somewhat  
sadly,

As the recollection of his life on earth flooded  
over him . . .

How, out of his immense, deep love for all his  
fellow men

He had striven to lead them to the light . . .



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## *The Ghost and the Monument*

---

“Jerusalem, Jerusalem, who stonest the Proph  
ets,”

He quoted,

“How often I would have folded my wings over  
you,

As a hen over her chickens . . .

But ye would not!”

“The Funeral of the man I Honor,”

Said the Monument,

“Did not take so long to Pass a Given Point

As some others that might be mentioned,

But I have heard that that was due to a mis-  
understanding . . .

But why do I talk to a mere Nobody, such as  
you, of these things?

What were you, anyhow, when you were  
here?”

“No one,” said the Ghost, “to whom a  
Monument would have been erected . . .

Some even called me the communal enemy . . .

They said I was an atheist—

Although, God knows, I wasn’t!—

They said that I was a criminal . . . and proved  
it because they made me herd with crimi-  
nals . . .

But the thing that angered them most was that  
I went on loving them

And helping them . . .

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## *The Ghost and the Monument*

---

They finally became so angry that they drove me  
from their midst . . .”

(“From their Midst!” interrupted the Monu-  
ment, with solid, heavy satisfaction . . .

“from their midst” being exactly the sort of  
phrase monuments can understand.)

“From their midst,” said the Ghost.

“And I wandered in the wilderness and died . . .

There being no ravens to feed me, as was the  
case with Elijah, or Elisha, or whichever  
one it was.

No, no, I should never have had a monument  
bulldozed to me in this town.

They hated me because I loved them, and killed  
me.”

“The man whom I Honor,” said the Monument,  
“Bore the name of Smithers . . .

Reginald G. Smithers . . .

I think I have heard that through some re-  
grettable Misunderstanding

He also Left our Midst

And Passed His Last Days in Comparative Pov-  
erty and Retirement.”

“Smithers?” said the Ghost, scratching the wraith  
of dandruff from his spectral poll with the  
ghost of his hand . . .

“Smithers?” Somehow that name seems fa-  
miliar to me . . .

---

## *The Ghost and the Monument*

---

Why, hang it all, I remember now!  
Reginald G. Smithers was my name!"

And as the situation dawned on the spirit  
He gave a thin little tinkling laugh of derision,  
As if a sliver of icy moonlight were splintering  
itself against metal,  
And in a whorl of mist he sped away.

# *The Toonerville Trolley*

To F. Fox

**W**HEN I get a little bit older  
I'd like to be done with hard  
knocks,  
And I think I'll apply for a job to  
The well-known cartooner, F. Fox;  
For I want to hire out as the Skipper  
(Who dodges life's stress and its strains)  
Of the Trolley, the Toonerville Trolley,  
The Trolley that Meets all the Trains.

It runs (when its humor's for running)  
Through a country that's sweetly at rest—  
Through a country that loafes with its coat off  
And three buttons gone from its vest.  
And I want to hire out as the Skipper  
Who, whether it shines or it rains,  
Runs the Trolley, the Toonerville Trolley,  
The Trolley that Meets all the Trains.

Unhurried, unflurried, unworried,  
By Chronos completely unvest,  
If I *should* miss a train I would murmur:  
"Perhaps I'll connect with the next!"

---

## *The Toonerville Trolley*

---

If I then missed the next one, no matter!  
I shouldn't go blow out my brains  
If the Trolley, the Toonerville Trolley,  
Should fail to meet *some* of the trains.

In the end, when I met up with Charon,  
Waiting there by the Stygian bank,  
I'd remark to him, "Oarsman immortal,  
You can't impress me with your swank!  
You treat me as Skipper to Skipper—  
My corpse is no common remains!—  
For I ran the Trolley, the Toonerville Trolley,  
The Trolley that Met all the Trains!"

## *The Rubber Plant*

**W**ITHIN a Brooklyn drug store stood  
a rubber plant forlorn;  
All dusty were its faded leaves, its  
look was sad and worn;

I never saw a rubber plant that had so drear a  
mien—  
It looked like Thursday's oil upon a Saturday  
sardine.

And damp upon a leaf I saw a gray, lugubrious  
smear;  
I asked the druggist what it was; he said: "Alas,  
a tear!

"This rubber plant was brought to me when  
Ellie broke with Fred—  
Sweet Ellie had to give him up," the sad-eyed  
druggist said.

"Oh, they were happy, fond and true ere ever  
he touched Rum,  
And in a German orchestra he joyed to beat the  
drum.

---

## *The Rubber Plant*

---

“This rubber plant an heirloom was; the day  
that they were wed  
Sweet Ellie’s ma, with solemn words, entrusted  
it to Fred.

“And all went well till one sad night companions  
free and wild  
Across the Bridge to mad New York young  
Frederick beguiled;

“There in a gay café he sat and beat his merry  
drum—  
But ere the chimes of midnight tolled Fred’s lips  
were stained with Rum!

“That ruined him; in Brooklyn town his drum  
no more he’d play;  
He joined a band that played o’ nights in a wild  
New York café.

“You must not think that Frederick was alto-  
gether bad,  
For once he loved this rubber plant ere Rum  
became his fad.

“But one black night of sin and shame he strove  
to give it drink—  
He dashed Rum o’er its tender leaves and laughed  
to see them shrink!

---

## *The Rubber Plant*

---

“Sweet Ellie could not bear the blow; with  
screams of wild affright  
She hugged the plant unto her heart and rushed  
into the night;

“’Twas snowing; but at last she reached a grim  
old Brooklyn aunt—  
Ellie she took but would not house the rum-  
stained rubber plant!”

I never saw a plant that looked so dreary and so  
worn;  
It seemed as glum as Sunday’s roast upon a  
Tuesday morn.

I never saw a rubber plant so sickly and so sad—  
It looked like Wednesday’s garnishment upon a  
Friday shad!

“It needs a bath,” the druggist said. “It needs a  
brush and comb—  
It needs, alas! the care it knew in its lost Brook-  
lyn home.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Poor Fred! he is repentant now. At dusk he oft  
will come  
To weep above the rubber plant, and softly beat  
his drum.



---

## *The Rubber Plant*

---

“And Ellie frequently drops in ostensibly to buy  
Her chewing gum and postage stamps—but casts  
a wistful eye

“Upon the drooping rubber plant;—yet Ellie is  
so proud  
She will not stroke its little leaves, nor speak her  
grief aloud;

“From out her life she strives to thrust love—  
and the rubber plant—  
She’s been forbidden to forgive by that stern  
maiden aunt!”

Just then a man slunk in the door . . . he gently  
beat a drum;  
His face was haggard with despair, yet bore no  
trace of Rum . . .

And as he on a showcase leaned, and sadly  
drummed and low,  
A woman fair drew nigh the store with conscious  
steps and slow;

She did not deign one glance at him; she proudly  
bought some gum . . .  
He spake no word, but, oh, his heart! his heart  
beat in his drum!

---

## *The Rubber Plant*

---

She peeled the paper from her gum ; right haughty  
did she chew . . .

All sobbingly along his drum his throbbing sticks  
he drew . . .

She turns . . . she goes . . . how sternly now  
that rhythmic jaw is set!

He drops his drum . . . above the plant their  
brimming eyes have met!

\* \* \* \* \*

The rubber plant! The rubber plant! it reached  
and clutched them right!

It grasped Her on its left hand side, and Him  
upon its right!

The rubber plant! The rubber plant! The plant  
they loved so well!

On that reviving rubber plant their mingling  
teardrops fell!

They knelt beside the rubber plant; right faith-  
fully he swore

To water it, and cherish it, and prune it ever-  
more!

\* \* \* \* \*

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## *The Rubber Plant*

---

He cares no more to cross the Bridge to beat his  
drum and roam;

He sits beside their rubber plant within their  
Brooklyn home;

And it is green and lustrous now, it is no longer  
sad . . .

I never saw a rubber plant so glossy and so glad!



## *Sundered*

**T**IS the Bearded Lady is really a man,  
And his personal name is Tim,  
And he is in love with the Siamese  
Twins,  
And each twin loveth him.

For his beard is long and his beard is red,  
And his heart is fond and true;  
And the left twin's name it is called Mame  
And the right hand twin is Sue.

"But you cannot marry us both," they cry,  
"Fair sir, it isn't done!"  
"But ye be not two, I look on you,"  
Saith Tim, "as only one!"

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## *Sundered*

---

“’Tis each by each,” they cry to him,

“’Tis separate we love you!”

“No knife,” he cried, “shall cut my bride—

Shall cut my love in two!”

“We both of us scorns,” they make reply,

All proper and all prim,

“The like of such Mormonous goings on—

No bigamy, Sir Tim!”

“Ye love me now,” saith he to them,

“With the strength of a double heart—

But how do I ken you would love me then

If I had ye cut apart?”

“We are two,” they cry, “you must make your  
choice,

For love hath made us twain!”

But he crieth to them, “What Providence joins

Let no man sunder again!”

Up speaks the Indian Rubber Man,

A wight with a rambling skin,

“They must wedded be lone she by she,

Twin by separate twin!”

Up speaketh the Living Skeleton,

And a moral man is he,

“One by one and each by each—

Aught else were Mormonry!”

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## *Sundered*

---

Up speaks the Man who Eateth Glass,  
A sickly swain and glum,  
"They are two," he saith, "And by my faith  
They must be chosen from!"

"'Od's wounds, and is it so?" saith Tim,  
And biteth of his beard,  
"I yield to a jury of my peers—  
Natheless, I be afeard.

"I am afeard, for I have heard,  
And ta'n the words to heart;  
'Tis ill, when Providence hath joined,  
For man to cut apart!"

Lo, now the eager Surgeon Man,  
Who whetteth his bright knife—  
And smooth and quick the blade doth snick—  
He crieth, "Choose thy wife!"

But, oh, alas! for surgery—  
Alack! for love and Tim!  
Together the twg had loved him true—  
Apart they love not him.

For left-hand twin and right-hand twin  
They spurn him one by one,  
And Mame doth pair with the Glass Eataire,  
And Sue with the Skeleton!

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*Sundered*

---

And Tim, he shaveth off his beard,  
And broken is his heart,  
And he puts on breeks and he leaves the freaks  
As he giveth up his Art.

And he ever moans and he ever sobs,  
And ever he saith, and again,  
“What Providence joineth together as one,  
Let no man sunder in twain!”

# *Votes for Women!*

## ANTI-SUFFRAGIST

**T**UT, tut, my little KATE and NELLIE,  
Don't try to rival MACHIAVELLI!  
This suffrage growth is just—good gra-  
cious!—

A weedy plant boraginaceous;  
MEG, SUE, you never can be Platos:  
Back to your dustpans and potatoes!  
Go spank the kids and wash the dishes;  
Your yearning for the ballot's vicious!  
Pray, beat this fact into your dome, PEG:  
Your hat should hang upon the home peg!

## SUFFRAGIST

Kind sir, my little home aforesaid  
And I have never been divorcèd—  
Full oft I sit there cooking scallion  
Calm as a queen on a medallion,  
Long hours I bide there washing spinach  
Cool as the Meridian of Greenwich;  
My domiciliary mansion  
I view with cardiac expansion,  
My feeling for it is so gentle  
It borders on the sentimental!



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## *Votes for Women!*

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### ANTI

Why, then, thy suffragistic bustings?  
Thy longing for the vulgar hustings?  
Back, FROWARD MINX! retreat thee fleetly,  
Lest Man should lose his goat completely!  
His anger waxes: beat it, NORA!  
For time is passing—*fugit hora*—  
Recant! retreat! another minute  
May hold the very devil in it—  
Abjure the civic hurly-burly,  
DOLL, dear, and be a Docile Girlie!

### SUFF

Male person, Duty, as I scan it,—  
And feeling so, how could I can it?—  
Bids me to sweep and mop this planet!  
I find in cleanliness the male, sir,  
Doth most conspicuously fail, sir;—  
I think I'll give the earth a scrubbing,  
And after that Man gets his tubbing!  
Life is so sick it fairly wheezes  
With its political diseases;  
I'll clean out all the vice and souse work  
And never miss a day at housework;  
For politics, my lubber man, sir,  
Is housework on a larger plan, sir,—  
Canst find a pertinent response, there,  
Within thy scutellated sponce, there?

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## *Votes for Women!*

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### ANTI

You've been misled by mystagogues, PRUE,  
Into strange feministic bogs, PRUE,—  
Sloughs where the firefly and the wampus  
Flit round us while the quicksands swamp us;  
The light you think a moon for bigness  
Is just the well-known Foolish Ignis.  
I still contend that Woman's place is  
Washing children's socks and faces,  
And looking sweet and cooking sago  
And tending to her lord's lumbago,  
SAL, when you shoot at civic matters  
Your little load of birdshot scatters!  
Be home a cottage or a palace,  
You hadn't order leave it, ALICE;  
And if you think you can extend it,  
Old BESS, you'll break or badly bend it!

### SUFF

Your cerebrum and cerebellum,  
Dear Man, are full of slippery ellow!  
You do not argue, you just rave, Man!  
Why can't you see, my worthy Cave Man,  
That Earth's my Home, and I *do* stay there,  
And mean to clear the trash away there?

### ANTI

The stunt you purpose pulling, LIZZIE,  
Has left earth's greatest foiled and dizzy!

---

## *Votes for Women!*

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What you bite off in contemplation  
Exceeds your powers of mastication;—  
The job you've got before you, MATTIE,  
Would make a demigod go batty.  
I speak in ire now rather less, MAYME,  
Than sorrow, MAYME, to you and TESS, MAYME;  
Confronted with your task, XANTHIPPE,  
Old BILL Q. JOVE himself gets dippy!

### SUFF

If man can't do it—mighty man, sir!—  
We'll mother up a race that can, sir!  
And if th' immortals balk and scrimp us  
We'll have a new deal on Olympus!  
Indeed, for all that I or you know,  
BILL JOVE right now,—or pretty soon, O!—  
Is fifty-fiftying with JUNO!

## To a Lost Sweetheart

### I

“**R**AIN falls,” you moaned one time,  
“for rain  
Has little else to do!”

I sit beside a sobbing drain  
To-day and think: How true!

### II

When first into my life you came  
I was so mad and gay!  
Monday, I smiled. I did the same  
(O God!) on Saturday.

### III

Once, hand in hand, we stood beside  
A Pharaoh's mummy case;  
“How dried!” you wept, “How brown and  
dried!”  
And hid your wistful face.

### IV

Since then I seldom greet a corse,  
Historical or new,  
With mockery but I feel remorse,  
As you would have me do.

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*To a Lost Sweetheart*

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V

One March you wailed to me: "*The frost  
Is still deep in the earth!*"  
I pondered this until I lost  
My wilder mood of mirth.

VI

When Whistler's Mother's Picture's frame  
Split, that sad morn, in two,  
Your tense words scorched me like a flame—  
You shrieked, "*Ah, glue! Get glue!*"

VII

O Glue! O God! there was not glue  
Enough in all the feet  
Of all the kine the wide world through  
To hold you to me, Sweet!

VIII

You left me that drab day the wild  
Winds bore the stout man's hat  
Adown the howling street . . . I smiled . . .  
"*How bald!*" moaned you. "*How fat!*"

IX

You wed a man could give you all  
The gloom I had not felt,  
And in his dank ancestral hall  
Hourly in tears you melt.

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*To a Lost Sweetheart*

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X

Sweet, we are severed! But your stamp  
Endures for aye on me—  
“’Tis damp,” I moan, “the river’s damp,”  
And, probably, the sea!”

XI

I oft stand in the snow at dawn,  
Harking the drear church chime,  
Thinking long thoughts, with arctics on,  
And wailing: “Winter time!”

XII

And oft beside this sobbing drain  
I droop and muse on you—  
“*Rain falls,*” you wept, “*because ’tis rain!*”  
How true! (I cry). How true!

XIII

I never laugh as ere you came  
Into my life, nor play.  
Mondays, I sob. I do the same  
(O God!) on Saturday.

## *The Incendiary Sex*

**H**ELEN out of Hellas came,  
Finding home-life slightly slow,  
Towered Troy to set aflame:  
Priam's whiskers to and fro  
Waved and withered in the glow  
Like a bunch of spinach greens;  
Priam murmured, sad and low,  
*"Arson is the sport of Queens!"*

Nero's spouse, the flighty dame,  
Was a fire fanatic, so—  
Knowing *he* would get the blame—  
Touched off Rome and let 'er blow!  
Nero said, *"She loves a show,*  
*Dotes on pyrotechnic scenes,*  
*Sparkles please her, don't you know!*  
*Arson is the sport of Queens."*

Cleopatra loathed a tame  
Tepid time or bashful beau—  
Cats called her a burning shame—  
Kate of Russia's wrath, I trow,

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## *The Incendiary Sex*

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Scorched the circumjacent snow;  
Many a princess in her teens  
Thought a torch was made to throw:  
*Arson is the sport of Queens.*

Modern Woman, should you grow  
Peeved and burn our old machines  
Civic, moral—*let 'em go:*  
*Arson is the sport of Queens!*



## *Grotesques*

### I

**W**AS it fancy, sweet nurse,  
Was it a dream,  
Or did you really  
Take hold of my scalp lock  
When I was half asleep this morning  
And open up a trap door in my skull  
And drop a poached egg in among my brains?  
Was it a dream, sweet nurse,  
Or did you really do that?

### II

Excuse me,  
Said the fellow next to me on the subway,  
But I think you are going too far  
On short acquaintance.  
What do you mean? I asked him.  
You have picked out my left eye and eaten it,  
He told me.  
I beg a thousand pardons! I exclaimed.  
I thought it was a pickled onion!  
Oh, well, he said, it was a natural mistake—  
Don't feel too bad about it.

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## *Grotesques*

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But I do, I replied; it was so stupid of me,  
I regret it frightfully. . . .  
You mustn't, he said, for after all I have  
Another eye.  
But I beg you to believe, I said, that I am not the  
sort of person  
Who would do a thing like that deliberately;  
I was merely absent-minded . . .  
You take it far too seriously, he protested . . .  
But, said I . . .  
He interrupted me angrily—  
You are beginning to bore me with your damned  
tiresome apologies! he said.

### III

I sometimes think that I will  
Quit going to dinner parties . . .  
Why, oh, why did I get the notion last evening  
That Mrs. Simpkins's face was a slot machine  
And that the macaroons were pennies?  
Why, oh, why did I take her by the ears and  
shake her head  
Back and forth when no chewing gum  
Dropped out of her double chin?  
Damn you, Mrs. Simpkins, I said to her,  
Shoving in another macaroon,  
I'll see if you have any postage stamps, then!  
I must, I really must,

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## *Grotesques*

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Quit doing that sort of thing—  
I could see last night that people were beginning  
To wonder if I drink, or anything . . .  
And then Mr. Simpkins told me that if it wasn't  
For embarrassing my wife still further  
He would kick me into the street . . .  
Oh, well, I said, don't you worry about my wife,  
You go and get your own wife fixed  
So she doesn't look like a slot machine  
And we won't have any words . . .  
I can always get the better of people in repartee  
Like that, but somehow I am getting  
Fewer and fewer invitations to dinner parties . . .  
People think I drink, or something.

## *The Determined Suicide*

**J**UST as I raised a pistol to my head  
From somewhere came a voice that said:  
"Don't pull that trigger! Let that weapon  
fall!

Perhaps it is not loaded, after all,  
And think how silly one appears  
Snapping unloaded firearms at one's ears!"  
To be ridiculous I can't abide . . .  
I wept, and flung the gun aside . . .  
For even should each chamber bear its proper  
load

How did I know the cartridge would explode?  
Sometimes they don't explode, and I  
Was firm resolved that I would die;  
The hurrying thought that I might fail  
Through some miscalculation, turned me pale.  
And then there dawned on me the hope  
That I might hang myself . . . but as the rope  
I looped about my neck the still voice cried:  
"Don't take this thoughtless way of suicide!  
Some meddling fool may come and cut you down,  
And then the crass, unsympathetic town  
Will laugh!"  
I'm sensitive; I never could stand chaff;

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## *The Determined Suicide*

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No foolish anti-climax must attend  
This thing . . . my end must be a tragic end!  
I took my razor from the shelf . . .  
The voice said: "Brute, you think of naught but  
self!  
Should you use that your spouse would never  
care,  
Thereafter, of a Sunday morn, to pare  
Her corns with that accustomed and familiar  
blade!"  
I had not thought of that . . . I laid  
The lethal thing away, and sadly went  
Out of the house all choked with manly senti-  
ment . . .  
Ah, Brute, indeed!  
To rob a woman in her hour of need . . .  
How should I kill myself? What certain way  
To creep out of the garish light of day?  
It must be sure; and I began to see  
All swift, traditional ways were barred to me . . .  
This was a further earnest of the hate  
In which myself was held by Fate . . .  
Some sure way it must be; sure way, but  
slow;  
Some gradual way, since Fate had willed it so.  
Why not, through all the bitter years,  
Of disillusion, balked ambition, tears,  
With stern, set face and laboring breath

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*The Determined Suicide*

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Eat . . . eat and eat . . . and eat myself to  
death?

Titanic steak, Gargantuan chop and Brobdig-  
naggian pie,

Each one succeeding each, until I die!

Ah, eighty years are not too much to give

To suicide, when one has sworn: "I will not  
live!"

## *The Pseudo-Wit*

I SANG, some years ago, the Brainstorm  
Slum,  
Peopled of Freak and Fake and Psychic  
Bum;

Later, our friend Hermione appeared  
With her glib platitudes and fancies weird—  
She's found some friends, and two or three that  
hate,

And one or two that strive to imitate—  
And as the weeks go by I do propose  
To add still further sketches unto those.

One tempts me now, a not uncommon type;  
The Pseudo-Wit, with which the time is ripe—  
Quick to pick up the current catch or phrase  
And share applause by citing it with praise,  
Adapting well the whimsey of the hour,  
But slight and thin and lacking vital power;  
Wit's very trick and manner, smack and tone,  
Wit's everything—excepting wit alone!  
Still jealous of the force that can create,  
Yet what's created, stung to imitate;  
If Jones says this, or Smith or Brown says that,  
Subservient quotes, and gives a friendly pat,

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## *The Pseudo-Wit*

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But as he quotes, a something in his tone  
Robs Jones or Brown and makes the quip his  
own—

Still, if the quoted thing should fail to hit,  
'Twas said by Jones or Brown, 'twas not his wit!

Were this sleight all, slight harm were this pre-  
tense,

For slight things' sleightness gives but slight of-  
fense:

The trait that wakes to wonder and to mirth  
Is Pseudo-Wit's attempt to judge the earth;  
To pose as Critic; give, withhold, a crown,  
Or swelling, strive to drag a great name down;  
Or cry out from out his windy emptiness  
That Boggs or Bings has really earned Success,  
Though none has questioned Boggs's, Bings's  
fame

These dozen years; he seeks to tie his name,  
As 'twere a tail unto these rising kites.  
To show us stars his little dip he lights!  
Still stirred by inward envies killing ease  
He lets not envy strike where envy please,  
But though withholden rancors burn and chafe  
He only stings where prudence says 'tis safe;  
Yet anxious most of all to make his own  
A courtier place beside the current throne.



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## *The Pseudo-Wit*

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Not one of these, but scores the town doth show;  
In legions he runs smirking to and fro.  
And many a type I purpose still to sketch—  
If I am sharp, why acid's used to etch.

## *A Scientific Note*

The transplanting of bones in the human body is entirely possible.—*News Story.*

**I** FELL from out an airy-o-plane  
And hit a railway track,  
And lay there thinking while a train  
Ran up and down my back ;  
It shattered me, it battered me,  
It made my hair turn gray,  
It somewhat widely scattered me  
Along the right of way ;  
It lifted me, it sifted me,  
It flung me here and there,  
It rather broadly drifted me ;  
It raveled me, it graveled me,  
It sprayed me through the air—  
In short, the well-known firm of Krupp  
By shooting cannon at a pup  
Would scarcely more have used him up.

The docs inspected parts of me,  
The docs collected parts of me,  
The docs rejected parts of me,  
And those selected parts of me  
They scratched 'em up and patched 'em up—

---

## *A Scientific Note*

---

(Except infected parts of me)—  
And went to work and matched 'em up.

But bones of me and scruff of 'me  
And soft of me and tough of me  
They couldn't find enough of me,  
And so they took much-shredded me,  
Those surgeons, and they wedded me  
Unto the remnants of a zoo,  
And part of me is really me and part of me is  
kangaroo—  
Is elephants and cormorants and dodo birds and  
skinks,  
Is gulls and whales and dolphins' tails and jaguars  
and minks—  
And femurs  
Out of lemurs,  
And eyelids from a lynx—  
And bones and things and ribs and wings from  
simian sort of ginks.

They welded 'em and melded 'em and wished 'em  
into me,  
They lopped at 'em and chopped at 'em and  
swished 'em into me,  
They toiled at them and boiled at them and dished  
'em into me—

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## *A Scientific Note*

---

They fixed me up and mixed me up  
And joined me with a zoo,  
And part of me is really me—  
But some is kangaroo!

And now when I go down the street  
Strange instincts move my leaping feet  
Of kangaroo and cockatoo and bear and parra-  
keet,  
And now, and then I utter cries in strange out-  
landish tones;  
Upon my soul, I can't control my yelps and  
jumps and moans,  
Because the surgeons bungled me,  
Because the surgeons jungled me,  
And left the fires of wild desires a-burning in  
my bones!

For only part of me is me and part is some-  
thing else,  
For some of me is ostriches and some of me  
is smelts,  
And some of me is human hide and some of me  
is pelts!  
And sometimes it's embarrassing,  
Most awful so, and harassing,  
But mostly I endeavor not to take it very sad—  
The only thing that jolts me much,

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*A Scientific Note*

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The only way I get in Dutch,  
The only time my spirits sag,  
Is when I feel compelled to wag  
A score or so of spectral tails I never really had.

## *Frustration*

**T**HE things that I can't have I want  
And what I have seems second-rate,  
The things I want to do I can't  
And what I have to do I hate,  
The things I want at once come late,  
I am not feeling gay nor gleg,  
I'm really in an awful state,  
My life is like a scrambled egg.

If I should order elephant  
They'd put a camel on my plate,  
If I should seek a wealthy aunt  
A poor old uncle'd be my fate,  
If I should say, "You amputate  
My foot, and bring a wooden peg,"  
They'd probably cut off my pate;  
My life is like a scrambled egg.

The things I want most of are scant,  
The girls I really love won't mate,  
The times when rage would make me rant  
My larynx won't articulate;

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## *Frustration*

---

Should I arrange some morn at eight  
To beat my brains out with my leg  
I'd probably forget the date;  
My life is like a scrambled egg.

The simplest matters won't come straight,  
For once I wooed a maid named Meg  
And very nearly married Kate;  
My life is like a scrambled egg.

## *Sad Thoughts*

I'VE never seen a pyramid  
A-standing on its head  
But what I've thought, "Some katydid  
Is underneath it, dead!"

I've never seen a crocodile  
Go sliding down an Alp  
But that I've thought, "Cold lips may smile,  
But it will scar its scalp!"

I've never seen a dinosaur  
A-hanging out the wash  
But that I've thought, "He'd rather, far,  
Be eating Hubbard squash!"

I've never seen an oyster crawl  
Sad-eyed across a stew  
But that I've thought, "If love were all!  
But no, death matters, too!"

I've never seen a subway seat,  
Nor yet a subway strap  
But that I've thought, "If they had feet  
They'd curl them up and nap!"



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## *Sad Thoughts*

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I've never seen a porcupine  
Sink sadly down the west  
But that I've thought, "'Twould rather shine  
Upon some tender breast!"

I've never seen a cantaloupe  
Moan underneath the moon  
But that I've thought, "Its early hope  
Was that 'twould be a prune!"

I've never seen a sea gull cling  
About a bald man's dome  
But that I've thought, "Poor exiled thing—  
It wants its island home!"



## *Reverie*

OF A GENTLEMAN OF SENSIBILITY AT AN ITALIAN  
TABLE D'HÔTE

I

'T WAS in a basement tobble-dote  
I met a sad sardine;  
It was the saddest thing, I trow,  
That I have ever seen,  
With eyes so wan and lusterless  
And frame so worn and lean.

---

## Reverie

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### II

I gazed into its mournful eye,  
Its eye gazed back at me;  
I could not bear to eat a fish  
That looked so mournfully.  
"You, too, have suffered," I remarked,  
And sighed with sympathy.

### III

I am a staid, reflective man,  
Of meditations grave;  
The barber tells me all his griefs  
When I go in to shave—  
I wondered what this fish's life  
Had been beneath the wave.

### IV

Sometimes a very little thing  
Will make my tears to flow—  
"What was your life," I asked the fish,  
"In those damp depths below?"  
He did not answer me; words were  
Too weak to bear his woe.

### V

I am not always understood:  
A dead bird on a hat

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## *Reverie*

---

Moved me, one time, to weep upon  
My hostess' neck—for that,  
Although I only kissed her twice,  
They kicked me from their flat.

### VI

They did not realize I crave  
Affection in my grief—  
My bleeding heart oft yearns for love  
As mustard yearns for beef—  
“Poor fish,” I said, “you lie so mute  
Upon your lettuce leaf!”

### VII

“If you could only speak, perhaps  
The words might ease your pain!”—  
He looked at me as dull as look  
The slag-heaps after rain  
When one goes into Pittsburg town  
Upon a railroad train.

### VIII

“Perhaps from some great vessel's deck,  
In mournful years long syne,  
I've dropped into the moaning deep  
A tear that mixed with thine—  
What was your history before  
We twain met here to dine?”

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## *Reverie*

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### IX

Not one sign did he give to me  
That showed he might have heard;  
He only held me with his gaze,  
He did not speak a word—  
Did he withhold his confidence,  
Or was it but deferred?

### X

In either case, it made me mourn—  
Though I am used to it;  
Too often people stand aloof  
From my more melting fit,  
Too oft they fling and pierce me with  
Their darts of cruel wit!

### XI

I do recall a dream I had  
In which I was full fed,  
And when I woke at dawn I found  
I'd eaten up my bed—  
O, gods! the bitter, witty words  
That my landlady said!

### XII

I do not care to write them down;  
After the lapse of years

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## *Reverie*

---

They still have power to trouble me;  
They burn within my ears  
As the harsh oaths of the Bedouins burn  
Which the sad camel hears.

### XIII

And what so sad as camels are  
When through the desert dawn  
A Pharaoh's mummy they descry  
Lying his bier upon  
With sand in his esophagus  
And his ambition gone?

### XIV

In the Smithsonian Institute  
I knew a mummy mum  
Who stared forever at the roof  
All writhen and all glum,  
As if he had four thousand years  
Of colic in his tum;

### XV

And I would stand as twilight fell  
Beside his carven tomb  
And strive to lighten with my songs  
His long dyspeptic doom,  
While skeletons of dinosaurs  
Drew nearer in the gloom.

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Reverie

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XVI

I never see a dinosaur  
So patient and so mute  
But that a song of pity springs  
Unbidden to my lute—  
He stayed a lizard, but he wished  
To be a bird, poor brute!

XVII

I am so seldom understood!  
Once, as my teardrops fell,

III

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## *Reverie*

---

Upon a little lizard's head  
Hard by a sylvan well  
Coarse villagers came out in force  
And haled me to a cell.

### XVIII

I've never seen a lizard crawl  
Along a rustic fence  
But that I've thought, "Poor helpless thing!  
Some child may pluck you hence,  
Thinking that you are edible—  
They have so little sense!"

### XIX

O little sad sardine, I find  
This grief where'er I go!  
And you have suffered likewise, for  
Your manner tells me so—  
O little sad sardine, I fear  
Our world is full of woe!



## *I Corinthians, vii, 32, 33*

WIFE

**O**H, hark to me, my hubby—we need a  
ton of coal, oh!

HUSBAND

The subject's rather grubby—I'm thinking of my  
soul, oh!

WIFE

I prithee, lamp the larder; its contents still are  
shrinking—

Please work a little harder and can the Serious  
Thinking!

HUSBAND

Ere yet I knew the halter, I was so philosophic!  
You led me to the altar, and now my brain's  
atrophic!

On matters Feministic I argued like a winner,  
For Soulful things and Mystic I'd go without my  
dinner!

I knew about Vibrations as much as any Yogi—  
Your only thought is rations, your intellect is  
logy!

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*1 Corinthians vii, 32, 33*

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WIFE

It's sad to make you weary demanding food and  
raiment—

But psychic jobs, my dearie, are rather shy on  
payment!

HUSBAND

Your sole preoccupation is with such worldly  
matters!

For you the whole creation is grocers, clothiers,  
hatters!

Whenas I seek the Silence to meditate a sonnet  
You drag me out with Vi'lence and beg me for a  
bonnet,

You have an awful habit of eating steak and  
shellfish,

You see a meal and grab it—Oh, woman, you are  
selfish!

WIFE

I wish I had preëmpted a man with some am-  
bition!

HUSBAND

When to wed you're tempted, reflect—and go  
a-fishin'!

## *Boob Ballad*

Underworld Gets His Money.—*Headline.*

V ICE parts the yokel from his wad,  
The wastrel from his soul—  
When Reuben went to Babylon  
They always got his roll.

It's been the same since time began;  
The careless person's feet  
Are sure to lead him into towns  
That aren't fit to eat.

When Jason from the rowdy West  
Came back to buy in Greece  
They put some gum-drops in his booze  
And pinched the Golden Fleece.

Crooks had a trick in Egypt's prime,  
When none sat on the lid,  
Of selling phony chances on  
King Khufu's pyramid.

One boob may die, but deathless is  
The royal race of hicks—  
When Ahab went to Ascalon  
They sold him gilded bricks.

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## *Boob Ballad*

---

When Solomon was king he tried  
To run a decent town,  
But Proverbs shows the System threw  
His good intentions down.

The old Falernian that they poured  
On Circus Days in Rome  
Shook fillings from the neat-herd's teeth—  
And then they shipped him home.

In spite of all you say or sing  
No boob will take the hint,  
But scatters all his wealth in dives  
That aren't fit to print.

Giles still aspires to beat the game,  
Still thinks his failures odd—  
When Hezekiah went to Gath  
They always got his wad.

## Proverbs v, 5

**O** BOOB! heed Solomon!  
Gazink, yon fair gazelle,  
Yon Stranger Woman, shun:  
*Her steps take hold on hell;*  
Also, my Hick, to tell  
The truth of Astoreth,  
She costs a lot, and . . . well  
*Her feet go down to death.*

From Fall Guys, one by one,  
She strips their Wampum Shell,  
Don't tango with her, son:  
*Her steps take hold on hell.*  
Simp, flee from her and yell  
Until you're out of breath!  
Rube, dodge her naughty spell!  
*Her feet go down to death.*

Giles, if she tags you, run!  
Some pal of hers will quell  
You, Jared, with a gun!  
*Her steps take hold on hell.*

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*Proverbs v, 5*

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Silas, you think her swell?  
Beware! (a proverb saith)  
Peleg, her clutch is fell!  
*Her feet go down to death.*

She isn't nice, old fel!  
Although she glittereth  
*Her steps take hold on hell,*  
*Her feet go down to death.*

## *A Plan*

**Y**OUTH is the season of revolt ; at twenty-  
five

We curse the reigning politicians,  
Wondering that any man alive  
Stands for such damnable conditions.  
Whatever is, to us, is wrong,  
In economics, life, religion, art ;  
The crowned old laureates of song  
Are pikers, and accepted sages  
Appear devoid of intellect and heart ;  
Continually the ego in us rages ;  
Our sense of universal, rank injustice  
Swells till it's like to bust us ;  
We love to see ourselves as outcast goats  
Browsing at basement tobbledotes,  
The while we forge the mordant bolt  
That is to give society its jolt ;  
And any man who wears two eyes upon his face  
Contentedly and unashamed,  
And glories in the pose  
And makes a virtue of his having just one nose,  
We curse as dull, conventional and tamed  
And commonplace.

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## *A Plan*

---

Thirty finds us a trifle sobered, with a doubt  
Whether we'll turn the cosmos inside out,  
Reform the earth, regild the moon  
And make the Pleiads sing a modern tune;  
Some of the classics are not bores, we think,  
And barbers have their uses;  
We grow more choice in what we eat and drink,  
Less angry at abuses;  
We work a little harder, want more pay,  
Grab on to better jobs,  
And learn to make excuses  
For certain individuals erstwhile condemned as  
snobs;  
We do not worry nine hours every day  
Because the world in its traditional, crool way  
Continues to roll calmly on and crush  
The worthier myriads into bloody mush;  
And yet, at thirty, on the whole,  
If analyzed we still would show a trace of soul.  
At forty—well, you know:  
Chins, bank accounts and stomachs start to  
grow;  
The world's still wrong in spite of all we've  
tried  
To do for it, and we're no longer broken-  
hearted—  
We sit on it and ride,  
We're willing, now, to let the darned thing slide



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## *A Plan*

---

Along in just about the way it started.  
Of course, we're anxious for reforms,  
And all that sort of stuff,  
Unless they cause too many economic storms—  
But really, on the whole, it's well enough:  
We hold by standards, rules and norms.  
But when I'm eighty I intend  
To turn a fool again for twenty years or so;  
Go back to being twenty-five,  
Drop caution and conventions, join some little  
    group  
Fantastically rebel and alive,  
And revolute, from soup  
To nuts; I'll reimburse myself  
For all the freak stuff that I've had to keep  
    upon the shelf;  
Indulge my crotchets, be the friend of man,  
And pull the thoughts I've always had to can—  
I'm looking forward to a rough, rebellious, un-  
    respectable old age,  
Kicking the world uphill  
With laughter shrill  
And squeals of high-pitched, throaty rage.



## *Speaking of Debacles*

**W**HAT'S become of Nimrod, of,  
Nimrod, of Nimrod?  
He was a great commander!  
But now he is so very dead, very dead, very  
dead,  
That if you scratched his blooming head  
You couldn't raise the dander! the dander! the  
dander!  
You couldn't raise the dander!

*What became of Nineveh?  
In the flames it crackled!*

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## *Speaking of Debacles*

---

*And I've heard that Babylon  
Is also some debacled!*

What became of Philip, of Philip, of Philip,  
The Macedonian smasher?  
He tried to bring the bacon home, the bacon  
home, the bacon home,  
But now there's fungus in his dome,  
He isn't worth a rasher! a rasher! a rasher!  
He isn't worth a rasher!

*Take it from your little friend,  
The gink that wills to conquer  
Seldom makes it permanent—  
Hey, my giddy junker?*

What's become of Khufu, of Khufu, of Khufu?  
He swelled up like the rickets!  
But now in his sarcophagus, cophagus, cophagus,  
With sand in his esophagus,  
He lies with fleas and crickets! and crickets! and  
crickets!  
He lies with fleas and crickets!

*Take it from your gentle friend,  
The kink that's too extensive,  
Debacles with an awful thud  
And finds the game expensive!*

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## *Speaking of Debacles*

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What became of Cæsar, of Cæsar, of Cæsar,  
Of him and all his Latin?  
Brutus pinked him through the chine, through  
the chine, through the chine,  
And rolled him down the Palatine,  
And Cassius kicked a slat in! a slat in! a slat in!  
And Cassius kicked a slat in!

*Take it out of History:  
Don't be an imperator!  
You'll maybe set a pace that's hot,  
But Fate will make you hotter!*

What's become of Wilhelm, of Wilhelm, of  
Wilhelm,  
His battles and his pow-wows?  
He also has debacled some, debacled some, de-  
bacled some,  
At present, he is on the bum  
And soon he'll meet the bow-wows! the bow-  
wows! the bow-wows!  
And soon he'll meet the bow-wows!

*I hope he lives a thousand years,  
With un-imperial duties,  
I hope he lives a thousand years  
And spends 'em picking cooties!*

## *The Good Old Days*

“**Y**OU are, quite frequently, too high-brow,”

Advised one of our Candid Friends.  
We twitched a supercilious eyebrow  
And murmured, “That depends.”

“Sometimes,” he said, “I cannot get you . . .  
I’m merely being frank, old man.”

“Don’t grieve,” said we, “or let that fret you—  
We’re worried when you can.”

However, he induced reflection . . .  
If we are highbrow, we are so  
Through affectation and selection—  
Our *natural* tastes are Low.

Ah, how we’d love to earn our wages  
By franker jests and less refined!  
The license of primeval ages  
Would suit our childish mind.

We mourn the free old days and merry  
When cave-men jesters scored their hits  
With stone clubs on their rivals hairy . . .  
The give and take of wits . . .

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## *The Good Old Days*

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Men laughed until they had a spasm  
While crippling uncles old and frail,  
Or dangling down some frightful chasm  
A grand-dad by his tail.

They loved a baldhead; they'd tattoo him;  
They loved to give a friend a squint,  
Or stalk a stranger and undo him  
With axes made of flint.

Ah, how the hills would ring with laughter  
Should some enfeebled reverend sire,  
Dreaming, his ample dinner after,  
But fall into the fire!

Alas! the good old days have vanished;  
The fun to-day is thin and weak,  
The hearty, simple jest is banished . . .  
Our thoughts we dare not speak. . . .

And so we raise superior eyebrows,  
And scorn the lovely slapstick stuff;  
And so we pander to the highbrows—  
We hate it, but we bluff.

## *The Universe and the Philosopher*

**T**HE Universe and the Philosopher sat and looked at each other satirically. . . .

“You know so many things about me that aren’t true!” said the Universe to the Philosopher.

“There are so many things about you that you seem to be unconscious of,” said the Philosopher to the Universe.

\* \* \*

“I contain a number of things that I am trying to forget,” said the Universe.

“Such as what?” asked the Philosopher.

“Such as Philosophers,” said the Universe.

“You are wrong,” said the Philosopher to the Universe, “for it is only by working up the most important part of yourself into the form of Philosophers that you get a product capable of understanding you at all.”

“Suppose,” said the Universe, “that I don’t care

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## *Universe and Philosopher*

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about being understood. Suppose that I care more about being?"

"You are wrong again, then," said the Philosopher. "For being that is not conscious being can scarcely be called being at all."

\* \* \*

"You Philosophers always were able to get the better of me in argument," smiled the Universe, "and I think that is one thing that is the matter with you."

"If you object to our intellects," said the Philosopher, "we can only reply that we got them, as well as everything else, from you."

"That should make you more humble," said the Universe. "If I quit letting you have intellect, where would you be then?"

"Where would *you* be," asked the Philosopher, "if you quit letting me have intellect? If I quit thinking you out as you are, and must be, you would cease to exist as you are; for I am a part of you; and if I were to change, your total effect would be changed also." . . . Then the Philosopher reflected a long moment, and, warming to his work, put over this one: "The greater part of you, for all I know, exists in my brain anyhow ;



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## *Universe and Philosopher*

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and if I should cease to think of that part, that part would cease to be.”

\* \* \*

“You make me feel so helpless, somehow!” complained the Universe, hypocritically. “I beg your pardon for asking you to be humble a moment ago. . . . I see now, very plainly, that it is I who should be more humble in your presence.”

“I am glad,” said the Philosopher, “that we have been able to arrive at something like an understanding.”

“Understanding!” echoed the Universe. “It’s *so* important, isn’t it?” . . . And then: “Come! We have argued enough for one day! There is something terribly fatiguing to me about Profound Thought. Can’t we just lie down in the shade the rest of the afternoon and watch the wheels go round?”

“Watch the wheels go round?” puzzled the Philosopher.

“Uh-huh! . . . the planets and solar systems, and stuff like that. The nicest thing in life, as I have lived it, is just to lie about and drowse and watch the wheels go round. . . . I made nearly everything spherical in the beginning so it would roll when I kicked it. I’d rather play than think.”

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## *Universe and Philosopher*

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"You are a Low Brow!" said the Philosopher.

"Uh-huh," said the Universe. "At times. . . I suppose that's the reason some of the children neglect the old parent these days."

\* \* \*

And then, after a nap, during which the Philosopher contemplated the Universe with a tinge of superiority, the Universe rumbled sleepily: "*I* know what I am going to do with this Intellect Stuff. I'm going to take it away from you Philosophers and give it to fish or trees or something of that sort!"

"How frightfully grotesque!" said the Philosopher, turning pale.

"Or to giraffes," continued the Universe. "Giraffes are naturally dignified. And they aren't meddlesome. I'd like to see a whole thousand of giraffes walking along in a row, with their heads in the air, thinking, thinking, thinking . . . with tail coats and horn-rimmed goggles."

\* \* \*

"You are absurd!" cried the Philosopher.

"Uh-huh," said the Universe. And reaching over, the Universe picked up the Philosopher, not ungently, by the scruff of the neck, tossed him into the air, caught him tenderly

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## *Universe and Philosopher*

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as he came down, spun him around, and set him right side up on the ground.

“You,” said the Universe, grinning at the breathless Philosopher pleasantly, “are sort of funny yourself, sometimes!”

## *Taking the Longer View*

**H**OW easy for our Human Race  
To hit the quick chute to Avernus!  
How surely the febrific pace  
Will blister us somewhere and burn us!

How dentally beside the gate,  
O dainty gents and toothsome ladies!  
Astoundingly tri-cephalate,  
Waits Cerberus, the mutt of Hades!

As sure as eggs are eggs . . . and eggs  
Should all be eggs at current prices . . .  
Mankind is at the poisoned dregs,  
Mad are its virtues, mad its vices . . .

At least, some say so, citing you  
The latest Bolshevistic kick-ups . . .  
A writhen cosmos torn in two  
With colics, snorts and seismic hiccoughs . . .

And Debt, Demnition, Strikes, Unrest,  
Amongst white races, blacks, gamboges,  
Anarchs (and archies) East and West,  
And Law and Order dead as Doges;

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## *Taking the Longer View*

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Till one could almost breathe the wish  
He were remote as Cheops' mummy,  
With sad face like a salted fish  
And silicon inside his tummy.

I wipe my eye upon my sleeve,  
I brush my nose with my bandanna,  
I choke and think I'll have to leave  
This boob world flat and seek Nirvana;

But after tears have well achieved  
Their kindly office of purgation  
My gloomy spirit feels relieved  
And settles down to save the nation;

The drab hunch shows a pinker hue—  
The dark Vamp thought turns Blond-Com-  
plected—

And I remark: "I always knew  
This stuff was but to be expected!

"This species only yesterday  
Was gouging eyes out, hunting witches,  
Jeering Elijahs on their way  
And boiling martyrs in their britches;

"How often when they find a sage  
As sweet as Socrates or Plato  
They hand him hemlock for his wage,  
Or bake him like a sweet potato!

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## *Taking the Longer View*

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“Wait for five million years or so  
And Man may slough his ancient habit,  
Become as sober as the Crow,  
Perchance, and gentle as the Rabbit.”

I pin my faith (as you remark)  
To Evolution . . . who can doubt it? . . .  
Hermione has said it—hark:  
“What *would* the Species be without it!”

So let's have patience and abide,  
Be calm and gamble in these futures,  
For time will show more sense inside  
The human occiput and sutures;

A million years I'd sit right here  
And watch and help with meditation—  
Provided they'd not take my beer,  
Nor vote my pipe abomination.

For when one's waiting, it seems best,  
Whether the end's remote or sooner,  
To puff the blue smoke East and West  
And lift, from time to time, a schooner.

## Grief

**A**LL glum and gray day follows day;  
Friday, Saturday, Sunday . . .  
I long ago forbore to seek  
For variations in the week . . .  
Each Tuesday tags its Monday!

*Perched here, atop gloom's precipice,  
With neither wings nor ladder,  
I meditate such grief as this,  
And hourly I grow sadder.*

Consider feet: their rhythmic beat  
Is due to alternation;  
Left, *right*; left, *right*, all over town,  
When one goes up its mate comes down  
In sad reiteration.

*These facts of feet I long have known,  
But still their pathos lingers;  
I moan; I utter moan on moan,  
And count them on my fingers.*

Come thou with me, and thou shalt see,  
While breaking hearts beat louder,

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## Grief

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How laden spoons can rise and float  
From sad tureen to throbbing throat  
Where men sit eating chowder.

*I doubt it, yet . . . things might be worse!  
Suppose my cerebellum  
Had thoughts in it, instead of verse,  
Or prunes, or slippery ellum!*

Suppose . . . suppose . . . of all my woes  
The worst come through supposin'!  
Suppose yon polar glacier slid  
And fell upon some katydid  
And left his tootsies frozen!

*Let brutal natures smirk and wheeze  
And cynic souls wax scornful,  
I meditate on things like these  
And daily grow more mournful.*



# *Yes, Song is Coming Into Its Own Again*

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, READ THE REVIEWS AND  
ANTHOLOGIES, AND EVEN ASK THE  
POETS THEMSELVES

**T**HERE'S a grand poetical "boom," they  
say.

*(Climb on it, chime on it, brothers of  
mine!)*

'Twixt the dawn and the dusk of each lyrical day  
There's another School started, and all of 'em  
pay.

*(A dollar a line!*

*Think of it, Ferdy, a dollar a line!)*

I hear it's a regular Rennysong!

*(Chestily, yestily, brothers of mine.)*

If you have a soul, Clarence, you surely belong,  
For the Spirit is going uncommonly strong.

*(A dollar a line,*

*The Uplifting stuff brings a dollar a line!)*

Was you ever a murderer, Pete, in your youth?

*(Brutally, shootily, brothers of mine!)*

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## *Coming Into Its Own Again*

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Give 'em the song how you done for that Sleuth—  
You cuss and be Human, and tell 'em Gawd's  
trewth!

*(A dollar a line,  
Booze, Beauty and Blood for a dollar a line.)*

Perhaps you're a shark with the "nuances," kid?  
*(Go lightly, go sleightly, brothers of mine!)*  
Tones, colors, gradations, and Didn'ts that Did,  
And Wasn'ts that Would-have-been if they had  
slid?

*(A dollar a line,  
The vaguer the better, a dollar a line!)*

Or perchance you aspire to the "free" verse and  
"new"?

*(Sloppily, choppily, brothers of mine.)*

Write commonplace stanzas, but when you get  
through

Go mad with the weather and bite 'em in two.

*(A dollar a line!  
Sell what you don't eat for a dollar a line!)*

But whatever you write, be sure you're Sincere.

*(Carefully, prayerfully, brothers of mine!)*

If you're chanting of Penitence, Passion or Beer,  
It's that deep Earnest note that catches the ear.

*(A dollar a line,  
You oughta be Mor'l for a dollar a line.)*

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## *Coming Into Its Own Again*

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Be serious, Fothergil! Lecture and read.

*(Attitudes! Platitudes! brothers of mine.)*

Charge a hundred iron men to be It at a Feed  
Where you solemnly tell what these Sordid Times  
need.

*(A dollar a line!*

*And grab the by-products! A dollar a line!)*

Does Fame lag a bit? Is the Public a Dub?

*(Then cannily, plannily, brothers of mine!)*

Join a mutual, root-for-all Verse-Boosting Club—  
They'll soon woo the butterfly out of the grub!

*(A dollar a line!*

*Press-agent each other! A dollar a line!)*

Ah, the great day of Song is revived—is reborn!

*(Blink at me—wink at me—brothers of mine.)*

Yes, the Era's arrived! It got here this morn.

But the Car that it came in is hid by the Horn!

*(A dollar a line,*

*Toot! toot! we're immortal! A dollar a line!)*

## *The Genius of the Vague*

**S**HE came at twilight yestere'en,  
With eyes profound and sad,  
And murmured, "You must choose be-  
tween  
The Shadow and the Shad!"

"What mean you, cryptic visitor,  
Who come to me uncalled?"  
She answered, "Ned and Isidor  
And Thomas, too, are bald!"

"I know they are," I said, "but why  
Should that so sadden you?"  
She wiped a wan and wistful eye  
And smelled a sprig of rue.

"Oh, sounds," she said, "oh, sounds and scents!  
And, oh! forgotten years!"—  
Beneath her shrouding filaments  
She shed, I think, some tears.

"But what are you," I asked of her,  
"Who waver through the gloom  
As cheerful as a sepulcher,  
As genial as a tomb?"

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## *The Genius of the Vague*

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“I am,” she said, “the friend of Potes;  
And sometimes I’m the plague  
Who gets their gay, Parnassian goats:  
The Genius of the Vague!

“*Vers libre*, or straight old-fashioned rime,  
Ode, sonnet, song, ballade,  
I’ve saved from failure many a time  
With nonsense quaint and odd;

“When feeling fails, or thought or trope,  
When meaning peaks and pines,  
Do not, therefore, abandon hope,  
But pull some mystic lines—

“Oh, seas and shores,” she said, “and dreams,  
Echo and Afterwhile!  
And souls and sorrows, gulls and gleams!”—  
She smiled a pensive smile—

“Oh, you must choose between,” she said,  
“The Filbert and the Fly!”—  
I looked, and she had vanishèd;  
She left behind a Sigh.

## *Vorticism*

**A** CUBIST and a Futurist were walking  
out one day  
And came upon an Imagist engaged in  
frying hay;—

“You think it’s grass?” said he. “Ah, that’s the  
way with Art!  
Sometimes it’s made of leather, but it’s always  
Apple Tart!

“Centripetal emotion, delicately swirled,  
Spins nothing round on nothing, like an axis and  
a world!”

“So that’s your little secret?” the Futurist re-  
plied,  
But the Cubist only murmured, and the Cubist  
only sighed,  
A-counting of his fingers, the Cubist only sighed.

“Subliminal abstractions,” the Imagist explained,  
“Are apt to run around in rings—unless they’re  
trained!

“A psychopathic maelstrom may hurt your cere-  
brum,  
But remember in the middle there’s but a vacuum!

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## *Vorticism*

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“When esoteric cyclones whirl along your brain  
There’s nothing at the vortex except a sense of  
pain!”

“So that’s your little secret?” the Futurist re-  
marked  
But the Cubist only squiffled, and the Cubist only  
barked,  
A-chasing of his shadow, the Cubist only barked.

Said the Imagist, “When tempests go whirling  
round and round  
There’s nothing in the teapot excepting Ezra  
Pound.

“The less there is of nothing, the more it gains  
in speed,  
And starting on that basis, I’ve founded me a  
creed;—

“I call it Vorticism, but the name is just a pin  
To serve it for an axis when the words begin  
to spin.”

“So that’s your little secret?—I call it rather  
neat!”  
But the Cubist only muttered, a-wondering at his  
feet,  
A-sitting by the haystack, a-counting of his feet.

## *Ballade of Goddamned Phrases*

“. . . I wrote cables of which I may at least say they are descriptive as far as official phraseology will permit, and they are turned by some miserable people somewhere into horrible bureaucratic clichés or dead languages, i.e., ‘We have made an appreciable advance,’ ‘The situation remains unchanged,’ and similar goddamned phrases.”—*Gen. Ian Hamilton.*

WHAT a high official has told  
I am not permitted to state,  
His name I am forced to withhold,

But his views have a certain weight,  
And I think, at no distant date,  
We may look for some novel phases,  
For he spoke of “*Ironical Fate,*”  
And similar goddamned phrases.

What glitters may not be gold,  
So caution’s a canny trait—  
As Solomon said of old.  
Prophecy, sad to relate,  
May even betray the great,  
So my friend remarks, “*No praises  
Till the facts eventuate!*”  
And similar goddamned phrases.



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## *Goddamned Phrases*

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But at least I may make so bold  
As to hint that I have it straight  
That developments may unfold  
At an unprecedented rate,  
And my friend, I may intimate,  
Has a grasp of the thing that amazes,  
For he says, "*It is on the slate!*"  
And similar goddamned phrases.

### ENVOY

General, let us not hate!  
For we're most of us guilty as blazes . . .  
With *cliché* you are stiff as a gate,—  
And similar goddamned phrases.

## *The Battle of the Blurbs*

**T**HE Blurb on the Poems of Dana Burnet \*  
Was a golden Blurb, and fine—  
And I wanted the Blurb on the Burnet  
book,  
And he wanted the Blurb on mine! †

“I will get that Blurb of yourn,” says he,  
“In spite of fire and flood!”  
And he laughed in his brutal, brackish way  
As he swigged a dipper of blood.

I spat on the floor, and I drummed on my teeth  
With the knob of a bull’s thigh bone,  
And I swore by the red-hot crown that hangs  
By the side of Hell’s high throne,—

I swore, “I will have that Blurb of yourn  
Though I wade waist-deep in gore!”  
And he in turn bared his bitter teeth  
And spat upon the floor.

\* Poems. By Dana Burnet. Harper and Brothers.

† Dreams and Dust. By Don Marquis. Harper and Brothers.

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## *The Battle of the Blurbs*

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The thunders cowered all mute with dread  
And the frightened seas were whist  
As each one swung on a mammoth's skull  
And crushed it with his fist.

"We are pote to pote and ship to ship,"  
Says I, "and steel to steel!"  
"We are," says he, "and I'll grind your heart  
Beneath my hobnailed heel!"

O dread it is when the crocodiles  
Roar murder through the night,  
But it's dreader far when the bullnecked bards  
Go bellowing forth to fight!

O dread it is when the long-horn whales  
Rage through the reddened deep,  
But when bards war not even the gods  
Can get their proper sleep!

The ramparts flickered with running flame  
And the blood steamed underneath  
As muzzle to muzzle the two ships swung  
And fought with claws and teeth.

The yellow moon turned white with fear,  
The sun forgot to set,  
As out of the rocky gorge there rolled  
A river of blood and sweat.

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## *The Battle of the Blurbs*

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And his claymore severed my jugular,  
And mine cut through his heart,  
And I think that both of us felt chagrined  
As, dying, we fell apart.

And he said with a groan as his spirit passed  
Through the rent my wrath had made,  
“You wanted my Blurb, I wanted yourn—  
Why didn’t we think to trade?”

“That’s so,” I said, as I weltered and died  
Upon the office floor,  
“We might have swapped ’em— I wish that  
scheme  
Had occurred to us before!”

For a monument, over the place we fell,  
The Blurbs rise, side by side,  
And the publishers maunder above our tombs  
And wonder why we died.



## *The Jokesmith's Vacation*

**W**HAT did I do on my blooming vacation?  
I solemnly ate, and I frequently slept;  
But I chiefly live over in fond contemplation  
The days that I wept. For I wept and I wept.

One making his living by humorous sallies  
Finds the right to be mournful a blessed relief—  
And hour after hour in the byways and alleys  
I sobbed out my soul in a passion of grief.

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## *The Jokesmith's Vacation*

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I'm really not humorous. (Cue to be scornful,  
Dear reader, and murmur, "We know that you  
ain't!")

And gee! what a treat to be human and mourn-  
ful,

As glum as a gumboil, as sad as a saint!

Any one can weep tears when he suffers abrasion  
Of feelings or fingers or bunions or breek,  
But it hustles you some to find proper occasion  
When you have a year's weeping to do in two  
weeks!

Counting one evening my toes and my fingers  
I found them unchanged with the passing of  
years,

And I muttered, "How sad that the same number  
lingers!"

And crept to my cot in a tempest of tears.

When I noted at morn that the sun was still  
rising

To the eastward of things instead of the west  
Its pathos so smote me 'tis scarcely surprising  
I tore at my tresses and beat on my breast.

I went to Niagara. Leaping and throbbing  
The waterfall fell, as per many an ad.

But over its roar rose the sound of my sobbing—  
The water was moister, but I was more sad!

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## *The Jokesmith's Vacation*

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What did I do on my blooming vacation?

Quite often I ate and I frequently slept,

But mostly I sobbed—I think with elation

How I wept and I wept and I wept and I wept!

## *Suggestions for a Movie Fillum*

**A** SHIP comes galloping over the sea  
(*Boots, brutes and a keg of powder!*)  
And none but Our Hero is riding she!  
(*Blood, mud and the Barbary Coast!*)

He is spurring her hard, he is riding her fast  
And her bloody flanks are raw to the blast  
From her martingale to her mizzen mast.  
(*Rum, gum and a parlor snake!*)

From a sunset ocean crimson and green  
(*Knives, chives and a bucket of beer!*)  
Rises a raging submarine;  
(*Gawd, Claude, there's trouble ahead!*)  
And a German spy at the periscope  
Is spraying the ocean with poison dope;  
Our Hero loosens his lariat rope . . .  
(*Huns, guns and a platter of tripe!*)

A glance to the East, a glance to the West,  
(*Heave, Steve, and port your hellum!*)  
And Our Heroine, very expensively dressed  
(*Yes, Tess, I'll say you're a pippin!*)  
In an airyoplane falls from above  
And Our Hero sees her and falls in love . . .  
She sinks and moans like a wounded dove.  
(*Steady, Eddie, and bean that walrus!*)



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## *Suggestions for a Movie Fillum*

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With his great shark teeth all yellow and bare

*(Swim, Jim, for the cops are coming!)*

The submarine leaps for to gnash her there!

*(Quick, Dick, the ice is breaking!)*

His mor'ls are so bad they couldn't be worse

And he fetches a gnash and he fetches a curse,

For he thinks that she is a Red Cross nurse!

*(Roister, oyster! you have no cares!)*

Our Hero has known the best and the worst

*(Bones, groans, and the Spanish Main!)*

He has been extensively Red-Cross-Nursed

*(Back, Jack! Unhand her, villain!)*

And his manly heart swells in his breast;

But his noble ship has galloped her best

And she stumbles and sinks, she is sore dis-  
tressed!

*(Hush, Tush! and a sob from the 'cello!)*

He leaps from his saddle without demur

*(Hike, Ike, or they'll get your number!)*

And he strips from his boot the gilded spur

*(Swipes! Cripes! but I'm getting thirsty!)*

With his good sword held in his chiseled lips!

Through a sea that is death to him that trips,

He swims with the speed of a hundred ships—

*(Hop, Pop! Here with the seltzer!)*

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## *Suggestions for a Movie Fillum*

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The struggle churns the seas to yeast,  
    (*Shake, quake, for the world is splitting!*)  
But at last he has roped and tied the beast  
    (*Rest, breast! and cease your panting!*)  
And he mounts the Hun and he gallops again  
Through the midst of a trivial hurricane  
With Our Heroine perched on his bridle rein—  
    (*Hell's bells! what a slothful bar-keep!*)

## *Ballad of the Author of Dora Thorne*

In the choice of these (names) the real Clay (Charlotte M. Braeme) never erred. Not for her the cheap Montmorencys of cheaper fiction, but—for example—Randolph Lord Ryvvers of Ryvverswell, Hubert Forest-Hay, Lord Earle of Earlescourt, Lionel Dacre, etc., etc.—EDNA KENTON in *The Trend*.

**E** LODIE LYNTON shall never more mark  
Lord Ronald Caerleon career o'er the  
plain;

The casements of Walraven Abbey are dark—

And where is the Bride of Sir Devereux Dane?

Duchess of Rosedene, hauteur was in vain!

Time has cried crooly, "Out into the Night!"

All the scarlet verbenas "turn pallid with  
pain!"

You "passed like a beautiful bird in its flight!"

Vyvyan Dacre, I swear to you—hark!—

You never shall marry Diana Dumaine!

She and Guinevere Earle, with her "song of a  
lark"

Are "golden buds lying where Fate reaped the  
grain"—

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*Ballad of the Author*

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The "crème de la crème" (I regret it) are  
slain—

Time has cried crooly, "Out into the Night!"

With "deep, bitter sobs" I swoon in "Life's  
fane"!

You "passed like a beautiful bird in its flight!"

Sir Basil Inverry of Inverry Park,

Lady Glenarvon and Ryvverswell Frayne,

Miniver Danefield, Lord Lancelot Arc,

Valentine Charteris, Cyril Lorrayne,

Rosalind Fernley of Rosemary Lane,

Time has cried crooly, "Out into the Night!"

You shall "darken our doors," ah, never  
again!

You "passed like a beautiful bird in its flight."

Lady Craigcastle and Lord Athelstane,

Time has cried crooly, "Out into the Night!"

Boggses and Jugginses now are our bane—

You "passed like a beautiful bird in its flight."

## *Strong Stuff*

**T**HE Editors sit in a circle,  
Planning their magazine;  
Burly and beetle-browed,  
With dirks at their brawny thighs;  
And each, as he dips a skull  
Deep in a tub of blood,  
And drinks with a toss of his battered head,  
Bellows the toast:

“Strong Stuff!”

Hirelings that cower and cringe  
Bear to them platters  
Heaped high with the bones of bulls—  
Thigh of mastodon,  
Shoulder of mammoth and rib of the Asian  
elephant—  
And they growl and crack the bones with their  
teeth,  
And they roar till the rafters ring,  
Bellowing all together:

“Strong Stuff!”

A poet who sits in the ante-room  
With a song of a violet hugged to his heart

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## *Strong Stuff*

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Hears, and the sweat of dread  
Bursts through his pallid skin,  
And the ink of his poem starts  
And runs in a purple tear—  
And he hears, as he hits the stairway,  
Bound for the friendly street,  
The voices of Editors howling:  
    “Strong Stuff!”

The Editors sit in a circle,  
Hairy of throat and chest,  
With cauliflower ears and red-rimmed eyes,  
And they gnash their teeth till the sparks  
Fly out of their mouths and noses;  
And one of the youngest rises  
And leaps in the air  
And bites himself on his own iron brow—  
Jumps up and sinks his teeth  
Deep in his sinister forehead—  
And the others, applauding,  
Bang on the table with bones of bulls,  
And shout in their gusty mirth:  
    “Strong Stuff!”







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## Popular Appleton Fiction

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### THE GREEN BOUGH

*By E. Temple Thurston*

*Author of "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," etc.*

A powerful story of a great passion and of a woman who was not afraid of life. Much interest has been aroused by this portrayal of a woman's struggle for romance.

### THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

*By Edith Wharton*

*Author of "The House of Mirth," "The Reef," etc.*

The novel about New York society that won the \$1,000 Pulitzer Prize as the novel of the year best representing "the highest standard of American manners and manhood."

### MISS LULU BETT

*By Zona Gale*

Shows American life as it is. In a household typical of every town in the country, Miss Lulu Bett, "the unmarried sister" was the drudge. Read "Miss Lulu Bett" as a novel or in its play form (winner of the \$1,000 Pulitzer Prize as the best American play of the year).

### CARTER And Other People

*By Don Marquis*

*Author of "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith," "Hermione," "Prefaces," etc.*

Short stories about subjects ranging from the tragedy of race to the comedy of a hero who did not know he was one, each presenting a vivid slice of life.

### LOW CEILINGS

*By W. Douglas Newton*

*Author of "Green Ladies," etc.*

A young fellow tries to make the most of himself, but is tied down by the suburban narrowness of his environment. An interesting plot shows two women as representing the best and worst that is in him.

*These Are Appleton Books*

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## *Novels for Cheerful Entertainment*

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### **GALUSHA THE MAGNIFICENT**

*By Joseph C. Lincoln*

*Author of "Shavings," "The Portygee," etc.*

The whole family will laugh over this deliciously humorous novel, that pictures the sunny side of small-town life, and contains love-making, a dash of mystery, an epidemic of spook-chasing—and laughable, lovable Galusha.

### **THESE YOUNG REBELS**

*By Frances R. Sterrett*

*Author of "Nancy Goes to Town," "Up the Road with Sally," etc.*

A sprightly novel that hits off to perfection the present antagonism between the rebellious younger generation and their disapproving elders.

### **PLAY THE GAME**

*By Ruth Comfort Mitchell*

A happy story about American young people. The appealing qualities of a brave young girl stand out in the strife between two young fellows, the one by fair the other by foul means, to win her.

### **IN BLESSED CYRUS**

*By Laura E. Richards*

*Author of "A Daughter of Jehu," etc.*

The quaint, quiet village of Cyrus, with its whimsical villagers, is abruptly turned topsy-turvy by the arrival in its midst of an actress, distractingly feminine, Lila Laughter; and, at the same time, an epidemic of small-pox.

### **HELEN OF THE OLD HOUSE**

*By Harold Bell Wright*

Wright's greatest novel, that presents the life of industry to-day, the laughter, the tears, the strivings of those who live about the smoky chimneys of an American industrial town.

**NEW YORK**

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## Absorbing Adventure and Romance

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### YOUTH TRIUMPHANT

By *George Gibbs*

Author of "*The Vagrant Duke*," "*The Splendid Outcast*," etc.

A mystery follows Patsy, the heroine, from the days of her Bowery tenement childhood to the later years when the comforts and happiness of a luxurious home are hers. Interesting characters participate in her colorful adventures.

### THE HOUSE OF THE FALCON

By *Harold Lamb*

Author of "*Marching Sands*"

Kidnapped while visiting India, an American girl is the prize for which natives fight, amid the wondrous scenes of the Vale of Kashmir.

### THE UNSEEN EAR

By *Natalie Sumner Lincoln*

Author of "*The Red Seal*," "*The Three Strings*," etc.

An absolutely baffling mystery, hinging on a murder committed in Washington's smart set.

### THE SAMOVAR GIRL

By *Frederick Moore*

Author of "*Sailor Girl*," etc.

Seeking revenge, but finding romance, a young man returns to his native Siberia after years in America.

### THE INNOCENT ADVENTURESS

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Author of "*The Fortieth Door*," etc.

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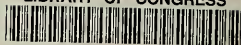






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