



UNCLE · · SAM  
AND  
OLD · · WORLD  
CONQUERORS

BY · W<sup>M</sup> · NORMAN  
GUTHRIE

BRENTANO'S  
MANHATTAN  
NEW · YORK  
1 9 1 5



Class PS3513

Book U88U5

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1915

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**





UNCLE SAM AND OLD WORLD CONQUERORS



**UNCLE SAM**  
AND  
**OLD WORLD CONQUERORS**  
being the Seventh Division  
OF  
**UNCLE SAM, A SATIRICAL PRELUDE**

BY  
**William Norman Guthrie**



**BRENTANO'S**  
**MANHATTAN, NEW YORK**  
1915

PS 3513  
.48845  
1915

Copyright 1915  
By WM. NORMAN GUTHRIE  
All rights reserved

NEW YORK  
THE SHEPHERD PRESS

\$1.50

MAR 23 1916

©CLA 427359



## Dedication

To her whom I met at "Sewanee"

And with whom I have fared eber since—

Middle West and Far West, South and East—

Without whom this had not been conceived,

Whatever merit this work of imagination may have

Belongs of right,

And is gratefully ascribed.



## FOREWORD

### I.

**T**O publish the fragment of a work of imagination would seem to argue haste and fear. Why not wait until the work is a completed whole before appearing in print? What is good in literature can afford to abide its time. It does not depend upon the verdict of the contemporary if the author is truly consecrated, that is, urges no personal demand. Why should he not selflessly devote his life to his ideal even at the risk of appealing posthumously to posterity?

All such considerations have been conscientiously weighed and set aside as irrelevant. This work is the fruit of a life-long passion, of an enthusiasm more and more cruelly and clearly compelling to definite and often most uncongenial utterance.

What is intended to constitute a challenge to one's people should not be the product of any individual as such. What is posthumously published is fatally finished beyond further shaping by the author's mind. It should have the living co-operation of the contemporary. A national ideal should be therefore projected in an unconscious and anonymous co-mentation. The thought and the feeling of the many individuals, that is to say, should be caught up in a larger social interest, which utters the folk-genius in imperative forms. Some artist should then appear to unify and control the spiritual material thus perfected. By this process more or less have been actually fashioned the world's greatest masterpieces.

But to-day we are all, everywhere, particularly in our country, the victims of rapid transit, and of the swift means of indiscriminate communication. The individual, the group, the mass are not granted the leisure and freedom from self-conscious criticism. The reporter, the professional writer, the publicist bring all to the light, good and bad, fair and foul—which from some points of view may constitute a blessing, but for the slow maturing of deep and passionate convictions, without sophisticated supervision or selfish consideration of expediency, must seem to the idealist most unfor-

## FOREWORD

---

fortunate. How shall a civilized new nation to-day arrive at an imperative consciousness of peculiar destiny, have reverence for its own gradually revealing genius, interrogate the holy oracles of historic life, become aware of the mystical tendencies below the level of political will and cheap advantage?

Our thinking and feeling then, as individuals and as a people, carried on shamelessly in the open, violates the laws of the spirit, and excludes *a priori* the Muses. Silent, brooding, meditation, evocation, transfiguration are not possible to a people whose glass houses have no roofs, whose temples are marts, whose groves are show places, whose private retreats are penetrated by the X-ray.

An author who would fain serve his people, by transmitting to them a suggestion of some holy vision, which he believes is forced upon him, must attempt to produce artificially as best he can the conditions for such prophetic service. He must withdraw and meditate and wait, and wrestle with the angel, and refuse any blessing in the dawn, save the revelation of the wrestler's divine name and character.

He must, after due preparation, having studied the past of his people, having got so his running start as it were, abandon himself in the leap forward into the future, at the cost of any apparent folly or fanatical absurdity. He must also be in constant relation with contemporary movements, yet somehow discriminate between the significant and insignificant. He must, however, in addition, after having imposed upon himself the required technic, obtain so far as possible the co-operation of those who like himself creatively cherish national ideals, in order that by their expressions of agreement and difference he may correct what is merely idiosyncratic in his vision or method of work, in order that their final product may in some measure express the people, and not some special set, some class, some peculiar cult, some freakish individual reaction to the trend of the times.

It is not claimed that artificial methods of reproducing the conditions, out of which spontaneously arose inspired prophecy, will secure the desired result: a contemporary utterance, that is to say, of the best in a people. The individual who is moved to answer

## FOREWORD

---

such a social call may turn out to be inadequate as man or as talent. The social-psychological mode of procedure adopted may at first prove impractical, erroneous. Nevertheless, it will have been well that some individual, however unsuited to the task, should have undergone its hazard, that the method, however, blundering, should have been applied. There is nothing succeeds better than success except a great failure, or a failure in a great effort. Success is most of the time due to the undue easiness of the work undertaken, the relative lowness of the aim. He who attempts what is truly worth while and fails, elicits, provokes and challenges. Others will attain for the very reason that he dared and failed.

It is not by conceit that the impossible is undertaken, for conceit invariably selects, in its prudent self-regard, the line of least resistance. Egomania may attempt the impossible, yet surely fails, from a lack of that social co-ordination which only modesty secures. If there is to be success to-day for genuine prophecy, or convinced imaginative preaching to the contemporary, it must venture to be independent, to be certain of its call and commission, to be modest, to appeal for co-operation in the matter of definition and artistic expression of common ideas and ideals; to be, in a word, strictly democratic, self-subordinating, and yet insistent in essential faith and demonic will.

Because the task then is so difficult, the chances of failure so many and various, the probable disaster so ridiculous, the reader of this book may be sure of the sincerity of the present writer. For many years he has lent himself to the enthusiasm that possessed him. He has bought his leisure for this, his most real and inevitable work, by other work socially useful, which was a by-product of the same, or in the nature of preparatory discipline. He has resolved now, after much searching of heart, to take the public completely into his confidence, and he trusts that the response of the reader will be sufficiently articulate and vital to serve as a hand-rail, so to say, on the sheer verges of the abysses gaping either side of his forward path to a national work.

This publication is but a section of a preliminary part. It might be called the keystone of the arch through which we propose

## FOREWORD

---

to enter a greater structure. Its appearance is an evidence of a desire for criticism, and the expression of sympathy if such be possible. It is in itself, while a fragment, complete, provided the general purpose of the entire work be understood, that is, provided the correct point of view be taken, demanded by the perspective of the picture. Omitting then all personal matter, a brief statement will be made which should permit the "gentle or ungentle reader" to approve or censure discreetly, and therefore profitably, unto the common good.

### II.

The United States are singular among the nations in that they started adult. They never were an infant nation. The people were self-conscious from the beginning; protected by two oceans, they fancied themselves irresponsible to the claims of the larger world. The enormous extent of our country made the attainment of a definite common ideal all but impossible, as shown most clearly in our prolonged and uncertain revolutionary struggle and our vacillatory efforts to set up a general government. During the last half century, the Atlantic as a barrier has well-nigh disappeared, and the northern Atlantic states find themselves more or less reduced unawares to a colonial attitude of admiration and imitation, that is of spiritual dependence. The Pacific Ocean also has shrunk until the Orient all but threatens our sense of security, of ability to maintain in the future our own civilization true to its genius. In the great region between the extremes, we are governed more by a resentment against old-world leadership, than by a clear consciousness of our own aspirations. The nation has furthermore to turn an inherited curse into a blessing—almost ten per cent. of the population being of a different and still dependent race, so that a very large section of the country has hardly leisure to think and feel independently of one obsessing problem. The belief to-day in progressive democracy is threatened by the cult of efficiency, which, recognizing the need of discipline, pushes ajar the door for exploitation and tyranny. Liberty unto self-government by the best in us, has been misinterpreted to large masses of incoming popula-

## FOREWORD

---

tion as material self-indulgence and political license. Clearly if this swift analysis of our peculiar situation be correct, what we need is to set going a myth which shall startle or woo us to such self-consciousness and self-respect as will save us from unthinking idiotic self-adulation or from a just as vitiating despondency and despair. A people that asks any and every stranger on the gang plank for his opinion of a great country and its institutions, sorely needs to have its own image projected on a vast scale. Spooks are invulnerable and do not resent brickbats or rotten eggs. One can always refuse to admit any likeness in the portrait, or deny that it is a work of art, and cast the unlucky dauber into outer darkness.

Now a myth, that shall bring a people to self-consciousness, must be native, popular; not arbitrary, individualistically conceived. The present writer was, therefore, compelled to accept as the hero of his myth "Uncle Sam," and adopt as the destination of his progress in the spirit, through prosperity and adversity, the figure of "Brother Jonathan." How shall Uncle Sam, the projection of all that is vital but vulgar in us as a people, the common denominator of us all, be transfigured into what is selfless and sublime, and immortally alluring? When it flashed across the mind of the author, the suggestion came not abstract but concrete. He beheld him colossal, reaching to the very zenith, against the background of our banner, the striated rainbows of eternal stone, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Uncle Sam had been driven from the Atlantic coast, in some time that is not yet, thank God, by hordes of unassimilated rebellious peoples. They had been robbed of their old-world gods, their folk loyalties and rituals of life, but they had been given instead no God other or better than their belly, and they had come to conceive of Uncle Sam, the vital and vulgar incarnation of a national tradition imposed on them by geographic accident, as no longer necessary, and had driven him, indeed, to the last ditch, where they dared not pursue him only for lack of knowledge of the precipitous trails. Uncle Sam, as one may guess, is a self-complacent grass widower. The wife of his youth, the Goddess of Liberty, could, we gather, as he grew in

## FOREWORD

---

insolent prosperity, endure him no longer. She had borne him five daughters, the sections of the country, by name in the myth, Jessamine Magnolia, Priscilla, Hope or Hooplah for short, Minna or Minnehaha, and Goldibrass. Uncle Sam has no son; that is, no single national ideal. At least, he thinks he has none, though the Goddess of Liberty has borne him one in absence, of whom he wots not yet, and for whom he yearns with almost pathetic earnestness. The canyon, the last ditch, the Grand Canyon, is a strange place where anyone is subject, on the least excuse, to immediate hallucination. Thoughts *there* are things in a very shocking sense, that appear instantaneously and presume to force themselves on the reckless evoker's attention. Any idea, therefore, which Uncle Sam may hit upon and momentarily fancy, projects itself for dramatic inspection in phantasmal beauty or absurdity. Uncle Sam has sought refuge in the last ditch, the great crack of the earth's cooling crust, actuated by a desperate hope or rather life preservative instinct. He would fain appeal to the devil. Now the devil turns out to be Pan, not Satan; and Pan turns out to be the revelation of God as external will, to whom Uncle Sam cannot yield himself, no matter how great his present need. Even a good God, who commands, is after all a tyrant, and Uncle Sam rightly refuses to be drawn by any but the bands of love. The African, the Indian and the Jew, his great problems, turn out to be each in a peculiar way of providential service. The son of Uncle Sam manifests himself to his father, in the direct last moment, as a Balder the Beautiful, as a David to Jonathan, or rather as the Christ-to-be, the divine ideal incarnate in a higher, yet natural, man.

These are the general terms of a popular myth, and appeared to the author suddenly after year-long quest, and seemed to him inevitably inherent in the situation, rather than the products of his own temperament or personal will. The action of the myth fell spontaneously into three parts, during the first of which Uncle Sam was under the spiritual dominion of that spirit which historically uttered itself most distinctly in Andrew Jackson, the spread eagle patriotism, the big stick, supposedly hickory, yet suspected of being *papier maché*. In the second division, Uncle Sam realizes



## FOREWORD

---

the pathetically humorous mood of perhaps his deepest uncultivated nature, revealed historically in Abraham Lincoln. Under the spell of one who seems fain to take the place of the Goddess of Liberty in Uncle Sam's affection (who is nicknamed Circe, and Delilah, and by any other name would be as fair and as dangerous), he falls into a Rip Van Winkle sleep, so that he lies at the mercy of his enemies. His daughters have deserted him for grotesque bridegrooms in the same class as the whale of Jonah, or the cathedral gargyle. Only Sambo Hilarious, the negro, kneels terror-stricken yet loyal at his head, and brings Brer Rabbit into action, the old mythic spirit of the moon, to drive away the narrowing ring of the savage wolf pack. In the third part Uncle Sam awakes to find himself helpless, encircled by his human enemies, unwilling to accept the terms of Pan who alone might help, and finally brought by his son, the national ideal revealed to him in his true relation, to accept adoption by Hiawatha, and initiation into the aboriginal nature-religion, whereby he realizes the last glorious change into that character, which was historically realized in the individual George Washington. His enemies hail him now as Brother Jonathan, and the curtain drops.

In such terms as these, on such a scale, naïf, impertinent, has the myth of Uncle Sam revealed itself to the author. The mode of expression which it seemed to necessitate should be naïf, fantastic, grotesque, escaping the fall into the ridiculous by not attempting to scale the heights of the sublime. If the dignity and vastness of the conception cannot vindicate themselves, no rhetoric surely will secure for them respect. A huge spectacle, a pageant realized in writing, that shall vary from folk song and doggerel to oration and epigram or lyric, passing through all varieties of dialogue, suggested itself imperatively as the only adequate means of expression. Accentual verse and poetic prose must mingle. The spirit of Americanism must be absorbed, bygone points of view, expressed in historic phrases, must jostle racy and latter-day idioms and insolent imaginative slang, the paradox must startle or aggravate, the telescope figure must shock, and suggest the unspoken, ay, the unspeakable. Plagiarism cannot be thought of. Indeed the in-

## FOREWORD

---

dividual author must at once resign himself to the pressing stream of the myth, and forego fastidiousness and vanity, making no claim whatever to individual originality.

After having proceeded for some years on these general principles, the writer suspected the generic kinship of his undertaking to the boyish lie of Aristophanes, to the Gargantuan high spirits of Rabelais. Such affinities, if real, are interesting, and if realized would constitute no rebuke. The present is child of the past, and the future must inevitably be projected in the guise of experience.

### III.

After the scenario of the whole work had been developed in the course of three years, and the author approached the stage of the writer, he discovered the necessity of prefacing his pageant with a satiric prelude, which should explain how there came to be an Uncle Sam at all, and what he is, clearly to criticise the past, from the instinctive point of view of the American, approving his vital self-confidence, yet rebuking his ignorance and insolence. This satirical prelude shaped itself in the following fashion:

I. (*Episode*) The Sam family in the Grand Canyon.

II. (*Interlude*) A great symbolic storm in the Canyon, and the Teutonic element in our nature manifested by the God Thor and the Christmas tree (the first unforeseen experience of Uncle Sam in spectacular revelatory hallucination).

III. (*Episode*) The raising of Benjamin Franklin, the teacher of Uncle Sam's youth, and the problem of his integration. The resolve to refer the whole matter to a committee of great Americans, necessarily therefore dead. "Uncle Benny" retires to "Kingdom Come," thence to summon the right membership for the committee, and suggests that meanwhile Uncle Sam "study history"!

IV. (*Interlude*) Uncle Sam, desiring to be amused, summons the "great king who ate grass," and the Babylonian Nebuchadnezzar appears, with whom Uncle Sam impertinently hobnobs. The God-

## FOREWORD

---

dess Ishtar also then appears, who breaks into hell and out again to accomplish her ladylike purpose. All which serves to make clear to Uncle Sam that law and piety and feminism, like many other modern things, pre-existed his own advent.

V. (*Episode*) Colonial history is reviewed in significant persons who are rejected by Uncle Sam as unsuitable candidates for his committee, since they were but transient phases of his national beginning.

VI. (*Interlude*) During the second absence of "Uncle Ben-ny," who is now in quest of more national figures, he interviews the builder of the Great Pyramid, the King Khafra, whose diorite statue is one of the treasures of the Louvre, and sees the king-god anticipate apotheosis, to crown a system of aristocratic paternalism. Uncle Sam indignantly drives out the tyrant, summoning against him the God of the Demos, of the Nile-mud, Osiris.

VII. (*Episode*) Uncle Sam is brought to some degree of self-knowledge, finally accepts and instructs his committee, and excitedly witnesses the conflict between the modern expression of efficient "benevolent despotism," Bismarck, and George Washington, the steadfast believer in the unmanifest genius of the people, the elicitor of individual initiative by the progressive experience of self-government.

VIII. (*Interlude*) The night being far spent, Uncle Sam in the dawn witnesses the fervent sun worship of the prophet Zarathustra. To his amazement, he finds the best of his own old-fashioned Puritanism anticipated, and surpassed in ancient Iran, and the strange doctrine of the redemption of the devil explains to him much of his apparently nonsensical optimism. The demands of Zarathustra, however, are so austere, that he refuses to be converted to the doctrine of the ancient Gathas.

IX. (*Episode*) As he is about to call out the family from the cave in which they have sought shelter for the night, Uncle Sam is visited by three strange inspired geniuses: Blake, Beethoven and Turner, each of whom proposes to educate him æsthetically, by

## FOREWORD

---

his own peculiar vision of the Grand Canyon. Uncle Sam refuses to surrender what he deems his original view for that of any old-world genius, however startling and attractive.

X. (*Postlude*) Uncle Sam avenges himself on Blake, Beethoven and Turner, showing them his original vision of the Grand Canyon, the City of the three "B's,"—Bouncing, Beautiful and Beatific, his new Jerusalem, not come down from heaven, but which he has erected to suit himself as he believes out of novel materials. From the manholes in Uncle Sam's great, preposterous, supposedly original New Jerusalem swarm the sons of Jacob, the supplanter, who make good their prior claim to it as their very own, and propose to retain Uncle Sam as the occupant with his family of the porter's lodge. Uncle Sam, who insists that whenever he says "it ain't, it ain't," stamps his foot in indignation, and finds himself, *presto change*, back at the mouth of the cave, Sambo Hilarious ringing the triangle for breakfast. He is a sadder and a wiser national genius, realizing that much, which he supposed to be original and self-expressive, is merely an unconscious tradition from other ages, and borrowing from an alien race, which he cannot assimilate by subjecting his inner life to their arrogant dominion.

### IV.

Such is the bare outline of the Satirical Prelude which lies completed in manuscript before the author. The seventh section of the prelude, being peculiarly timely, lies now printed before the reader, and challenges him, asking for no praise or blame save such as shall sincerely get expression after the reader has subjected himself to such spell as the idea of the book may have for him, and may manage to be transmitted through the art thereof and style. The author cannot hope to please all; perhaps not even to please many. He may unintentionally insult some. He has done his best so far, and suggests that the reader do now his best, so as to render composite authorship perhaps possible even in these self-conscious times of ours in America.

## FOREWORD

---

To endite satire freely, nay, it would seem insolently, directed against one's country, though its government be conducted by discussion, lays any author open to charges of spiritual treason, from any knave and coward, as well as from every conventionally loyal patriot. Only he, however, who burns with a passion for as yet unrealizable national ideals would run the risk of such inevitable misrepresentation. Surely no honest reader of "Uncle Sam and Old World Conquerors" will for one instant doubt the urgent and ardent longing for greater phases of development in people and nation, which have actuated and upheld, and now prompt and uphold the writer, through all very natural self-doubt, ay, and through fears also of being an outcast in the eyes of his fellows. He cannot but be confessed to labor, however mistakenly perchance, for the birth of a new and nobler patriotism. Truly not a New England has been his conception, but a new Europe, or rather a super-Europe, in which the "hyphen" will not be anathema, only because all and sundry shall, in and through their encouraged variety and idiosyncrasy, cherish one common transcendent political faith and social hope.

WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE.



Analytic Table of Contents for  
 UNCLE SAM AND OLD WORLD CONQUERORS  
 Being the Seventh Division of  
 "UNCLE SAM, A SATIRICAL PRELUDE"

---

	PAGE
I. UNCLE SAM AND HIS POLYGLOT KETTLE.....	3
II. HIS BRAG SONG AND HIS INCANTATION.....	23
III. HIS READING OF HIS NINE DOUBLES.....	39
IV. HIS SHADOW AND HIS THREE YET INVISIBLE PHANTOM SELVES	55
V. THE FINAL SELECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF PACIFICATION...	71
VI. A NIGHTMARE VISION OF OLD WORLD CONQUERORS.....	91
VII. UNCLE SAM'S PARTING INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS COMMITTEE....	101
VIII. THE MUSE OF HISTORY, INCOGNITO, AND HER PRESENT DAY PROTAGONIST .....	119
IX. BITE-THE-MARROW AND THE VIOLATED CONSTITUTION: SCENE I. OF THE BISMARCK PUPPET SHOW.....	131
X. THE "DOCTORED" TELEGRAM, OR MILITARY NECESSITY: SCENE II. OF THE BISMARCK PUPPET SHOW.....	141
XI. BITE-THE-MARROW AND OUR BILL OF HIGH TAXES: SCENE III. OF THE BISMARCK PUPPET SHOW.....	151
XII. BITE-THE-MARROW AND THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY: SCENE IV. OF THE BISMARCK PUPPET SHOW.....	161
XIII. UNCLE SAM'S EPILOGUE TO THE PUPPET SHOW .....	173





I.

UNCLE SAM AND HIS POLYGLOT KETTLE



I.

(*Sambo Hilarious brings a note to Uncle Sam*)

UNCLE SAM—What are you breaking-in for on this sacred situation?

JESSAMINE MAGNOLIA—Hurrah, for the dark Osiris!

GOLDBRASS—Whose physiognomy scared away King Khafrah!

PRISCILLA—With the suggestion of miscegenation.

SAMBO HILARIOUS—Who's King Khafrah, Boss? All I know's, I was asked to bring this communication to your attention.

JESSAMINE MAGNOLIA—A billet-doux from the Lady Circe! Wants us all to settle down for the night.

UNCLE SAM—Lucky dog to fetch such perfumed baggage. (*Opens and reads the letter*) So, so. Bad omens in the sky? Tell her I'm something of an astrologist myself. What's that blazes away yonder?

JESSAMINE MAGNOLIA—Jupiter in Capricorn.

PRISCILLA—The kneecap of the grand man, according to Swedenborg.

UNCLE SAM—Good, that means I've got to stay up all night at my devotions, and can't rock the baby. And what's that, Jessie?

JESSAMINE MAGNOLIA—Venus!

UNCLE SAM—Ha, sets very early. She's mighty nearly evening star. And that true-blue and red broncho-buster?

JESSAMINE MAGNOLIA—Arcturus, in the shepherd's horn.

UNCLE SAM—Isn't batting an eye-lash, and keeping close lookout, too, on the Big Dipper. Wants his share, I guess, of the punch! Ha! Ha! That means, being interpreted, everybody works but father, who's only got to provide the breakfast bacon.

SAMBO HILARIOUS—But she can't drop, she says, a lid for one wink, 'cause of all the spooky goings-on out on this here veranda. . . .

UNCLE SAM—Of our improvised royal residence, eh? It's certainly impressive.

## UNCLE SAM AND HIS

---

SAMBO HILARIOUS—And she ain't 'special respectful in her nomenclature, while she's about it.

UNCLE SAM—Goldy, or Hoopie, or Haha, wont you return, to please her, and convey a polite message to our Lady Dolorous of Daffadowndilly, our Grande-Dame-sans-merci, as your respective elders would like to call her? Tell her authoritatively from me, sleep, all the sweeter when wooed and won under difficulties, and is then the best *beauty* doctor—beats a manicure for replenishing one's stock of feminine tact, and a pedicure for shining up the loud and soft brass pedals of one's understanding.

WHOOPLAH-WHOOP—We don't want to retire, Dad.

GOLDBRASS—Not while such rare high jinks are on the tapis.

MINNEHAHA—History and religion sandwiched by vaudeville acts beats a razzle dazzle.

UNCLE SAM—Can't you be trusted alone with the missive, Sambo?

SAMBO HILARIOUS—Sure Boss, I'll take the missal, but ——

PRISCILLA—If it's a missal some one ought to do the illuminations on the margin.

SAMBO HILARIOUS—Just what I was about to prevaricate.

PRISCILLA—Intimate! or Asseverate!

SAMBO HILARIOUS—Exactly, Miss. I'll do, Boss, exactly as you procrastinate.

GOLDBRASS—He'll get something effective to its destination.

UNCLE SAM—Cross between sky-rocket and gargoyle. And watch him pour the whale-oil all over the war-zone waters, trust his cautious woolly pate for that. Now then, seriously, it's time to court Morpheus. Here's a new jingle made up on purpose to persuade you: Comment on a text of Uncle Benjamin. Never heard it before?

“Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise”?

## POLYGLOT KETTLE

---

GOLDIBRASS—Because it works well with a man, are you sure it would bring out the best —

UNCLE SAM—In a fair lady? Pat objection, and I knew it was coming, so I modernized the same for feminists:—

Betimes to your rock-ribbed downies  
And pillows crammed with crushed granite,  
Then the fairies will come and the brownies,  
With Puck, who the joker and clown is,  
To tickle your fancy and fan it!

Set a going a new world tomorrow  
Half minstrel-show and half circus;  
For in Dreamland Banks you can borrow  
By mortgage on worry and sorrow  
New courage to work it, and work us!

GOLDIBRASS—Fine, Dad, superfine, but makes a poor lullaby.

WHOOPLAH-WHOOP—Honestly, haven't you given out enough blue ribbons for one day at your spookshow?

MINNEHAHA—Can't you knock off for an hour or two, and attend solely to us?

UNCLE SAM—What am I doing but that? Who gets the fun, and the education, and the polish? It's for your sakes I'm trying to put Uncle Benny in a corner, so he can't blame us for any failure in materializing on time a committee of amateur statesmen and diplomats—nature-geniuises all, and home-raised—to represent us adequately.

WHOOPLAH-WHOOP—Is that so awfully difficult?

UNCLE SAM—I should say so. It involves five several philosophic operations:

First: You've got to know me.

Second: To know me, you've got to catch me and hold me for scientific inspection.

Third: Then you've got, also, to tabulate the possible candidates statistically: qualifications, pedigrees, etc., predilec-

## UNCLE SAM AND HIS

---

tions and prices, cost to raise and keep straight, and get a "hunch" on fate.

Fourth: Next, ascertain what representation means as a pure theory, and political principle.

Fifth: Last, what's worst of all, diagram it as a conscientious practice

For eligible limber—  
Presidential timber!

So Uncle Benny's solemn injunction at parting was: "Study history, Sam." And we've done it at a pretty smart rate! But brother Nebby, Sister Ishtar, they only showed us how the old world's always ditto, however often and fast you bowled her over and over around the invisible orbital ring of the great universal stellar circus. And the second gulp-it-quick Chautauqua nickleodion course of know-it-all-ogy,—it merely confirmed me in my ingrained political prejudice:—autocracy, theocracy, plutocracy—they may have the advantage in get-there-on-the-job-never-mar-the-plot efficiency, when the right man's in office—but they don't provide for a rainy day, nor life-and-accident-insure you against a numbskull in the line of succession. Better "the open door to all comers,

Butchers and plumbers,  
Heroes and hummers."

and try out all applicants, civil service exams, and water cure for the clams, and shams, and campaign slams, and auctioning off the public plums to the highest bidder for the honor; and the dirty jobs, as is fair, to the lowest. Give me democracy, the lean and the fat—the foul and the fair, the miss-it by a mile or hair; and hit the bull's eye pat;—but see, it's duly doctored in any event with high finance!

Sing "fibberty gibberty,"  
Life, happiness, liberty—  
To the old tune—"Yankee Doodle":

POLYGLOT KETTLE

---

Who collars the dollars,  
And totes them and votes them,  
He's entitled to the buncombe and the boodle.

But mind you, just for one short term, and look out for rotation of office: a spin or two at the most of the roulette wheel of fortune; and so everybody's happy, busy chinning and chewing hope—à la peppermint!

A mnemonic: in the "nick" of time; *Nicodemus*—*Democracy*!

Now for the other bit of Uncle Benny's welcome if unsolicited advice: "Explore your mind, Sam." I call that downright interesting:—

Dust out the nooks  
And spray the crannies,  
Iron out the kinks  
And putty up the chinks,  
And with pick-axe and hook  
Ascertain, if you can, where the soul of the man is!

That's a fine operation when performed on a worthy subject.  
(*Uncle Sam assumes a meditative pose, and after a pause proceeds*)

My glory is one and various,  
Multifarious, vicarious,  
O blessed kaleidoscope!  
Shake my folk, . . .  
And any crazy assortment makes a masterpiece:  
Heigh ho, freedom and symmetry!

And my so-called vice,  
My municipal scandals?  
They're the wingèd sandals  
I don in a trice,  
On which I ascend  
To hobnob with my friend—  
"The Top of the Morning!"

## UNCLE SAM AND HIS

---

How could anybody but I extract any sort of government? How else, hoaxing the masses of antagonistic, uninitiated, self-seeking stocks of humanity—and interests—give us a *possible* government?—any *one* given result—*any* policy?

So even my Bosses, you see, are not to be condemned without a hearing! And lots of allowance for peculiar circumstances and conditions! Hurrah!

Anyway, you observe, here I am for good and all, unique.  
Not to be duplicated or superseded.

So you gather, girls, I've come back from our tour-of-the-world uncorrupted, Simon-pure American——

And, girls, you may add: I've come back from that Egyptian hocus-pocus with a great notion that was always in the back of my head, vague and wonderful:—

*HE* was just a pretender!  
I am the real scion and ancestor in one!  
I am immortal,  
I can't grow old.  
I'm reborn different ever, yet the same,  
Reincarnate in every generation.  
Every new mood's just a new note  
Struck in the great gamut of ME.  
And don't cast reflections on the harmonics and overtones  
And the rumble of stained glass  
To the middle of the fiddle,  
Or the fairy flageolet,  
Or the big tooters in the box of whistles!  
But I'm no egoist!  
It's for others I exist  
That need me and don't know it.  
And freed me,  
Decreed me,  
And yet would impede me.  
I'm the poem myself and the poet.



P O L Y G L O T   K E T T L E

---

And who'll declare  
Auto-diagnosis  
Isn't fair?  
In homeopathic doses—  
Good for the skin,  
And the liver,  
The teeth, and the spleen, and the hair?

Now what have any one of you girls to object against my little say?

GOLDBRASS—I should think you'd have to be strictly quarantined against your family, for you wouldn't like it if they got the disease as badly.

UNCLE SAM—What's that, you saucy chit? Is this the way you help me to know myself—diametrically? intrinsically?

WHOOPLAH-WHOOP—I should suggest, Dad, take us for a mirror. Aren't we all your proud progeny? And don't we between us project and objectify your most secret hankering?

UNCLE SAM—Oh, of course, that's what children are for—with ordinary folk: to give the parents a liberal education in self-knowledge; seeing themselves taken to pieces and put together again! But that wouldn't do with me. You'd only make me see myself as others see me; not as I AM.

JESSAMINE MAGNOLIA—I should say, then, Father, look at your historic collection of curios and masterpieces—the accumulations of a long and useful life.

UNCLE SAM—Shucks! Such things are forced on a fellow by the accident of the excursion-ticket, the Baedeker routing, the fire sale and bargain counter, and your hired adviser and agent. They don't express your inmost, unrevealed, deeper-than-self-scrutiny Essence and Reality?

PRISCILLA—I should point to your poets and prophets. They might be duly consulted, Father.

UNCLE SAM—Emerson, or Bret Harte? Poe, or Mark Twain? Lanier, or Whitman? Which first? last? and all the time? I should like to unearth one of them who dared at his peril to

## UNCLE SAM AND HIS

---

X-Ray me, and photo my Swedenborgian remains! For all my broil and bluster, I'm very cunning, and shy, and blushful, and damn-you-if-you-do-it, and damn-you-if-you-don't! I have rejected all "teachers that a new thing taught, and preachers that a true thing prought." Into the waste-basket I determined long ago with all impudent seers, and overseers, and similar vermin! Of course I don't object to highbrow makers of books, that invent an excuse for a noble acreage of half-morocco!

MINNEHAHA—Well, Dad, you've always been a hero-worshipper! Can't you get at yourself that way?

UNCLE SAM—Heroes? Not on your life, child. Of course they're sport once in a while. But no joss-house choke full of home-made gods for me! Of course I like a merry-go-round at a fair for the tots: the whole menagerie jiggling to a brass band. First a ride on the camel, then on the lion, then on the ostrich, and always in the saddle, or riding the head, holding on to the ears or horns or beak of the beast; and always in motion! But such toys, they aren't up to straws for showing you which way the wind blows! Girls, I've got to study my Self

“Seriously, profoundly, essentially,  
Guided and inspired providentially.”

And if you were around, anyone of you, you might with a little make-up and a hired costume fool my parental fondness into identifying *myself* with *you*! Not until I've settled this one all-important, critical-romantic, sovereignly practical question can I have rest. And all the world's as much interested in it as myself. So my study isn't really egoistic; it's mystico-altruistic and fistic-artistic, so to say.

Who am I?

Who in me is ME?

If I break up on inspection—on spectrum-analysis, or rather spectral psycho-analysis—into spooks, which of them, pray, indicates the cardinal sin? is the core of ME? If I'm multiple, composite—what are the ingredients? what's the right propor-

POLYGLOT KETTLE

---

tion? the patented formula of the prescription, which Dr. Providence wants administered to his patient—Posterity?

GOLDIBRASS—Ha, ha, so you're a pill?

WHOOPLAH-WHOOP—A whole drug store!

GOLDIBRASS—A case of erosion!

JESSAMINE MAGNOLIA—An illicit still!

MINNEHAHA—And a dynamite mill . . . .

PRISCILLA—For a Fourth of July explosion!

UNCLE SAM—Indeed, it's hugely preposterous,

And would make for Gargantuan laughter,

If Providence really didn't fashion and foster us

As we are—for some solemn august hereafter!

I'm something Tragico-Comic, Lyric-Idyllic, grotesque,

With Bible on parlor-table, and ledger and 'phone on my desk.

First I pin-prick my spirit, squirt Brown-Sequard lymph  
in it,

Thro' the spheres then I cake-walk, in tune with the infinite!

Ta, ta,—I'm portentous,—

And who shall prevent us

High stepping as a giraffe with pink poke-bonnet over his  
Sunday pompadour?

Thanks, girls. Shoofly. Much obliged for your two tickets, you reverend seniors. And the rest haven't any? So much the better! The sooner will I be thrown back for counsel on my essential Self. (*His daughters retire into the cave. Uncle Sam opening the tickets and adjusting his glasses, scrutinizes, and soliloquizes*) Now let's propose the rival tickets to the people—that's me.

Jessamine Magnolia? Well-known to be romantic, chivalrous; adores picturesque war-heroes; strictly monogamous and passionate.

There we have it: *George Washington! "Stonewall" Jackson! Robert E. Lee!* Whew! How am I going to make my objection mildly but effectively articulate?

"Stonewall"? great strategist—proud of him; British, Germans, French study him; but got on the wrong side; then, too, a tinge of fanaticism and fatalism make a man dangerous. Can't tell what he'll be up to next, and you can't stop him at it by fatherly advice.

*Lee?* Excellent character, brilliant soldier, virtuous, unselfish, loyal to his State, and a Unionist to boot; but hopelessly old-fashioned preference for the underdog! And wouldn't sell his name as a business advertisement after the surrender. Can't have *him*. As good general and chivalrous gentleman, he'd merely duplicate the father of his country. He'd contribute no special element—except that of being on the side that failed; and *that* argues a hopeless unfitness for my present business.

As for the only *George?* He was no respecter of persons, or parties; he'd overbear congress, and browbeat the nation; wouldn't yield to pleas of unpopularity or opposition; and even Franklin with all his tact couldn't manage him if they differed. Of course he never was the lay-figure his grateful countrymen have made out of him; was real human when you caught him off his guard; could roll on the ground with ear-splitting laughter at a practical joke; could break loose like a volcano when a sharper thought he would fool him at a horse trade; was a fine judge of real estate, and had a passion for corner lots and the unearned increment; could dance with a lady all night and never know he really killed her; liked to pray all by himself out in the snow and sleet like a whole meeting-house afire; but all the same, he was too wise, too patient, too proud, too tolerant, too great, too undemocratic. Besides, he affected the grand style; had a fancy for coaches, royal levees, wouldn't shake hands like a pump-handle, held his head too high; moreover, I never liked that name, "*George*," anyhow! And his body—had to lie on his own estate. *Lady* Washington (mark that: widow Martha—"Lady"!), she didn't want his remains to be a foundation stone for the capitol, the constitution, and the machinery of govern-

ment. Women always know a thing or two, and I reckon she knew best.

Can't use your ticket, Jessie, I'm sorry. What's more, it's too military for a civilian people.

Now let's scrutinize Priscilla's proposition. She's the scholar of the family; is thrifty and nifty, if a trifle drifty and shifty these days.

*Sherman! Farragut! Grant! Donnerwetter! William Tecumseh?* I like the march to the sea, old fellow; but then you were a pretender: falsely credited with saying "War is hell!" when you didn't actually say it, but only prove it was—to the enemy's country. You're fine to see ride on a gilded horse with flying mane and tail—proudly prancing over prostrate Georgia's pine-bough—a winged lady-angel skimming the landscape ahead and shooing the flies away with her palm-branch in front of you; and your eye steady on the far horizon-sea beyond anybody's reach but yours! You're fine sculpture, I admit, picturesque, demonic; but not a very persuasive person. Then, too, the grandsons of the Johnnie Rebs have unaccountable prejudices against you!

*Farragut?* Oh, well born in Tennessee? but entered the U. S. navy at very early age, which makes up for the accidental birth? Still, who cares about slow little sleepy Mobile? Now if you'd captured Boston, that might have been of national interest. Who even recalls the Merrimac or the Monitor in these days of submarines—except in the Old Dominion where time's stationary? Of course your love-letter to your wife was fine, and makes my heart go pittipat still. A good naval leader, I grant you; but a diplomat? I'd rather not risk you, when I look you square in the eyes!

*Grant?* O his tomb is well and good enough—fine situation if you don't like the architecture;—and his initials were well chosen by his parents; and he said: "Let us have peace"; and he drank the right whiskey, to be sure,—the only sort worth having, proved such by licking the other fellow! At Appomattox

he was big-hearted—a trifle too much so, to some folk's taste. He wrote good memoirs against time, and died game. But he didn't know how to choose, and watch his friends. He let himself be shabbily used. That reconstruction graft grew too rank, by half. And the third-term-bug buzzed about a mighty deal too realistically. Those things aren't good to think about in the rosy dawn. Then that Civil War—now the records are all collected and the printing bills over-paid—honestly, it looks not much nearer to our times (but for the immortal pension lists) than Nebuchadnezzar or Khafrah. There's nothing more coming out of it tomorrow, and the day after. Can't even make it a safe topic for conversation till you can get the heroes of both sides into one single hall of fame. But by that time the issue between them will be so dead it will have to be resurrected, and translated by specialists.

No, Prissy, sorry, I can't do it; not even out of fondness for the odor of sanctity emitted by the Jonathan Edwards brand of brimstone, and the sweet balm of Gilead emanating from the Emersonian flowery quagmire, and the Thoreauian brier-roses cuddling among the lichen-grey boulders, and the haunting shudders of witch-burning and soul-branding St. Nathaniel chased up and down my youthful back.

Too bad, too bad, no election after all.

What's this I find stuck in my hat-band? Author—Anonymous? One of the most prolific I know. "Suggestions for a national anthem in answer to your advertisement to promote the mutual understanding of Yank and Johnnie Reb"? Let's inspect the document.

Noble statesman, take due notice.

'Tis the unchanging law embedded

Deep in Nature: North is stalwart,

South incompetent, hot-headed.

So, in the North of Old New England

All are stout and sturdy freemen;

South, on the rock-ribbed coasts, they're fickle

Amorous molly-coddle seamen.

So, in the North of gay Kentucky  
 Men are staid and sober-minded;  
 But in the South of slow Ohio  
 Shiftless, hot and passion-blinded.

“Way down South” in North Carolina  
 Folks of course are gracious, pliant;  
 North, up-state in South Carolina,  
 Calm, judicious, self-reliant.

Change the boundary lines, and presto  
 Change the people,—who await your  
 Legal action to exhibit  
 Divers brands of human nature!

Wonder who got this off? Trying to make fun sacrilegiously  
 of my sectional prejudices! Must be Goldy. What ho, who  
 goes there and breaks in upon my sacrosanct meditations?

GOLDBRASS—Why, Dad, they dared me to, so here goes! I’m  
 about to act a little charade for your private illumination, from  
 which you may derive a lesson incidentally in symbolic botany.

UNCLE SAM—Where are your specimens?

GOLDBRASS—Can’t you see? My lap’s choke full, like Ophelia’s.  
 But my hair sha’n’t float down the Suwanee river, and catch in  
 the tit-willows. Now mark, Dad, each particular exhibit as I  
 produce it, designate it, characterize it,—and don’t fail to ob-  
 serve its sad, sad end! *Semper eadem*, and *E pluribus unum* is  
 my double motto. But first I sing you the song of the census-  
 man to heat the uplift-pot! (*Goldibrass sings*)

From the tripod, lo, hangs my sooty witch-kettle,  
 With my broomstick I stir up the brew,  
 And I toss my ingredients, and watch them all settle  
 And soak and bubble and stew.

When, say, for a century the living and dead agree  
 On mutual admiration,  
 They develop a snobbery fast founded on pedigree—  
 For jobbery, and the robbery of the nation.

## UNCLE SAM AND HIS

---

From Washington to Jackson your stock's Anglo-Saxon;  
But before then and since then your diet, sir?  
Kind heaven, deliver us! 'Twas almighty omniverous,  
And you haven't the face to deny it, sir.

Of course we sling English (slang to ragtime by preference)  
And for business reasons all want to:  
Bad linguists by statute won't change,—with due deference  
To the beauties of Esperanto.

So the language is a fixture. But in morals and manners,  
In æsthetic and political attitude?  
There's a change in the canned goods in spite of the canners,  
Tho' the label's the same—out of gratitude!

Perhaps you can't thrive on mere truth; but at any rate  
With a pinch you could season your fiction,  
And promote, with your old, new progenitors to venerate:  
Since additions don't imply contradiction!

Expand so your patriotism, and diminish hypocrisy;  
Get the utmost variety in unity;  
And trust to the genius of universal democracy,  
And keep open your door: Opportunity!

Now, the pot's well heated with doggerel, we'll proceed to the thick of the plot. Here's a shamrock, and a splinter of a historic shillelah, and a chip of the blarney-stone—for Pat from the Emerald Isle. And a hare-bell (bonny-blue-bell, he calls it)—and a touch-me-not thistle-down, flying to seed the country side, for Andrew—not so merry as he might be—and unco' canny for a' that; and for Taffy—why I can't think of any suitable flower;—say heartsease, or a yellow violet.

UNCLE SAM—What's all your flower-garden, child, going to do in the soup?

GOLDBRASS—Don't interrupt the cook. Taste her concoction with a wooden spoon later, when it develops a scum! Here's a marguerite and a plain swamp-flag (they style fleur-de-lys, or de-



luxe, don't they?) for France, and a little cosmetic and perfume smuggled in the latest hat. Here's a cornflower—sky-blue—for German Gemüth, and head of purple cabbage guillotined by Prussian efficiency, and twig of the Christmas spruce. Here's a dandelion that will have to do duty for the Norse folk and their cousins: flower—color of hair, and saw-teeth of the leaf—for the grip they get on the grain of your felled tree of knowledge when they're Ibsenish or Strindbergian. Then here's a scarlet poppy and a yellow jessamine for Spain, and a pinch of mañana. And for Portugal? A grapevine-tendrill, and a red-pepper will do! And for Russia? Why, here's a huge flowering leek, and a spray of cedar. For Hungary? A flycatcher! For Bohemia? A jack-in-the-pulpit! And for Italy? A laurel-leaf, a fig-leaf, a zucca, and a ripe olive. And for Greece? The acanthus leaf, a narcissus and a clove of garlic! And for the Balkan confederacy? A particolored dahlia! Or, if you like the details, a larkspur for Latin Roumania; a snapdragon for the Serb, a chickweed for Montenegro, Johnnie-jump-ups for the bully Bulgar! Belgium? She's a peony—passée. Holland's a cowslip, and a rolypoly Edam cheese. And the juniper? Guess who it's for. "Oh, Mother dear, Jerusalem!" It's for Jacob, the supplanter, and his swarming progeny.

Now can you think of the mess to which we'll treat Esau? No vulgar pottage this time! And all are going to be boiled down in *one* liquor, and issue as *one* live golden-rod, see it? Isn't it a sceptre to be proud of? and a hundred and fifty-seven varieties of it at that, all over the land!

But hark! There's objection raised to its sovereignty. The pollen, some specialists declare, encourages hay fever! So, to be on the safe side, war on the golden-rod! Exterminate it like the Bubonic rat! And that's an allegory, too. Peruse, sir, now your directories and your bluebooks, and your who's-whos, and all your social Bibles. Aren't all the contents Simon-pure, true-to-type, blue-blooded ancestral style?

## UNCLE SAM AND HIS

---

Did you slap, sir, a tax on  
The pure Anglo-Saxon  
That he hides his top-knot so shyly?  
Up, and sing him my ballad  
Of the census-man's salad;

With a query then honor him highly:—  
"Which? The sunny, or the dewy side  
Would you choose of race-suicide?"  
While you wink at the coroner slyly!

Ah, what have you been fed on, Dad, seven days of the week the year around? And where's the thoroughbred committee to represent your Hash, which by any name from Goolash to Chop-suey, would taste as fair on your polychrome bill of fare? And this too is (*ladling out some of the brew*) (see how green it is?) the poultice that has been applied to all sores:—race-suicide, scarcity in scullery maids and flunkies, shortage in dividends of transportation companies, low earnings of employment bureau managers, charity experts, and sociological flabbergasters!

Now I wish you luck, Dad. Watch the pot. It'll boil over sooner or later in spite of the proverb, and too soon, may be! But mind it doesn't spatter your fair linen and mar your fine white goatee! And don't imagine all this is a nightmare, relegated to—up yonder on the summit of the canyon-cliffs. It's in our little inside, you know—and *very particularly squirmy!*

"Godwot,  
The pot's hot,  
And forget me not,"  
Quoth the Hottentot  
To the visionary  
Missionary  
He had got  
Into the pot!

Good-night.

## POLYGLOT KETTLE

---

UNCLE SAM—Well Goldie is a rogue, but I don't dote on this kind of "poetry" that hobnobs so indecently with truth!

But what was the spike I was going to drive into the devil's coffin lid, before Uncle Benny comes back from kingdom come to quiz me, and probe me, and find if I've made up my mind? Ha, yes! Where does reside, in the ultimate analysis—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Where?



II.

HIS BRAG SONG AND HIS INCANTATION



## II.

Will you sit forever, sway-back in your r6ck'r at ease,  
Argufying with a prying, or dying old Socrates?  
Will you spoon out a chunk from your ice-cream freezer  
To cool your enthusiasm for Brutus and Cæsar?  
Or deep with a Wordsworth to the heart of his lakes peer  
In the hope you may capture the secret of Shakespeare?  
Or agonize, wondering for a doctrine how could a  
Sane human forsake his young family like Buddha?  
Will you indite a new Bible, and with boredom cram it,  
To procure it authority by the sword—like Mahomet?  
Or manage world-empires relying, sir, wh6lly on  
Your star, intrigue and publicity—as Napoleon?  
Or if progress of civilization be a hideous misnomer—  
Why, rub up your Greek, and go gunning with Homer!

It all seems easy and highly convincing  
While you take it for granted, like the virtue of ginseng!  
Yet this cult, sir, of genius is choke-fúll of hypocrisy,  
And worse, a death blow at the soul of democracy.  
Shall you deify less than one man in a million, say?  
Every dog his day! If no star's of great brilliancy,  
It doubtless is due to the ubiquitous diffusion  
Of light in our heavens, we've to thank for the illusion  
That insures us self-reliance in alliance with humility,  
Individual initiative, and social stability!

For even those deified overadvertised geniuses—  
Imposed on humanity for both noble and mean uses,—  
*Who* secured them their luminance, and endorsed them with  
authority?

If not the people as a whole, then a goodly majority?  
For, when first but a few gave loyal approbation—  
They had discerned a practical campaign of education,  
Divining a deep-seated mystical demand, sir,  
For the proffered supply—to their prayer a fit answer.

## UNCLE'S BRAG SONG

---

Did they divide then the mass, like political promoters  
Into parties so equal of disciplined voters  
That they marshalled a controllable competent margin  
And their victory was hailed, and the new gods writ large in  
The school manuals to create so a classical preference,  
A deepsouled awe, or a civilized deference?  
It's a game myself have played at not seldom,  
When I've hewn at my foes like Agag and fell'd 'em!  
And I opine there's an ethical justification for such procedure  
If only *so* you can save your creed, your  
Sacred flag, your inheritance, your history  
And immortal soul too!

Now hearken, a mystery!

Every hour is made glorious (or rather every minute is)  
By the birth in our country of a score of divinities;  
But we whittle them down till they're usable, sortable  
To the size, and distinction that are safely supportable.  
Yet so long as we're gluttoned with food predigested  
And scholarly reasons for our being infested  
By alien traditions that worry and weary us,  
(Trade-reasons, academic, at bottom, not mysterious)  
We'll experience no original, aboriginal hunger,—  
Such as all men rejoiced in when the world was younger,—  
For their own, their thitherto unrevealed essence  
In progressive effervescence, and divine rejuvenescence,—  
Which projected is—God, and whose cult is—religion;  
Which either side hell—to rest a high bridge on—  
Erects vast piers generation by generation  
We pass over in triumph to our deification!

Such my exultant faith, my exalted self-assurance.  
My folks are unconquerable. Hope and endurance  
Rise perennially equal to courage and genius.  
And, to Fate's decree a complacent and serene "yes"  
Blindfold we utter. For there boils up a geyser,



And blazes a crater of wisdom wiser  
 Than prudent policy, from deeps unconscious.  
 From heights beyond knowledge on the ocean we launch us—  
 The Unknown; while our supreme, our spiritual fiat  
 Creates for us th' ultimate goal we fly at!

But where is the mortal can endure at the helm  
 Of our storm-vexed vessel? So lest honor overwhelm  
 His reason, and Cæsarism somewhere take root in him,  
 We prod him, and harrow—let nothing bear fruit in him—  
 With yelping curs surround his station,  
 And relieve him soon by pre-established rotation  
 Of office. Precluding thereby the trained professional,  
 We cheer on our amateurs in endless processional.  
 However, in and thro' them 'tis I—ever I—  
 The One and the Only—make live, or let die;  
 With subtle inspiration overrule every blunder:  
 Yea, I—the One, I—the Only, I—the Ever,  
 The contradictory, manifold, mystical and clever!

Ah, might I behold in vision at length  
 My vitality, my cunning, my wisdom, my strength  
 And elicit and extricate from the vulgar and common  
 My infinite Self; for my worship summon  
 My total variety! (*Uncle Sam cries out in mock serious man-  
 ner*) Appear, O thou dreaded  
 Thou terrifying, monstrous, thou hydra-headed . . .  
 (*He stares with amazement when actually nine phantom Uncle  
 Sams of identical features appear seated, cross-legged on  
 the ground*)

Ha,—who be ye *here* who mock me and beard me in  
 My own hemisphere hitherto all feared me and revered me in?  
 (*Recovering his composure*)  
 Might you gentlemen be the sons of Goddess Prosperity?  
 Male muses, who, resembling me, challenge posterity  
 To declare who is who in our magical circle?  
 (*Mock mystically*)

## UNCLE'S BRAG SONG

---

You've heard of the Verteber doubtless (that will wórk ill  
Unless exercised duly with practical austerity),  
Where secretly resides—pure virtue, and verity—  
Your link of prenatal and posthumous incarnations?  
The Verteber, whence for ecstasical vibrations,  
Or prehensile attachment simian or leonine,  
Once th' caudal appendage waved gloriously free, O Nine?  
Now whenever this Verteber (anonymous, unornamental),  
Ye press to Mother Earth in posture Oriental  
And ye entwine (to confine in a rotatory circumlocution  
Your animal magnetism for concentric execution)  
Those legs, seven-league-booted, you've never put flesh on—  
You can raise as I've heard an exhilarating spook-session!

Is it so you have happened? (*Draws deep breath and awaits  
reply*) Do I practice ventriloquy  
Unawares, that I raise nine echoes to my soliloquy?  
Your pertinacious reserve may I rouse to contradiction?  
Are you myth? Are you legend? Are you fact, sirs, or fiction?  
Have át you, dumb fakirs, and spurious yogis,  
And let anyone protest who no bluffer and rogue is!

For all my incantation, the apparitions persist?  
And insolent silence prevails?  
I have heard (I believe, on good authority) some time or other,  
that when alone, (*mutterseelen allein*, as my sweet High  
Dutchman phrases it)  
In certain yet unascertainable states,  
There supervenes a panic,  
A mist suffuses all;  
And, without knowing how, nor leastwise willing to,  
One dissolves the intimate bonds that integrate  
That singular, agglutinative Somewhat  
Selected and concreted thro' years from infancy  
Out of the elements inherent within us,  
Subtly kneaded up with remembered and forgotten  
Reactions to our ever-shifting environment;

## AND INCANTATION

---

Together with all spontaneous irresistible  
Whims and moods of the soul—  
Irrelevant perhaps, and once free to be or not to be,  
But wrought now fatally into the texture of our being—  
These, together, and more—ever so much more maybe—  
Do constitute our established  
Immortal Personality.

Now, when the bond you can't see,  
Finer than the floating gossamer in a spring morn,  
Spun with filaments of the invisible  
Stronger than adamant,  
Is loosened momentarily—  
With the dissolution of the actual, else inevitable—  
See!

All the forlorn might-have-beens,  
That survive in our regions infernal,  
Dance in a vaguer-than-graveyard moonshine  
Their awesome saraband;—  
Ay, weirder still, more gruesome,  
The unbegotten maybe's and shallbe's, reserved for future  
existences

Prenatally appear,  
Demean themselves as in a dream  
Before our astonished eye.  
If lost then in the mazes of our vision,  
We but acquiesce in their gambols,  
Grant them friendly leave, or better, magnanimous en-  
couragement—

(Entirely at ease as to our essential sanity,  
Confident we can reassume at will  
Whensoever we list  
Our, ah, so much overestimated selfhood)—  
If we wink then, seeming not to notice,  
If, evasively fixing them unawares,  
We woo them to disport themselves  
And enact their several parts

## UNCLE'S BRAG SONG

---

On the still stage of hallucinatory apparition,  
In a dream whose wayward course  
We no wise desire to determine;—  
And they do verily reveal their very selves:  
Tender, violent, rapacious, delicate  
Illumined, brutal;—  
Then, then, I have heard  
(And I say "sobeit" with all my being!)  
Out of their frightful, heartrending or soul-melting freedom  
Observed so with impartial, poised,  
Sensitive, sympathetic understanding,—  
(Aloof, yet yearning shyly, mysteriously  
To be involved in the weird spectacle,  
To include them all, absorb them intimately);—  
Then, then, perchance  
Innocently, totally without connivance  
*Somewhat* is wont to insinuate itself,  
Nestle as a holy stowaway in the hold of our being;  
Some atavistic, or prophetic aspect,  
Some cognate, but half-realized intimation.  
Then, then at last,  
When the phantoms flee, abashed, self-banished,  
Or drawn imperiously of some cosmical necessity  
Into the invisible, the non-existent—  
And the Soul insists as aforetime  
On its egoistic, unrivalled,  
Self-evident allness and sufficiency;—  
Why, it awakens to its old being,  
But bedewed, hoarfrosted so to say or enaureoled,  
Enhanced in mood, enriched in intuition,  
Wiser, kinder, more alluring,  
Hallowed of a sense of mystery,  
Echo-haunted ever after  
With the unmistakable waft of genius from beyond!

Ha, ha!  
 Isn't that so?  
 And what now?  
 This is the kind of translunary experience  
 Vouchsafed to me, the highly favored,  
 By your unsolicited  
 Obtrusive presences?  
 Then, gentlemen, take heart of grace.  
 I will not prance, nor paw the air, nor invoke electrocution.  
 I merely order up the curtain gaily,  
 And cry out, full-chested:  
 "Let the trained animals perform! Hip-hip, hurrah!"  
 And you can count on me to elect and make my own  
 Any eccentric but invaluable aspect  
 Of my all 'round extra-personal personality  
 You shall succeed in bringing temptingly to my notice  
 By worthy impersonation . . .  
 Intended of course in the first place *altruistically*,—  
 (With no side glance at box office returns  
 Or publicity, or artistic incense in one's flattered nostril)—  
 For the enlargement altogether in comprehensive view,  
 The deepening in introspection,  
 The heightening in aspiration  
 (If such thing, gentlemen, may be!)  
 Of my hitherto unsuspected but all-sufficient  
 Self-knowledge-and-appreciation!  
 (*All nine phantom Uncle Sams calmly fasten their staring eyes  
 on him as if he did not exist, and they fixed a blank wall be-  
 yond him*)  
 Where's that wall each of you focusses  
 With such pertinacious inquisitive, far-away gaze?  
 Straight through me—you penetrate to the abyss?  
 Yet you're disposed in a circle about me?  
 Evidently there's no such wall, then,  
 Such ultimate cynosure, such abyss.  
 Wherefore, as you're all mum,

## UNCLE'S BRAG SONG

---

And there's no cat would want your tongues for tidbit,  
I confidently declare: you're non-existent!  
There now!  
What next?  
When I say to anything: You ain't—it ain't!  
Can you object?  
I deny you, not half-way, but downright and altogether.  
What? You don't even wink when I deign  
To give you specific warning of your peril so?  
I admit, were you audibly worth refuting,  
I might condescend, be graciously induced by you,  
To argue and conclusively prove, convincingly persuade you too,  
That, since I *declare* you non-existent,  
You're just paradoxical hallucinations,  
Phantoms gendered of phantoms  
In the clogging fogs of hysteria,  
Exhalations from the squalid bogs of introspection—  
And everglades of melancholia!  
But I prefer to assert my naked authority.  
Do you hear?  
Either pack,  
Or crack,  
Or explain away your insolent pretence  
To existence and sense!

*(All nine phantom Uncle Sams most actively and facetiously nod and wink at one another; then indulge irritatingly in cacchinations, sputters, and abdominal contortions. Thereupon, they break into articulate but confused cries as follows):*

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!  
How? How? How?  
Isn't he amusing? Our patience abusing!  
Garrulous? querulous? fatuous? preposterous?  
Silly-romantic? bacchantic? frantic?  
In one word—  
Delicately absurd?

## AND INCANTATION

---

*(Here the voices come to express a common idea, sequently uttering words that combine together to what follows)*

Unworthy we should waste on him a word! But if we can't quite deign to talk to him—we can talk at him—by projecting a joint delegate—a sort of Theophrastus Bombastus—to the Nth power—a central vicarious Voice—to do duty for Our noble multiple being, and project to this super-Booby—an audible expression of our composite group-consciousness—something spectral—automatic—irresponsible—whose dignity can't suffer—rendering us so base a service—as to confer with such an interlocutor—and put his megalomania to confusion!

Whoop it up, whoop—

Nor doubt nor droop—

Great Voice of the group—

Ay, bow thee and stoop—

To the ear of this monstrous Nincompoop!

UNCLE SAM—That's the way you propose and purpose to address your Uncle Sam? We'll teach you court manners.

*(Uncle Sam clubs them promiscuously, but his violent blows smite the empty air and recoil, so that he loops and cavorts, to the increasing tumultuous hilarity of the assembled Nine. At length, the announced hollow Collective Voice speaks)*

SPECTRAL VOICE—Have you exhausted your exquisitely entertaining fit of wanton assertiveness? Pray, behave henceforth more suavely.

UNCLE SAM—Where do you proceed from? Out of the middle of nowhere? Might you reside in my hat? *(He examines it, puts it back on his head)* I'll be totally jiggered! *(He feels in his trouser pockets)* Where am I at?

SPECTRAL VOICE—Don't imagine our wisdom could proceed out of secret and sacred recesses of *you!* Bow yourself before the inevitable—since you have compelled our candid asseveration of truth and goodness. Resume your usurper's seat? O imperturbable, O unteachable, prima-facie assumption, did you by any mischance conceive yourself unique? What a pitiful error! *You with-*

## UNCLE'S BRAG SONG

---

out rivals? There are more United States, by-gone and to-come, than are provided for in your entire geography. Shocking, eh? God made only you—little *you*—and gave you an ungodly monopoly—did He?—of your singular self? Most unlikely! And He entitled you to private peculiar access to light and immortal life? What a disastrous mistake! The past was dead, was it? The contemporary present—outside of and beyond yourself—effete, degenerate? And to question the dogma of your absolute solitary self-sufficiency is the unforgiveable sin? Nay, worse, *lèse majesté*, to be expiated on some perennial Devil's Island of your withering contempt? Treason to your Godship? Pshaw! Faugh! As you are wont to phrase it—Poppycock!

Moderate, dear braggart, your extravagant pretensions. You are but One of ten. And we Nine, a clear majority, are superior vastly to you; not in numbers only, but in definite attainments.

UNCLE SAM—Liars, I can turn any one of you inside out, and outside in again, like a darned wornout sock!

SPECTRAL VOICE—You underestimate our versatility. What any one of us can't do—we can achieve in partnership. For we live by co-operative peace. We substantiate the claims one of another. We are no haunting monotone, not even a rapturous melody of succession. We constitute, you see, a new thing psychologically, a chord! Had we been struck together (which fortunately you couldn't so far contrive to do)—then, pray, where would you be? We are individually and corporately: Discovery, Invention, Politics, Salesmanship, Promotion, Progress, Constitutionality, Emotional Realization, Ideal Contagion, The Soul of the Many aspiring to become the total divine whole.

Now what are you beside all that? You wanted to know your infinite variety? Your profundity? Your ubiquity?

You were in a hurry to tip your hat (so you implied in your mixture of excoriating vituperation and self-idolatry) to your prospective apotheosis?



## AND INCANTATION

---

At least you were modest in this—you viewed it as a near-at-hand divine event, and not a competently completed process! Since now you boasted so impotently and evoked us so peremptorily, we deemed you must at least have gotten out that pending patent on your contumacious self; and we agreed to pay you a friendly visit, not proposing at all to infringe on your unquestionable unique right; and therefore it is we encircled you curiously with our simultaneous corruscation.

For our own sake, on account of our much lamented outer resemblance to you, we are sorry you have proved in error, and therefore mortal. We have dethroned you and humbled you—you, who ought to make a specialty of some really novel accomplishment never seen on land or sea, some vivid virgin auto-eugenic originality! We have proved you, beyond dispute, at least in your now observable nascent state, only one of many, backward and crude; ay, the least reasonable and real tithe of the whole you aren't, and can't hope yet to become: so far as we can see!

This, by the spectral Echo uniting all our inaudible voices, our common spokesman, the subtle haunter and mocker, WE, duly convened and assembled, have agreed to convey to you on behalf of us all, confining ourselves so far to parliamentary terms; We, you understand, your unappreciated rivals and superiors, Sam.

And We, with the utmost amenity, protest how no one could in any wise foresee that our inquiry into your spiritual status would, by your own defect and collapse, degenerate into an inquest.

We intended friendly vivisection, and not this cruel and presumably all-but-futile autopsy.

UNCLE SAM (*Scratching his head in great perplexity, half-angry and half-amused*)—By my own inmost, persistent, invincible Essence and Ubiquity (thanks for that word!) you're dead wrong, each and all of you. It's primarily a case of mistaken identity. You got the wrong corpse by the ear. I can prove

## UNCLE'S BRAG SONG

---

an *alibi* to your smashing but amicable victory! I may be all sorts of a "smart aleck" and idiot and bluffer—in public: that's my little way. But in private, you just ought to see me! Heaven preserve your addled brains from scrambling at the premature thought of what I then am!

And, what's more, you've been powerfully imprudent—that you surely have. No one ever twitted me with impunity. I'm not behind-hand catching any man's trick-of-the-trade "on-the-fly" when sparking from the rotating sandstone! Any man's got a knack or esoteric specialty? I'm fatal as a spiritual baby-snatcher, brain-thief, and soul-picker.

Boys, you're done for. You might as well unpack your outfit for my leisurely inspection. Open your grips, and green-bags.

I bet you my hat

My stovepipe, my bunting-trimmed,

My only stargirt, fuzzy-rimmed,

Chokefull of hot air in the gape of its gap,—

and bedecked see, for the nonce (just my magic!) with violet wreaths à la Ophelia, and sunflowers à la Goliath of Gath—I bet you that inestimable celestial Treasure—

I can spot you!

And then I've got you,

Ay, and I'll blot you

Off the map.

*(Uncle Sam has during the preceding speech taken possession of the centre of the ring of phantoms of himself)*

I dare you here and now to contradict me. That is, if you let me deal with you one at a time, and psycho-analyse you out of your grab-bag into my vestpocket. I'll fetch you, and you'll never get yourself restored, except with my fool-friendly connivance. That's my dare. Only let me deal with you seriatim.

SPECTRAL VOICE—For your sake we will submit to the improper conditions you impose; for, in nature, we are to be taken collectively.

## AND INCANTATION

---

UNCLE SAM—Ay, ay, a mere blind. But I'll prove you chumps one at a time. At least I'll prove I know you so well by heart, I don't have to look at you with a glass eye. And mind you, I'll venture more than my Hat! I'll put up my Self as the stake. See here, whoever I can't read rightly—

Whoever the rest of you  
Shall think has licked me,  
He shall be me.  
But if any of you've tricked me  
Or I do get the best of you  
I'll beat you all to superfine pulp,  
And swallow you down at one gurgling gulp.  
There, sealed with psychic science,  
Is my exultant defiance!

SPECTRAL VOICE—We agree to be you, or you we!



III.

HIS READING OF HIS NINE DOUBLES



### III.

*(Uncle Sam goes straight to the first one of the ring of figures whose masks are all alike; as he progresses in his description the particular phantom he addresses comes to resemble the character which he assigns to it and finally drops the mask)*

UNCLE SAM—I'm going to paint your portraits true Holland Dutch à la Franz Hals, not delicate and pensive à la Holbein or à la Memmling. Get my idea? Step up, Number One. Jonathan Hayseed—Devil-may-care might be your patronymic. Backwoodsman? Indian killer? In slushy rhetoric, the noble pioneer? Got a mule, a goat, a cur-dog, a woman, and a bunch of kids? That's your outfit, plus a cart, an axe, and a dozen odd tools? Fell trees and char the stumps for a clearing? Slap together logs with mud-plaster for camp? Add, may be, a lean-to next season, and the third year a front wall with windows and door? Woman scratches for the grub, totes water, and raises young in dozen lots? You gully-wash the land, with a crop or two, and indianize; or sell out, and move on with your waxing tribe of progeny, to repeat the operation just beyond the fringe, till you get landlocked in the mountains by civilization? There you starve, opine, reckon, whittle, tote your gun, run a still, pick off excisemen, or kill each other when you heave in sight, (leaders of a blood feud, or to clear a court-room, maybe,) till you're safely extinct—or migrate singly and lose your identity in the big town?

Haste makes waste. Drink ruined you. You were once, they say, a first-rate ancestor. Raised three presidents out of hand. But you're a has-been, old fellow. Fetch out your bandana, or your coat sleeve, so you don't let the tears for your defunct self trickle down into your own hairy bosom.

I've got you, eh? Can't stutter? Squeak even? Just squirm?

All right. Number One's unmasked, and, therefore, palpably annexed.

## HIS READING OF

---

See, boys, I'm a pretty good occult physiognomist, phrenologist and all-around practising telepath.

Nine, minus one—is eight? Am I quite right?

*(Uncle Sam confronts his second phantom self)*

Desperately restless when the fever's on you, a kind of hermit then, whose unknown God is gold, you—you're the composite miner-man? Get grubstaked, start off with donkey, yellow dog, pick and shovel, and pans. Stick it out in the searing sun up and down gulches and canyons nosing about for a prospect—or, like a gopher rat, down holes you drill into the live rock? And never a voice, a human touch. Talk to yourself, or feel your own arm to be dead sure you're still alive and right there where you think you are?

Struck it rich again and again, but it did you no good. You got back to what you call "civilization"—where the devil set his red-lights to flaring, and took back all you beat him out of by solitude, starvation, thirst, and terrors of soul. Grubstaked for the last time, you left your bones bleaching up some creek, and God ha' mercy on the dog and the donkey?

There was something queer and awful about you. You weren't vicious. But when you got yourself equipped for wholesale business, and took to ripping hills, gulches, valleys, and went in for choking navigable rivers and bogs with silt—you'd have washed away my whole continent to the bottom of the sea, if I hadn't knocked you out—you, with my almighty balled fist of the law.

When you're associated like prairie dogs up in some God-forsaken waste you've laid out for all the world like a giant graveyard—in spite of your fierceness and daring, the gin-mill gets your wages, and the organized owner works the government, till you run amuck, and I don't blame you if you dynamite like a Jack-the-ripper on a whopping scale. That's your last state, and lots worse than the first, by no fault of yours.

It's sad, but soon you'll be just a bygone hearsay to lie about in make-believe books.



## HIS NINE DOUBLES

---

Have I nailed you fast—Specimen Number Two—in my bug collection?

Eight, by my reckoning, minus one, leaves seven.

*(Uncle Sam confronts the third, while the former two seem to be now his friendly witnesses, showing by their facial play when they enjoy his scoring a point, whereas the others remain still totally impassive)*

Anyone who'd look at you hard could tell you're no Vandal, Hun, Cossack or Tartar. You're just my old friend the cow-puncher, broncho-buster, paint-the-town-red artist and lynch-law trapeze-performer! You were a good fellow, straight, and free, and fearless, and quiet, till a hornet stung you, and you got to roister and act mean. You loved the arid mesas, and the wide opaline plains. You hated the tame drove of humans. You rode thro' the chapperal like a king, or a demon. You were a lightning bolt at rounding up the herd, at heading off a stampede. You started out with a grim smile to beard the blizzard alone, to locate the cattle, and you took big chances just to do up your job clean to a finish. You loved to rope, to throw and brand. You were a specialist in mavericks. You loved to ride down and noose the mustang, break him bareback to your will, your life like a bowie-knife between your teeth. You were homesick for the lonesome song of the coyote to the moon, the bark of the prairie dog, the scream and swoop of the eagle. You drank, and you scrapped, and you swore; quick on the trigger, not over particular about the neck you wrung. And women? they were just another sort of cattle or incredible goddesses—couldn't ever quite tell which!

Heaven bless you! The cowcatcher, the barbed-wire fences drove you out. You're almost gone, the more's the pity! Shake, old boy, you don't mind, do you, now that I detect, recognize and expose you?

Seven, I suspect, minus one's just about half-a-dozen. Keep tab on my bookkeeping, you staring idiot-idols of Bogus, Alias & Co., incorporated to do business as me! Ha, Ha!

(*Uncle Sam addresses himself to the fourth phantom*)

You're Jack Robinson, get-folks-on the list! Easton West's your surname, "Eat 'em alive" your title; real hustle-doctor, and step-lively artist. Sow wind, to reap orders! Goods indifferent. Can handle any line as well, on an hour's notice! Sandhills, waterlots, slickest style in pokers, pianofortes, toothpicks or canned carrots; sea-salt for dyspepsia, or charcoal tablets for the complexion—or the other way around; Cumberland plateau-chestnut-oak-acorn hygienic breakfast-grits, or doublequick steam-roller for neat facial massage; any lightning device for the total suppression of comfort and the final elimination of leisure!

Zigzag over the map, and do the towns, as if you were eating Queen Anne cherries off the tree. Scalp the rainbow and bottle the borealis, just to divert your customers. Jolly, and wine and dine, and bluff and bully, and take 'em to the best show, wallop 'em with anecdotes and folk-saws, and pepper them with the current events, travelogues, and political tips.

It's a point of honor with you to worm your way into the confidence of a shark, extract the grouch of a jungle man-eater, thaw out the bank-account of a polar bear, and unload a new brand of brimstone in Hades. You study *homo sapiens*, and shape him up true to his name if he isn't, decorating him on graduation with a diploma from your itinerant school of experience.

You're a gay diffuser of progressive discontent, a dispenser of ambition. There can't be over-production, for you'd generate any required overconsumption between Sundays. Where you've been, there's demand; and supply follows, as laughter on the heels of a racy joke.

Some folks declare you're a nuisance. You hog it in the sleepers, at the show, at the taxi-stands; but then it's you who make the hotels sprout thick as toadstools thro' the wilderness, with bars and barbers and manicure-maidens, so you're properly entitled to the grub that makes the butterfly, spending other folks' money for the best good of your fellow-men. You're my

## HIS NINE DOUBLES

---

up-to-date empire builder, and therefore I've got a kind word for you, tho' you're disfranchised somehow, like the army man—or the convict.

Other folks say you're just vulgar, sordid, flippant, and light of love. But you're friendly, would do a kindness to a dead-beat, and fetch your mother-in-law the last life-preserver. You can't afford, perhaps, to be super-elegant or squeamish as long as folks are just folks. You love your family in your own way at long distance, more than most people do theirs at close range; and you whoop it up in your own shy soul with some sort of fake—old or new, doesn't make any great difference to you, so it keeps you in hard times from losing your nerve, or your death-grip—on human nature. You fear only one horror this side damnation, and that's a long vacation; for you don't want to expire prematurely of boredom, and cheat the poor dear insurance companies.

Say, don't die till you've got the whole country neatly curry-combed, for you do keep my ideas in circulation, and are the touchstone of democracy.

*(Uncle Sam grins, and the "drummer" returns the salute as Uncle Sam proceeds to the fifth phantom)*

I know you by names as many as the weeds in Uncle Jephtha's corn patch. I'll call you though for short Elijah Daniel Raise-Hell Pax-Vobiscum, importer of cast-off ideas and exporter of tall-talk! Soapbox, barbecue-stump, collapsible lyceum platform, old-fashioned pulpit, official rostrum—all's indifferent—mere local color, with lay-out, setting, and get-up to match. For it's always the same joyful, hocus-pocus flimflammer, honest as a weathervane, steadfast in a veering wind, straightforward and unblushing as a phonograph! Democracy finds all along its articulate collective voice in you!

Some folks say you're a contemptible liar and hypocrite. The truth is you were wound up tight before Adam's time, and have got to go off. So you gurgle like a sucking dove and coo like a camel, and yodle like a cuckaloo, and snort like a bull-

## HIS READING OF

---

buffalo, and trumpet like an elephant, grunt like a hippo, and sob like a tapir, and simper like a goggle-eyed sea-lion, and squeal like a walrus, and chew straw like a rhino, and snort and cavort like the Old Man of the Rockies when the forked lightning touches him on the topknot. You mew and you spit, and toot and caterwaul like a covey of wild cats at a caucus. Then for a change, you shiver like an aspen in June moonlight, dimple like a spring veiled with maidenhair, joggle like a whole line of linen in a gale; ere you dive like a wounded whale into your icewater pitcher to emerge thence revived like a long-suppressed cloudburst. Now you groan like a live-oak, cork-screwing and grinding to snuff in a cyclone, and let drive a Jovian sternutation, to shake *terra firma*, so that judgment's on for the remnant, and a Labor Day excursion back to earth for the dead and damned!

O you can do it in several keys and styles: theological, political, cultural, philanthropical, economic, gastronomic, millennial or social-rescue. It doesn't matter much to you, or anybody—so you're the pyrotechnic waterspout, and hail ostrich eggs hard-boiled, and spangle the midnight with a dandelion-and-dahlia-pattern, and suffuse the auditorium with alternately pulsing red and blue lights, with violet shimmers thrown in for afterglow; so—you get up an overhead collision between a monocled comet and a loose-jointed meteor; so—you spray the social spirit with bug poison, and launch a squadron of super-dreadnoughts on our sainted mother's tears; so—you coin me into catchwords and saw me up into platform planks; so—you jack up Solomon's temple and put goldbrick foundations under; so—you pull to pieces the throne of the Almighty, and dovetail and peg and rivet it together with up-to-date claptrap, and shellac it over fresh with made-to-order slang.

You're useful. You sweat the criminal boredom out of a tired people. They stamp, they howl, get converted and have the D.T.'s without those deleterious after effects. When they lapse from grace the day after, and return to sober sense and the savings banks, they spontaneously agree to let the profes-

## HIS NINE DOUBLES

---

sionals run the government for their own benefit (business being business), and to let the church hobble along as before for the climbers, the snobs, the jejune goody-goodies—and the immune to thought.

Oh, popular education is slow! But how else would your job pay, making it so interesting and wholesome, like a cross between a cock fight and a sarsaparilla sundae?

*(Uncle Sam turns to the next, leaving the orator to swell like a pouter pigeon)*

You're my blithesome perpetual-motionist, and as much better than your predecessor as action's an improvement on words.

Action! O action!

Disinterested addiction,

To faction

And friction!

Expulsion,

Convulsion,

Suction

And ruction,

O my wonderful human dynamo!

Keep, keep folks busy,

Dance them all dizzy,

And pledge 'em to temperance while you dine 'em and wine 'em O!

You jolt, heave up and juggle till your soul's in joyful jeopardy; till the atmosphere glitters and tingles with your self-generating ozone, everybody's bath-tub's full of electric eels, and life's one unmitigated fricassee of delight!

What can't and don't you do? Boom Job's ash heap into a first-class residence town? lick Indians, Mexicans, Spaniards indifferently, anything that's fierce and not too dangerous on the horizon line? mix up the oceans, which is highly immoral? and kick around the banking system, just for healthy exercise?

You're for everything nobody wants, till you make them like it in spite of them. You're against everything you don't do, or

*do* do when others dare to do it, till everybody swears nobody ever did it, or thought of it.

You're Elijah cornering the priests of Baal—telescoped with Samson working the jawbone of an ass. You damn Ananias up and down, and elope with Sapphira overnight on the sly. It's entertaining. Never a dull hour, and serious knowledge and technical business somehow get whizzed through between whacks of your hickory slap-stick.

Ho for a club, a club, with knobs of molten brass-buttons, and spikes of gun-metal! And the country prospers, and the devil is there to take the next fellow—unless he benefits remotely by your preservation of national resources!

What could I do without you?

You're my man of all work, my Jack of all trades, and master of more! Issues? Why you pick 'em off any prickly pear and persimmon tree. Tariffs of iniquity? infamously violated states rights? Recall of wives? referendum for sun spots and unscrupulous eclipses? annexation of the moons to Jupiter? expansion of the belt of Saturn? extension of improved roads to Venus, when she's evening star? and making hell-for-sartin those mythical canals in Mars?

You excoriate, you corrugate, you copperline our inside against the day we've got to gulp down the whole bristling solar system, and parts adjacent. You scorch the atmosphere five miles up. You emit million-mile-long shoots and streamers from your private photosphere. You sputter spooks from your spiritistic sparking plugs. You stick your little finger into the teething mouth of infant industries, and everybody's prepared to die, and cheerfully at that, having beheld the ultimate atomic conglomeration, and heard the *dernier cri* in the music of the spheres!

*(The sixth phantom winks at Uncle Sam, who chuckles good-naturedly then looks long and quizzically at the seventh)*

Don't get alarmed. I sha'n't give it up yet. I admit this seventh—this Babylonian day-of-rest—is harder to unriddle than the rest of you common, weekday good fellows.

Ha, that sets me on the trail.

Hammurabi? Wasn't there such a swashbuckler got tables of handy directions from his God? Then Moses plagiarized? or maybe filched from Hindu Manu, from the Persian Avesta, and cornered all the composite credit without so much as a thank you ma'am? You used to run the shop, but you don't quite now. You sneak your name into an anonymous firm, and set up your shingle in a sanctum. Don't need to fake omniscience these days. Chaps "as knows law" come too cheap. But for form's sake, you still keep precedents in pickle behind scary sheep-skin backs.

Who ever calculated your orbit? Now you shoot out on a parabola, and you angle in the interstellar void; then you crook and coil and backslide and loop-the-loop, so Eve's steady couldn't track your trail, and ever untie his own bowknots in a coon's age.

You're sedate, and solemn, and massage your *raison d'être* with dog-latin. But watch you through closed doors tickle your *tout-ensemble* with a technicality as feathery as the foot of a gnat! And you're not without adventurous spirit. Just to see you tilt and drive at all the bubbles of progress with a legal point, mounted on a British Magna Charta quarter-staff! And you're courageous—with other people's interests when your professional afflatus blows you away. Not much of a case, and a favorable decision might cost your client his bottom dollar—but by Saint Jehoshaphat—what a beautiful bit of litigation!

When you legislate, you're practical. You see to it life doesn't lose interest by serious interference with big crooks, blue bottles and yellow jackets, but the bonny buzzy flies you all glue fast in the tanglefoot. If you make a mistake, well, what you do, I guess you can undo for a consideration, or work out a reasonable construction, and there's joy among Carlyle's captains of industry and the magnates of the yacht club! By fat fees and ingenious delays you promote peace among the rich, and cultivate a spirit of resignation in the deserving poor. When you contemplate an unprincipled newborn social babe, you administer first aid to the injured in a trice, and swaddle up his inno-

cent limbs with rubber that won't give. When there's a head of common sense looming up on the horizon, you exhume and refurbish up a dead-letter, and level it, and aim and let drive; and the horizon is warranted safe-and-sane again for a decade or two.

You know you pretend to be Roman and British, to date back to Justinian and so forth, but I fancy nothing of the sort is the case. You're just my old New England conscience, translated out of the vulgar tongue; or maybe you're my down-south love of sport, sworn to make my fighting instinct acquire craft and cunning, and justify my combativeness with imputed principle and well-bred indirection.

You know I'm going to sidetrack you, till you quit trying to run my freight trains up a heavy grade by turning off the steam and fixing the airbrakes?

*(Uncle Sam leaves the seventh much disconcerted, and a bit angry, and envisages the eighth)*

Ha, ha, I can see you think you're an extra big bug, but the chameleon isn't a circumstance to you. You can swap bones to suit conditions, as well as hide. When you're whitewashed and gilt-edged I can't abide you. When you're brutal and a gallant bugaboo, and make good muckraking Sunday-supplement material, you're cute in your peculiar way. If you know how to buy respectability with continental junkets, pious endowments and lifetime monuments to your memory, you can even induce the guileless pew to remember you in prayer should you contract an abrasion!

When you're a big-bellied tiger-eye in your spider-web, every thread spun out of yourself, and made fast in a snarl of human interest; a plumed chief with your feudal clans oath-bound to die for you and the swag, and your underground system of catacombs handy, where you make vice profitable only to the middle-men, and discouraging to the victim, why, you're sinister but not altogether devilish. When you tax the rich for rotten public improvements, and throttle business that won't kotow to you—as the self-appointed representative of the widely distributed



“plain people”—you promote economic equilibrium, and are a political educator of the well-to-do.

When you play the upstart robber-baron and hog coal mines, virgin forest, water-rights, railroads, to squeeze the country like a lemon and call it development, you’re a menace, but you’re easy to suppress; and maybe you are a trustee for Plato’s republic while you think yourself a monstrous grand-mogul.

When you manipulate values, and magnetize the people’s precious savings against a rainy day into your private vaults, on an excursion ticket of which the return trip expires before it gets there—then you’re a vulgar, sleight-of-hand professor, and need stripes badly to advertise your talent at par.

Of course you do it to save the rest of us from mammon, but we’d rather dispose of our filthy lucre for our personal comfort than procure you a deserved corner in damnation.

But the time I loathe you is when you play public benefactor and saviour of society, when you work up a panic and then hurry your first aid to the injured, buying up everything cheap with the people’s borrowed spare cash for your own greater gain, and then boost prices and sell out to the survivors, and are hailed as a booming patriot! Or when you get behind bars (prophetically?) and induce honest enterprises to realize on the credit of posterity—just as long as you can sell securities—you honest soul, and guarantor of the proletariat’s prosperity; and when you can’t sell—to Hell with the puppets that danced on your wires, and *you* retire to found a feudal family!

I must admit to watch you scratch in your own junkpile and dig up a crest and a coat-of-arms; to see you erect a pompous lookout on the daily auto-congestion; to watch you travel, denature, annex a title, and naturalize abroad—that’s gruelling fun.

When you stay at home tho’, self-sacrificingly, and see your name posted everywhere as a benefactor, and reform us till we’re proud of our gullibility and our meekness under expert management; when you rig us out a national business administration, create country-wide sentiment under your sacred and far-sighted direction of the organs of public opinion, open new

fields to exploitation out of political sympathy, finance a profitable little war or two to recruit our stock of heroes, and collect incidentally on the foreign investments you induced us to risk? Oh—you may be a bad-tasting antidote to save us from the easy-going optimism that's undermining our constitution!

But, do you know tho', there are times when you look big, and I feel I've got to let you grow bigger, so we may have the biggest pumpkin in the village show; and there are other times (look out, they might come to stay!) when I want to clean house and swat the tarantula with my broom; when I dream of first hiring you to smoke yourself out, and then of deodorizing you as bone dust after mutual exposure and wholesale electrocution. For then you take a base advantage of our generous faith in human nature, our boyish hero-worship, our good-natured acknowledgment of things, that's disgustingly shabby and low.

*(Uncle Sam leaves the eighth almost shocked, and childishly dejected, but looks back once more)*

Old man, take timely warning. I'd hate to have a lynching in the immediate family. *(With restored good humor)*

Now, for the last—but not least. A whopper, and only just hatched. What a heaven-sent relief! You make goodness as dangerous and full of thrills as a career of crime. War, famine, plagues—they're your opportunities. You're either rich, or you hold a mighty affluent thought by the shirt-tail—and you scheme out the network of benevolent canals, and operate the sluices for a graduated flow.

Say, your features are a wee bit feminine? Your wrinkles of care and human sorrow, your hollow eyes with the searchlight stare, and the shine of withheld tears—they're mere make-up, aren't they? And your dainty goatee is glued on?

Soon you'll have girdled the earth with wanton welfare work, and you can defy any wretch to escape. You'll glory in the slum when it's piped with hair-tonic, hygienic complexion-wash and vegetable milk. Automatic sprays operated for compulsory disinfection in every hole in the wall! Pneumatic tubes distrib-

## HIS NINE DOUBLES

---

uting glass eyes and false teeth! Double-jointed cork legs, better than nature's back numbers, supplied to all comers, and twilight sleep amputation thrown in free.

Thanks to you, punishment for crime will become a much appreciated privilege, so the hypocrite will die out, and reform turn into a new-fangled sport—so perilous and unnecessary! You'll eliminate the incompetents by the three-generation system of supervised eugenics, and then get the bankrupt coffin trust to turn out sanitary candy-boxes, cradles, go-carts and rattles for the superannuated!

Meanwhile you'll found research bureaus—and work all the bacilli thro' hitherto inconceivable developments, so you can run the whole gamut of disease, until self-preservation becomes for mankind a fine art, with an exquisite technique so complicated we'll have no leisure at all to live or to die.

When you've run out of physical problems (gutter-cats, mangy dogs and spavined horses being eliminated) you'll turn your attention with your corps of transmogrified doctors and redeemed nurses to tackle with scaling ladders the corporate public soul.

All unreformed parsons will be chloroformed, and moderate health shall be made inevitable. No apathy or boredom, antipathy for the ugly, no degrading domestic partiality; instead, a universally diffused bland idiocy! No dangerous sense of humor shall be permitted to survive. Instead, a solemn consciousness of eternal and infinite obligation to make everyone think as you do! Vulgar delight in brute strength and unmitigated natural bumptiousness will be altered into a perpetual hankering after a better world, where there shall be an adequate supply of unfortunates for each and all to benefit! Meanwhile, every day his nostrum, and as in the past so in the future!

It was once emancipation for niggers only! It was once temperance for the down-and-outs. It will soon be aesthetic dancing for the domestic hog, free eau-de-cologne and automatic tin mice for old maids' cats!

### END OF SECTION THREE

---

It shall be plum-pudding with grapeshot for raisins to promote mastication in the church militant! Baseful peonies enforced as buttonholes by law to distinguish bachelors in public, for the convenience of the summer resort promoter and the idiot asylum recruiter.

Joy to you, and keep your benevolent soul on the dead jump, and don't give over ere the whole world's spick-and-span, like an aluminum chafing-dish to cook tipsy old Sol's universal Welsh rarebit!

IV.

HIS SHADOW AND HIS THREE YET INVISIBLE  
PHANTOM SELVES



#### IV.

Knowledge is power, isn't it?

Now that I have mind-read you, will you surrender? I'll spare you all if you but confess my prowess and obey.

*(The nine phantom Uncle Sams unmask, each with his several expression and body-build, look at one another, suggesting that every other be spokesman. At last the "Philanthropist" reluctantly accepts the imposed duty)*

NINTH UNCLE SAM—We don't think you've quite demonstrated your vaunted superiority, Sam. You still cast a shadow, yourself, for all your knowledge of us, which you can't fail to admit is discreditable for a spiritual being. Yes, a shadow and one even you can't fail to perceive.

UNCLE SAM—Like the ground hog, eh? So another spell of winter's due? What? That poor thing, you mean? *My* shadow? Never noticed it before. That's so.

*(After a moment's hesitation, as if he had a sudden new idea, Uncle Sam arranges a boutonniere, which he gets out of his hat, in his coat lapel, moves about, assumes several aesthetic poses, and bows to his shadow, which is cast by the bonfire under the melting-pot)*

The thing persists and capers about and apes me right along.

*(Addressing the shadow)* What do you think you are?

*(All the nine phantom Uncle Sams, who laughed freely at Uncle Sam's paces and jig steps and affected poses when endeavoring to escape his shadow, become most serious, and intensely interested, not to say a trifle alarmed)*

UNCLE SAM—I know you, pshaw! You're just trying to *be*. You've had a deucedly hard time keeping up the bluff. You're my forlorn art-sense! You're my pale, pouting poesy, you're my daintily purposeful delight in the ineffable!

*(Uncle Sam strikes a suitable attitude, and apostrophizes the flickering shadow he now casts directly against the rock wall)*

When I look at you, I ache in every bone; it's all so tooth-somely ordinary, so quaintly sad. It's the old swimming-hole, blue-jeans, rail-splitting, that draw tears, done in oils, or dialect. Now it's an ode to Influenza, the empty chair at the opera, or "Peace, perfect peace" in the chicken-coop. It's the mountains of the moon looking cheerily cheesy. It's any sort of syrupy sobstuff or uplift gargle.

That's one style of you!

Then another, see? Jags to jocose or jejune Jeremiah jingles! Or, maybe, you explore awful jaws creepily between tusks of crunching stalagmites and stalactites over a retractile tongue, like an octopus tentacle, right into the maw of Nevermore; and you wake up insane and dote on a thumbscrew, and sing litanies beholding the skeleton in the closet of your antediluvian lady-love! And all because, over here, life's too cheaply prosperous and lacks the proper excitement of political persecution!

Now for another phase of you! you "cousin" the cloud and "beehive-hole" the sun, and lilt of little green leaves, and lick up the maudlin honey-clover voluptuously—and you melt into a mawkish sop of sweetness, to serve quick in a minute, colonial pewter, germ-free saucer for the doll-babies.

And still another pose of you, my shadow! You spit raw hunks of polar-bear, or hippopotamus-steak at a national barbecue, and celebrate and sing and singe yourself by the sizzling fire of love-of-country, till the continent has hydrophobia; then you auction off your criminal proclivities without a blush—and Hegelianize the Declaration of Independence, and apostrophize the metropolitan city-directory!

You haven't struck your gait yet, or you'd materialize, and not just shadow me. It's all right to have your ear to the ground, but the buffaloes aren't coming, nor the iron horse, but something that's neither on feet nor wheels nor sled-runners. Sniff the zenith! It's no angels, nor aeroplanes! Listen! It's no Singer machine. Can't you guess? You've got to satisfy the



insatiate ME with the divine, and when you do it you won't make any "best sellers" and get "spotlight" and free advertising. I'll chastise him I love, and prove him so, the price of post-humous acceptance—as ME!!!

*(The shadow rises from the ground, becomes enormous, a palpitant golden haze enveloping all the scene, then shrinks to the outlines of Uncle Sam but covers him with a living shimmer of radiancy. The nine unmasked phantoms are terrified, and promptly "freeze" back to their former stolid, strange, hostile uniform-visaged appearance. Uncle Sam bursts into boyish delight)*

Hurrah! Now I've got a lightning-bug glow all over, an astral phosphorescence. Who'd have thought there was such lots in my much despised shadow? Eh? You never thought it, you nine male muses of mine? *(Uncle Sam looks sidelong at them for sympathy, and is dumbfounded on perceiving that they have quietly reverted to their previous impassive and hostile state)*

UNCLE SAM—What? All I've done so elaborately to conquer each of you singly is undone in a twinkle? That's not fair play.

I know you through and through, and by right of knowledge I can incorporate you, or cast you into outer darkness. Thanks to you, I've made shift to enjoy life—by shifts.

SPECTRAL VOICE—Though you deem we are so exceeding well-known to you, and you reckon yourself (particularly since you've got yourself illuminated), so superior, what are you more than a phantasmal sum total? An abstraction pretentiously personated? While we are luscious, concrete. Each of us has his own centre of reality and interest in himself. Taken all together, are we not all there is of you? And we know each other, and combine to a unity that preserves distinctness of the parts; so our self-knowledge is nine-fold; while you, you have made your divisions unreal, mere imaginary lines on the map, and are centralized, featureless. You tyrannize over your own substance. You melt yourself up, and then cool off in a haphazard, shapeless

## UNCLE SAM'S SHADOW

---

lump. So we are entitled, even if you identify us individually, to defy you as One incomprehensible Social Whole.

*(Uncle Sam hangs his head somewhat abashed; then with no bluff, and more radiant than ever, and his eyes shining benevolently, he admits)*

UNCLE SAM—There's some truth in what you say—more than I like to admit to myself. But tho' you've got my limitations pat, you have missed my creative centre. All things counted and discounted, there's a deal more of me than you Nine—not reckoning my shadow that I've gobbled down to my greater glory. (*Dreamily, melting with a peculiar tenderness*)

Did you ever envisage my golden-rule fool-idealist, my poet laureate of vulgar reality? My variety-in-unity maniac? Prophet of the golden age of direct self-government? If the people's rule is bad, so much the better, saith he, for it will work out to a higher civilization! Multiply checks and counterchecks, and affirm the right Source of authority, even at the risk of political paralysis! Belief in the people, the whole people, and nothing but the people. He sings of Columbus and Lincoln. He wrote the immortal Declaration and projected the Constitution. He's none of you and yet he IS in my *heart!*

And where's my other idealist who dreams a greater people and race? Every refugee's welcome, every outraged dreamer and rebel, every political criminal and social outcast, every runaway from exploitation and robbery! Every race-talent, every tradition, every hitherto undeveloped latent genius! and all, together, to give us some day the *people* fit for our political and social Heaven of freedom! No stock's to monopolize, no instrument in the orchestra is to fail of his part—even if it's a rhythmic pause. Every little boy, begotten and born of polyglot forebears, who knows but it's *he* starts the ultimate Breed, palpitant with the oversoul, to justify philharmonically all the blunders, vulgarity, graft, swagger and silliness that's gone before?

Where's this Idealist? Not in *you*. He's in my head!

## AND PHANTOM SELVES

---

And there's a third, the actuating mystery, the transfiguring and creative spirit. He's our One Whither—for our manifold whences we can't adumbrate. He represents all that has been and is to be—simultaneously in a present we can't yet project. When he comes, he couldn't prescribe clerk morals for genius, nor ladylike manners for the militant soul. He won't offer a rubber ring for young America to teethe with. Not he!

Perhaps, who knows, he peeped at us in individual disguise at the very start, and took a hand in things—an exceptional person—a glorious freak—the Father of his country?

Be that as it may, he's the God you can hope to reproduce as you worship. He's in the yolk of every American egg. And every man of all my folk has some kinship with him. Every vice contributes to his greater virtue, and every vulgarity is assimilated, and transfigured to some new refinement, delicacy and nobility in him. When he finally appears—we *are*. When we adore *him*, we transmute, and become adorable; and the whole world's just the quivering halo of our special Incarnate God!

And where is He now? Who of you has even ventured to dream of *him*? You don't *believe* in him? Ha, that's where we differ. He's in my spirit and lives already so, though neither my heart nor my mind can adequately realize him.

So—there now, you nine claimants of my heritage, with all your merits, what a whopping lot is lacking to you! My three supremes aren't prepared to manifest yet in some rough-and-ready, larger-than-life, typical spook—like you Nine. And I *am* the common, integrating, immanent factor.

I'm the tie that binds—you to them, and them to you.

And I hear the Great God coming.

Asia has had many chances.

Europe's lost several.

America? Oh, America? Why, her past is yet to come. And I am it. That past is me, you hear? So it's self-evident I'm her only Present and Future too!

Now, my bullies, my bubbles, my buzzards, why don't you adjourn *sine die*—to where you belong?

## UNCLE SAM'S SHADOW

---

*(The nine Uncle Sams, each in his own person, nods and says)*

THE NINE—We have decided to stay with you.

UNCLE SAM—Eh? You know when you have a good thing? But some of you are dodos and mastodons!

THE NINE—No ghost is too ancient to haunt you, and none too recent.

UNCLE SAM—You're vampires? I knew it!

THE NINE—We're ghosts of the living; at least we hope so.

UNCLE SAM—And who's really alive but me? So you pretend to be me? illicit extrusions of my substance?

THE NINE—We are you—and you are—I, as each one says it, and means it.

UNCLE SAM—Pack off to the void, the abyss, the outer darkness. I can dispense with you all stupendously well.

THE NINE—We know better. You couldn't do without us; so we prefer to disobey rather than fail you.

UNCLE SAM—That's very considerate. But I take it upon myself herewith to disband, dissipate, and exorcise you—at least *pro tem*. Isn't that clear? I want to be alone! Beat it, till you boot the skyline and kick the nadir into a cocked hat.

THE NINE—We cling to you loyally in spite of your hasty temper.

UNCLE SAM—Ha, so? I can't shake you? Can't fold you up and flutter you off like dead leaves in the wind?

*(Uncle Sam fixes each one searchingly—and grows blandly amazed)*

UNCLE SAM—Well, Sam, when you can't manage a thing here and now, you adjourn to the antipodes, and into the middle of next week, to inaugurate another policy.

Perhaps, gentlemen, you're bound by a quizzical, metaphysical umbilical cord to the Great Mother?

I see. Of course you blush assent. I won't insist on further embarrassing inquiry. Since I can't shake you, or sheer you off from my quintessence, I'll just hospitably take you in. You understand? Into my inmost intimacy, I mean, where you'll

do no harm at all—just constitute a holiday-temperance jag for your ethereal imperial uncle!

So now, a toast is in order to the blessed thirteen of us. Where's my loving cup? Ha, my hat will have to do. As for the liquor? Who needs any these days. Ozone—sparkling and popping the corks of your ideas! Dry toasts are the most hilarious, if psychologically flavored and stirred with a stick of the occult.

So, ho, my pioneer, my cowpuncher, prospector and gopher rat, my boost-and-boom peddler on an inter-ocean toot, my hot-air respirator and boredom extirpator, my belly-buster and man on horseback, my Puritan conscience transmogrified, my graft-expert and life-extractor, my social-surplus saviour—you Nine; and myself (who claim I am you all), and my poet shadow in particular, who merged with me so happily; and for full measure the three you never beheld—my people-glorifier, my Eugene in the genitive case, and last of all my final type and deity, who are implicit in me, of whom the ages hitherto were not worthy; all of us, you see, and all of us you don't see, taken together *à la alligator!* For who knows what there would be, if the thirteen were one, got integrated, and so entirely too great—even to smite the spheres?

Thirteen? You recoil? There's something in superstition? One too few, or too many? You'd like my shadow back, to make it fourteen? He's where he does most good—inside of me—and what's more, thoroughly fused and identified by this. (*Uncle Sam making a speaking tube out of both fists and talking into the pit of his stomach*) Tra-la, little fellow, I've got a dainty job for you. Do over my little ditty to the tune of Annie Rooney, or Willow-tit-willow.

Here's, then, to us all! (*Lifts his hat as a loving cup, and pledges the nine phantom Uncle Sams*)

A Toast to the blessed thirteen!

A Neo-pythagorean

Glorious battle-pæan!

What's to be—includes what hath been ;  
 But it's more, more, more  
 Than ever was dreamed of yore.  
 So let's sing and bring it to being,  
 And pray for its hastening and freeing :  
 The God we can BE, and adore !

*(Dithyramb of Uncle Sam's Mystical Number Thirteen)*



Men hymned of old the sacred three:—  
 Father, mother, and child.  
 Three sides of one mystical figure,  
 A symbol of life's true unity—  
 No solitary tyrant: the living, ay,  
 The mutually self-adoring divinity!  
 Holy, holy, most holy!



Men sang of old the song of the four:—  
 The world-square diverse and equal,  
 The rise and the set of the sun-orb,  
 Th' twain poles of the whirling earth ;  
 'Tis the manifest, manifold reality,—  
 Contenting, bewildering, all-inclusive:—  
 Glorious, glorious, most glorious!



So they chanted the tone of the human five:—  
 For, vital, man standeth at the centre, and  
 The four corners of the world thither bow to him,

Yea, pursue him as he mounts the sky-summit,  
 Where all things in radiance he gathereth :  
 The world in him brought to self-knowledge !  
 Beautiful ! beautiful ! beautiful !



So they intoned the spell of the awful six :—  
 The fourfold horizon ; in his zenith  
 The noon sun rideth, down driving  
 The shadow to the nethermost depth, where  
 None living may pursue. 'Tis the world, with its  
 Ever-triumphing good, yet with evil too :—  
 Mysterious, mysterious, how mysterious !



Knit together, twain world's coequal—  
 (With his zenith each and his nadir,) and  
 The twelve star-signs of the zodiac  
 Stand about the ecliptic resplendent !  
 Or, impose thou on the masterless world  
 God's intimate home-love as law, and lo—  
 In twelve, the full cycle perfection !

So ended the hymn of the ancient order.  
 But One hath arrived now, and behold  
 A vaster vision ! I shout to you  
 My dithyramb in sacredest fury :  
 Hark ! horrible, impious blasphemy !  
 The closed perfection shall be transcended :—  
 Revelation, revelation, revelation !



Lo, the cycle perfection once closed, I open it  
 With innovation, initiative, freedom!  
 Of old, was the ancient not new once?  
 And not truer when primevally newer so?  
 When spontaneous, irresistible, wonderful?  
 Old hemisphere, tremble lest it blast thee,  
 My creation, new creation, my creation!

*(Uncle Sam pauses, looks at the cycle of Nine, who seem hypnotized, and as if transfusing all their vital powers into him)*

Ha, ha, boys! Drink the Empyrean,  
 And whoop it up with me!  
 Sing to my lucky number!  
 It is mine, you understand, my monopoly!  
 And I always knew it instinctively when they slandered it.  
 A baker's dozen, forsooth, they called it?  
 Then I baked a new loaf, in my oven of affliction,  
 Of the ancient Bread of Life.  
 For I tell you, there hath arisen  
 And ascended to the zenith, and been received in glory,  
 In the band of cosmic brotherhood,  
 A New constellation, mine, mine, mine!  
 Thirteen states in one nation,  
 Celestial and infernal and Eternal!  
 Ay, my lucky number,  
 Feared and hated  
 Superstitiously,—  
 Traduced how stupidly, viciously,  
 My plucky number  
 That surpasses  
 All that hath been victorious,—  
 That begetteth from molten masses  
 The unknown disastrous, uproarious,



More beautiful and ever more glorious!  
Behold it is I, translated,  
The fated,  
The new created!

And O my flag,  
My sky-rag—  
You can't brag  
Too loudly,  
Nor wave too proudly—  
Floating, flaring, flapping  
To the stars' hand-clapping!  
Reverent and devout to you,  
It is I, even I, who shout to you:  
You can't hang too high!  
And you sha'n't die!  
And cry  
To whoso dareth ask "why?":  
" 'Tis because  
Naught daunts or awes  
Life's law of laws,  
And a spirit of life am I!"

*(Uncle Sam, after madly waving his hat, looks about very much pleased to be, so far as he can see, alone)*

Ha, ha, boys! My song has been too much for your several hypertrophied brags. You've got telescoped, incorporated, digested. And you're very, very, very happy, I know, who best ought to, being perfectly acquainted with your whereabouts and present doings. All's well that ends well, isn't it? And to think that I managed all this by my sole self, with an immortal Neopythagorean dithyramb improvised on the spot! Who needs to worry about army, or navy, coast defences, and air fleets?

*(Benjamin Franklin enters and watches Uncle Sam with a quiet, benign amusement)*

And what's in order now?

## UNCLE SAM'S SHADOW

---

Why a little apposite brag-song in my own honor, I guess  
likely.

“Ha! Ha!

I did it.

I couldn't kick out the impudent pretenders.

They always came back fatally like boomerangs.

How! now?

I gobbled my shadow, and became straightway a glow-worm,

A lightning-bug tousling the 'rose of dawn'!

I sang of Progress, Evolution

Beyond foreseen conclusions and prophetic limits,

And they faded into me,

Calmly, unanimously;

They were saved the bother of being distinct, separate,  
external.

They are henceforth identified, diffused, and eternal

With my identity, diffusion and eternity.

O total, delicate, benevolent assimilation!

Yet I have established my autocracy democratically

By the vote for voluptuously desired

Nirvanic extinction in . . .

What is all embracing and sufficient—ME!

And I have established so my single yet complex con-  
sciousness!

I have vanquished that needlessly explicit and wasteful  
variety!

I have even absorbed the prophetically projected

Implicit revelations—for they elected

To fill me to aeonian satiety!

Having soared high-flown

Lo, I stand full grown

In my station,

And by that simple yet subtle operation—

As of old—

Sublimely alone!”

## AND PHANTOM SELVES

---

*(As Uncle Sam has sung his boastful song, the glow has gradually faded out of him and he looks down astonished at his person)*

UNCLE SAM—

Ha, what's this?

My phosphorescence gone?

So much the better, I must suppose!

For who would shine as a star, be fragrant as a rose?

Inconvenient accomplishment, dubious bliss!

I'd rather rely on my brain and my brawn!!

What? Who goes there? You, Benny? Was it not *I* after all, but *you*, perhaps, who worked the spell? and reduced chaos to cosmos? the dark to a modest rational twilight? and set me here in my right mind, nobly arrayed in my every-day togs?

*(Benjamin Franklin shakes his head comically, in denial)*

Oh, you needn't refuse to confess the truth. You're the only one, dead or alive, I could allow to snatch my peculiar laurels from me. If it's you did it, I owe you a debt for obligingly letting me think I was doing it while it happened;—for it was a monstrous job: sanifying, clarifying, and unifying *me* after I indulged in this oriental auto-psycho-analysis.

Now, thank heaven, we are bound once more in common sense, and can attend to practical affairs of state. Sit down, Uncle Benny, and let's have it out once and for all. You have spied out the enemy, and come to what conclusion about them?



V.

THE FINAL SELECTION OF THE COMMITTEE  
OF PACIFICATION



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—

“Knives and nettles are akin  
Stroke them kindly, and they’ll sting.”

UNCLE SAM—So, you’re like me, veering to a more strenuous domestic policy? Still, couldn’t we somehow manage to spare ourselves so much remorse? A gallon or two of the milk of human kindness should suffice to drug them, and then we would manage their affairs in the interim. When they sober up they’d never care to own they hadn’t been *compos mentis*, and they would pretend to agree with all we’ve done, and that they, indeed, voted it so. Isn’t that a pleasanter way of dealing with the situation?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—

“Drink and drink more and still unsatisfied;  
Drink till drink drowned him, and he thirsty died.”

UNCLE SAM—Your saws always make Pat cut his own limb from the tree trunk, and precipitate him headlong into the briers! Do you think a little liberal education, and moral and religious culture—non-sectarian and seemingly atheistic—would minister to ungodly pride in these invading hordes? Would that be a dangerous expedient?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—

“To be proud of knowledge, is to be blind with light.

To be proud of virtue, is to be poisoned with an overdose of the antidote.”

UNCLE SAM—I see, it’s absurd. Still, you would agree it *might* work out well; and with my invariable luck, anything that’s possible is more than likely. I’ve been a fool, I own it. I’ve fed them fat, and made them suppose that comfort’s a mark of nobility. They’re political parvenus, and they haven’t the proper sense of the inherited good fortune of being native Americans.

## HIS FINAL COMMITTEE

---

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—

“No blood is as old  
As mud or gold.”

UNCLE SAM—So you suggest the cure for mud-slinging is a mud-bath, and for gold-greed, an overdose of *aurum potabile*? I guess it wouldn't take forty acres of bad land and two legs of a mule apiece to turn any one of the worst radicals into an all-fired conservative.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—I didn't mean to imply that dollars count more than the man, or that mud is fairer than a fair dame.

But what I did mean is, there's no use making them feel they can never really penetrate into the inmost circle.

UNCLE SAM—And get certificated as adopted progeny—of our Colonial dames and sires?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—As long as the female section of your population systematically covers domestic labor with unjust contempt, are you surprised that only foreigners will serve in your home? As long as you revive the false standards on which the old nobilities rested, what appears to have been the use of abolishing titles, and primogeniture and entail?

Can't you see that a fated social exclusion hurts worse than a tax on tea? Remember, Sam, set up desert and good manners, and social interest as the standard, and all will go to school and pay the tuition fee to become acceptable. As for the pedigree, in ten generations my descendant has exactly—notice, it's an unpronounceable fraction— $1/1,022$ th part of my egregious person, probably his only noteworthy ancestor.

UNCLE SAM—So, you argue for the children of the soil, and that they're all one with angels from heaven, if they have or get the right stuff, and accept the constitution? That seems fair. But I tell you it isn't feasible. There's our women folk to reckon with—as you shrewdly observed—and they're unbudgeable, unreconstructed, and they, tho' I hate to admit it, they do boss the ranch.



## OF PACIFICATION

---

I'm deadly sick of all this negotiation. If my detractors knew how dangerous I am when unduly provoked, I think they'd come to terms. I just feel like exploding—and scattering annihilation.

These arid sands need extensive lime deposits; and as for the immediate requirements of the atmosphere, we could get a million incubators and raise buzzards enough in no time. And if you ever set your mind on destruction—not to mention Tesla, Marconi, Maxim and my own native wizards—Fulton, Morse, Wilbur Wright, my great juggler Edison, and my prophet Burbank, I just wonder what would be left of this inhuman refuse? I guess we've pretty nearly by this hardened our hearts Teutonically against unprofitable sentiment.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—

“The brave and the wise can pity and excuse,  
Where cowards and fools no mercy refuse.”

UNCLE SAM—What, you've not turned “peace at any price”? Oh, I see, you're poking fun at me! Yes, yes, there's no getting out of it. I started out this way, and there's no use getting the laugh on me by my losing my temper.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—I'm glad your device—not so exceedingly novel a resort of exasperated human nature—is put off to a more convenient season.

UNCLE SAM—Yes, yes, we'll do everything decently and in order. Discover at once a committee fit to represent me, and trust to palaver, diplomacy, and appeals to the invisible beauty of the average soul.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—But why, my son, don't we at the least affect despatch—that virtue incumbent on men in whom reposes as a trust the direction of public affairs? We Colonials, you know, were not ready to impute pre-eminence to any man of another commonwealth, without most excellent cause. Yet all alike acknowledged His Excellency, the general-in-chief, as even more extraordinarily distinguished for his knowledge of men

## HIS FINAL COMMITTEE

---

and astute judgment of policies, than for the possession of the talents peculiar to the soldier and the administrator.

UNCLE SAM—But I've changed my mind. There sha'n't be more than four fingers to my right hand, and the thumb shall be reserved to myself. Then in case of a tie I'll cast the decisive vote. Now, can you see the Father of his Country as one of the four—with you as the middle finger? He may have been modest, you know, but he had a sufficient sense of his singular worth, and what became his dignity. I always cherished a shrewd suspicion that if those British military men had been less uppish with him in his youth, who knows whether he'd have been so strong for my unfashionable cause in later life? He wouldn't have preferred tatters to style! Not he, who ordered, according to his original formulas, his own clothes, always made of the best materials in the latest London swagger!

Of course, at bottom, it's just only reverence and gratitude prompt me to exclude him from our official committee.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—And, furthermore, you think you could in any event avail yourself of his judgment? Now thanks to his noble nature you may. He sent you upon my request his engrossed opinion as to the most suitable persons to be selected for this important mission; altho' I assure you he was very properly reluctant to obtrude, unsolicited by yourself, his opinion.

UNCLE SAM—Good! Let's inspect his ticket. It can't hurt. There's safety in the multitude of counsellors.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Which usually lead to determinations in agreement with whatsoever one pleased before consultation.

UNCLE SAM—Acute you are! I never resent one more suggestion from even the best and wisest of men.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Shall I read off the roll of honor?

UNCLE SAM—Do, do; and as tho' you were at the court of the French Louis.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Nathaniel Greene, dashing and ingenious campaigner. Robert Morris, of Willing & Morris, merchants,

## OF PACIFICATION

---

well known and respected in Philadelphia. Colonel Alexander Hamilton, mightier with the pen even than with the sword. Jonathan Trumbull, Governor's assistant, deputy-governor, and, finally, governor of the great state of Connecticut forty-nine years all told.

UNCLE SAM—Must have been slow as molasses in zero weather, or hadn't they but one male nutmeg? Let's consider them seriatim, verbatim and literatim.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—You remember Nathaniel Greene?

UNCLE SAM—Thank you. I'm not in my second dotage. Tall, he was, strong, vigorous. I like his looks: broad of the brows, a trifle full in the cheeks, like a boy stealing apples. His frank, big eyes do my heart good.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—He was of Quaker persuasion.

UNCLE SAM—That's not against him, since he was of fighting stock all the same. If his father was a first-day preacher, from second day to sixth he was an honest if sooty blacksmith and be-powdered miller!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Born in stubborn little Rhode Island—the last plantation to accept the Constitution.

UNCLE SAM—He mended that record, settling in hot-headed Georgia.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—He outwitted Cornwallis from Catawba to Dan.

UNCLE SAM—Any colonial leader was liable to do that, by just pitting naked horse sense and gumption and geography, got by joggling, against tactical rules and official maps.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Extremely ingenious and inventive too was he.

UNCLE SAM—Made up those amphibious vehicles—keels for the swollen rivers, and cart-wheels for the ruddy roads? Yes, that was cute!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—He enjoyed the entire confidence of the army of the South.

## HIS FINAL COMMITTEE

---

UNCLE SAM—Yet didn't, somehow, make a national success? That's where I touch his weak spot. Any corporal ought to be restlessly biding his time to become commander-in-chief. Can you see him in the shoes of His Excellency? Not I. Perhaps that recommended him, you know. Even great men favor the loyal second-rater. Let's consider the next nominee. Forgotten him almost by this.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Robert Morris.

UNCLE SAM—Ay, so many of that name. Meant originally Moorish, I believe? Moorish dance and then, just country good-fellowship?

Can't place him at all.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Truly, you amaze me. He was one of our real benefactors. In *deed*, that is, and not in word only.

UNCLE SAM—Wait a minute. This Robert Bruce must have done some whopping thing.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Nothing, it seems, that looms very large in any mind now. He merely financed the Revolution.

UNCLE SAM—And at a profit, eh?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—No charges were ever proven.

UNCLE SAM—That's to his credit immensely—after official investigations conducted under his own supervision?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Seriously, he saved the credit of the colonies. It can be truthfully said that it was *he*, therefore, who established American Independence.

UNCLE SAM—Ah, I remember now. It was he tried to economize in the army appropriations by reducing the number of the officers and augmenting that of the privates? If so, that really was unusually smart.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—He filled honorably the office of Superintendent of Finance, and was also Agent of Marine, to nurse the unfortunate infant navy. He didn't think one could carry on a war to victory on quibbles and puns. He furnished the army with lead and rations. And the good ship America, there wasn't

money to finish, he gave to King Louis to square his country's overdue obligations.

UNCLE SAM—And get rid incidentally of a bad investment? Very handsome!

According to you, then, he did all the dirty work, and didn't give a continental for calumny.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—He tried to rouse the inefficient, mutually distrustful state-legislatures from their torpor. For a long time it seemed as though he were preaching to the dead. He effected a loan with the French General, staking his personal estate and honor as security. I understand the nature and difficulty of such services, because, while not privileged to render them, I did a little financing in early life. I was not unconnected with the commissariat.

UNCLE SAM—Ha, ha, yes, you did go in for supplying the British with mules in the French Indian wars! But was he really straight like you?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—He was much maligned by the irresponsible, but the substantial men of his day honored him.

UNCLE SAM—And of course he died—a multi-millionaire!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Sad to relate, no. He was tracked from place to place by bailiffs, and in the end suffered imprisonment at Prune Street for debt as a bankrupt.

UNCLE SAM—You don't mean to say he *failed*? Scandalous!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Yes, but with honor. And he advised his son to keep ever within bounds. "You will grow rich fast enough," said he, "and enjoy yourself much more than if you overstrain as I have done, and try to provide too amply for your family." He was a man of imagination, but he was ahead of his times. He bore ill fortune with philosophy and dignified courage to the last.

UNCLE SAM—I guess we can't have both a General and a financier on a committee that's to deal with that rabble tea-party up yonder. They mightn't like it at all. I must admit, it would hardly

## HIS FINAL COMMITTEE

---

be complimentary! A General—who never capitalized politically his successes, and a financier—who managed public affairs gloriously, and yet let his own suffer by an unnatural divorce?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—You're very cynical and severe, Samuel; and I don't see how you dare to attach such disproportionate importance to success, when so much of it, as you best know, is luck or lack of temptation.

UNCLE SAM—I'm peculiar, maybe, but I can't help it. So, "Next!" I say.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Alexander Hamilton: the intimate heartener of our General-in-chief and the strong right arm of our first President, the chief joint author of the Federalist.

UNCLE SAM—Ay, ay, I remember him quite well. A staunch friend of strong central government; and he, mind you, just next to his great principal. It's perfectly self-evident and natural. If he'd had his way, that Newport Yankee King from the old Dominion wouldn't have remained a mere old wives' tale!

Think of it, too, he was born in Bermuda—a foreigner under the British flag!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—As to the flag, who of us saw a better float over his cradle?

UNCLE SAM—Tut, tut. Where I saw the light, there wasn't ever anything foreign; and I guess you, for one, were naturalized before birth in your inmost predestination.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—At all events, Hamilton was loyally brave and efficient. He gave his life for his adopted country, all the more *his*, mind you, because of will, and not of accident—his.

UNCLE SAM—Do you call birth an accident? Well, well; but be that as it may. I call that election to grace.

No, I can't forgive him his lack of insight into character. Why, didn't he know what that political swash-buckler was after—Aaron Burr, Emperor of Blennerhasset and near-President of the United States? And if he saw into his traitor soul, why hadn't he the moral courage to refuse his own loyal body, that

## OF PACIFICATION

---

was mine, not his, as a target for the villain? And if he hadn't that, why then was he so soft as not to shoot his challenger through the heart first, and settle the score with his conscience later?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—It was an unfortunate and reprehensible custom among gentlemen.

UNCLE SAM—Tut, tut. I wout have a near-suicide on any life and death mission of mine.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—I hesitate now to name the last: Jonathan Trumbull, the capable organizer and civil administrator.

UNCLE SAM—And permanent governor?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—He was a true and stalwart friend; a great helper of our cause throughout our dark days.

UNCLE SAM—Brother Jonathan?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—That, they say, was but a jesting address of his admirer, the General-in-chief.

UNCLE SAM—A reference to David's little death-ditty "Sweeter than love of Woman"? How many, I wonder? Because he could be found in sacred scripture, didn't he come very near to ousting me from my unrivalled place as the National Genius?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Your taste is very precise, and somewhat biased by personal considerations.

UNCLE SAM—So it should be, in selecting colleagues worthy of my admirable boyhood counsellor and friend.

I wout have one of those four worthies. No man without proper instinct of self-preservation, or what I term sanctifigump-tion; no man who hasn't the kind of tough constitution to survive till he's a pronounced success; no one who's born in Liverpool and winds up in prison for debt; no man who was content to live and die in his own state without a continental ambition! They were all good men and true, as proved by the fact that they won and retained the friendship and good opinion of His Excellency. But I want pickings from a wider field in time and space than your narrow colonial cow pasture!

## HIS FINAL COMMITTEE

---

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—So we're back where we started, like the hunted hare or fox.

UNCLE SAM—Like the sun and the moon too, Benny. And we've got one inestimable advantage—a clean slate! Besides, I've an idea. You nominate the best man you can think of (always omitting my honored Lord of Mount Vernon on the Potomac), and let your choice in turn do likewise, and so on.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—But if you find fault with them—frivolously?

UNCLE SAM—I'll waive petty objections, except such as well up out of my inner consciousness with irresistible fury like an oil gusher.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—At length I see the day gild the Eastern hills!

My nominee derives from Welsh lineage. His antecedents looked on Mount Snowdon. By fits, the ancestral mountain haunted him; at least, he was moodish and erratic. His bursts of enthusiasm alternated with hesitancies and spells of keen criticism. He was, in a word, a poet, but his frenzied fancy moved in the domain of practical interests. He dreamed, but it was only of the actual welfare of his fellow-men to the remotest generations. Then too, he had always most excellent good fortune at moments of danger and difficulty.

UNCLE SAM—"Good luck's" more than half of sane genius. So far, so good. And "practical"? Was he that? It's the mark of a genuine inspiration!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—He abhorred strife, and was therefore a reluctant revolutionist. Perhaps, like Morris, he hoped at first for a reconciliation with the mother country. Once started, however, nothing could stop him. The trail of his logic caught fire.

UNCLE SAM—Ah, he went on a bee line to the limit! I like that. Always makes interesting reading.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—He couldn't help it. It was like the divinely ordained madness of an ancient prophet: Civil liberty,



## OF PACIFICATION

---

freedom of thought, separation of Church and State, education, for the plain man! And, always, Liberty!

UNCLE SAM—And yet he wasn't a mere theorist? He made things happen and hum?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Well, he wasn't so consistent but that he didn't refrain from acquiring a bad title cheap, when it procured for his people a claim to half a continent! At first he was afraid of the Constitution, as likely to foster tyranny; but he was converted to it, when once himself invested with the prerogatives of the supreme executive, which, it is said, he used like a benevolent monarch.

UNCLE SAM—I can forgive all that, because of his hitching his horse to the White House fence. I dote on his fervent belief in the people. Of course, he was a sceptic as to revealed religion?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—He set forth a broad religion of statesmanship and of civilized humanitarian kindness. He was strong, too, in affirming that his theories of government were founded in *eternal* truth, so he didn't lack for dogma. As to his eschatology—I can say he looked to the Golden Age of free inquiry ahead.

UNCLE SAM—And once he had a whopping majority back of him, he could whack a minority into shape and induce it to see light?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—And yet he feared that if a navy were built up to respectable size it would bring to birth a disposition to "swagger and hector" hopelessly, inimical to free institutions. He believed that he himself was merely the representative of a sovereign people, and his will therefore absolute for the time being as the people's will. He wanted to unify and nationalize the states. Although a Virginian first and last, and objecting in theory to national improvements, he promoted all that might "make lines of separation disappear" until the "interests of all were identified." For he foresaw that "only so and gradually could their union be cemented with indissoluble ties."

UNCLE SAM—Enough! Agreed. The author of the immortal Declaration shall be easily the second on our committee of Pacification. He had his faults, but he composed the first Chapter in

my Genesis: Intelligent public opinion is the voice of God; All natural rights are inalienable, by sale or contract; Government exists to secure these rights, and not for the emolument of the governing classes; The test of its justice is in the consent of the governed; The people has an innate right to inaugurate reforms—the right of private judgment being extended from the individual conscience to the people as a whole, in matters of happiness and safety here below; And yet, for all our determination to have no grand Mogul or other nuisances, we shall go it slow, and tolerate no upsets for light and transient reasons. That was a Political Gospel!

Ho, here, sage of Monticello, you're wanted, if you did get eaten out of house and home from sheer pride of hospitality. And for all your six feet, haven't you got a refined and delicate countenance? But your eyes dodge mine—I guess you had your little secrets. Almost tempts one to believe that undignified tittle-tattle about lady killing and secret disregard of the color line!

Come, I'll forgive you your hatred of G. W.'s levees, I'm not so dead sure about them myself. And I'll forgive your sly, round-about ways of assailing his character, when you were a member of his official household. That may have been conscientious in you, although it wasn't very square. And I'll forgive you all your reckless insinuations as to the duty of rebellion, when the character of the governor happens to be judged "infamous" by the populace that isn't privileged to know the inside facts of the case!

See up yonder? That's what the rabble appeals to now. Go and make amends for those little slips of yours, Thomas of Monticello! And say, for all your petty weaknesses, I like you, though I can't tell why. Guess you were all-fired magnetic. Let's shake.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—I'm afraid it is difficult for us.

UNCLE SAM—To see ourselves as others see us? Oh, you mean you're to me impalpable still? Our hands can't grip each other?

## OF PACIFICATION

---

Well then, Benny, do it for me. I guess historical Spooks can fetch each other's pump-handle effectively.

**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN**—Now, Samuel, is the honorable Mr. Jefferson to select the next man who is most likely in his opinion to prove useful at the crisis we confront?

**UNCLE SAM**—Without a doubt, doubting Thomas. Fix on a first-rater out of hand.

**THOMAS JEFFERSON**—It is a responsibility I shall not shirk. And with your favor, my choice falls on a man robust, agile, wiry, with a long head and slim face, wild shock of straight reddish hair, and piercing blue eyes. For he vindicates my faith in the plain people. His speech was illiterate. His manners were uncouth. But he was endowed with childlike simplicity, unflinching courage, and stubborn will. Men said, *his* were the rugged virtues. "He knew no fear, and gave the devil no quarter."

**UNCLE SAM**—But was he native born?

**THOMAS JEFFERSON**—Of a father, moreover, fresh from Ireland—which illustrates the inherent rights of man. He built a rude log-hut in his clearing in the mountains of North Carolina. When a mere lad, his widowed mother destined him for the sacred ministry. But he refused to avail himself of any opportunities for study.

**UNCLE SAM**—Native genius, that sprouts right up like a Turk's head lily, and lifts a spire of multiple splendor on a man-high shaft, to startle the bumble-bees and the humming-birds?

**THOMAS JEFFERSON**—He excelled in rough and tumble sports: running, jumping, wrestling. He was brave but mischievous and overbearing; quick and violent of temper. By Hanging Rock he was a prisoner of war at thirteen.

**UNCLE SAM**—Ha, ha, that's true. He knew enough to honor my mystic number, costing the British his keep, if he couldn't pick them off as a sharp-shooter any more. Lots more useful so, than dead.

## HIS FINAL COMMITTEE

---

THOMAS JEFFERSON—At twenty-one he crossed the mountains to the wilds of Tennessee.

UNCLE SAM—He foresaw a fat thing, and got in on the ground floor. Good for him.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—Those were rough days, when the women picked wild berries, and the men hoed corn among the burned stumps of the clearings, while the older settlers were told off to watch, gun in hand, for the redskins. The rest everybody remembers, even a well-read and cultured, up-to-date inhabitant of the Atlantic coast. He practised law, riding through dense forests from settlement to settlement, armed to the teeth and ready for the worst. He raised and kept effective, to beat back the Creek savages, an army of undisciplined settlers with rations of acorns and his brandished pistol under their noses. He cared not one whit for instructions that ran counter to success. He won against the veterans, that had fought Napoleon to a standstill in Spain, at the battle of New Orleans, after terms were agreed upon, and offset so the dishonor of our capital set in flames, and the secret proposals of Massachusetts and Connecticut to conclude an inglorious private peace.

UNCLE SAM—Hurrah for Old Hickory! Always doted on his grim, hatchet-face and rugged virtues! Granted the devil no quarter! Couldn't in a stand-up fight give his enemy the satisfaction of knowing he'd landed—till he packed him off to Kingdom Come! Hurrah!

Of course he had his peccadillos. He whispered into the ears of both my elephant and my donkey that perfidious insinuation: "To the victor belong the spoils." The tariff was rough-hewn by him and scaled down by way of compromise; and he kicked the great bank, Robert Morris was at such pains to organize, all over the circumambient landscape. Maybe he was wrong. Who can decide at this day? But he was mettlesome and lively; fine company for getters of news; kept the atmosphere tingling with his doings. He was right so far—men shall own money, and not money any man; varied home production is more

## OF PACIFICATION

---

important than cheapness or even quality of goods consumed; national self-respect comes first every time, correctness of attitude and diplomatic suavity long ways after, with other superfluous baggage. And he did what no other man ever did—made South Carolina eat and enjoy her own nettles, French-fried. No nullification! No nonsense! He got in his lick first all the time fore and aft!

Say, old boy, don't be so bashful. You remember when the chief magistracy was first proposed, you protested: "Don't think of it! I haven't the first qualifications! I'm a rough, plain man. The idea is absurd!" But you yielded reluctantly to the good opinions of the discerning, and placed yourself in the hands of your good friends for the best interests of the country; and so your example has been followed since several times. Once in the chair, a yellow jacket couldn't settle within a mile. And your kitchen cabinet sat on the back stoop, while you expounded to them the thing you alone knew—what was good and right in your eyes, on every question under the shining canopy.

I'm tired singing your praises to the gallery gods, that twinkle, twinkle high in the sky. Inventor of the pocket veto! Come and stand up for yourself!

*(Enters Andrew Jackson)*

Ha, ha, Andy my boy, let me introduce you to the founder of the first State University.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—Who had the humble merit, sir, however, of advocating the union of agriculture with classical learning.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—I'm glad to make the acquaintance of so honest and zealous a servant of the commonwealth.

UNCLE SAM—Of course you know each other. And it's your turn now to nab us a first-rater who'll join you in my ticklish business.

ANDREW JACKSON—I'm greatly obliged for your kind consideration.

UNCLE SAM—And I, for your reputed way of settling a dispute on punctilio. Do you remember? It was between a pure Castilian

## HIS FINAL COMMITTEE

---

importation and the representative of gay Paree. It would juggle my tombstone if I could think of it in my grave! To see you hopping in on one foot while pulling on your other Jackboot, smack into the august and gracious presences—the mutually aggrieved ambassadors! That's the way to settle disputes between señors and monsieurs, and all other hagglers about precedence and bric-à-brac. I'll accept your picked man in advance, you who're grand-dad of lone-star Texas, thro' Sam Houston, that tough son of your Creek campaign days!

ANDREW JACKSON—Well, I'm not good at *parlez-vousing*, and so I've set my heart right off on a man like myself in some ways: straight, downright, coarse, but luckier than I—got killed in the nick of time, for his greater fame; and didn't get fooled, like me, by little Martin Van! Raised in a log cabin—like Tippecanoe and myself.

UNCLE SAM—Ha, ha, whooping it up for “the boys as wield the plough and the spade”? Hard-cider camp meetings, and conversions to the rough-and-ready, hardy, doughty, bend-and-never-break stuff of my brawny West?

ANDREW JACKSON—I don't mean the man who died for lack of an overcoat at his inauguration, run plumb crazy by place hunters! I mean a stouter man; tho' old Tippecanoe *did* win a great victory in his day.

UNCLE SAM—The Rail Splitter, you've in mind? my dear old honest Abe?

Benny, what's the matter with us, that we left it to Old Hickory to hit it off like this?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—We think least, it often happens, of those we love best; and reserve our good manners for strangers.

UNCLE SAM—*Here* with you, Old Abe! No delay. This is the hour for your gentle sense of humor. And they say, when you started for Washington, D. C., you went to weed your old Dad's grave, and pay the respect of a tear to Nancy Hanks, or was it maybe your stepmother? You handed out to the old ne'er-do-weels all the credit! That fetches moisture to my eye every time.

## OF PACIFICATION

---

*(Lincoln appears, very grave and solemn)*

Hip, hip, hurrah, boys!

Hug him for me, Andy of the Hermitage, and you too,  
Thomas of Monticello.

Not so stand-offish. Don't sidle and ogle. Don't bare-back on your dignity. It's a case of pure theory, and of rough-and-ready practice bear-hugging a bit of both, when you three meet, Thomas, Andy and Abe!

*(Turning overjoyed and proud to Benjamin Franklin, who stands benignly aloof)* Who ever in all the world from before Noah, and down to my own mighty Duckhunter, and my irrepressible lion-tamer, and the fair phrase-coiner from Scholar's town, could corral such a thundering monoculous big four as you—except me, only ME? Why, I've got to jig for joy—positively jig and jiggle.

*(Pointing at Benjamin Franklin)* Kind sirs, up yonder, I send you my tact and my common sense. He's chairman, and don't forget—there's a reason.

*(Pointing at Thomas Jefferson)* He's my humanitarian enthusiasm, and my political and economic idealism; honey-sweet to the taste, but mind the sting in the tail.

*(Pointing at Andrew Jackson)*—Here's my Handy Andy: Quick action, never stop for etiquette and legal quibbles that would keep you from bagging the big game, and always deal the devil a knockout blow before he bats his eye!

*(Pointing to Abraham Lincoln)* And here's Abraham, my only, my lonely! Linkhorn was his name once? I tell you he was a link-hearts all around, as well as hands. He was justice, gentlemen, sympathy, moral courage and a little homely joke in the darkest hour.

*(Turning to his committee)* And the best of it is, boys—with you four as the clover leaf—I can be the stem;—for I feel somehow as if I'd personally been you, and everyone of you me—just ME and nothing less!





VI.

A NIGHTMARE VISION OF OLD WORLD  
CONQUERORS



VI.

UNCLE SAM (*Whispering to Benjamin Franklin*)—Hush! Who'd believe it? There's genius in the Sam family. What's on now isn't any everyday skylarking.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—A case of sleep-walking, it would appear.

ANDREW JACKSON—Ay, you can't draw the line sharp between madness and religion. Ought to be authority on this point, myself.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—It's Jessamine Magnolia, Mr. Jefferson, you knew her intimately in her infancy.

ANDREW JACKSON—A prophetess to the rescue? Or will she voodoo us?

UNCLE SAM (*To Lincoln*)—You ought to know, for it's you brought discipline to bear, in her instance, tho' with malice toward none, as you said, and with charity toward all. Abe, I just bet you, if she's in good trim, she'll make Jael and Deborah green with envy. She's wide awake enough. But once an idea takes a grip on her, stop her if you can. Not a tidal-wave, or an earthquake could, tho' a real barbecue might! Andy, she'll do for us the Miriam vertigo over Pharaoh by the sands of the Red Sea, to the very snatch of ragtime Elijah hummed when he slaughtered the Prophets of Baal with such remarkable unanimity by the brook Kishon. Ha, ha, but I'm proud of her! (*Looking at Jessamine Magnolia fondly*)

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—She comes straight up to you, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left.

UNCLE SAM—Why should she single out any of you for special attention, when, chosen because of your representative character, you're all really implied in me? (*Shaking his fist humorously at the top of the canyon*) She isn't saying nothing for nothing, not she! She's just too full for utterance. Wouldn't care to be in your present situation. When the prodigal daughter returns, she can eat a fatted-calf whole, and I'm sorry for what she'll do

## NIGHTMARE VISION OF

---

to any Bull of Bashan that's inconsiderate! You see my family suffices for all purposes. I've appointed a committee just for form's sake to attend in style to your pacification. But she cometh, see, the desired of our nation,

And she'll sing us her ditty  
Sans maudlin pity,  
Decidedly well-intentioned;  
For a clean sweep  
Of your whole heap,—  
No singular casualties mentioned;  
Not a widow bereft,  
Or an orphan left  
To be comforted, coddled and—pensioned!

*(Jessamine Magnolia, having solemnly come forward, fixes her abstracted gaze on Uncle Sam)*

O father, I fear not the foe, but thy scorn  
Of their hordes, and their ribald passion.  
For I dreamed that the sun of thy roseate morn,  
And thy golden noon, had sunk forlorn  
In blood and blaze,  
And a murky haze  
On the morrow  
Lifted from deserts charred and ashen  
Their trailing veils of sorrow!

UNCLE SAM—

Ah, child, thou deemest my star shall  
Be quenched yet in mire at the last?  
What heroes can mad hordes marshall  
That thou starest so wan and aghast?

Lo, I pledge my foes with laughter  
And I blow a blast of my mouth,  
That about and before them and after  
From North and West and South,

## OLD WORLD CONQUERORS

---

In fast Niagaras spilled, run  
Vast roaring jubilant seas—  
My myriad newborn children,  
To swallow them quick with ease!

Ha, ha, my old glory emerges,  
With the dew of her morning birth,  
From dancing golden surges;  
A new heaven on a new earth.

JESSAMINE MAGNOLIA (*Having seemed to listen, she suddenly fixes with rapt stare a particular point of the canyon-rim*)—

(HANNIBAL)

Ha, who is yon mighty man, father—  
Swart, sinewy, massy, keen—  
That the rabbles of races gather  
And swarm to, as bees to their queen?

To shatter thy Roman dominion  
With barbaric hate high-soul'd,  
The ghostly Carthaginian  
Hath sworn his oath as of old.

Tusked elephants trumpet and thunder,  
And potsherds of vipers hail,  
And the Roman world quakes under  
Hannibal, terror of Baal!

(*Turning to another point of the canyon rim she takes up her inspired burden*)

(ALARIC)

Who shakes like a tawny lion  
His locks, and his blue eyes stare?  
His wrath—the whirlwind they fly on,  
And the lightning of their glare?

NIGHTMARE VISION OF

---

“To the plains from the mountain passes  
Ho, leap ye, my warriors blithe!—  
For, the denser and taller the grass is  
The daintier to mow with the scythe.

“Be ye fat with surfeit and flaccid,  
’Tis Alaric cleanseth the folk.”  
Thrice Rome hath he ta’en. Lo, he sacks it,  
And guffaws at his Gothic joke!

*(At another point Jessamine Magnolia, fascinated and terror-stricken, fixes another figure)*

(ATTILA)

What grim, flat head would affright us  
Like a boa’s of monstrous size?  
With the Hunnish dance of St. Vitus,  
Wide nostrils and glittery eyes?  
From China’s wall to the Bosphorus  
A crown of thorns and a rod;  
From the Rhine to Rome—a cross for us;  
Hail, scourge of a maniac God!

. . . . .  
Lo, Hannibal’s, Alaric’s fury  
And Attila’s madness return,  
For the oath of Tell in Uri,  
And the faith of our sires we spurn.

*(Jessamine Magnolia, with a tragic gesture, singles out a visionary figure in the centre of the vast concourse)*

(JENGHIS KHAN)

Ho, yonder the fire and sword of Khorassan,  
Bockhara’s sacker, the Khan,  
To the minareted mosque in triumph doth pass on,  
The Tartar trampler of man!

## OLD WORLD CONQUERORS

---

“Iran, and Ind and Cathay, ye amassed your  
Splendor for me! Here am I!  
Where the hay is cut, my steeds shall pasture,  
And splash hot blood to the sky!”

So when he expired, the land they harried  
To his capital city, and spread  
Desolation to right and to left, as they carried  
Earth’s lord thro’ a lane of the dead!

*(Jessamine Magnolia sweeps the horizon several times, then suddenly claps her hands and cries with a fresh access of fury)*

(TIMURLANG)

Unkempt red hanks; from his lips a drooped crescent;  
Shag brows in his forehead shrink;  
Deep-socketed narrow eyes, that incessant  
Like a tiger’s in sunshine blink.

From Samarkand his anger savage  
Doth burn to the frozen waste,  
And the tropic Ganges his ice-gusts ravage,  
’Till the Orient sea he faced,

Where the fever unhorsed and slew the giant!  
In an ebon bier was he swathed,  
With musk and amber the God-defiant  
In attar of roses bathed!

But from deep sleep waking, by silver Oxus  
Tamerlane leaps with his spear;  
From the East he swoops, in the West he blocks us  
And would choke us with panic fear.

*(Jessamine Magnolia goes up to Uncle Sam, both hands pleadingly extended to make him see for himself and believe)*

Father, father, my vision wasn’t a mere delusion. Yonder they come, united in fell purpose. I can’t tell you which is more murderous and dreadful. Hannibal, the Punic demon,

## NIGHTMARE VISION OF

---

Alaric, the Goth, Attila, the Hun, Jenghis khan, the Tartar, Timurlang, the Mongol! In life they never met. There wasn't room enough for them at the same time on one earth. But I see them now, I swear to you; I see them, grim, fiendish, hobnobbing and agreeing together in some hellish design. They only wait the ripe moment—when a million wraths, envies, lusts, greeds, shall combine, and a rebel soul, compacted of them all, shall cry out deep-lunged and desperate for a cause against you, which sha'n't be lacking, for they 'll invent it. And the grim five shall laugh, and seize upon mankind, and knead them to one mass, and toss them like a madness of fire, and harrass them as the wind does the many-waved ocean, so that it needs must rise, and engulf the whole world.

Oh, father, while it is yet time, invoke the one great-hearted self-oblivious leader whom the earth ever knew. He alone can arise to make dutiful self-effacement glorious! And you have almost forgotten him. I call his name under breath—for he is always near us—and lo, he appears. Then the fiends chatter with fear, their hateful leers fade out, and they are gone!

*(The horrible conquerors of the ancient world stand up together, clearly visible now to all, as ominous figures against the sky. Jackson gets ready to fight them, Jefferson draws back, screening his eyes to study them the better, Lincoln steps forward, with an outstretched hand, as tho' he believed he could conciliate them, Benjamin Franklin tries to pull Lincoln back, and beckons to all to look on Washington, who stands now in their midst. The five ancient scourges of the world seem curious rather than terrified, but during the ensuing description (which enacts itself) they are abashed and fade out.)*

### VISION OF WASHINGTON

Under an elm he took command,  
Under a spreading tree.  
As it lifted its boughs, so he lifted his hand  
To high heaven for liberty.



And he swore in silence the holy oath,  
 His eyes in the living green:  
 "To God we appeal by fearless growth,  
 In faith and in hope serene.

"Will she bud not again, if the winter strip  
 Her leaves from the soaring bole?  
 With close-set teeth, unquivering lip,  
 Let the body die for the soul!  
 In death we'll grapple for sterner hold,  
 Fast-rooted in sacred earth;  
 And the sap shall rise, and the buds unfold;  
 New multitudes dancing for mirth!"

O magnanimous spirit, thy people fill,  
 And incite them from height to height  
 With thy clearness of vision, thy swiftness of will,  
 With thy pride in the noble and right!  
 O man sublime, O wise and strong,  
 Our patriot saint and sage,  
 Of thy fortitude forge us a triumph-song  
 With thy godlike battle-rage!

UNCLE SAM (*Recovering from his genuine amazement*)—This is passing strange. Spook-raising done to "Old Glory"! Nor ever hitherto did he seem to stand before me with quite such overawing dignity. A wooden God, he? A pasteboard theatrical property for a safe and sane Fourth-of-July celebration? A fashion plate for a Colonial Dames' Ball. Not on my spangled banner!

To bed, Jessie, and many thanks. Your dad's on to every trick of our enemies. The committee is positively chosen. All I've got to do is—well, to fortify them with a few parting injunctions.

END OF SECTION SIX

---

*(Jessamine Magnolia seems to wake up suddenly as out of a trance. She looks startled from one member to the other of the Committee, hardly seeming to recognize them)*

Where am I?

*(She passes her hand over her forehead, utters a cry, turns and runs out, when the shade of George Washington, raised by her visualizing imagination, fades away)*

VII.

UNCLE SAM'S PARTING INSTRUCTIONS  
TO HIS COMMITTEE



## VII.

UNCLE SAM—Gentlemen—If a girl in her powerful loyalty can body forth for us such a nightmare, what can't *you* do to the enemy?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—That is, if they are imprudent enough and admit us to their confidence.

UNCLE SAM—As a last resort you could afflict them, I suppose, with an unpleasant visit of the Father of his country. It's ourselves encourage prophets of evil, and by our fear fulfil their predictions. Just suppose WE, you four and I, put our heads together, and dovetailed common sense, and got five minutes of genuine co-operative volition, co-ordinated imagination, simultaneous intellection, and sympathetic co-emotion? Why, we'd make the mountains skip like unicorns and the seven seas purr like Daniel's lions, or coo like doves in a weeping willow.

But there's been so far a terrible difficulty in the way of such a miracle of unanimity. I could never quite make up my mind as to whom I should trust. Besides, one can't from any single generation pick out mutually complementary leaders such as you, with your noble diversity in unity. What? Shall I entrust life and death matters to supermen, who can't understand the common fry? Or shall I go fish up a dry creek for minnows? And some claim even they might grow up to be sharks in the day of inordinate prosperity. So, dragnet a puddle for pollywogs, that can only, at worst, become bull-frogs in some pool, or nab wigglers that develop to moonlight singers in young love's ear. That's had to be my policy.

So I'll start my exhortation with a picturesque restatement of this initial difficulty.

Oh, we've read of all the famous men  
Who made empires rise and fall,  
But we cursed them, as became us men,  
Who set freedom above all.

OUR UNCLE SAM'S

---

Had the oak-tree, had the bay-tree aught  
In common with common men?  
There's fame for the private patriot—  
For the pure and humble—when?

All who *say* a "nay" and *mean* a "yes"  
Aren't statesmen but plain knaves!  
And your men of fatal genius?  
They are safest in their graves!

For, willy nilly, they monopolize  
What's the common people's right,  
And will raise up some new crop o' lies  
And abuses over night!

If you settle then down to little folk  
Whom you "safe and sane" surmise,  
And chop and lop and whittle folk  
To the right manageable size—

From a skittle full of zeros scum  
Isn't skimmed, sir, very rich!  
Can my people's gods and heroes come  
From a gutter-puddle or ditch?

But if honor and privileged rank c'rrupt, say,  
And culture too and wealth—  
Why, Sam, methinks your public bankruptcy  
Is not creeping on by stealth.

On the horns of a dilemma, son,  
We are caught, I greatly fear!  
Could Thoreau, Walt Whitman, Emerson  
With philosophy help us here?

Say that one advertised extensively  
For a proper popular god,  
Critically, subtly, pensively  
To invoke and poke and prod?

## PARTING INSTRUCTIONS

---

Wouldn't we get a gay variety:  
A philanthropist with his wad,  
A brewer with a new brand of piety,  
A clodhopper with his clod!

Then, of course on the arrival of  
Every new-hatched batch sublime,  
We'd work the law of the survival of  
The fittest over time.

When we'd chosen at last our favorite,  
Ask him how he dared expect  
Our endorsement, and what he gave for it—  
Till his name and frame are wrecked.

When well dead, why, a marmoreal  
Or brazen monstrosity'll attest  
'Tisn't a man, but a memorial,  
Our good populace love best.

ANDREW JACKSON—Samuel, if you've ever really been *me*, as you were polite enough to confess, you must know that a big fellow's more likely to play fair with you in the long run, even if he has his mad spells.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—I should think it was a question of being truly representative, when the genius cannot well fail of being beneficent. You should trust the humble man for what services his experience and training make it possible for him to render. But the educated, the peculiarly gifted, they should not be distrusted on principle. Sometimes they are even more sincerely democratic than the so-called men of the people.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—It's all in the man's heart, Sam. When we come to the great things, they level us up, you know, astonishingly; and the wren can ride on the eagle's back, if it comes to the worst.

## OUR UNCLE SAM'S

---

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—I should judge that men are never large enough for such a peculiar nation as yours. Don't fear, Sam, that any of us is so tall as to out-top your opportunity!

UNCLE SAM—You don't then think democracy means, as I have been lately told again and again, a deliberate hypocritical cult of incompetency? You can't guess what good it does me to find you keep the old faith; for, at heart, I want to reverence something—if I could only squarely meet it, man to man.

ANDREW JACKSON—And bigger than yourself, Sam? That's where the rub comes in; for maybe you can't squeeze through a needle's eye, or see through the back of your own head.

UNCLE SAM—Would you insinuate that there have been greater—in the past? That's not true. That shall be a lie, even if it isn't. Let's all deny it together. I've seen Babylon, and Egypt, and I wouldn't give a snap of my fingers for the likes of Greece and Rome.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—But what of a little gully between Carmel and Beersheba—toward Horeb, the reputed mount of God?

UNCLE SAM—Thomas, help me in this matter. Abe has probed the sore spot. If I can't get a brand-new religion, I shall be in constant peril of just going round in the old treadmill. And I don't want to. At the peril of my immortal soul I wont.

I tried lately to work up a compromise on a sort of new dynamic thought, that affirms and denies by occult rules, and demonstrates the desirable, and derives the impossible by irrefragable logic from absolute premises. You have an affluent mind, and at once you are rich. You are well, you are happy, you love all mankind, everything's right off the bat *colour-de-rose* and *eau-de-cologne*. You touch the button, and principle does it all up brown, and the stalactites and stalagmites in my Mammoth Cave just chew it up alive with dental stabs of light!

But I begin to feel already a wee bit as I did after my great Mormon spree. That did make a salt wilderness hump itself and burst into copper mines, so artesian wells spouted every rod or two. It worked wonders in the practical line. Brigham even,



## PARTING INSTRUCTIONS

---

and his numerous family, helped us to believe more firmly in this poor human nature: with such infinite possibilities of murder and arson, and divorce, and disinheritance—yet absolutely not a breath of scandal in his household! So this latest patented affront of mine to the staid spiritual stick-at-homes and votaries of dignified tradition has done a hulking deal of good. But for all that, it leaves me with a strange aching void in my loving heart.

Thomas, Benny—Abe and Andrew of course mayn't be able to understand it quite—I want, can you guess what? I'll tell you. I want my long delayed Religious Declaration of Independence! Nothing less will serve. Sooner or later it has got to come. Then why not now?

THOMAS JEFFERSON—That's a very audacious programme, although, as a private fancy, I cherished the like myself. In what terms should one draw up the document you propose, to make it generally acceptable?

UNCLE SAM—Why not just cut loose?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—That's almost too easy to do, and then drift—onto who knows what shoals and rapids!

UNCLE SAM—I don't mean it that way. Just start afresh, innocent and pert, as if nothing had ever happened to cloud our sunshine before. Here's my holy land. Who wants a nobler? Don't the heavens roll around here, and a sight more expansive than around Palestine? For the question resolves itself into another: "Who's really God?" If He's everywhere, as the best authorities declare, wherever the soul is that worships—why not just house-move Him officially, bag and baggage, from that blood-soaked rag of desert to this wholesome virgin hemisphere? He'd like it better, I'm positive, for at one stroke He'd get rid of so many inconvenient associations. We could assign Him the National Parks for playgrounds; and for a sanctuary—who ever dreamed such a glory as this mile-deep solid cleft of rainbows?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—I was always very careful not to break with the past too sharply.

## OUR UNCLE SAM'S

---

ANDREW JACKSON—Sure, you never can tell. Look at my case. Didn't I get old-time religion late in life, and white-hot at that?

UNCLE SAM—But if we'd had the new variety going, would not your patriotic heart have preferred climbing up golden stairs planned and erected by home talent? Say, by our greatest American architect—Thomas here?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—I'm not sure, Sam, that your proposal is spiritually prudent. Say your heart's old and out of repair. So you have it cut out, on the slim chance that one you have extracted hot from a bull-calf will do your little job better. And maybe it doesn't exactly fit, and meanwhile you lose your control of the vital machine. Have you animal spirits enough to spare for a protracted series of such operations?

UNCLE SAM—Good, Benny! Heart-swapping's risky sport. But I don't quite think your figure fits our case.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Do you dare to look at yourself in a magic looking-glass—that shows you the invisible, forgotten, suppressed, in yourself?

Could you, for instance, absolutely accept your history, as it is, without decoration? Geography and climate too, as divinely ordained?

Your ethnography, your economic resources, as fatal? And *you*—to be just altogether only what they happen to dictate or suggest? Content not to impose on them an order derived by you from ancient experience? Do you think you could long manage to stand all alone in a universe disinfected of every tender superstition?

Remember, what we came by is our luck, and not our fault. But if you started to create your world anew from the foundations up, wouldn't you feel responsible for gravitation, evolution, respiration, heart-action, digestion, and all the rest of it? You couldn't endure that yet, could you?

Of course I believe it's just possible—in theory. You might go to work and train souls for generations, and devise a new organ, so to say, on which the spirit would have to play entirely

## PARTING INSTRUCTIONS

---

new music—revealing itself more stupendously, as our compatriots hoped to do at Brook Farm; and may be then you could get a chord struck that would make the stars in heaven dance visibly about a golden throne.

UNCLE SAM—That's it, O Benny, in a-ring-a-round-a-rosie. You've got my idea exactly.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—But that implies awful age-long social discipline on a bare chance; and you're somewhat self-indulgent, aren't you?

UNCLE SAM—I'm downright sorry that's got to be put off again for a few more generations. Anyway, we can't make it available for the immediate solution of my present problem. We can't catch up all that Pandemonium into a great onward swirl? We can't start a vortex, and have it grow, till all the things we desired come tilting and yodling to our centre from the uttermost reaches of the infinite? No, no, the more's the pity. I see—we've got to go about this, gentlemen, on ordinary business principles. Only common political or economic prizes can be offered for whole-hearted adhesion to my sovereign, native, singular, and collective cause and will! So be it. You're probably right. But by all the cow-parsley up and down the milky way, that does seem inordinately hard luck!

*(Uncle Sam hangs his head in deep meditation)*

Now, isn't it odd  
That you can't have a God  
Brand-new of your own,  
To replace the outgrown?  
If He really is living,  
All-loving, forgiving—  
Why not straightway start over,  
And set us in clover?  
Why not hand us a Bible  
That isn't a libel  
On all we adore?

## OUR UNCLE SAM'S

---

Good and true to the core,  
Fresh and simple and clear  
For the folks that are here—  
And not for a race  
That's long lost its place  
On the map! for folks  
You could bully, or coax  
To be decent, and hoax  
Into holiness?

Wait?  
Why, it's all but too late—  
If religion this minute  
Got new life put in it—  
For us workers and schemers,  
Inventors and dreamers,  
Politicians and scholars,  
And chasers of dollars;  
Lest we put our reliance  
In soulless science,  
In efficient appliance,  
And just cheapen to the vulgar—  
Or follow some promulger  
Of manias exotic—  
Ascetic or erotic!

For a God of our own  
We cry, and we groan  
In secret, and search  
The whole earth! But in church  
"Keep still" they tell us,  
"Or the *Old* may be jealous  
And lay waste our age  
In a fatherly rage!"  
But I'd cry Him defiance  
And place my reliance  
In the *New*—if He'd come.

## PARTING INSTRUCTIONS

---

Are we deaf? Is He dumb?  
Are we blind? In the dark  
Can we kindle no spark  
To reveal to our seeing  
One mite of His Being?  
We are ready and eager,  
And the fiends beleaguer  
The house of our faith.  
If Thou be no wraith,  
It is time Thou camest;  
With Thine eyes that Thou flamest  
And madest us glad  
Like idiots, or MAD!

Pardon me, gentlemen. I'm terribly disappointed. I suppose I must give it up for the present. But you might as well know how I feel way down in the unsoundable depths of me.

*(After a pause, which none of his chosen men venture to intrude upon, he continues in an artificially cheerful tone)*

Well, gentlemen, to the matter in hand. We must dispense with supernatural assistance, for your kind of a foreign God, you dear deists, is from the nature of the case in favor of both parties to any controversy, from which he is so far removed as to be indifferent; and yours—Andrew and Abe—I fear me he's systematically for the underdog, provided said dog has no teeth left at all. So, in this case too, he'd be likely to elect a policy of strict neutrality, till the event showed us posthumously which side prevails.

But don't you forget it. Apollo lost standing after the unforeseen defeats of Xerxes! The Greeks remembered the conduct of his Delphic oracle, and the old boy could get handsome statues in his honor, maybe, but mighty little honest respect.

ANDREW JACKSON—Sam, I'm always for declaring martial law on the least pretext.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—I'm for remembering that both sides have the same human nature to contend with, and the same right to the protection of our constitution.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—I'm for a rapid, progressive extension of Liberty. The time should soon dawn when men's good will and behavior need not to be guaranteed by any coercive compact, much less by the exercise of armed force.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—For my part, Sam, I approve what each has said, with reference to his special view of the situation. But we must keep a strict lookout for the facts, lest we dress them up unawares to resemble familiar by-gones, and don't rightly estimate their peculiar and unexperienced aspects.

Martial law, for instance, administered by a truly large mind and heart, may be more democratic than the government of divided counsels, controlled by the most astute and divisive counsellor.

UNCLE SAM—So you are an unmitigated opportunist, first, last and all the time? O Benjamin, I always knew I had been *you* before I was myself. I just wish though I hadn't forgot so much that I then knew, before I learned the little you don't happen to know.

With your leave, I'll proceed now to outline our policy for your discretionary use.

Noisy fools want an upset? It's because they have a grievance? They don't get scope enough? or they don't handle themselves right? haven't learned the lines of least resistance leading to prosperity? Now, an upset, if you're not arrant, restless fools, means for you radicals a favorable set-up! What's now upside down will be necessarily bottom-side-up when you shall have done your work. Of course, you're satisfied that the bottom should be top; and I, for my part, suspect the top could stand being bottom most peculiarly well, for the little while it would have to be; and if I'm wrong, why, I should say they would just prove they belonged where you had put them! But the real difficulty is not with the *upset* or the *set-up*—supposing you've got

## PARTING INSTRUCTIONS

---

a notion of the scheme you want to put through; I'll credit you radicals with that much. What's got to be considered carefully is the sure-enough, bound-to-materialize *back-set*. It means destruction of capital, stored-up energy, savings of life. It means the disruption of the order and of organized methods, so you've got to improvise and teach a new technic! And meanwhile, more waste!

Then, worse, you don't at all, my boys, because of this material loss become spiritual, you know—intellectual, esthetical, moral, religious. Dear me, no! I've learned better. On the contrary, you've got to make up for the losses you've sustained, and put on extra steam, and work in three shifts. It means slavery of the higher to the lower in a man. There can't be, in quite a while, any margin of leisure for meditation, for soul-flowering. And maybe there comes unbeknownst another *upset* you've got no *set-up* for, and with heaven knows what extra *back-set*!

Now, without your *upset* and the consequent *back-set* our present *set-up* is just about hard enough for a healthy development of Americanism. Wouldn't you say so yourselves? You grunt and groan as it is, quite sincerely enough. So, my radical friends, reflect!

Of course, I can appreciate the service of agitators, who use the malcontents, the have-nots, to get improvements and reforms granted by the usually too insolent and grasping "haves" and "got-theres." But if your Coxey's armies were entirely successful, you'd inevitably lose your respective jobs—unless you could hire out to the vanquished and ousted; and I should say they might prefer leaders of a more kindred refinement, social subtlety and taste. You'd just be out of a job. That's all the good the *upset* would do your sort; so, gentlemen, leaders and agitators, now's the time not to press too hard, if you know what's good for your unique and precious selves.

Now, when I come to reconsider my own *set-up*, well, I can't honestly find a fault with it. WE'VE got classes? You don't like the upper crust? And you hate snobs? Then why are the lower levels so laterally subdivided? Striated and

stratified *ad infinitum*? My pie's like a skyscraper shortcake with always a crust on top of every lot of crushed berries! My own scheme simply means: the order of classes is freely permeable. The partitions are like colanders. Anyone that's fine enough can wriggle up through the perforations, and be accepted in the just superior level. Of course, if absolutely everybody wriggled through, where would be the fun to the successful, and the proper rebuke to the left-behinds, who as you know merely go to breeding, and postpone promotion to the next generation—by when every family rejoices in at least one wriggler, who won't recognize his relatives once duly promoted!

You complain the holes are too fine, or have got stopped up?

What comes too easy isn't appreciated. Give out honors free—and who wants them? Who grows fit for them? Don't you "have-nots" enjoy the cheering spectacle of the degenerates who came by everything easy? Don't you see the top dies off quick? And what do they die of? Having breakfast served on a gold platter before they've lifted their peepers at noon, by an ape-man who's worth a dozen of them fried on toast!

Oh, the *curse* at the bottom? That reads: do your damndest, or die! But then the curse at the top sounds: be a genius, a saint, a "damned-lucky" fellow or—rot! Now which curse, think you, is the heavier in mortifying casualties? The best man, you swear, comes from below stairs? Nine times in ten, at least? Necessity is the mother of invention? Despair is the father of heroism? Then why, in heaven's name, should we abolish the below-stairs, and rid ourselves prematurely of such wholesome necessity and despair? Perhaps we lack already some salutary pressure, so that the bottom isn't sending up lately to us any Tecumseh Jacksons or any railsplitting Abes!

And, that I'm right—don't you see how men born in ease make artificial hardships for themselves, take even in extreme cases vows of poverty, becoming social tramps, and amateur outcasts? Just in order to improve for their souls your much-despised situation! Don't you suppose the men of pedigree, who have to eke out their self-respect by considerations of their in-



## PARTING INSTRUCTIONS

---

feriority to their forebears—whom they dress up to look bigger than life out of mistaken pride, don't you suppose that in their heart of hearts they envy your stalwart men of the people, of the swinging stride and insolent independence, who are ancestors, haven't made good yet, but are soon going to, and will then make all bolstered-up scarecrows look like what they are, in the presence of some yet-to-be-begotten God-man?

Of course I grant you there's another side, and you yourselves yield reluctant evidence of it. You've got a deep instinct that some sorts of nobility, and fineness, and grandeur, and gladness, and delicacy of vision, and subtlety of intelligence, and divinity of will, are got only by the awful process of thinning for idiocy, depravity, frivolity, insanity, suicide, those poor victims of inherited wealth and privileged culture! The rich and successful, who don't rot away or die out, who don't leave all their estates in the female line—don't they as a matter of fact valiantly serve us all? The criminal is socially useful, you claim, by giving us, through scandal and horror, a vivid new sense of virtue and decency? He suffers and dies that the next generation may be more moral?

Now, if you saw to it that there weren't any born rich, how would we other folk (who make our own way or don't; who do all we can to get pull and graft in a small and crooked style), how would we get even an idea of well-being, and comfort and leisure sumptuously used, of the pride of life, and the elegant vanity, and the delightful absurdity of high spirits? With our souls cramped by thrift, could we even imagine the handsomeness of a right sort of waste, arrogant, reckless or absent-minded, indifferently natural, and gracefully elegant?

How would we, aside from such a goal of desire, get the notion of the "gentleman" as such, to torture us in our rough and ready vulgarity, our ill-at-ease bumptiousness? You know what I mean. He might be possible with any pedigree, but he can't be without unearned wealth. A man, let us say, who at the right time got the right play for every incipient instinct, and matured a charm, a talent, an accomplishment, a knack, a grace and a

suave, delicate, fragrant self-assurance, with a most disinterested uselessness that could at any time put itself to the lowliest uses, if the circumstances or the cruel pressure of an ideal demanded it?

Then too, just as you get your ideas of place and station and of the highbred person, you also get from him and his set the notion of a truly human world! Beings who never have to do anything, who freely will their own restraints, duties of honor, elegancies, fastidious avoidance and taboos, conspire to translate all the base needs of existence into fascinating occasions for a fine craft and skill, with frivolities redolent of poetry, with an astute insight into the subtler technique of life. They, you see, can alone abandon the common scale, and sing their little song, for an ear we haven't yet developed, out of sheer overtones. So they make us, spectators of their performances, which we can't hear at all, dream of a life that isn't yet possible even to them, and certainly not to you and me. By their spinning out of nonsense a world of charm, they justify human nature to us in the sweat and the grime, so that when struggling as oakroots with the rocky substratum, we scent the meadowsweet, hear afar off the flutter of the butterfly, and divine the windy waves of shimmer over the horizon hills.

You agree then that the useless turns out after due consideration to be useful, if it survives its doom of rust and rot, and becomes divine? Granting now, gentlemen, that all this is true (and you know there's something in it you can't down-and-out for the life of you; you seekers of an *upset* for the sake of a *set-up* of your own—and defiers of an inevitable *back-set!*), I ask you in conclusion: Are you breeding the men to help you—and not help themselves first, last and all the time? Are the hungriest usually they who serve everybody else first, and keep on, till every dish on the platter is empty, and then cook some more? Of course, the men at the top now know how to serve disinterestedly, or would soon learn when they were faced by necessity. But would you have them for the servants of the order they detest and despise? And could you, whom they contemned, bring

## PARTING INSTRUCTIONS

---

yourselves to entrust them with any power on your behalf? and if not, wouldn't your *set-up* be just what you've got now—when you crashed to the bottom again, after a reign of terror and an orgy of blood, and we were most of us where we'd been before, minus a quiet sense of being at home to stay?

Boys, if you want an *upset* for a *set-up*, go to breeding first the setters-up and holders-up, and holders-down and getters-on of the system. And until you've bred such plentifully, why, let good enough alone. That's my fatherly advice.

To be sure I have my sweet, sentimental moods, myself, sometimes, when I cry over the slum, and think I can make silk purses out of sow's ears, and real kohinoors out of factory soot! I tell you, when all of us—mind you, *all* of us, not a majority, but a unanimous vote—want what every man professes; namely, the best good of every individual, compatible with the best good of us all as a whole, and *vice versa*, why, then, on my word and honor, I'll agree to call the rabbles' roar at high tide of fume and spume—not sputter and kettledrums, but the sure-enough authoritative voice of God!

Meanwhile, I propose to run my little farm myself. Whoever incarnates the mood of the hour is duty-bound to be a monocrat, more or less, and carry through the behests of a kind Providence, irrespective of bookish scruples. Witness my Thomas! And don't forget my Andrew! And my honest Abe too, he called it a measure of war, for benevolent purposes—to hasten the inevitable end of a fruitless struggle! Observe that they just *had* to be tyrants, if they were to be efficient democrats. So, take note, gentlemen: the Prophet of Liberty gets to be on speaking terms with the despot! It's a long way 'round, but extremes do meet. The humble Servant-of-the-people becomes the Man-on-horseback. But mind you, to all appearances only! For there's a difference, and there's a reason: and it's in the heart of Abe, and in the common sense of Benny, and in the stubborn conscience of Andrew, and it's in the practical imagination of Thomas.

## END OF SECTION SEVEN

---

So, gentlemen, my Committee enjoys my fullest confidence. And mudslinging wont win this campaign. I advise you to reason together, and keep cool, and mind your manners.

Now I'm ready to send you to the front, my four standbys, to intrust you with the whole burden of my prescient soul! But don't leave me just yet. You can't negotiate with people absorbed by a competitive contest in the art of heavy breathing. This canyon is full of terrible realizations of my most secret misgivings. They're but phantoms of might-have-beens and may-be-yets; but your company will cheer me to the dawn. And then don't let's indulge in pathetic farewells. Just slip away together or singly, and I'll try to endure your absence with characteristic fortitude and nonchalance.

VIII.

THE MUSE OF HISTORY, INCOGNITO, AND  
HER PRESENT DAY PROTAGONIST



## VIII.

*(Uncle Sam suddenly takes notice of the pot on the tripod)*

UNCLE SAM—Didn't I tell you? There's that pot boiling up. What do you suppose will come out of it?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—That would depend entirely on the ingredients you put in.

ANDREW JACKSON—I'm not worried about anything that's got to work itself up to such a heat before it can get into action.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—Anyway, we do not believe any more in a Noah's flood overwhelming the steadfast progress of humanity.

UNCLE SAM—Right you are. There's never going to be any more Roman monopoly of this terrestrial melon, no more thirty or hundred year spats of the nations; no more black death or dancing mania. It's the day of enlightenment, and ever-spreading benevolence. The sleeping sickness knows its place in the tropics, and the bubonic goes begging for a rodent, and the yellow jack advertises for a carrier mosquito.

ANDREW JACKSON—Are you sure all this improvement in externals will help us so much, if our hearts are still unconverted, corrupt, and rebellious?

UNCLE SAM—If you listen to the croakers, to Bunyan's muck-rakers! When was there ever a day like this of mine, with all its shortcomings, one-tenth part so decent? You know, Benny, how you told me to study history. I have, and made a discovery too.

*(Turning to the pot)*

Say, stop sputtering like a volcano!

History, Benny, shows herself liable to a bias from this pestilent human nature in readers. She has a queer preference for the memorable and picturesque:

Whenever your roadway's ruddy or briery  
It gets jotted at once in your muse's diary;  
When roads are steam-rollered and oiled, a high average  
Has no interest as news in a high-spiced palaver age.

## THE MUSE OF HISTORY

---

*(From the pot there suddenly leaps a ridiculous figure of an old crone, and she draws out of the pot a screen much larger than it, and various puppets and costumes)*

MUSE OF HISTORY—And who might *you* be, who know so much of history?

UNCLE SAM *(Turning to the beldame)*—And who might *you* be, my good woman, who hop in so unseemly a guise into the respected presence of my company?

MUSE OF HISTORY—O them, I know very well; entitled too good, I fear, for your present mood. They'd better not witness our interview.

UNCLE SAM—What I can stand, they can. I ask you again, who do you think you are, for I have my doubt that you're sane.

MUSE OF HISTORY—I'm the Muse of History.

UNCLE SAM *(Laughing and winking at his friends, as if to indulge a poor lunatic in her erroneous fancy)*—I was just alluding, madame, to your foibles. But you see it isn't reasonable to expect that I should recognize so great a notability in such togs!

MUSE OF HISTORY—Had no choice. Where could I secure a classical outfit, when I'm tossed out of *your* melting pot?

UNCLE SAM—Ha, ha, so you just boiled over, while I wasn't watching?

MUSE OF HISTORY—I'm not scum, sir, I'm a mighty sputter from the bottom.

UNCLE SAM—Of course the flower of the dregs. I'm glad you go in for dress reform, and not the sun-bath cure. Wants egregious beauty to make that safe. And a rag carpet at least is some protection to the public.

MUSE OF HISTORY—I'm travelling incog.

UNCLE SAM—Good discipline. Takes the conceit out of a brass monkey.

MUSE OF HISTORY—I'm not without my credentials.



AND HER PROTAGONIST

---

UNCLE SAM—I should hope not. And what might then be your line of goods?

MUSE OF HISTORY—"Critical moments illustrated." "Beacon lights on the freedom of the seas." "Statesmen's ready relief." "Statistics made plain and veracious." "Thirty-thousand anecdotes—a triple entente." "Handy reprints of prehistoric ménus for research workers."

UNCLE SAM—You haven't all that hid about your person?

MUSE OF HISTORY—That's the beauty of our scheme: just sign one of my red and white and blue blanks—the flag in one corner—George Washington in the other—and a dime a week.

UNCLE SAM—For eternity, even if you're damned.

MUSE OF HISTORY—No, only for your natural life. We assume all mortality risks. And you see the effect is magical and immediate. Absolutely no pains taken. At once you can belong to a dozen select anti-fat associations, join a score of national mahogany clubs for settling cosmic evolution with oratory and terpsichorean novelties. You can know the world of which you are so distinguished a denizen, as vouched by your brain measurements registered in Who's Who and Bluebooks and Bradstreet; and incidentally manage large charities and crafts and reformatories, and keep on speaking and hearing terms with your family by the aid of the graphophone. And, nevertheless, in six weeks at most, you can be perfectly competent, and equipped for a foreign embassy, a cabinet position, or, at a pinch, for the supreme magistracy of this Democratic land, if you should suddenly be called upon to make that pathetic sacrifice of your private tastes to the interests and trusts.

UNCLE SAM—I never buy what I can pay for. On your lines I'm bomb-proofed and cyclone-celled. And you know I don't read.

MUSE OF HISTORY—That's why, you see, all the time I was explaining our original methods, I slapped up this little collapsible apparatus quick, that all came handily out of my private crazy-

## THE MUSE OF HISTORY

---

quilt carryall. That's the way we come to the rescue of the native illiterate adult. You love a show, I don't doubt?

UNCLE SAM (*Good-humoredly*)—Provided I'm not in for it, and it's strictly neutral.

MUSE OF HISTORY—Oh, to be sure, so you can tote water on both shoulders, and trade at inflated prices with both commisariats.

UNCLE SAM—It's undiplomatic to slander a possible customer's inherited policies. I was warned in my youth against tangle-foot alliances. Rooting on the international bleachers is more sport, Sammy, my boy—said Old Father William to me when he ducked me in the mill race—than risking your hide and your reputation in the game. So keep cool in the heat of the conflict, and

Whenever you can  
Be a fan,  
My man,  
And clap, and hoot  
And stamp and toot,  
And whale with your cane  
The safe and the sane,  
And toss up your hat,  
And scat the cat—  
For it's far the riskier plan,  
My man.

And what might be the name of your prospective torture imposed on us for our soul's health gratis?

MUSE OF HISTORY—The best  
Of the past,  
Recast  
By request.

UNCLE SAM—We're game, but mind you, you can't *teach* us anything. All the past's good for, nowadays, that it's quite passé is to furnish students of human nature with snakes in alcohol—

and ancestral names (certified off tombstones hopelessly out of plumb) smuggled in by nabobs and snobs.

MUSE OF HISTORY—But you forget, Sam (for you see, I know it's you and what's the use of my disguising your identity any longer?) one never can tell:—

I have a way,  
 So they say,  
     Of repeating myself inconveniently,  
 Ears and eyes  
 Make you wise,  
     If you bear with my weaknesses leniently.

For the truth  
 In my booth  
     With puppet and periwigged phantom I'm  
 To sketch,  
 And to fetch  
     You with choice elocution and pantomime!

First, let me commend my protagonist, and bid you guess his name from my description: A sworn patriot, like Hannibal, he had a bloodscore to settle: the great criminal—Napoleon—and Louis XIV. before him. Like Alaric, he knew discipline and revered authority, and preferred to fight even against Cæsar in Cæsar's name. Like Attila, he scorned rest and invoked the cynical demon. Like Jenghis Khan he projected dominion—but not for himself, and nobler therein. Like Timurlang he will haunt the spiritual squalor and sordid wealth of generations that knew him not—with a sense of the sublime. His was stupendous energy; will, unflinching; cunning, resourceful and subtle. His next of kin were the cyclone and the volcano. Thor, whose hammer felled the giants; Odin, the single-eyed, whose spear decreed peace and war; Zeus, who read in the book of fate, were eaglets hatched earlier in the same eyrie as he!

Lion and fox in one, a monster and yet seeming natural and genial; a gryphon, a gargoyle, the creation larger than life of

## THE MUSE OF HISTORY

---

the grotesque genius of the race in a moment of grimness and high spirits! No scruples deflected his direct efficiency. Not squeamish as to means, he forged to the God-appointed end. A Macchiavelli who companied with Luther and Kant; a champion of the fierce gods against a sinister tidal wave of chaos and darkness; a Mohawk on the warpath; a Cæsar Borgia without private vice.

Such, I tell you, was he, and more, tho' all was repressed, constrained—to rule the modern world. Let a braver judge him, an honest, a more disinterested—tho' he donned the livery of Satan! And the earth will groan and raven for greatness of thew and heart for many an age, ere she shall thrill to greet such another stalwart son of her giant youth!

Have you guessed whom I mean?

UNCLE SAM—Can't imagine. Haven't seen such a horntoad in Texas. Would lock him up, if he wriggled. No room for him, I guess, outside the padded cell or the electric chair—unless stuffed, or in alcohol.

MUSE OF HISTORY—Just the same he was worth snapshooting in his jungle habitat and tracking to his lair. The greatest slayer of the blue devils he, hurling at them the big-bellied butt! How his oaths pounded the table as the golden blood foamed and flowed in cataracts of roistering good-fellowship! Twenty-eight encounters, dragon *vs.* dragon, in honor of the lunar period; and woe to what braggart soever bearded in effigy his smooth-shaven foursquare jaw! Who like him could bid an anecdote in grotesque motley caper and handspring to riotous roars?

Ever was he the same daredevil upholder of vested interests! “Long live privilege, prerogative, arrogant assumption, successful usurpation, and the autocratic right divine!” As for the silly burghers—not gentle-born—they dreaded his wild practical jokes and insolent pranks, and nicknamed him the mad squire. Mad, yet with a method; for his ancestral lands—paid. “To the devil with the proletariat!”—by the way of golden profits to the Lord of the Manor!

Do you know my big-browed bully yet?

UNCLE SAM—Should think him fetched out of the rag-bag or the junk-pile of the Dark Ages. Might have posed for a prehistoric ancestor of my much esteemed friend, Baron Steuben.

MUSE OF HISTORY—You're on the trail of his lineage anyway, Sam, if you've crisscrossed the generations a bit. He had a genius that paralyzed opposition. At a glance he shot to the live centre of any debate a shattering bolt of certainty. With wild-beast tenacity he kept his grip on the bleeding issue. He watched Luck at her deal, and read the trumps up every player's sleeve. With alternate courses of policy, thought out to details, foreordered in untrammelled execution—he leaped into the thick of hostile choices and chances. His God was success, the success of his caste first; then of his country for his caste; and he was superstitiously precise in the ritual of his God's worship.

He never threatened, never dared either one whit more or less than his utmost accurately reckoned strength would warrant. When he smote the stroke was exact, fatal, damning, punctiliously, ridiculously adequate. In triumph he was moderate, impartial, no grabber of honors, no coveter of harems, no plotter of a dynastic honor for himself. A monopolizer only of his patent blend of finesse and brutality, at the beck of his atheist's God.

UNCLE SAM—It's a Wagnerian super-Hagen up-to-date you are faking to strut in melodrama and curdle the blood of English sparrows! Hugo invented him to keep up the war of the worlds, after he got the devil to sniffing over his *Les Miserables*, and reconciled him to the good and kind God!

MUSE OF HISTORY—You aren't such a bad critic of fiction, Sam. But you aren't a connoisseur in the facts of history. The chap's real and alive, and he had a poetic afflatus, would blurt itself out in grim paradoxes and scorching metaphors, that realized prophecy for him, enforced a regime, and disinfected his fellows of any refinement, delicacy, piety, or conscientious hesitancy, that might hinder; while they smothered in contempt

what he shoved aside or overthrew, barbing his scourge with peasant saws! "The curry-comb," "blood and iron," the "mailed fist," the "shining armor," the "scrap of paper," the "spiked helmet," the "spurred boot," the "stamp of the heavy heel," "bleeding the enemy white," one's right to "wring the necks of chickens one's hatched," "grandees that had hot water in the pot and set out their steaming platters on the board." So he crashed and swept the tables with a catchword, a watchword, a forward-march for the God Mavors of a reborn Barbarian Rome! Do you recognize the original of my portrait? "Bite-the-Marrow," the great and the only—Loyal servant—and promoter of "High taxes"!

And he's a reality, no invention of mine, the more's the pity for you, Sam; and "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," say I; for he glares to-day larger than life across the seas; six feet two, vast build; massive, clear, firm granite countenance, bulging four-square; large, clear, grey, fulminant, inscrutable eyes! Can you see him glare?

UNCLE SAM—Ay, ay, at Johnnie Bull, or maybe at Johnnie Crapaud. And much good may it do them and him at their afternoon tea. For, in the end, sure as life, I'll get appointed receiver of a bankrupt Europe & Co.—and then just watch me transfer the securities where they'll do the most good to downtrodden humanity!

MUSE OF HISTORY—Just so, Uncle Sam; but first you must conquer him. He's more than a man; he's a principle. Even if he challenges you to mortal combat, he'll arrogate to himself the choice of the weapons and dictate the time and place. That's his way. He's a Colossus of Rhodes, and bestrides the Channel already, and ere you know—the Atlantic will be his gold-fish bowl for submarines.

His creed, you see in his historic incarnation, was simple. "Absurd?" you say? Well, so be it, but none the less credible, and all the more contagious! "My class first in Prussia; Prussia first in Germany; Germany first in the world; My King

supreme as Kaiser!" and, for his private satisfaction, he added some secret clauses: the power behind the throne—the keeper of the August Conscience—myself, Bite-the-Marrow; and my successors in the chancellorship—always the genius of each generation! When he deemed it expedient, he could make his life and death-convictions seem purely chimerical delusions of his enemies, and laugh them out of court with unaffected Homeric geniality.

Enter Bite-the-Marrow, look out, Sam!





IX.

BITE-THE-MARROW AND THE VIOLATED  
CONSTITUTION



IX.

SCENE I. OF THE BISMARCK PUPPET SHOW

BISMARCK—Sire, eight long years among the ambassadors of the German states, under the arrogant sway of Austria, have fully convinced me of Prussia's divine destiny.

WILLIAM I.—But runs not a wise saw: *Fortiter in re, suaviter in modo?*

BISMARCK—Ay, when I took it upon myself to light my cigar in full meeting at the Austrian president's own, then it was, I broke up his arrogant monopoly, and not by any courteous protestations.

WILLIAM I.—That was indeed cogent reasoning. But while I heed not your enemies, which are mine also, we may sometimes learn from them. They complain of brow-beating, studied insolence, cynical brutality, biting sarcasms, provocative ironic serenity.

BISMARCK—Was I summoned to my post of danger to deal out holiday compliments all around? Or was it only when I vowed to establish the royal prerogative and prestige in the teeth of an overwhelming majority, that your gracious majesty consented to tear up your abdication?

WILLIAM I.—I appreciate your extraordinary difficulties. But may there not be in the very manner of our proposed military reforms—doubling out of hand the standing army—an unnecessary challenge to the conservatives, our natural friends, as well as to our opponents, the liberals? Might we not resort to measures of gradual expansion, and to more conciliatory methods?

BISMARCK—I am deeply indebted, your majesty, for this rare opportunity to defend myself. I hate no man for any ill he may have thought, or willed, or done to me in my private capacity. The strong bears not malice. He ignores wrongs, biding his time to make friends, or he more than evens the score! But the enemies of the State? That is different. They are the enemies of God. Toward them magnanimity were treason. Are they not

already numerous enough? Do they need encouragement? And shall the crown's champion seem afraid of the worst that man can do to him?

The more violent the excitement about me, the more it behooves your servant to keep a cool head, clear vision, and his speech direct, that it may not arouse questioning; or if speech could not but betray secrets, what is left your servant but an apparently contemptuous silence calculated to mislead by ambiguity? Am I a Frenchman or an Italian, that I am accused of dissimulation? Am I not German, ay, and more—Prussian? Spoke I not Lettish in childhood, the tongue of our barbarous forebears—that hated a lie worse than death?

But, your majesty, I learned long since that among diplomatic deceivers and trimmers, official self-seekers and hypocrites, the truth is so rare, one may without a blush at any time hazard it naked. As no one will believe that I am so simple a child as to speak my mind, my worst enemy is surest to think I mean the opposite. Afterwards he has only his own stupidity to resent. Alas, it cannot be otherwise! I must be execrated, decried as a traitor, the archfiend, a very Cataline. But with such insults I nourish my pride. Some day the curs will whine and lick my boots.

WILLIAM I.—When, however, you think the interests of the country jeopardized, and you move on remorselessly, could you not take partly into your confidence the well-meaning among the leaders?

BISMARCK—How long would they continue well meaning? The world cannot be trusted with our secrets. It must suppose our policy of army increase due to revolutionary unrest, and intended for domestic repression, to crush out what they are pleased to call "liberal aspirations"! And if that is to be the foreign opinion, must it not also be the general opinion at home?

WILLIAM I.—Ah, but in a sense, are not their fears right? Need we go to such lengths in establishing the authority of the throne?

## THE CONSTITUTION

---

BISMARCK—Alas! we have no other course. We must propose nothing less than, by discipline and special education, to make machines of men in the service of the state, for the prompt execution of the decrees of Providence revealed to us.

How else shall we save Prussia, and unify Germany?

WILLIAM I.—Methinks it is just here one may cherish a doubt, lest we extinguish that noble fire the German spirit kindled—the right of private judgment, and our freedom of conscience won with the shedding of so much blood.

BISMARCK—Nay, we shall not rob any man of his private judgment, so we predetermine his public conduct by well-established habits and discipline. His conscience shall continue *free*, but we will take care to foreordain his preferences. In relation to the world of spirit, he shall in his innermost self stand unassailed, nay, fortified the rather.

Fear not, sire. What your subjects may seem to forfeit in the way of a superficial contemptible personal liberty, they will much more than make good in a passionate, great-souled pride, sharing the moral grandeur of their august sovereign.

WILLIAM I.—With your patriotic policy I am in accord; but I do not, as you, see that Prussia is surrounded with malice and wickedness on all sides; that every diplomatic move of our rival is a cunning contrivance to undermine us. He may perchance be won by trust and graciousness. The experiment at least does still seem worth the trying. Think how much happier we should be were our policy as clear, honest and open as it is beneficent.

BISMARCK—Later we may inaugurate a regime of universal good will when we are admittedly supreme. Your majesty forgets that the enemy must at present underestimate and despise us, if with superior resources he is not to compass his evil designs. We must be prepared for the unforeseen which he will let loose upon us, and he shall not dream that we foresaw! Then shall the aggressor turn out the dupe of his own arrogance! Nor dare the statesman indulge in too scrupulous and tender a conscience.

Public weal is not attained by the same rules that govern private good.

Was it not in profound peace, and without losing time to create a plausible pretext, that the great Frederick seized upon Silesia, fulfilling so the manifest destiny of that province, and rounding out strategically and economically his dominions for better self-defence? Seven years he fought, when kings and emperors in fond and futile chivalry came to the help of the angry Austrian empress! So he defended valiantly his God-given heritage.

Did he not, after, silence Austria and Russia forever, making them overtly accept his principle: namely, the national aggrandizement of the state to readily defensible frontiers, when he shared with them the spoils of that ever turbulent neighbor, the republican kingdom, the aristocratic republic of Poland, which had so long been a perpetual menace to the peaceful continuance of a rational benevolent despotism across her frontiers?

So it was, and only so, boldly, remorselessly, that the great Frederick cemented a military monarchy, and bequeathed to his successors a policy they dare not alter, the essence of which may be stated: German unity shall have one day in Prussia the strong champion so great a cause requires! And if, in idyllic mood, one objects to the military aspect of the monarchy—how else than by the help of a people of soldiers may Germany come into her own? God forefend that Europe be destined (as the Corsican cynically declared) to be one day all Cossack, or all French!

Now shall the peerless Frederick be summoned at the bar of Bourgeois morality to answer for his royal conduct, because his mighty hand incorporated benevolently into Prussia the province essential to her unity, her service to Germany, and some day, God knows, to Europe?

WILLIAM I.—True, our ancestor was governed by a higher code than that of ordinary men. Yet have not the times undergone such changes, that we can hope in the near future to found the

throne on the devotions of a grateful people? Was it not Stein, a liberal statesman, who healed the wounds inflicted by seven years of inevitable war?

BISMARCK—Stein truly administered first-aid-to-the-injured. He domesticated, ay, but he wisely also emasculated democracy. Such a liberal as he was, under like circumstances, I should gladly myself become. He re-established finances by a strict accountability of officers and the elimination of sinecures. He abolished serfdom and made ciphers into citizens, not so much surely out of sentimental sympathy with them, as to raise up a new peasantry from which he might recruit larger armies, and a new body of burghers who would have a stake in the state. The land he freed from obsolete restrictions, and even opened state-offices and military careers to other than nobles, so as to keep the upper classes alert and upright by fear of a shameing competition, and recruit to them the highly gifted who chanced to be born among the less privileged. He taxed the nobles, not so much that the strong should bear, as may seem at first sight defensible, greater burdens, but that they should realize their subjection to the King, and that the common people should not be roused by apparent injustice to what might, at a critical time, prove a dangerous resentment. All this, in guise of liberalizing, did truly but consolidate the central power.

Now do we to-day need to get power from the people? We see to it that the people's will flows ever in prearranged channels! Constitutional government? It is chiefly a new weapon in the hands of the prudent monarch with which to quell irresponsible agitators!

WILLIAM I.—Yet is there not something more in democracy? In the wars of Liberation, it was Scharnhorst's "people's army" that won back the independence of Prussia.

BISMARCK—Exactly, your majesty. And what does our famous tyrannical militarism signify, if not an extension of that system from times of distress to times of threatened peace? There shall be a wider, yea twice as wide a participation by the people in the glory of serving the state! And that forsooth is tyranny?

WILLIAM I.—Your interpretations of our national life are indeed most enlightening, and bring us encouragement. But my son is a diligent student of history, a keen observer, and a soldier. Now he implores me that we move with extreme caution. He refers back to the Long Parliament and Cromwell!

BISMARCK—Yet note, sire, the differences in the situation. I serve no Stuart, not even a Tudor, but a Hohenzollern. We deal not with a selfish, anarchistic people, like the English. Our people are, thank God, more or less one-minded, stolid and mechanical. They need to have a standard set them, if they are to attain to their uniform best. Their genius appears in unquestioning obedience to one single great purpose of their superiors. Scharnhorst's national army further extended to its logical limit, merely extends to every able-bodied man the pride and power of self-identification with the sovereign will. Ah, what could be more liberalizing, ennobling, ay, in a very true sense democratizing, than this: One King, one people?

Think me not, in my enthusiasm, ignorant of all that men say. I learned to handle politicians by driving my cattle to market; to conciliate my fellows, caressing and booting alternately my mastiffs. Ah, I shall be hated as never any before me, but men shall gnash their teeth impotently, resorting in vain to public enemy and private assassin.

When the press ventures to foment discontent and rebellion, I shall clap tight a muzzle on it. Where I can't penalize, I can subsidize, and win over friends to the righteous cause. Shall I stop now at anything?

In any event, at the worst, death on the scaffold, sire, is as honorable in your service as death on the field of battle.

WILLIAM I.—Thou still forgettest Charles?

BISMARCK—Nay, sire. But I shall at least, like Strafford, precede the King and give him timely warning.

WILLIAM I.—But the constitution we violate?

BISMARCK—The constitution should serve the King, not the King the constitution!



## THE CONSTITUTION

---

We shall dissolve the Chambers as often as they care to make it necessary. The King shall declare that as the Three Estates cannot agree, he will notwithstanding discharge his solemn and sacred duty by Prussia, without regard to scraps of paper.

WILLIAM I.—It is terrible, but you are right! I see the manifest finger of God in it all. Yet mind you, no war; above all, no provocation!

BISMARCK—It is to prevent such we labor. Not even against an act of God shall the King be unprepared. Forewarned is forearmed. Let the enemy beware how he assails us—unawares!

WILLIAM I.—Having interrogated my faithful minister most freely, and content with what he has replied, I pledge him loyally my endorsement, even to the uttermost.

*(The King greets Bismarck quietly, and starts to withdraw)*

BISMARCK—My grateful thanks. I shall defy sullen looks, gloomy scowls, the murderer's thrust or bullet, the momentary threat of revolution, with a glad heart, a composed spirit! All that we do for the people's defence, against the will of them that arrogate the right to speak on their behalf, will be approved by history. As thy loyal minister, I shall have my exalted station at the foot of thy throne.

*(Exit the King, deeply agitated, but resolute)*

BISMARCK *(alone)*—Good, over-scrupulous, kind-hearted man. Brave, but narrow; honest, but short-sighted; yet true, true to the core. Providence hath been kind indeed to me. Never stood a man so ready to accomplish what shall forever endure to praise his memory. We shall with such a sovereign unite Germany under one sceptre. And it shall not be an elective honor, like that I bade his brother reject; but one of divine right. And all Europe shall yet rejoice as the footstool of the Prussian throne, when Germany undertakes her inevitable destiny, and regenerates the human race!



X.

THE "DOCTORED" TELEGRAM, OR  
MILITARY NECESSITY



X.

SCENE II. OF THE BISMARCK PUPPET SHOW

*(Bismarck enters left with telegram in hand. To the extreme right are seated at their beer Helmuth Karl Bernhard von Moltke and Albrecht Theodor Emil von Roon)*

BISMARCK—Clearly, the critical hour has struck; as my folk-wisdom has it, the pear is ripe! They have come at my invitation. I shall try them first, ere I reveal my entire purpose to those whole-hearted servants of the thick-headed God Mavors.

*(He approaches with slow step to the table, a strangely sphynx-like expression on his massive countenance. The two men glance at each other inquiringly and are about to rise)*

VON ROON—Does your summons to await you here and your solemn manner portend unforeseen misfortune?

VON MOLTKE—Does the telegram you hold bring bad news?

*(Bismarck folds it up carefully, with a quiet, quizzical satisfaction)*

BISMARCK—No ceremony, my honored guests. As for the news, it's the best—or the worst, according to our point of view.

VON MOLTKE—You have then resolutely clapped your spurs into the flanks of your war-horse, the inevitable?

BISMARCK—I'm sorry you have forgotten my dictum: "The personal conviction of a ruler, however well founded, that war will eventually break out, cannot warrant its promotion."

VON MOLTKE *(groaning impatiently)*—I often wish this respectable Prussia of ours were Turkey, with a Muslim fanatic for Sultan, so that we needn't scruple to bring about some magnificently useful "act of God" in the nick of time.

BISMARCK *(smiling with affected horror)*—How easily we Teutons orientalize! Shocking sentiment for a Christian soldier.

VON MOLTKE—I'm frank to say it doesn't seem shocking to me. What are we three for? Roon's to work out perfect army-reform. I'm to adapt our strategy, without the enemy's knowledge, to

## THE DOCTORED TELEGRAM

---

modern armament and means of transportation. And your noble office? What is it, but to pull the wires judiciously behind Jupiter Tonans?

BISMARCK—You flatter me, my dear Helmuth—not so named for naught. Ay, ay, both courage and light! But suppose, good friend, your God of the thunderbolts has an inkling of his own time; and it were instead our part to read his sovereign mind a little in advance of the duller or less attentive, and possess meanwhile our souls in patience?

VON ROON—Oh, we've gone over our history *ad nauseam*.

VON MOLTKE—The general staff have forseen every possible campaign. I should think by this the army were ready to show whether its teeth are false!

BISMARCK (*laughing good-naturedly*)—Friends, good friends, it's feeding time in the carnivora section of the patriotic zoo.

VON ROON—One has a right to do a little roaring in private when one suffers for years under this policy of public self-restraint. Year in, year out, what were we but puppets on which raw politicians at the county-fair did target-practice?

BISMARCK—But haven't we since been rewarded with a fat popularity? Ah, we two (to *Moltke*) we're not like you, you man of gold, pure gold—advertising in vain for a private enemy!

VON MOLTKE—My task was easier, I suppose, just to fight—not enemies but rust and rot? I'm sick even now of furbishing and polishing up the equipment.

VON ROON—Leaving out personal zeal, I protest what is expedient for the state is lawful to her ministers, so soon as they have made it legal; and now, when there is no parliamentary opposition, why any longer delay?

BISMARCK—Luckily army-reform and geography are your specialty, you born Prussian; as for you, the "tall and tanned," the "hard and grand"—the "taciturn in seven languages," if *you* were a Dane in your youth —

VON MOLTKE (*breaks in with some heat*)—I say, that's not fair. Can a man help his father taking him abroad when he's five? Mine was merely the case of a Mecklenburger spying out Holstein for Prussia.

BISMARCK—True, we should have annexed the island to the mainland sooner if you had been entrusted with the campaign from the start. And who caught the rat in his own hole?

VON MOLTKE—But I want my daily bread. Yesterday's is stale.

VON ROON—Oh, yes, it's all very fine assuaging our patriotic rage with complimentary reminiscences. We want immediate leave to translate ideas into the language of hard fact. Why don't you convince the King with another threat of resignation? That's always effective.

BISMARCK—Perhaps we haven't been remiss. But only the logic of events convinces the people at large.

VON ROON—The people! One gives them orders! And besides one may direct and hasten your kind of logic!

VON MOLTKE—And we know you were a past master not so long ago of that sort of resignation to the will of Allah!

VON ROON—Yes, hear us out for once! What else did you summon us for? We appeal to your conscience. Didn't you help make the Schleswig-Holstein tangle so much more intricate, that everybody saw at a glance it had to be cut by the sword? And all the time you were really scheming and contriving to bridge over once for all the gap created by history between South and North, by bringing about and organizing that joint national war against the Dane. You admit your intimate part in all this objective logic of events?

Then didn't you astutely arrange a partnership between Prussia and our jealous enemy for the administration of our jointly captured provinces? So we showed good will in the sight of all men, and of course we couldn't help that purely geographic God-ordained advantage—the special nearness of said provinces to Prussia? Nor could we help Austria working herself up into an unseemly fury against us over it? And all men beheld our

## THE DOCTORED TELEGRAM

---

patience, until self-respect demanded that, at the opportune moment, when Austria suspected nothing, we should resent the intolerable insults you had so subtly invited?

My God, and *you* dare talk to us, your fellow-workers, about Logic of Events?

Then, pray, do you think us dunces? After Königratz—Sadowa, the enemy calls it, for his pride couldn't bear to give his defeat the same name we gave it as our victory!—do you think we can't now see why you stood out against us all from the King down—with only the good Fritz on your side—and wouldn't let us bite off a big hunk of Bohemia, and blocked stubbornly our triumphant march on Vienna? Ha, ha, we were not so to humble Austria's pride, or inflict incurable wounds, lest perchance we should be let and hindered by her resentment from soon settling our little score with a greater Enemy!

And note, this was not mere ascetic humanitarianism; for you let us gobble up all Austria's allies (whose territories we occupied as a matter of precaution at the start of the war)—to punish them spectacularly, and warn anyone who would thereafter take the weaker side in a controversy against us!

You it was who brought all this about! You bullied the Muse of History, and the God of Battles could not but fall in with your ideas. Why are you cavilling now about the sanctions of law? You're simply derelict in your duties. Any child can see that!

BISMARCK (*laughing loudly*)—My dear fellows, this does me worlds of good. I haven't of late been turning the old heavens about their axis at the decent rate that ought to recommend itself in your opinion to a sober Lord of the Universe!

Now, attention! It's my turn. We're not—the more's the pity—in those much-maligned dark ages. One has to consider, or pretend to consider, public opinion; enough at least to choke it off in advance, or inspire it. Our people think they're Christian. So, even a victorious war must be justified by seeming forced upon us in self-defence. No Albigensian crusade these



days commends itself to us. Now of course, though inconvenient, this scrupulous tenderness of the German soul isn't an insuperable obstacle. A war merely has to be made a people's war by providing for the enemy's figuring—whether he will or no—in the rôle of aggressor! It is only important that we should be attacked without visible provocation, and the waves of public opinion carry *us*, conscientiously resisting, peace-loving statesmen, into the abhorrent war! The whole country bristles with arms!—nay, it is an exploding powder magazine. Then—what enemy shall escape alive from the *Furor Teutonicus*?

But, gentlemen, one can't always hurry up these little providential arrangements. The enemy sometimes misses his cue in the scene. Sometimes, it isn't the enemy blunders. Read, for instance, this instructive document.

*(Bismarck unfolds the so-called "Ems telegram," and spreads it out flat on the table in front of them)*

It blocks our game for a time at least, doesn't it?

That upstart—the *grande Incapacité méconnue*, will be bound to have his eyes opened. Trying to force our King to pass his personal word that no member of his family should consider a unanimous invitation to any throne in the wide world—that was going too far! As became his dignity, our master stood his ground, and firmly refused, and politely denied the ambassador of the French further access to his royal person on this question. Let us drink, then, gentlemen, to our diplomatic success. One victory at a time. Sober second thought has one more precious chance, and the regime of prudent courtesy is reinaugurated.

VON MOLTKE *(striking the table with his fist, and pushing back his chair with disgust)*—*Donner wetter!* And the beast won't have to apologize? We must wink at his palpable intent to humble publicly our sovereign, just that he might toss a sop so to the Paris mob? *(Looks utterly indignant and discouraged)*

## THE DOCTORED TELEGRAM

---

BISMARCK—Can I help it? Have you forgotten our magnanimous King's invincible reluctance to be dragged into war against his brother of Austria? To be sure, once his fighting blood was up, all went well; and your mobilization and tactics won a swift triumph. Seven weeks—and *finis* to that chapter of world-history. It's the first move that costs. (*Turning solemnly to Von Moltke*)

As a matter of strict business, are we equally ready to-day for a greater task?

VON MOLTKE—We are.

BISMARCK (*smiling*)—Victory is organized—fore-ordained?

VON MOLTKE—We can almost indicate the battlefields to the square mile, and set the dates to a day.

BISMARCK—Done, then. Let me have that document again. Before I use my discretion to send it to the press—letting the whole world know what transpired between Benedetti and our august King—perhaps we may improve the style a trifle.

VON MOLTKE—You will venture to doctor it?

VON ROON—It's only a news dispatch.

VON MOLTKE—Shortening the thing won't improve it.  
(*Examining the now altered telegram*)

VON ROON—Not at all. Very clever. Run the two parts together, and we get quite another sense: Benedetti demands evidently an irrevocable pledge; the King flatly refuses and dismisses the ambassador.

VON MOLTKE—Ah, I see, this *is* much better. Before it sounded a parley. Now it trumpets a challenge. But will that suffice?

BISMARCK—The press to-morrow will do the rest. It will be like a red rag waved at the Gallic Bull, and the bull will paw and snort and toss over the milk-pot with one crooked horn, and who in heaven's name will care so very much what cat laps up the milk?

OR MILITARY NECESSITY

---

(*Von Moltke and Von Roon still stare at the paper incredulously*)

VON MOLTKE—It's too good to be true!

VON ROON—The misconception you create will be corrected.

BISMARCK—No, no. The Paris mob will goad the government of demagogues; and they will force the hand of their pasteboard emperor; and he, for his upstart dynasty's sake, will, in spite of his better judgment and the unpreparedness of his forces, be compelled to declare war on Prussia! And then, my bully boys, we'll simply *have* to fight, and might will make again a new chunk of right in this old world!

VON ROON (*drawing a deep sigh of relief*)—Our old God isn't dead yet! We sha'n't go to our graves in disgrace!

VON MOLTKE—If I live to lead our armies in such a war, by heaven, I give the devil leave to fetch away my old carcase when peace is declared.

(*Bismarck's face changes to solemn gravity—he rises slowly from the table, folds up the blue-pencilled telegram*)

VON ROON—What's the matter? Are you ill?

VON MOLTKE—Is this your funeral, or rather your St. John's Day bonfire?

BISMARCK—Oh, I'm merely thinking. All this glee over a successful bit of editing—because we *so* fabricate a *casus belli*. . . . You men of the sword *are* children!

VON ROON—Do we not thank God that we have *you* to guide the state?

VON MOLTKE—Will we not seal all your legal documents with the red seals of success?

(*Bismarck shakes his head, walking over to the far edge of the stage*)

VON ROON—One of his queer fits of the blues.

VON MOLTKE—He's like a cavern underseas, full of monstrous mysteries.

## END OF SECTION TEN

---

*(Bismarck soliloquizes)*

I wouldn't have them otherwise. It's the nature of the beast of prey; claws and teeth aren't for glitter only, but business. Every worthy fellow wants his niche in history. But my God, should the day ever come when some monarch rules in Prussia whose policy lacks in sense of proportion, whose minister lacks the strength and courage to resist under inordinate pressure; and a policy is inaugurated—not of national interest, but mere power and glory for their own vain sakes; and then the military arm strikes at the heart, and the head? . . . Heaven forbid! That shall never be in Prussia if I can hinder it. I shall thoroughly educate the heir of my system.

XI.

BITE-THE-MARROW AND OUR BILL OF  
HIGH TAXES



XI.

SCENE III. OF THE BISMARCK PUPPET SHOW

UNCLE SAM—Muse, if you don't whip to the pith of this Prussian pother and skip a dozen acts at least, and get the sap of human interest to flowing freely, I'll kick your Bite-the-Marrow off the boards.

MUSE OF HISTORY—I'll only exhibit my hero in a few characteristic poses. His interview, for instance, with the beaten Emperor of the French; his education of the heir to his system and his dismissal; his ironic consolation by his principal enemy—the "English woman"; these little characteristic scenes should prove interesting.

UNCLE SAM—Pshaw, cultivate criss-cross, caticorner reading of all heavy literature. Shoot down from northeast corner of the page to southwest corner, and then up from southeast corner to northwest corner; one word to a line suffices you to skim the golden cream of the matter, and leave the blue milk to specialists in boredom.

MUSE OF HISTORY—Every one his taste, Sam. You deserve to be fed gritty chunks of embalmed beef. In real life every moment's not a thriller, nor every incident a cosmic cataclysm.

*(Enter Bismarck, pacing up and down, and stopping now and again to pet and talk to his mastiffs)*

BISMARCK—He is gone mad, stark mad. Thou mayest well ask *who*, with thy faithful dog eyes fixed on mine! It is *he*, even he into whose hands I, thy master, placed the supreme power—providing for no checks, so confident was I of his heredity, of his education. You doubt? I don't wonder. It's too terrible to be true. Ha, ha! "No man can ever be a soldier"—says he solemnly (mind, he's not joking), to his sons at their first communion—"unless he be a good Christian"! What then of Alexander? Epaminondas? Scipio? Omitting allusions to Cæsar and Pompey? They cut quite a swath of dandelions I should opine.

And to think of it, this jolly lunatic can, in one insane moment, upset the equilibrium, and turn forces loose that will destroy *all* my long life of cruel audacity, tempered by cruel self-restraint, created for the Fatherland. Up and down, all over Europe, ay to the antipodes, he talks and talks of the Day. What Day? Is he Gabriel trumpeting the judgment? "Get yourselves remembered forever like Attila and his Huns." That's it. Scare the Chinese to the millionth generation to secure their preference in trade!

Truly, truly the voice is the voice of Kant, but the hand is the hand of the Florentine, when he cooks the dish for the great feast. Hiss, and call all the eagles together! What a diplomatic orgy! Rob Nippon of her easy conquests over China. Then sick "Slav peril" on "yellow peril,"—and let them trounce each other to a grand finish. Pour a little naphtha into his internal economy and encourage political arson, to keep the Slav from taking undue notice on the frontier. That all helps to squeeze the Gallic stocking. Good. Then browbeat and bully the French. As for Albion, she undoubtedly won Malplaquet, Trafalgar, Waterloo by perfidy. So encourage the Boer with cheap telegrams, and suggest help you won't extend. By this you get Britain loaded with debt and properly humbled at no cost to you.

But the masterpiece is this friendship with the unspeakable Turk. Own the Sheik-el-Ulla, and you can wrest the two great Colonial Empires from their stupid possessors by the preaching of holy wars you don't have to finance, till the Persian Gulf's a Prussian foot tub.

By all the devils, he has got my lessons letter perfect after a fashion, damnably well; but he ruins all by declamation, pose, spotlight. He'll get caught putting the match to the train, yet, in a melodrama, and end as an international Guy Fawkes!

I wrought for the day when the German should cast off the alien yoke of Greece, of Rome as of France, of Britain; and other yokes, besides. Some day that *fin-de-siècle* rottenness, that effeminate melancholy, that plebeian servility, that hypocrisy of love and peace, which infest modern civilization, must pass away;



## BILL OF HIGH TAXES

---

and we shall once again set foursquare men on this earth: masters, fearless despots, aristocrats in Prussian uniform—and obedient ordered masses inspired by pride in abject subjection to their world-wide purposes. Then we shall perhaps, under new names, enthrone our race-religion in our souls, and Thor and Odin shall be lords of all mankind through us.

Something like this have I dreamed; and we should owe it to our central compactness, our exposure to attack from all sides, our integrity, and our faith above all in the genius of the German. Our philosophy, our poetry, our music, our morality, our statecraft, should create a spiritual empire over mankind for the noblest race in Europe!

But all this will the madman lose; ay, and his place too in the sun, which he got by the momentum I imparted to the machine.

The stupendous increase at home of wealth and power, the hoarded fruits of diligence and disciplined intelligence, the stupendous expansion abroad—our race infiltrating our culture with our blood into every people—all this goes down in the Valley of Decision up which he drives the peoples of the earth. “On to Armageddon,” the madman cries, “for fatherland, and for the Kaiser, the Elect of God!” Oceans of blood flow, and then squalor, starvation, oppression and the shame of a successful proletariat revolution!

He is mad! And it was for this débâcle in the end that I withstood his predecessor, when he would have accepted an elective crown? to have *this* man wear a crown by right divine—a crown I forged, and bestudded with jewels—products of my brain-anguish, and sweat of my genius?

Where, pray, is his Moltke? his Roon? Where, by Valhalla, is his Bismarck, at his side to keep his ears open to truth, his conscience quick, and his will subject to the true commands of Fate? He has only such men at his beck and call as commend their mediocre talents to an insane self-conceit by Byzantine servility.

He is the God who decrees the new beauty. He draws the fashion-plates for the Olympians, and Teutonic sculpture is supreme. He is the God who decrees the new goodness. Whatever the drill sergeant willeth in the hour of his drunkenness—that is virtue; and what nation it oppresseth—on pain of massacres and indemnities, and minster ruins—that is God's merciful dispensation of love to them. Ho, he is the God who decreeth truth also. It is what We dictate, what We manufacture for loyal credulity! We make the new logic at Essen so that contradictories agree in our mouth, and facts become malicious fiction in the teeth of the foe! Shall all the nation catch his madness? Millions simultaneously insane? And shall such madness prevail?

Ha, but at the least he shall not be able to extirpate my memoirs. They constitute the patriotic document which shall bear witness that at least it was not I willed the world-ruin this madman hath conjured up. They shall know, the people, *who* has betrayed them for to strut and to pose in the star-part of a cheap melodrama.

Rage burns my very inmost soul.

*(William II. enters during last speech, pulling his moustache, and scowling at the whole horizon, as if practising for the villain's part in a scene. Catching sight of Bismarck, he addresses him with condescending cordiality)*

WILLIAM II.—Ha, is it thou, teacher of my callow youth? Did I not learn well by rote thy lessons? Hear me recite: "Outside opinion of our imperial policy is of no consequence. Call our gainsayers interested falsifiers, envious slanderers! But—propitiate the pious moral sense of our own people. Our policy is very righteous, although hard and exacting; indeed, the very will of God, kind to his chosen people, whom He would see perfect in virtue. We nurse our strength on land and sea, and accumulate war treasure and equipment—because we are gentle dreamers and desire leisure and repose. But the enemy, alas! is so easily provoked, cunning and unreasonable. He cannot be pro-

## BILL OF HIGH TAXES

---

pitiated by uttermost patience and tender solicitude for the common interest; he must, therefore, be held in awe. When he doesn't answer your purpose, with your people, as an irritant, and they begin to protest against discipline and exaction, why, rattle the sword, while emitting unctuous praises of peace.

"Foster the foe's resentment of bygone wrongs, carry it to the right pitch, and call the world's attention to these inexplicable fits of passion—most dangerous to the peace-loving neighbor.

"When the right hour strikes to get room on earth for our teeming population of heroes, make the enemy appear the aggressor, wickedly greedy, treacherous, truculent, a conspirer with all the outcast nations, the base-bred hordes and the degenerate races!

"Get the conscience of the civilized world, by assorted and edited misinformation, to ache on your side against the pernicious activities you have secretly or indirectly instigated."

Thus you see, old teacher, I can get up a detestable war of conquest, as an innocent one of self-defence, and unite so my mighty people. *Teutonicus imperator contra mundum*: and the will of the only God, the omnipotent God of the Germans, shall prevail, and his Kingdom come on earth—as it is already in heaven.

I have studied your doctrine profoundly, so you need have nothing on your conscience, to make you leave your rest, and haunt the living.

BISMARCK—I marvel not thou findest my apparition unwelcome, as was Samuel's of old to Saul. I strove only for national union and integrity.

WILLIAM II.—And I drew from thy conclusions as my premises the glorious deduction—"world-subjugation by the custodians of the ideal"—that is, by US. The German is the only male principle, the Celt and the Latin, the female. And God said: Let us have a new race of men!

Could your statesmanship foresee, or dare, an end like this?

B I T E - T H E - M A R R O W   A N D

---

BISMARCK—The apocalypse of Antichrist! I forged a great weapon, the Empire, for an Antonine.

WILLIAM II.—And, behold, a greater than he is here.

BISMARCK—Ay, *Nero redivivus*, fiddling to the world-conflagration.

WILLIAM II.—Frederick, my ancestor, fluted, sir!

BISMARCK—Too true. But you have drummed and tromboned and cymballed, the one-man orchestra of a hundred-armed mountebank! That is vast progress.

May I not arouse your virtue by wrath?

WILLIAM II.—Bah, you are a contemptible, disgruntled old man. Because I have brought greater things to pass than the poets and prophets of your generation dreamed even in their beer. . . .

BISMARCK—Thou hast got the German eagle lessoned in crowing by the Gallic cock! I tell thee, await not the end ere thou repent. For I have come to warn thee, before it be yet too late to avert thy total ruin.

WILLIAM II.—Avaunt, dead bird of ill omen! I have been over-patient too long. Ungrateful hanger-on of my august and supremely great grandsire. . . .

BISMARCK—Whom I compelled to reign, ruling faithfully in his name and interest!

WILLIAM II.—The lie of a vampire ghost shall not stir up the wrath of the Lord's anointed. I do safely appeal to history.

BISMARCK—Thou that *makest* history!

WILLIAM II.—I alone can interpret it infallibly, being the live coal at the core thereof.

BISMARCK—Thy insane self-conceit, which made me leave thee to thine own devices, lest I marred my record of perpetual successes with disaster, which thou wert about to make inevitable. . . .

WILLIAM II.—There is not room on one earth for thee and me. Off with thee, croaking carrion-crow!

## BILL OF HIGH TAXES

---

BISMARCK—The ghost of Bismarck is more real than the flesh and blood pigmies of thy machine-made day.

WILLIAM II—Help! Help! I ache in my bones! I dissolve, I fade away! Here, Sam—some poems, supreme masterpieces, I wrote for you. Ah, my crown, my imperial crown, the sceptre of my world-rule!

*(They fall at the feet of Bismarck, William II. having writhed and faded out)*

BISMARCK—Better so, at the feet of the ghost than on the brows and in the hand of a vain fool.

And yet, how I did love thee! Thy frankness! Thy insane courage! Thy proud rectitude! Ah, to see thee and thy five sons walk abreast—six beplumed soldiers—my old eyes filled with tears. Who hath wrought this havoc, and so pitifully destroyed the heir of my system?

Roon! Moltke! All our great work fails us because the great man begets not his equal!

Thou crown, thou art now a lie; for the aristocratic principle perishes. Treacherous heredity! Impotent education! ye guardians of the sceptre. Yours, not mine the Sin. What shall a ghost henceforward do with these? To whom shall he bequeath their custody? Let the crust of the world crack, and the fiery centre pour out its fire-floods! Titans breed dwarfs, take notice! and sane geniuses, paranoiacs! It is enough! Let me begone, woe's me, to the nobler past of unshaken faith in privilege and primogeniture, the past of honest grandeur in character and valiantly conquered glory!



XII.

BITE-THE-MARROW AND THE FATHER OF  
HIS COUNTRY





## XII.

### SCENE IV. OF THE BISMARCK PUPPET SHOW

MUSE OF HISTORY—(*entering upon her own scene as Witch of Endor*)—Ay, there was the flaw of thy reasoning, poor ghost. I advise thee, leave these baubles to my kindly care.

BISMARCK—And thou wilt dispense them—unto whom?

MUSE OF HISTORY—The worthiest in each generation, for the Spirit singlenth whom it listeth for greatness; or wilt thou insist on the glory of the degenerate?

BISMARCK—But are not men like cattle?

MUSE OF HISTORY—Ay, there thou erredst. By oppression of the masses, through iron discipline, thou throttlest genius in the cradle.

BISMARCK—Bah, the true Hercules chokes the snakes with his infant fists!

MUSE OF HISTORY—But the brutal tyrant or the versatile fool, by right of primogeniture—the accident of birth insuring his corruption thro' sycophantry—thou investest him with the heritage of the patriot and sage? The strength of thy man-made machine of men, run on the rules of the stud, secures the destruction of the people whose divinely ordered state thou didst make it to appear.

BISMARCK—My punishment, if thou speak sooth, O witch, is great. But shall no eventual good result from all my sacrifices? The years spent in the affairs of others whom I strove to aggrandize? The years in which I humbled my straightforward soul to play the spy in alien courts? The years of ignoble traffic in stolen secrets and documents; ay, worse yet, the years spent in condescending to bottle-feed the conscience of the pious with lukewarm skimmed milk, watered for babes? And all this to force victory three times on a scrupulous humane Hamlet, and unity and decision on a nation of Hamlets; that a madman who cries "ME, and God," who dares to write (and not laugh), "God has indeed supported thee brilliantly, my son," should sacrifice to his childish pride and vanity our great Day that was to dawn at last,

blessing the whole earth with German sunshine. And he brings on instead the shattering Dusk of the Gods!

**MUSE OF HISTORY**—Nay, nay, that is not so. The end of the world cometh not, nor shall the true sun fail of his dawn. You shall save frivolous, light-hearted France. You shall impart of your virtue to her. Behold her, silent, stalwart, modest, resolute, terrible, sublime! You shall save hypocritical Albion. The spirits of Shakespeare and Milton shall purge her. Reconsecrated to public ideals shall her people be; re-inspired to heroic sacrifice. Ay, and England shall be all her people—not one class, that monopolize wealth and station. England shall be the single-minded, high-hearted, God-chosen of every class:

From mine, from mill,  
From croft, from slum  
Shall her saviours come,  
Whom the Spirit shall fill!

Behold, O Iron Chancellor, thou didst not labor in vain. The shams, the shames, the futilities, the snobberies, the knavishness, ay, the base selfishness—are burned up in the conflagration; and they twain, thy enemies, stand in the fiery furnace noble, purified nations, imperishable, beautiful.

**BISMARCK**—Shall I have saved my enemies, whom my heart never basely hated, but the land that I passionately loved, shall I have cursed it with a curse?

**MUSE OF HISTORY**—Nay, thou shalt have blessed thy Fatherland ever more. For by circuitous paths already She approaches for whose dispensation thou hast made ready thy people. Behold, it is Liberty, the daughter of Sunshine, that maketh the desert to blossom as the rose.

**BISMARCK**—Thou meanest the rule of the rabble? Where then be my kindred—the men whose blood is fire, and whose thews are iron, whom I set in the seat of the scornful forever?

**MUSE OF HISTORY**—Ah, countless shades gather about thee, strick-

en of their great folly, and lamentable—that would accuse thee of their downfall.

BISMARCK—Them I can hold at bay; but my country—the kitchen-garden of filthy political dreamers?

MUSE OF HISTORY—Ay, the Kants and the Goethes, the Schillers, and the Beethovens, and their greater sons, shall dispense joy and wisdom, and purity and sublime serenity. There shall have come new and greater Steins to serve them as enlightened statesmen.

BISMARCK—Ay, I see, and the ooze will swarm with maggots! My God, is this writ down in the Book of Fate?

MUSE OF HISTORY—Thou didst confess no mere man could see into the hand of Destiny, and read her cards till played.

BISMARCK—Then shall the game cease. I will shatter thy flimsy booth, Beldame History! Shift for another! The Play is ended. Rend it, my mastiffs! To tatters with it!

*(The booth collapses, but when the puppet figure of Bismarck vanishes, with its destruction, there looms, colossal, a figure that grows clearer and clearer, each hand resting on a huge sphynx-like mastiff, the flaming eyes fixed basilisk-like on Uncle Sam)*

UNCLE SAM—See, Benny, he thinks he's really important because he spreads himself thin over half the sky like an electric advertisement. But *sic semper tyrannis*—whether they be Georges or Billies! *Virtus sola invicta*. Mine, you understand. *Deo favente—perennis*—the pile of my building! *Aut haec—aut nullus*—Liberty! *E pluribus Unum, Annuit coeptis*. Jove nods on our new start, and by Jiminy and Vercingetori, whoever the old Gaul was, we'll institute the *Novus Ordo Sacclorum!* And bounce all varmints that aren't stuffed and bug-poisoned.

If all my ancestral Latin won't make him vamoose, I guess he's a fixture. I'll improve the opportunity for a little curtain lecture to his face.

You're a fraud, old Bite-the-Marrow. I expected to have you put through all your paces for me. You were to have exhibited your magnanimity with the vanquished Third Napoleon, author of a *Life of Cæsar*, and all your sweet reasonableness with Thiers! And you never even pawed the air!

What of that nice exquisite scene in which your properly schooled scion of the imperial line of High Taxes retired you daintily to private life, on the shining toe of his spurred boot? And that delicate thriller, in which the magnanimous empress-mother offered you her sympathy, and her kind offices with her bumptious offspring—which you had taken such excessive care in advance to render of none effect?

I tell you, you're not a good sport, Bite-the-Marrow. You shouldn't smash the booth to smithereens, because the game begins to go against you! You know I rather like you after a fashion. You were a full-blooded genius, if you were unluckily born a titled brute of a bully—so you couldn't help putting your confidence in princes. But one can be kicked by a mule, you know, and not suffer in one's honor. A bepurpled mountebank, his chest like a Christmas-tree, the electric-lit victim of a system of unearned privilege, he just *had* to behave as he did. There's no use keeping up a grudge, black as Tophet, against *him*. And think how magnificently he's helped me out—destroyed all the prestige of tin-soldiering, consigned crowns and sceptres to the pawnshops and the museums!

Now, suppose you take a constitutional in the Tuileries, and a preamble among the ruins of Baalbek? We've got to clear the scenes here for important up-to-date business.

He doesn't budge, Benny. This bouncing silhouette, this lantern-eyed Matterhorn, takes no gentle hints! How, do you suppose, can I induce him to realize he's a back number, and needs badly a bath in the Styx-mud, and a little draught of Lethe beer, or a Nepenthe shampoo?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Methinks, nephew, he calls your attention scornfully to a gypsy dame in Phrygian cap, who offers you a bargain sale of her pack of specialties.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON

---

*(The gypsy shows her face to Benjamin Franklin as the absent Goddess of Liberty, but fastens her mask so that Uncle Sam does not recognize her)*

UNCLE SAM—What truck have we here?

GYPSY *(in a feigned voice)*—All the stock in trade, son, of easy democracy.

UNCLE SAM—Who told you my supply was running low?

GYPSY—Oh, the best appliances will wear out in time. Think of it! Four generations since we set up housekeeping! And a widower has peculiar difficulties. Hired housekeepers are not always careful. It is said they stimulate trade for us gypsies.

UNCLE SAM—I won't buy a thing.

GYPSY—Then at least you'll examine, and get self-knowledge.

Here's the full dinner-pail: made one president—my old cornucopia revamped. Here's whitewash: beats tooth-powder; just a magic thimble-full of it expands to a barrel when you begin to apply it liberally to your trusted friends. Here are labels: any goods sell with these, if you lick the carefully sweetened aseptic glue. Here are freak issues: to divide the fools, and give the smart man a chance. Here are planks: smooth-planed and extra-waxed, for platforms, to slide off from when they're well laid! Here's drastic legislation à la St. Anthony, welcome to Puritans: to make vice interesting. And here's the real excuse for it, immunity, in pink package, for sale: to swell the funds for a good business administration of city affairs. Here's queer reform-fads: to make new reputations; and prosecutions: to keep the yellow journals in news, and guarantee the escape of reputable corruptionists. Here's a water-witch: can tell you where gurgle the secret springs of political refreshment; and the fountain of eternal folly for chronic candidates. And, best of all, here's a handy guide to Success. Let me read you some of the most applicable maxims:

“Every citizen mind only his own business.”

“Nothing is your business but what pays you.”

“Professionals must run the government—for what's in it.”

"Big business makes it worth while to serve the people."

"The people are told what's good for their health, and the advertiser pays the bill."

"Appeal is made to public opinion, which, heard through a licensed megaphone, becomes the Voice of God."

"Public interest soon flags—particularly if you provide inexpensive distractions." (N. B.—See our toy department for rattles and bugaboos, guaranteed to keep the babies cooing.)

UNCLE SAM—What do you think, Benny, of this whole confounded outfit?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—I think the merchandise was manufactured to sell.

UNCLE SAM—Hardly, for I sha'n't buy. And who is there you'll bunco in the universe if you can't me?

GYPSY—You refuse to sample the wares of Liberty?

UNCLE SAM—You're not she, I tell you. I guess I know *her*; and if you pretend to *be* her, I might forget my manners.

GYPSY—Don't lose your temper, Sam, because you're short of change. It's a useful line of goods, and cheap—for the money.

UNCLE SAM—Exactly. The little hatchet breaks, when the fool and his dime are parted. Cheap at the price, tho' worthless at any. If I'm not misinformed—and who dares intimate that's possible?—it's the kind of truck has extra cathedral-spired my biggest town with my topmost skyscraper. Can't fool me twice with the same patent device.

GYPSY—But maybe, if you're so critical, your enemies might like some little Christmas remembrances.

UNCLE SAM—Haven't the cash to spend on my enemies; and for beggars I've organized Charity on a polymetropolitan scale.

*(Bite-the-Marrow takes out his purse, and throws gold coins at Liberty)*

GYPSY—Help yourself freely, son. All my pack's yours. Your friend in heaven has paid for you.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON

---

UNCLE SAM—You, Bite-the-Marrow, have the impertinence to think I'm dead broke? You sha'n't treat me at my own fair.

*(Throws a package of greenbacks at him that shower back, and the gypsy picks them up hastily)*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—She has certainly evinced great knowledge of human nature, and deserves to be twice paid.

UNCLE SAM *(in some anger)*—Away with you! *(Kicks the wares off the push-cart)* And look to it, I don't get your scalp. *(He seizes her Phrygian cap, which he tucks in his belt. Liberty flees, clapping on her mask tight with both hands. He kicks the staff about)* Now that this little incident is done with, I tell you, Benny—I don't like to think it—but, though her mouth was full of deceit, something in her voice struck a familiar chord.

And as for you, Bite-the-Marrow, I reckon it was mighty polite of you to purchase this rubbish for me, but I've had enough of your insolent stare and cynical sneer. I can dispense with your company on so large a scale.

SHADE OF BISMARCK—Samuel, let me offer you my services. If I must save France, my country's hereditary foe; and England, whence derived all the bitterness of my life—and the madness, I tell you of the heir of my system—for he derived the virus of insane conceit from the British strain of blood—if I must thus glory in my shame, let me crown all so.

UNCLE SAM—You couldn't do anything for me.

BISMARCK—I could clear out that rabble for you. I practiced on Poles and Socialists, on Ultramontanes and Alsatians.

UNCLE SAM—Yes, yes, and you'd quite incidentally shackle my feet and manacle my hands. I believe in democracy. My committee can attend to my momentary troubles. And do you suppose I could get any good from the arch-enemy of my ideals—of free opportunity, popular initiative?

BISMARCK *(from a sneer—gradually assuming an expression of surprise and horror)*—What, you're not sincere? You believe in a regime of fools and idiots and sycophants lording it over

the intelligent minority because, as you say, they have the price? You believe the Voice of the people, out of a political graphophone, is the Voice of God? You too then are mad!

UNCLE SAM—I? mad? Guess not. You're just behind the times. Infected with the little Babylon bacillus. By the principle of representation we get the intelligent to act for the less enlightened. We have the public school system to raise the standard. You ought just to visit my Congress in action; both houses packed with solid genius and patriotic virtue.

BISMARCK—Horrors! A cave of the winds under a Niagara of claptrap!

UNCLE SAM—Democracy has her God-sent prophets to guide the debates of her statesmen.

BISMARCK—Phrase-mongers, adulterators of political doctrines, place-hunters, brokers in sinecures! You really believe such folk can help you? I pity you.

It is a serious case, and I will be your good Samaritan, Sam, in spite of you. The mistake you made was not conscripting in industrial armies the aliens as fast as they kissed your shore. For officers, you'd need much-bullied and therefore bullying natives. If you hadn't any such disciplined material, you could use the graduates of your penitentiaries, and see that they were kept well filled by stringent enforcement of the laws. Think how, to brassbands and with flags flying, you could have got all the dirty work of the nation done cheap! At one stroke—aliens Americanized, and convicts turned into valuable government servants!

As for your intellectual pretenders, I should adapt to your society our method. It has worked miracles. The more intelligent with us a man is, the surer he is to refuse even to speculate beyond the limits of one particular fenced-in square yard. He burrows himself in, and never even casts a shadow like your groundhog. Every man a goggled specialist, and every man a universal ignoramus. So all the learned citizens become blessed idiots in public matters.



## GEORGE WASHINGTON

---

The concerns of great interest, involving powers of generalization and practical will, they too are settled by a committee of experts—rendered dummies, you know, by a subtle application of the same principle—and you are the sole dictator!

So you get the truth on every question—all information labelled and card-catalogued; and you can make great preparations for world-movements, while all is done in the open, and you alone are in the secret.

UNCLE SAM—You're thick-headed and officious. Don't you know my own nimble wits can find that needle in a haystack—the truth? My little finger's a magnet! My native common sense and ingenuity will improvise anything that's lacking, however fundamental, in two bats of your old eyelids! Can't I Burbank and Edison you anything under the stars? You're distinctly *de trop*, Bite-the-Marrow, and what's worse, out of order!

BISMARCK—I yield only to a greater.

UNCLE SAM—What about your Uncle Sam, then?

BISMARCK—You! You're not even a ghost like me. You're just a pitiable bungle! You're a composite political scarecrow in motley.

UNCLE SAM—So I'm an animated crazy quilt? See what I'll do to you with my little hatchet.

George Washington, sorry to disturb you, but I guess I need you now in dead earnest. Just step up a second and show him your fine Houdon countenance, or, better yet, your inspired Rembrandt Peale Scowl, and I tell you, his blood-and-iron physiognomy will need a little dab of stage-paint at every point of the periphery.

*(George Washington steps up, calm and dignified, and confronts Bismarck, who fades out with amazed indignation)*

UNCLE SAM—Ha, ha, wasn't that just the finest feat of all! After our extraordinary diversion, good madam Muse of History, I

END OF SECTION TWELVE

---

suggest that you do the Jack-in-the-box trick back-end foremost. Into the witch-kettle with you, right into the melting-pot. Let us have peace, and a sure-enough breathing-spell.

*(Muse of History reluctantly moves toward the boiling pot)*

MUSE OF HISTORY—You would boil me alive?

UNCLE SAM—What you came out of, I guess you can get into. As for the temperature, they say you don't feel it much after it goes above 500 degrees. Shall I have to hurry you up?

*(Takes the cap of Liberty as a scourge and threatens her)*

MUSE OF HISTORY—Witness, ye heavens, how this is all one gets trying to educate a parvenu Frankenstein.

*(After striking a tragic attitude, and cutting a horrible grimace at him—in which her eyes pop out monkey-heads, and her tongue shoots at Uncle Sam like a long flame, she jumps into the kettle with unintelligible mutterings)*

UNCLE SAM—Hear her curses in Highbrow lingo? Or is it Hebrew? Does nobody harm, but Noah's dictionary. Now we shall have the dessert, Compensation à la Emerson.

Presto, my little pot,  
Heave and boil over with roses,  
A lot, and still a lot,  
To tickle our sniffing noses!

*(The pot begins to rock, then smoke rises in volumes)*

Double quick, or I'll poke you, my Vesuvius! American Beauties, mind—no other varieties tolerated. Spout, erupt, get monstrously busy! Armfuls! Cartloads!

Ha, the pot obeys. That's what it's for, you see: to boil and bubble over with just what I happen to order, red and green and prickly, and tickling the olfactory at twenty-four dollars a dozen in season.

Where's the National Genius can hold a candle to your Uncle? Not John Bull? Not Chantedar? Not the four Bremen musicians on a philharmonic bust!

XIII.

UNCLE SAM'S EPILOGUE TO THE  
PUPPET SHOW



### XIII.

*(Uncle Sam recovers himself, looking up and suddenly catching sight of the moon)*

Benny, George Washington, see that canyon opening up with moonlit grandeur, timed punctually for our delectation? Who on such a sublime continent, susceptible of such celestial illumination, has any use for any artistic creed, like the effete people of the old country—or of a social philosophy? You just guess and improvise little passports to heaven like these, if they're needed at St. Peter's gates. Time enough then. No æsthetics! Any fool knows what's beautiful when he sees my canyon. No social science! Any fool will know what's wise, when he's up against my polychrome ocean of naturalized and home-grown humanity!

Benny, you can go now, and be chairman to your committee for the pacification, by parley and dicker, of all those malcontents. Explain to them who and what I am, and that will suffice, I reckon.

*(Benjamin Franklin withdraws)*

BENJAMIN—Good-bye, Sam, and be good to yourself.

UNCLE SAM—Never fear. Trust me for that.

*(Uncle Sam watches Benjamin Franklin withdrawing)*

A good old reliable fellow, he, though a wee bit prosy. But it was, just the same, a deep instinct, George dear, made me refuse to make you a member of his embassy. I apologize for my apparent lack of appreciation. I always knew you were more than a match for any; and that colossal Pretender, who proposed to have me sneak up the backstairs to despotism, you made him dissipate away into innocuous desuetude, or the quintessence of the interstellar. If Benny can't manage, I know, at the last, I'll resort to you.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—How shall I be able to help *you*?

## UNCLE SAM ENDS

---

UNCLE SAM—Oh, by being yourself.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—But why are you not—yourself?

UNCLE SAM—Hang it, George, you're always so serious. Just now I'm feeling happy, and sweet on all mankind. By moonrise splendor all the horrors of Bite-the-Marrow's absurd proposal to reinstate the dark ages like a Paris fashion shall be blessedly forgotten.

*(George Washington has quietly turned to go)*

UNCLE SAM—Say, stop here, George dear. No insult meant at all. I always knew you were something too grandly superhuman for imitation; something we hadn't grown up yet to understand. Somehow I know that in you—and you only, because first in the hearts of our forefathers—we have an intimation of our coming race of heroes. You shall beget them through me. And Liberty, I feel it in my deepest heart, she shall yet return to bear them: the true gods of the Final Age!

Of course I like the lesser fellows of our intermediate stage. They're convenient, and don't shame your man-in-the-street, and your travelling salesman, and your hayseed pumpkin-and-sugarbeet, and your hog-the-natural-resources, and all the rest of us.

Old Hickory Handy Andy was our courageous vulgarity set to useful jobs, clearing out heirlooms from the garret, and making bonfires of dusty, musty prejudices. Poor Richard, dear Uncle Benny, he was our common sense, without which we couldn't survive and bring to human fruitage the Jeffersonian idealism by which every market garden is to boast of its private twins: the tree of life and the tree of knowledge—with no serpent to pervert Eve. And dear old Abe, with his mystical sadness, his heartbreaking sympathy, his soul-saving humor—I feel him ache in my bones on any damp day; for wasn't he bone of my bone after all? But you, George—Oh, you alone fill me

## THE PUPPET SHOW

---

With a shuddering sense of futurity,  
With a nobler, manlier purity,  
With a sane yet godlike security.

You make me break like the thrushes  
Into song that buoyantly gushes—  
So my face with a great pride flushes.

O my country, thou art most glorious  
For this 'mong the nations of earth:  
That in thee the Spirit victorious  
Shall bring *new* ideals to birth.

The soul of the world is not sterile,  
And new power with new evil shall cope;  
So thou facest the unknown peril  
With heroic faith and hope.

Thou art sure that in season thy people  
Shall beget them their saviours and gods,  
Who the breadth and the height and the deep will  
Make equal, and even the odds.

Ha, thou daredst the "muck" and the "dirt" use  
A sovereign man to mould,  
Compact of the homely virtues,  
New graces ennobling the old.

Shall my prophet confine then his vision  
To the glories of bygone times?  
Shall he hold not despair in derision?  
And the shame of follies and crimes?

For the mystery sun-golden and holy  
It floateth ever onward ahead;  
And, uplifting to honor the lowly,  
The Unborn—shall yet hallow the dead!

Here ends the seventh division of "Uncle Sam: A Satirical Prelude."







Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

**Preservation Technology**

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive

Atlanta, GA 30328



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 898 473 8

