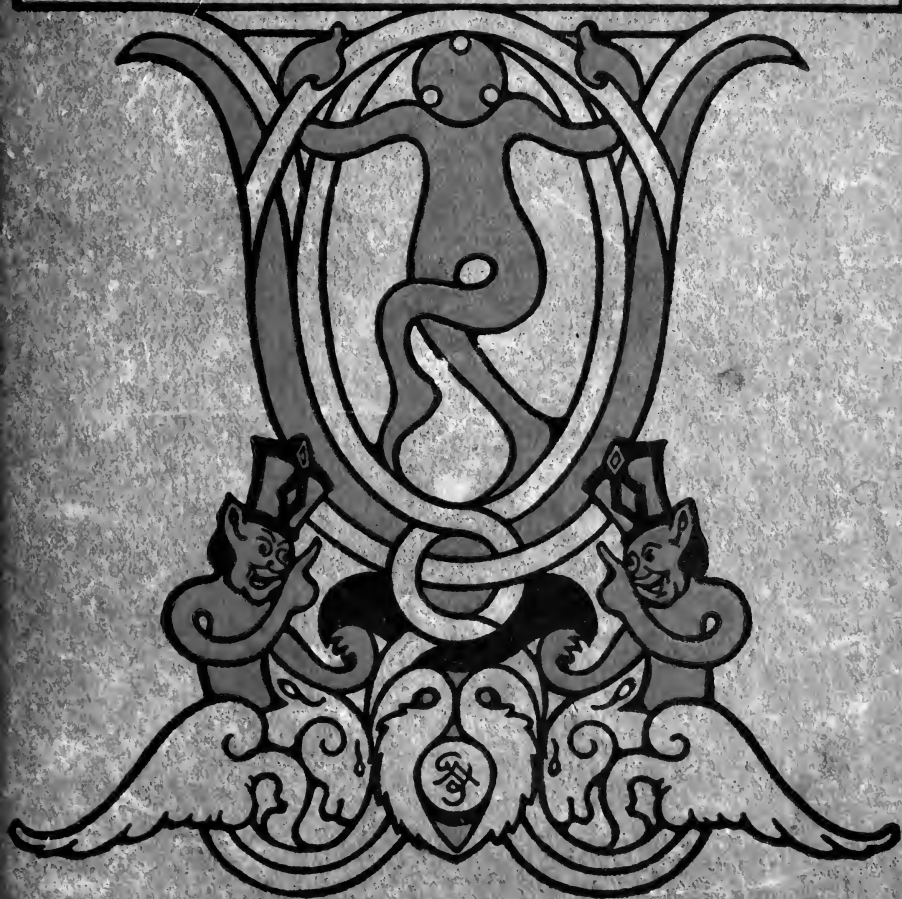


The BURGESS
Nonsense Book

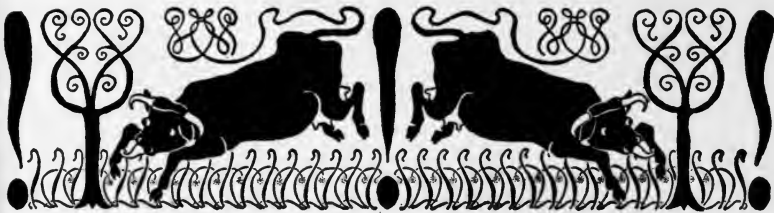




BANCROFT
LIBRARY
◊
THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

1st July
Linn

T H E B U R G E S S



N O N S E N S E B O O K

Books for Children by Gelett Burgess

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

The "Big" Goop Books

(Small 4tos)

GOOPS, AND HOW TO BE THEM; A Manual of Manners for Polite Infants. 13th Edition. 88 pp. \$1.50.

MORE GOOPS, AND HOW NOT TO BE THEM; A Manual of Manners for Impolite Infants. 7th Edition. 88 pp. \$1.50.

GOOP TALES, ALPHABETICALLY TOLD; The Biographies of Fifty Celebrated Goops. 4th Edition. 106 pp. \$1.50.

BLUE GOOPS AND RED; A Manual of Polite Deportment for Children. Illustrated in Colors, with Transformation Pages for each Goop, changing him from Bad to Good. 82 pp. \$1.35 net.

The "Little" Goop Books

THE GOOP DIRECTORY of Juvenile Offenders. 16mo. 76 pp. \$.50 net.

Modern Fairy Tales

THE LIVELY CITY O' LIGG; A Cycle of Modern Fairy Tales for City Children. Illustrated in Colors. 4th Edition. Small 4to. 210 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. Boards, \$1.25.

Frederick A. Stokes Company

NEW YORK



NONSENSE IS THE FOURTH DIMENSION OF LITERATURE



THE NONSENSE SCHOOL

THE BURGESS NONSENSE BOOK

Being a Complete Collection of the Humorous Masterpieces of

GELETT BURGESS, ESQ.,

Sometime Editor of the "*Lark*," "*Le Petit Journal des Refusées*," & "*Enfant Terrible*"

Including the "PURPLE COW" with Forty Odd *Nonsense Quatrains*, The "CHEWING GUM MAN" *Epics*, the "GERRISH" *Ghost Stories*, *Poems of PATAGONIA*, *Curious Cartoons*, *Autobiographies of Famous GOOPS*, & a Myriad *Impossibilities*, adorned with less than

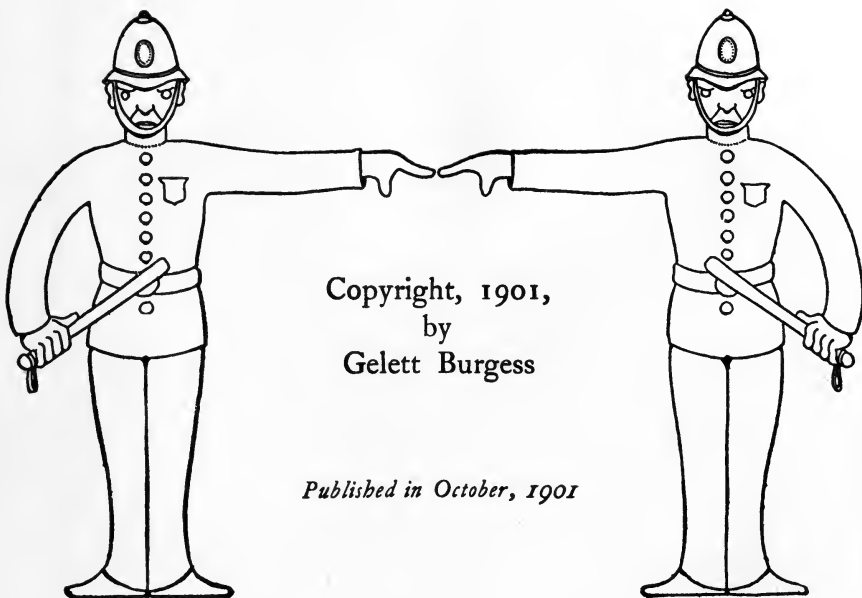
A Million Heart-Rending Illustrations by the Author

¶ The *Whole* forming a *Book of Blissful Bosh* for the *Blasé*; an *Amusing Antidote* to *Modern Neurasthenia*; a *Stimulating Spur* to *Thoughtlessness*, & a *Restful Recreation* for the *Super-Civilized*, the *Over-Educated*, & the *Hyper-Refined*. Carefully *Expurgated* of all *Reason*, *Purpose*, & *Verisimilitude* by a *Corps* of *Irresponsible Idiots*. An *Extraneous Tome of Twaddle*, an *Infallible*

CYCLOPÆDIA of BALDERDASH

Ferocious Fancies & Inconsequential Vagaries
Than which, Nothing could be More So


PUBLISHED BY
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
NEW YORK



Copyright, 1901,
by
Gelett Burgess

Published in October, 1901

*T*O him who vainly conjures sleep
 In counting visionary sheep;
 To her who, in the dentist's power
 Would fain recall a gayer hour;
 To him who visits tiresome aunts,
 And comes upon this book by chance;
 To her who in the hammock lies,
 And, bored with Ibsen, BURGESS tries;
 To those who can't remember dates
 While nonsense rhymes stick in their pates;
 To those who buy, and do not borrow,
 Nor put it off until to-morrow;
 To all who in these pages look,
 I dedicate this Nonsense Book!

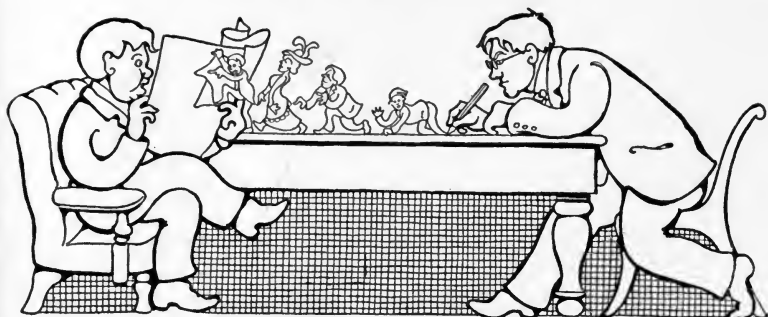
Select Burgess


*This is THE MUSE OF NONSENSE:
See!
Preposterously Strained is She;*



*Her Figures have nor Rule nor Joint
And so it's Hard to See the Point!*

TABLE OF



C O N T E N T S

	<i>Page</i>
FRONTISPIECE: The Nonsense School	4
THE MUSE OF NONSENSE	9
TABLE OF CONTENTS	11
 NONSENSE QUATRAINS & CARTOONS	
The Invisible Bridge	16
My Feet	18
City Flora	20
The Giant Horse	22
The Purple Cow	24
Digital Extremities	26
The Lazy Roof	28
Remarkable Art	30
The Lecture	32
The Window Pain	34
Streets of Glue	36
Glue Streets	38
The Towel and the Door	40

—THE BURGESS NONSENSE BOOK—

NONSENSE QUATRAINS & CARTOONS — <i>Continued</i>	<i>Page</i>
The Door and the Towel	42
Insomnia	44
The Bore	46
Parisian Nectar	48
The Floorless Room	50
Astonishment	52
A Radical Creed	54
Density	56
The Goop	58
The Sunset	60
Confessional	62
My House	64
My Fancies	66
The Proper Exit	68
The Jilted Funeral	70
A Quadruped Unclassified	72
The British Guardsman	74
Drawing Room Amenities	76
The Staff of Life	78
The Sense of Humour	80
The Laundried Dog	82
Imaginary Osculation	84
Preferences	86
A Woman's Reason	88
The Call	90
The Poplars	92
Elizabeth	94

THE HULDY ANN EPICS:

The Chewing Gum Man	97
The Runaway Train	102
The Hotel Caramel	107

THE GERRISH GHOST STORIES :	Page
The Levitant	113
The Spectre House	125
PROVERBS EXTRA-ILLUSTRATED :	
Proverbs Plain	132
Proverbs Perverted	133
ESSAYS IN BALDERDASH :	
The Oval Moon	134
What Smith Tried to Believe	136
A Permutative System	138
RARE SPORT & OTHER FANTASIES :	
Trapping Fairies	140
Shooting Witches	142
Fishing for Mermaids	144
The Meeting of a Social Club	146
The "Insect World"	147
Seminary of Female Smoking	148
Miss Gulliver in Lilliput	150
BAD BALLADS :	
The Little Father	152
McGurry and the Yellow Sunday Editor	157
The Giant Baby	158
The Bankrupt Babe	165
The Bohemians of Boston	169
FLIPPANT FAIRY TALES AND FABLES :	
Whang and Yak	173
Little Totsy's Tragedy	182
The Unit of Pleasure	188
A Fable for Musicians	194

FLIPPANT FAIRY TALES AND FABLES — <i>Continued</i>	<i>Page</i>
The Kisses of the Princess Pittipums	200
The Poet and the Princess	213

POEMS OF PATAGONIA :

Abstemia	219
The Museum of Kisses	220
Abstrosophy	221
Hope's Stultitude	222
Psycholophon	223
The Knave of Hearts	224
The Purpil Cowe	225

ALPHABET OF FAMOUS GOOPS :

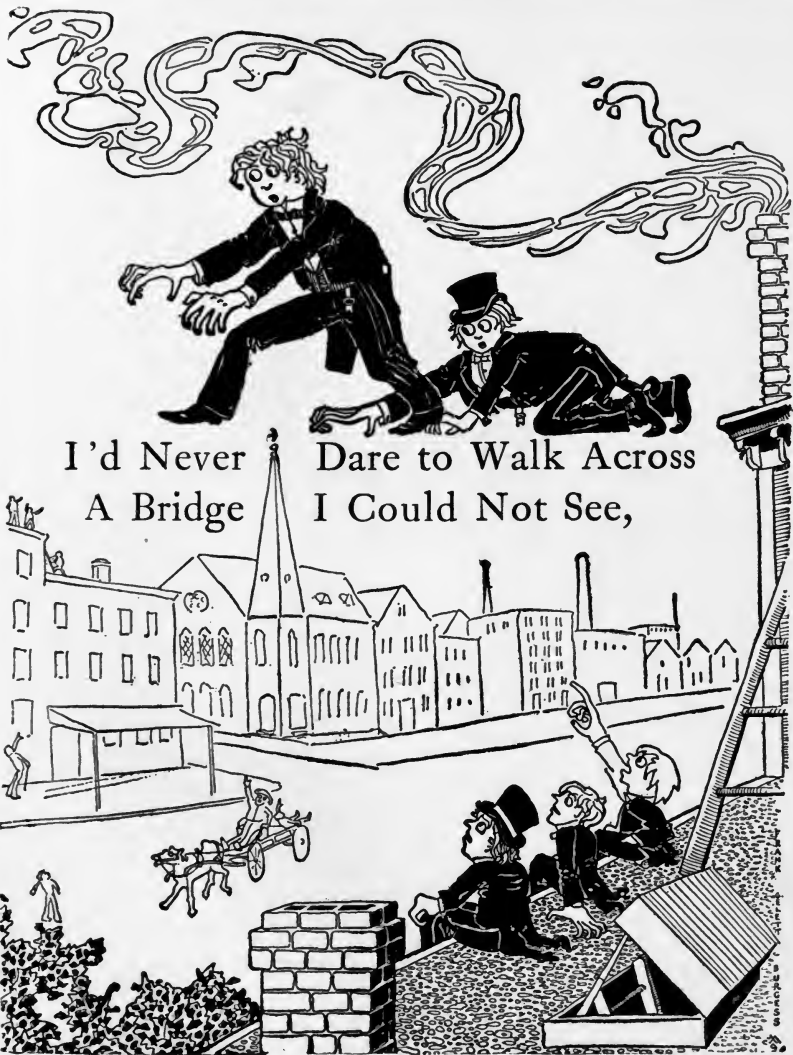
Abednego	226
Bohunkus, Cephas	227
Daniel and Dago, Ezekiel	228
Festus, Gamaliel	229
Hazael, Isaac	230
Jonah, Kadesh	231
Laban, Micah	232
Nicodemus, Obadiah	233
Peleg, Quarto	234
Reuben, Shadrach	235
Timothy, Uriah	236
Vivius, Waban	237
Xenogor, Yero	238
Zibeon	239

NOTE. — The Author desires to acknowledge the permission to reprint articles contained in this book, kindly offered by the editors of *Life*, *Truth*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Puritan*, the *Wave*, the *Sketch*, *Black and White*, *Madame*, and the *Century*.

*“We have all of us a touch of that same —
You understand me — a speck of the motley.”*

CHARLES LAMB.

THE INVISIBLE BRIDGE: A Kind of
Fable:
Please Understand it, if You're Able.



I'd Never Dare to Walk Across
A Bridge I Could Not See,

For Quite Afraid of Falling off
I Fear that I Should Be!

MY FEET: A Memoir, with a Phase
Resembling some Equestrian Ways.

My Feet they haul me Round the House,
They Hoist me up the Stairs;



I only have to Steer them, and
They Ride me Everywheres!

On CITY FLORA: — Semi-Culled
By One whose Fame is Somewhat Dulled.

There is a Theory Some Deny

That Lamp Posts once were
Posts once were
Three Foot
High;



And a Little Boy
was Terrible Strong,
And he Stretched 'em out to 'Leven Foot
Long!

The Legend of THE GIANT HORSE:
'T is quite Improbable, of Course.

Once there was a GIANT HORSE,
That Walked through all the Town,



A-Stepping into all the Roofs,
And Smashing Houses Down!

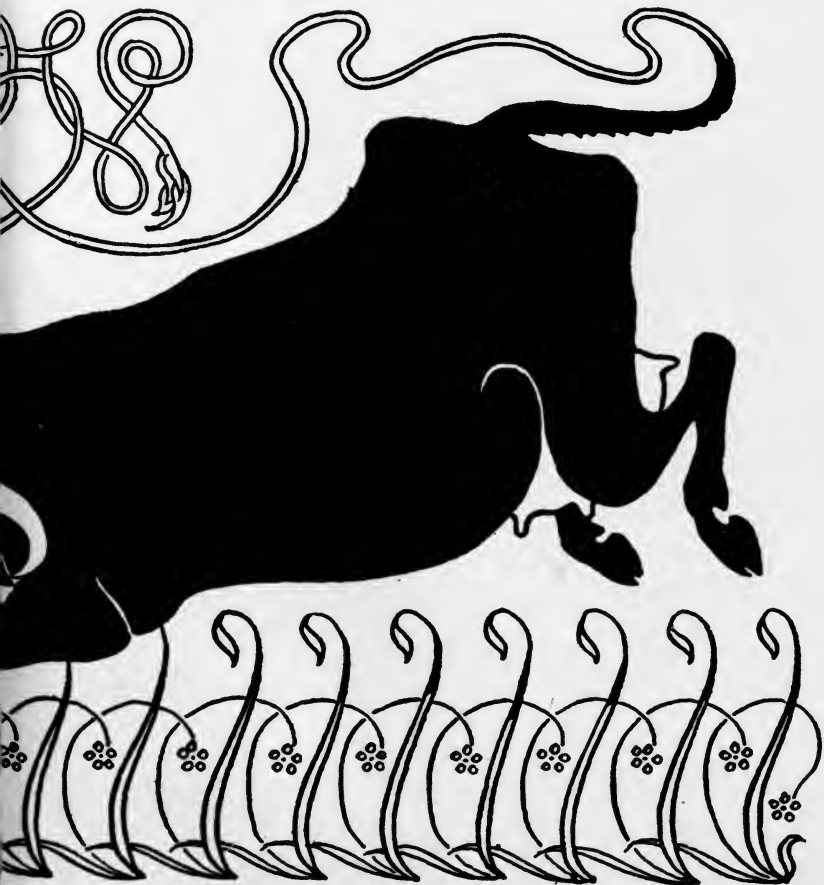
THE PURPLE COW'S Projected Feast:
Reflections on a Mythic Beast,
Who's quite Remarkable, at Least.

I NEVER SAW A PURPLE COW,



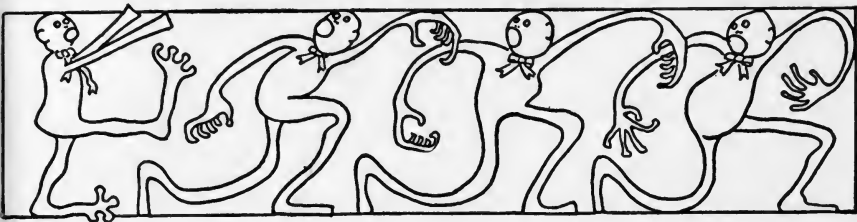
BUT I CAN TELL YOU, ANYHOW,

I NEVER HOPE TO SEE ONE;



I'D RATHER SEE THAN BE ONE!

On DIGITAL EXTREMITIES:
A Poem, and a Gem it Is!



I'd Rather have Fingers than Toes;



I'd Rather have Ears than a Nose;
And As for my Hair,
I'm Glad it's All There;



I'll be Awfully Sad, when it Goes!

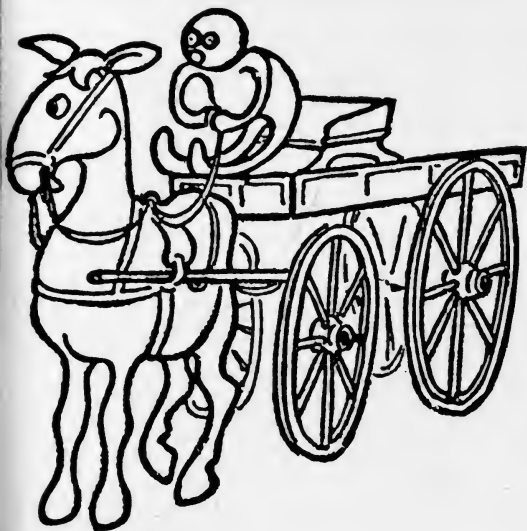
The LAZY ROOF what Liked the Sun :
Or, How the Walls were Put Upon.

The Roof it has a Lazy Time
A-Lying in the Sun;



The Walls, they have to Hold Him Up;
They do Not Have Much Fun!

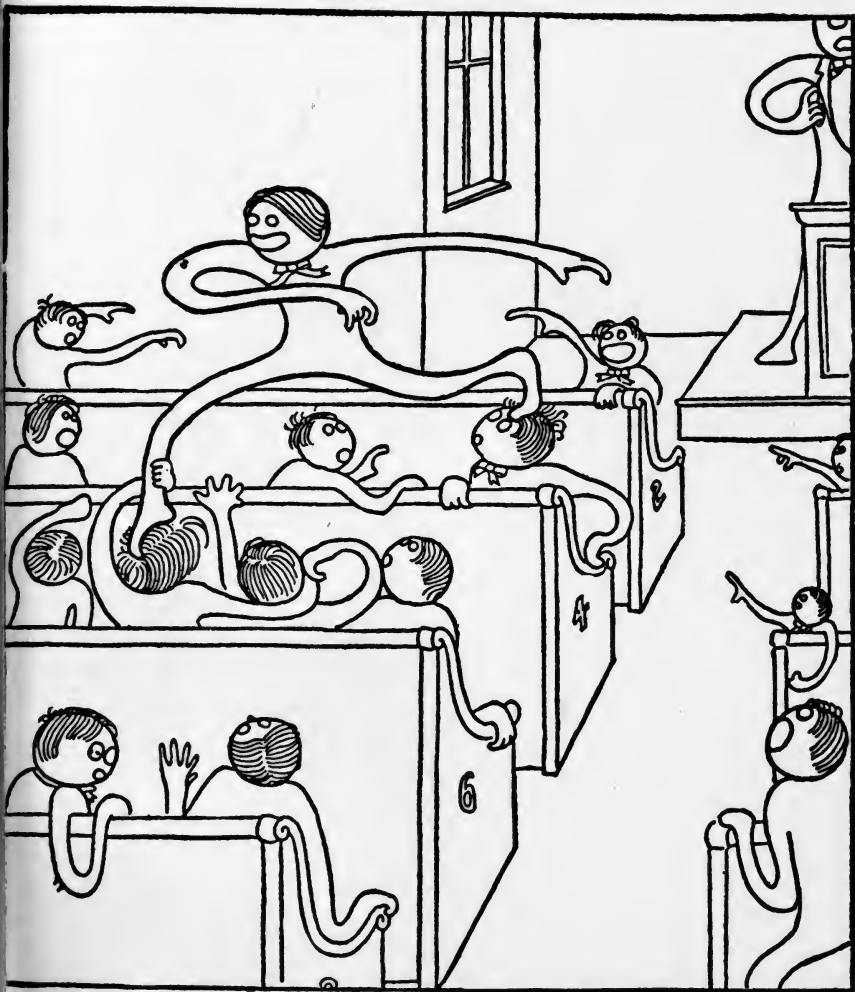
REMARKABLE ART: A Lesson
Objective
In Animal Motion and Rules of
Perspective.



Remarkable
Truly is Art!
See—Elliptical
Wheels on a Cart!
It Looks Very Fair
In the Picture, up There,
But Imagine the
Ride, when you Start!

THE LECTURE: A Slight Divagation
Concerning Cranial Ambulation.

I Love to Go to Lectures,
And Make the People Stare,



By Walking Round Upon Their Heads,
And Spoiling People's Hair!

THE WINDOW PAIN: a Theme
Symbolic,
Pertaining to the Melon Colic.

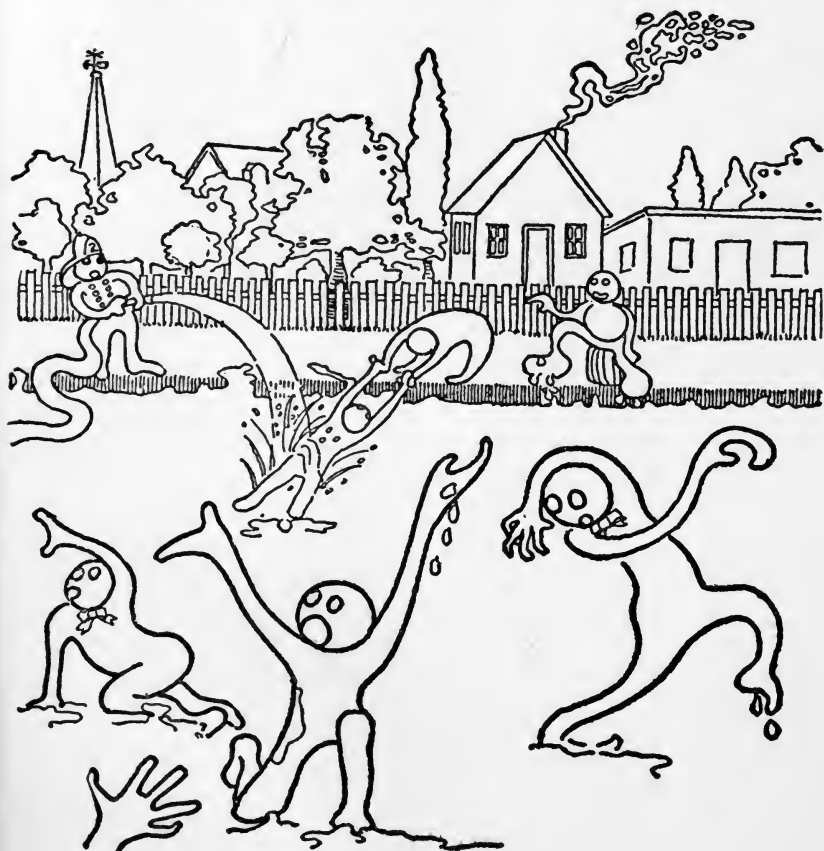
The Window has Four Little Panes;
But One have I —



The Window Pains are in its Sash;
I Wonder Why!

On STREETS OF GLUE: A Horrid
Tale,
Of Fly-Paper on a Fearful Scale!

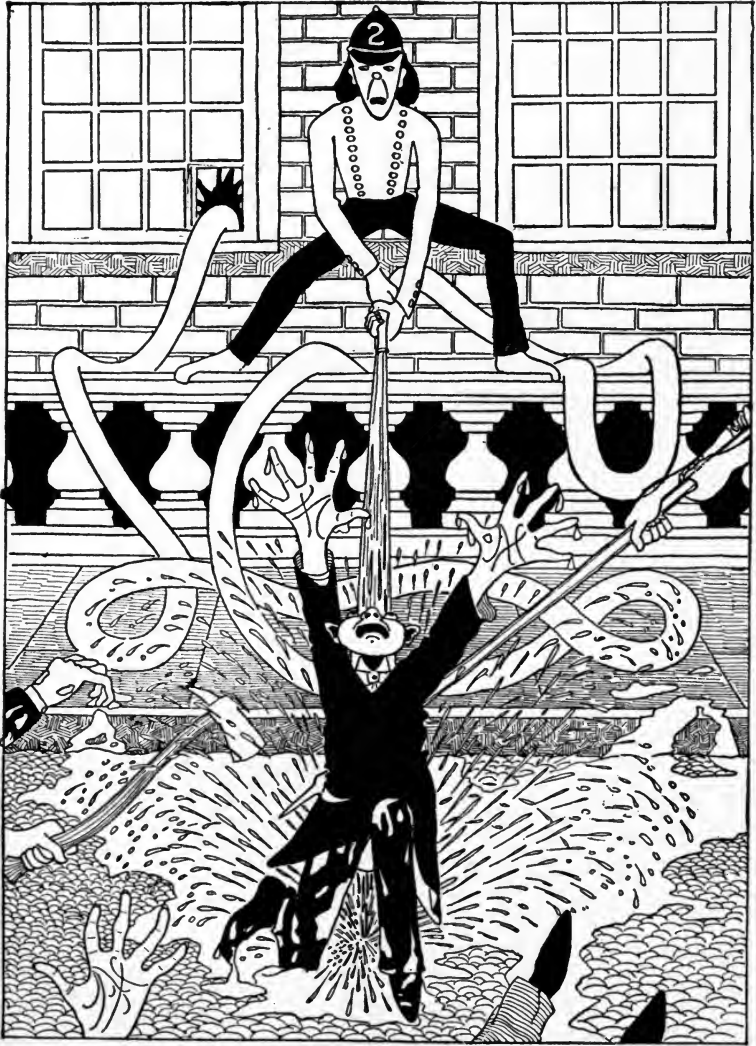
If the Streets were Filled with Glue,
What d' you S'pose that you would Do?



If you should Go to Walk, at Night,
In the Morning you'd be Stuck in Tight!

GLUE STREETS: A Picture Expurgated
From out the *Lark* Because 't was Hated.

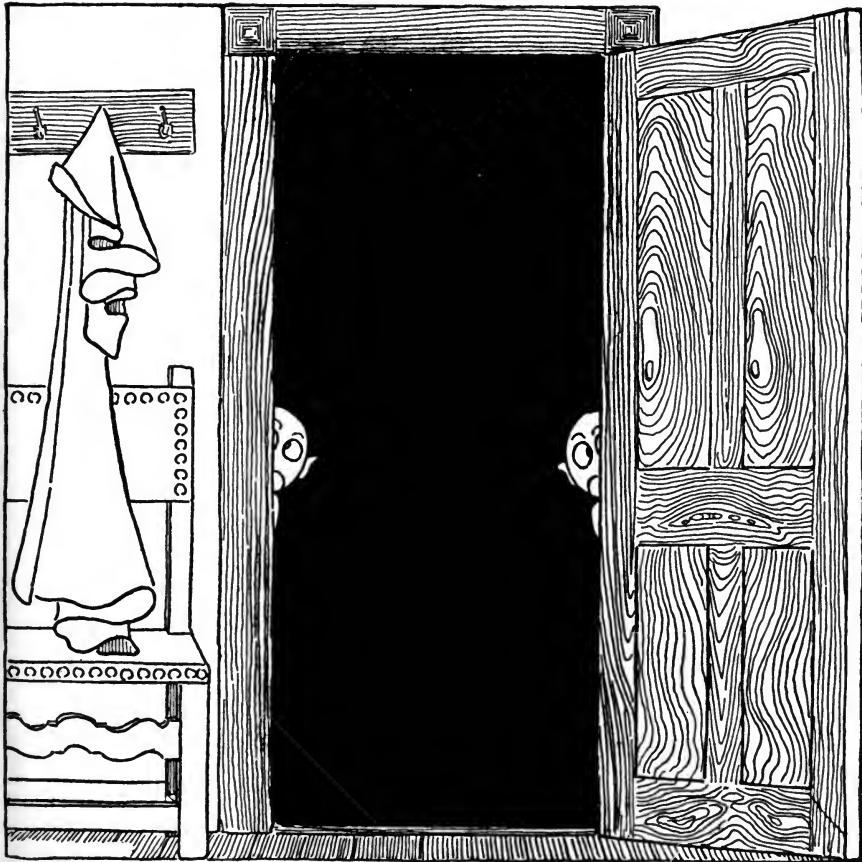
If the Streets were Filled with Glue,
What d' you S'pose that you would Do?



If you should Go to Walk, at Night,
In the Morning you'd be Stuck in Tight!

THE TOWEL AND THE DOOR, Ah,
Well,
The Moral I'd not Dare to Tell!

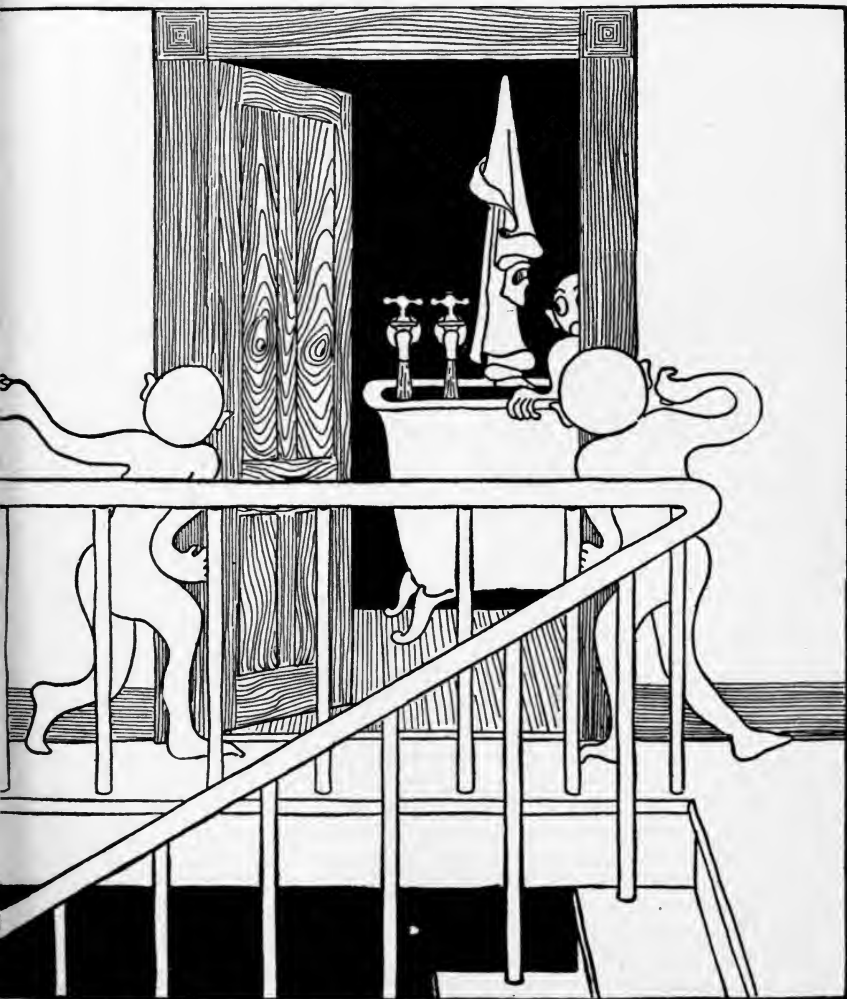
The Towel Hangs Upon the Wall,
And Somehow, I don't Care, at All!



The Door is Open; I Must Say,
I Rather Fancy it That Way!

THE DOOR AND TOWEL, Once Again :
Preposterous, Inverse, Insane!

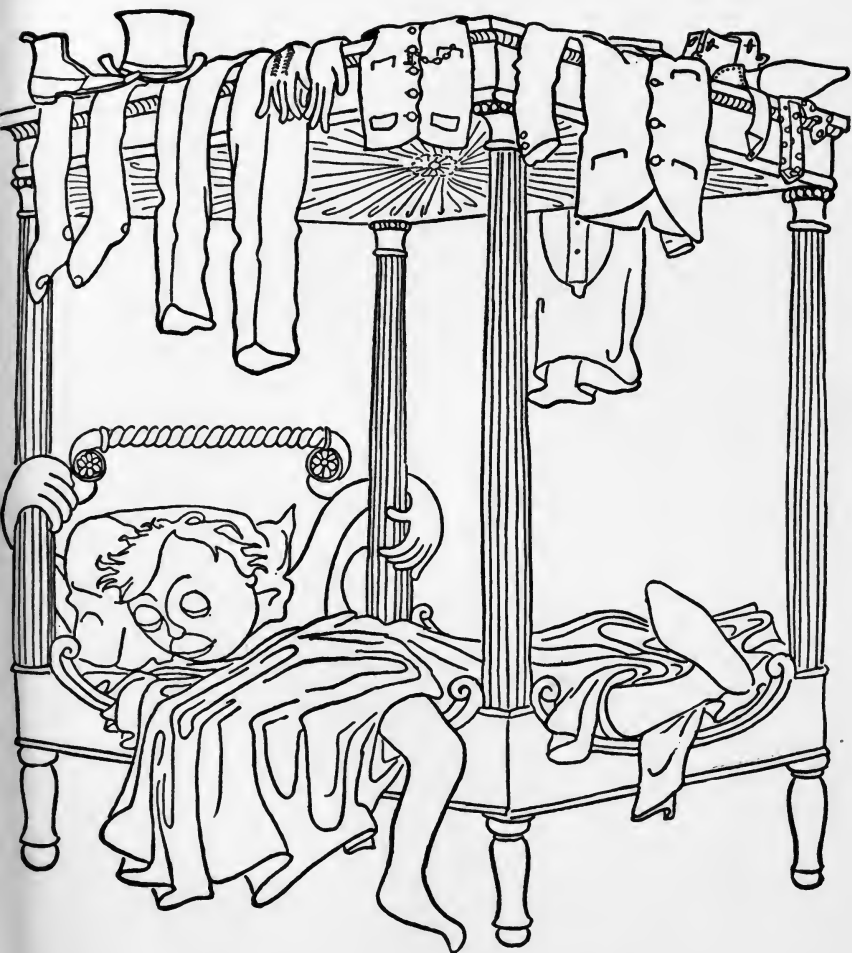
And Somehow, I don't Care, at All!
The Towel Hangs Upon the Wall,



I Rather Fancy it That Way!
The Door is Open; I Must Say,

INSOMNIA: Strange Membership,
And an Attachment Bound to Slip.

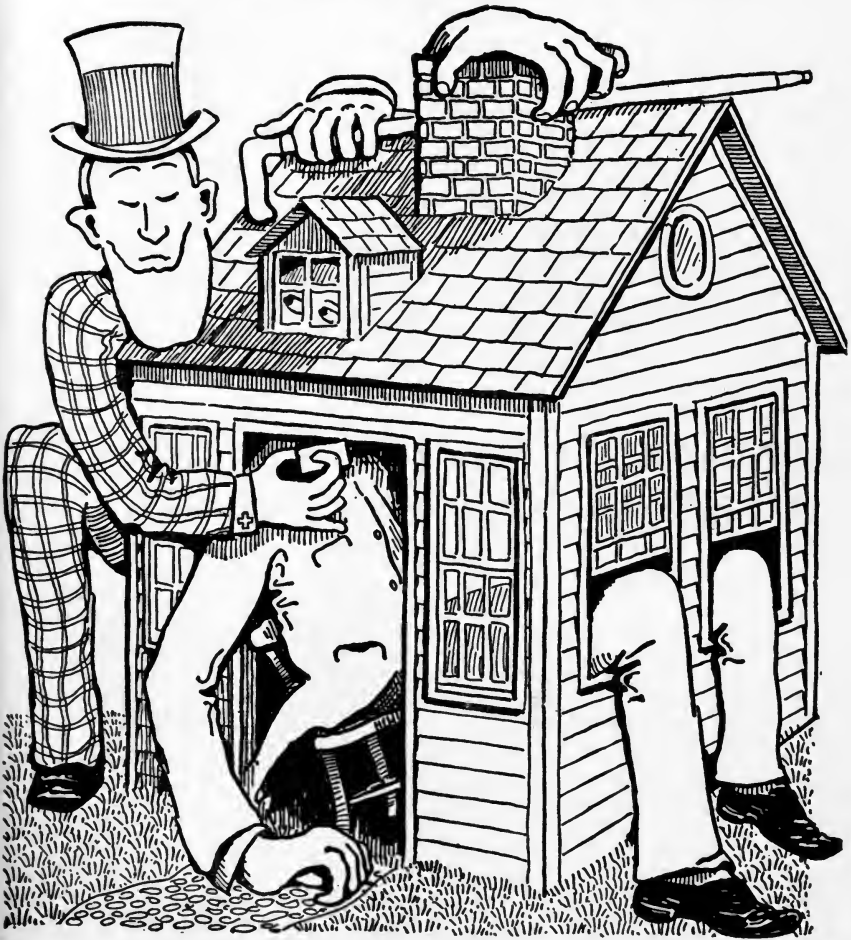
My Legs are so Weary
They Break Off in Bed;



And my Caramel Pillow
It Sticks to my Head!

THE BORE: Or, How I am Impressed
By Coming of a Hateful Guest.

My House is Too Little to Live in;
Oh! What Would I do in a Flat?



With a Bore for a Caller
It Seems even Smaller;
There's Nothing so Strange about That!

PARISIAN NECTAR for the Gods:
A Little Thick, but What's the Odds?

Many People Seem to Think
Plaster o' Paris
Good to Drink;



Though Conducive unto Quiet,
I Prefer Another Diet!

THE FLOORLESS ROOM: A Novel Sort
Of Argument Without Support.

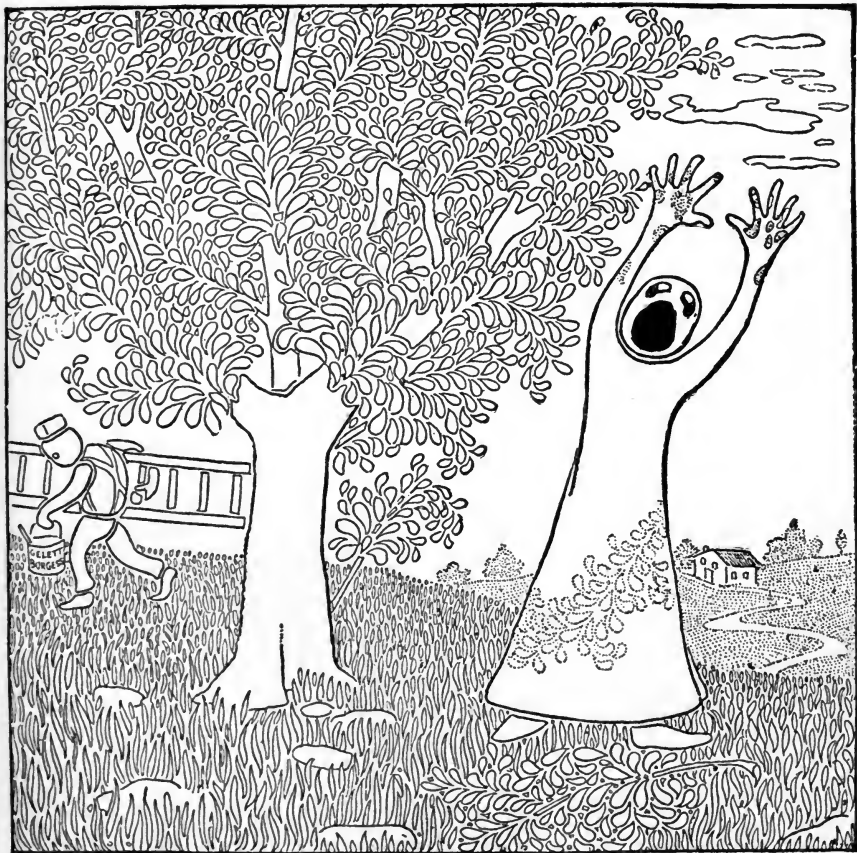
I Wish that my Room had a Floor!
I don't so Much Care for a Door,



But this Crawling Around
Without Touching the Ground
Is Getting to be Quite a Bore!

ASTONISHMENT: Depicting How
Peculiar is the Verdant Bough!

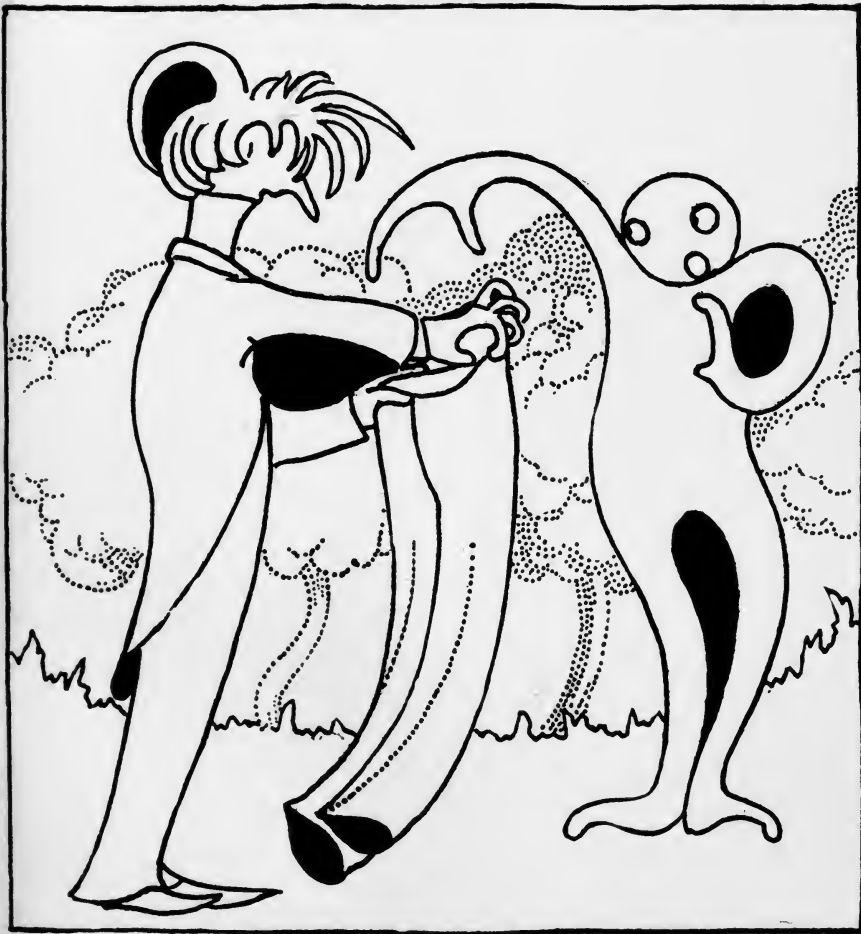
I Picked Some Leaves from Off a Tree
And Then I Nearly Fainted;



For Somehow it Astonished Me
To Find They'd all been Painted!

A RADICAL CREED: Denying the Need
Of Things from Which we'd Dislike to be
Freed.

I Don't Give a $\sqrt{D^2}$
For the Stuff you Denominate Hair



And your Fingers and Toes and your
Neck and your Nose,
These are Things it Revolts me to Wear!

On DENSITY of a Remarkable Kind:
Usually Caused by an Absence of Mind.

If People's Heads were Not so Dense—
If We could Look Inside,

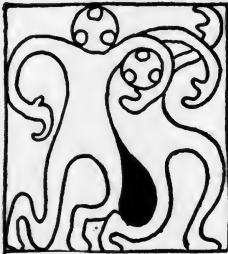


How clear would Show each Mood and
Tense—

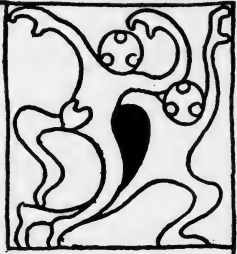
How Often have I Tried!

THE GOOP: Constructed on a Plan
Beyond the Intellect of Man.

Now, You are what I call a GOOP



A
Co-Tangent,
Harmonious
Loop;



You Appear
to be Facing
Due South,



But Oh, What have you Done with your
Mouth? ∞.59.∞

THE SUNSET: Picturing the Glow
It Casts upon a Dish of Dough.

The Sun is Low, to Say the Least,
Although it is Well-Red;

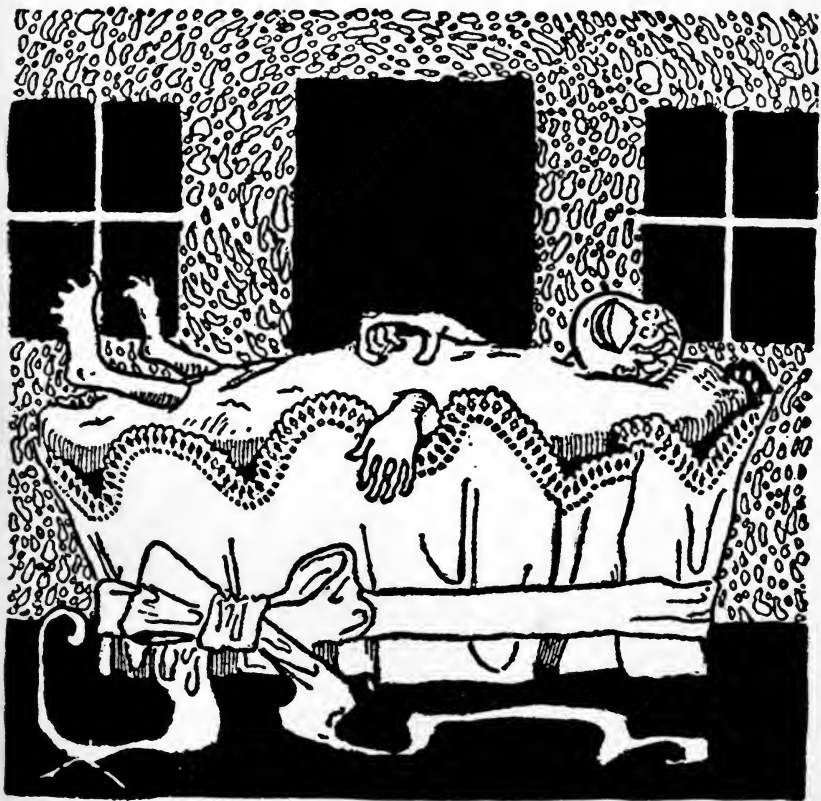


Yet, Since it Rises in the Yeast,
It Should be Better Bred!

CONFESSION: and a Portrait, Too,
Upon a Background that I Rue!

MY HOUSE: and How I Make my Bed:
A Nocturne for a Sleepy Head.

My House is Made of Graham Bread,
Except the Ceiling's Made of White;



Of Angel Cake I Make my Bed—
I Eat my Pillow Every Night!

MY FANCIES: Fatuous Vagaries
Inspired by my Coal Hearted *Lares*.

My Fancies like the Flames Aspire;
I Dream of Fame and Fate;



I See my Future in the Fire,
And Oh, 't is Simply Grate!

THE PROPER EXIT: How a Jest
Politely Speeds the Parting Guest.

The Proper way to Leave a Room
Is not to Plunge it into Gloom;



Just Make a Joke Before you Go,
And Then Escape Before They Know.

THE JILTED FUNERAL: Motorcars
More Deadlier than Mean Cigars!

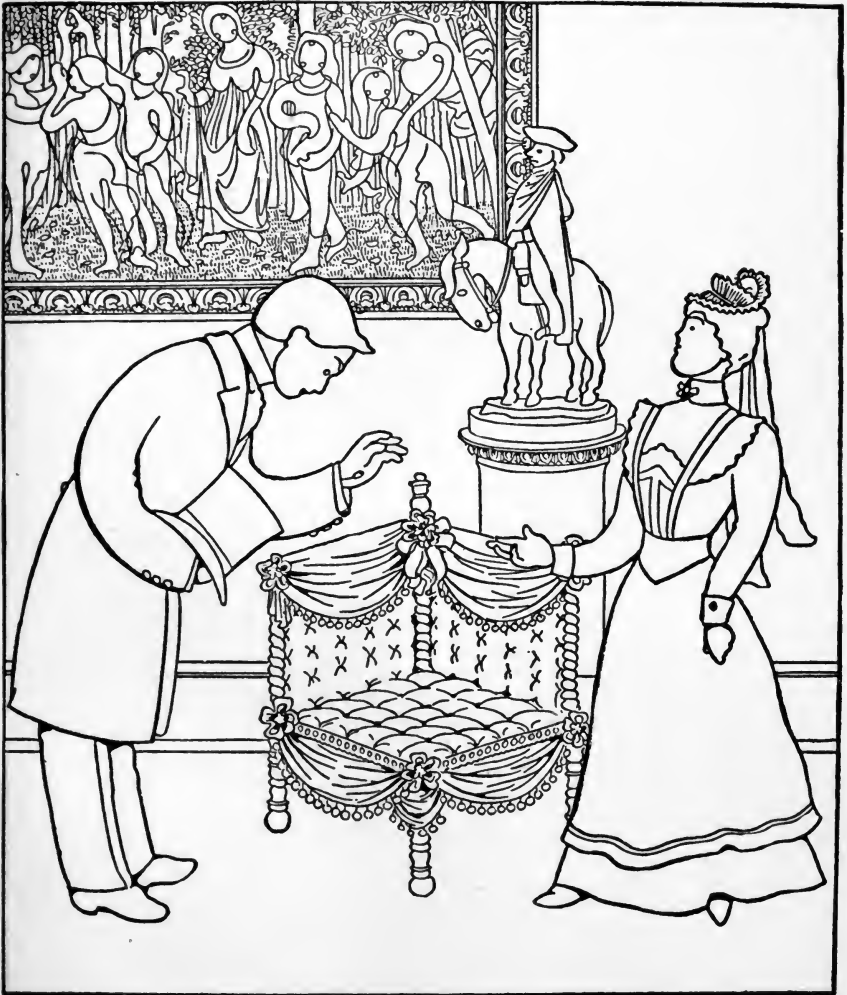
Why does this Seedy Lady Look
As Though she Should be Undertook?



Ah, Should her Spirit now Forsake her,
I Wouldn't Want to Undertake her!

A QUADRUPED UNCLASSIFIED:
I couldn't Name This, if I Tried!

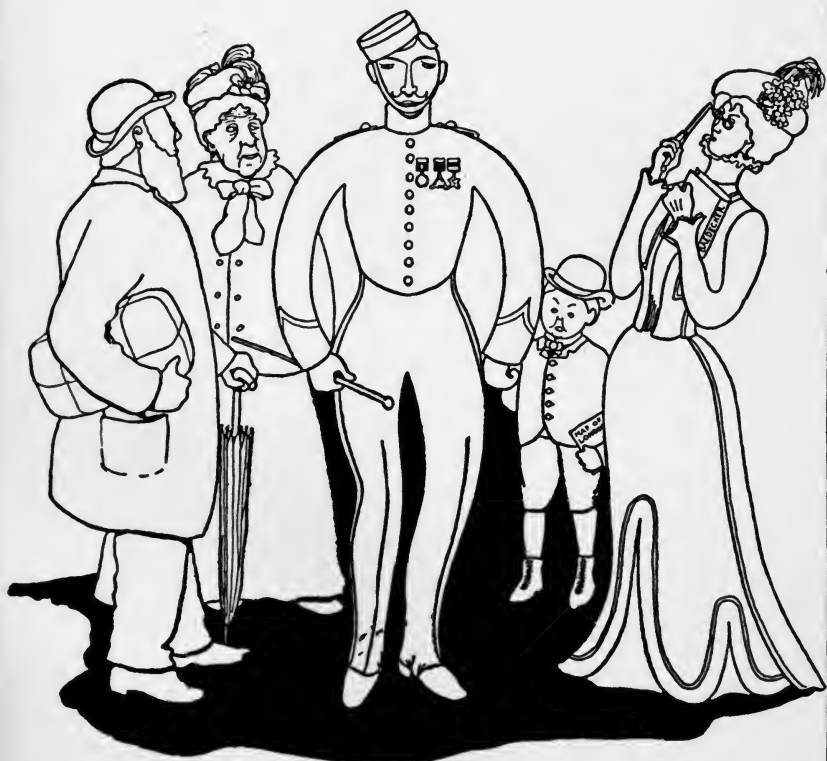
Now, Take this Gaudy Pseudo-Chair!
A Bold, Upholsterrific Blunder—



It doesn't Wonder Why it's There,
We don't Encourage it to Wonder!

THE BRITISH GUARDSMAN'S Well-
Packed Chest:
And Why his Martial Pride's Suppressed.

Who is this Man, so Tightly Dressed,
With Silver Medals on his Chest?



His Bosom does not Swell with Pride—
There is Not Room enough Inside!

On DRAWING-ROOM AMENITIES:
Oh, What a Happy Scene it Is!

There is Little in Afternoon Tea
To Appeal to a Person Like Me;



Polite Conversation Evokes the Elation
A Cow might Enjoy, in a Tree!

THE STAFF OF LIFE: And HOW
to Cut one;
Reproof, and How a Father Got One.

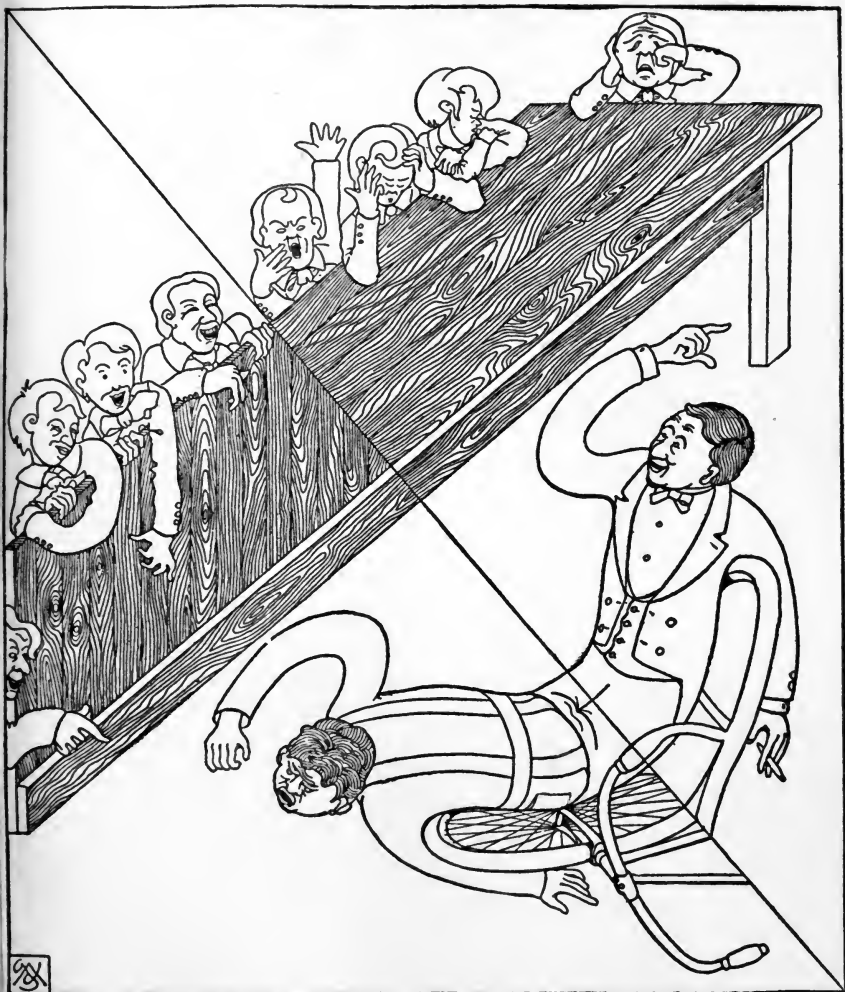
It Makes me (sic) and Mother Sick
To have you Cut the Bread so Thick;



I do not Care about your Waist,
It is a Question of Good Taste!

THE SENSE OF HUMOUR is Spontaneous,
Unconscious, — Instantaneous.

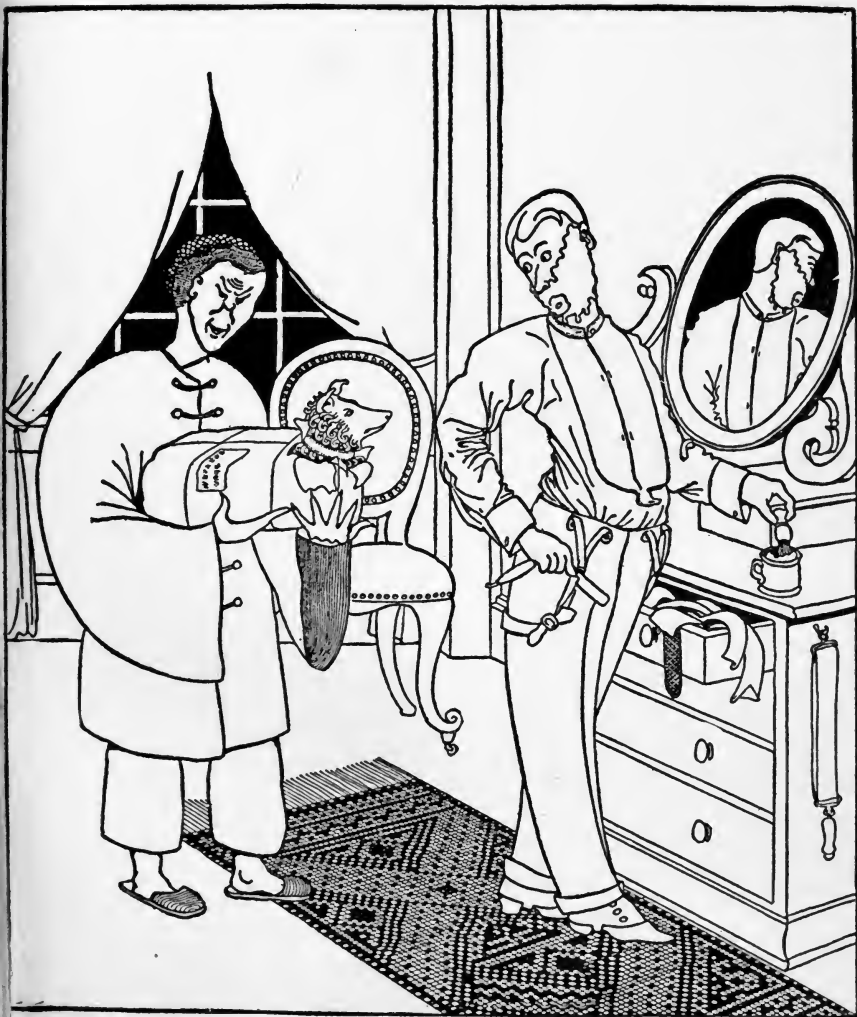
When you Get Off your Wheel,
Oh, how Funny you Feel!



When you Get Off your Joke
What a Gloom you Provoke!

THE LAUNDRIED DOG: A Whim
Chinese,
And its Effect upon the — Fleese.

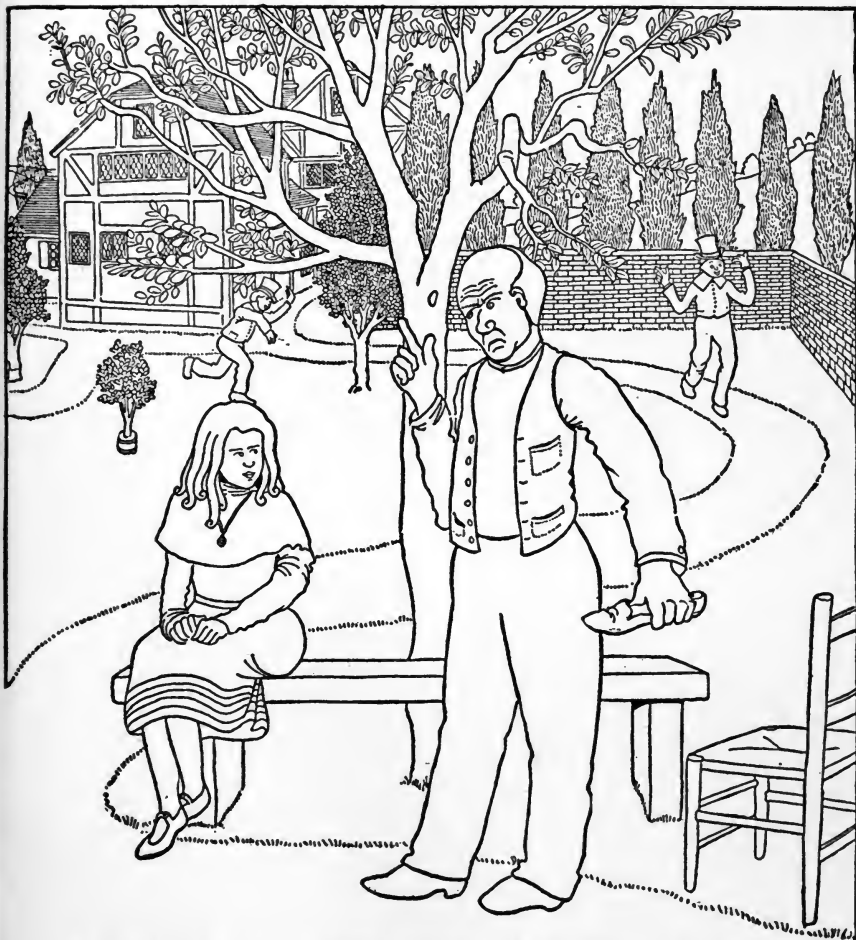
I Sent my Collie to the Wash—
They Starched and Ironed her, B' Gosh!



And then they Charged me Half a Dollar
For Laundering the Collie's Collar!

IMAGINARY OSCULATION:
The Base of Future Operation.

Suppose you Take a Hypothetic Kiss—
The Position I assume would be like This;



It Might Perhaps mean Realistic Curse,
And then Again it Might Mean the
Reverse!

On PREFERENCES one might Express
In Lingerie and Fitting Ad-dress.

I'd Rather have Callers than Cuffs,
Though Both of Them Render me Blue;



I'd Rather have Ribbons than Roughs,
But Why should that Interest you?

A WOMAN'S REASON: A Quotation
To Put an End to Conversation.

I'm Sure every Word that you say is
Absurd;
I Say it's all Gummidge and Twaddle;



You may Argue away till the 19th of May,
But I don't like the Sound of the
Moddle!

THE CALL: Effect of the Atrocity
Of Tales of Juvenile Precocity.

For an Hour they've been Saying "Good-
Bye,"
And a Marvel of Patience am I;



I can Handle my Passion
Through Gossip and Fashion,
But at Mention of Babies I Fly!

THE POPLARS: How and Why they
Bowed;
A Delicacy Disavowed.

Perhaps you might Imagine that the Trees
Are Agitated Merely by the Breeze;



No, the Lady who so Fat is
Has been Eating Garlic Patties
And the Poplars are Afraid she's Going
to Sneeze! ~ 93 ~

ELIZABETH: A Gloomy Story,
(Perhaps it is an Allegory).

There was a Girl. Her name was Liza.
She Drank Black Ink. For an Appetizer.



She Grew so Thirsty. As she Grew Bigger.
That now that Girl. Is a Regular Nigger.



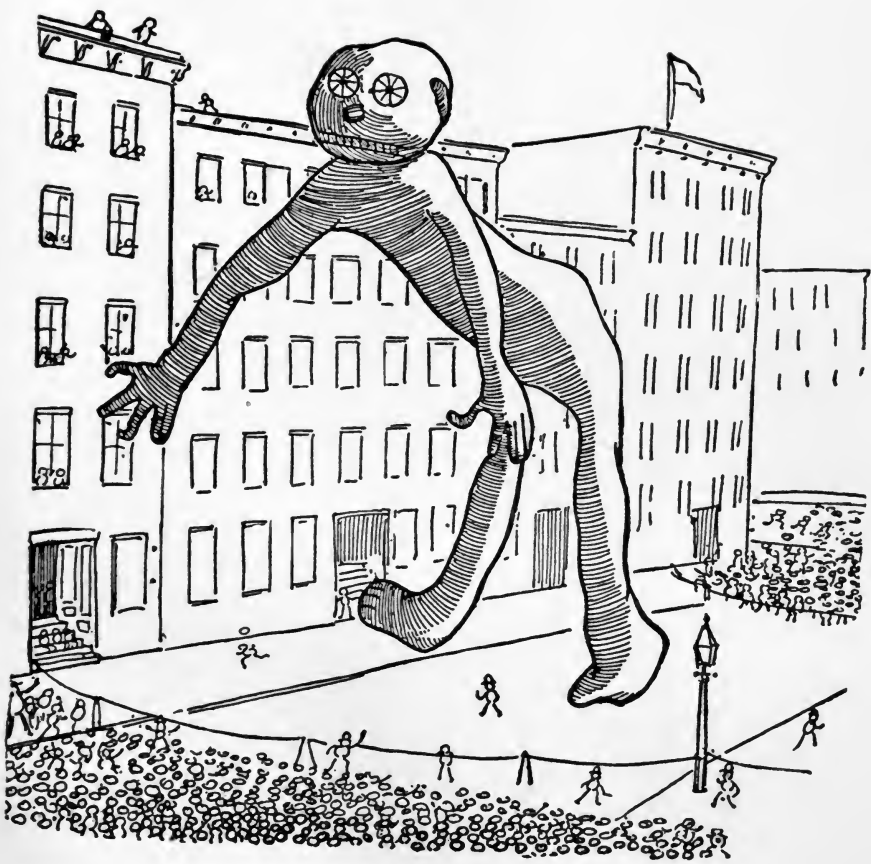
THE CHEWING GUM MAN: Though it is Mine,
Some Say 't was Cribbed from "Frankenstein"
(It *Is* a Little in that Line!) —

O H, Willie an' Wallie an' Huldy Ann
They went an' built a bid Chewin' Dum Man!
It was none o' your teenty little dots
Wif pinhole eyes, an' pencil spots,
But this was a terribul *bid* one — well,
'T was a-most as high as the Palace Hotel!
An' it took 'em a year to chew the dum!
An' Willie he done it *all*, 'cept some
That Huldy dot her Ma to chew,
By the time the head was ready to do.

Well, Willie he chewed it for days n' days;
They brung it to him in dreat, bid drays;
An' fast as he dot it dood and soft,
Then Wallie he come an' carried it oft.
Then he rolled it into a dreat, bid ball,
An' he made a-more 'n a MILLION, in all!
Then Huldy Ann, she spanked 'em flat,
An' pinched and poked, an' the like of that,
Till she dot it into a dreat, bid hunk —
My! did n't Huldy have the spunk!
An' then she sliced one end, half-way,
To make the leds ('cause they never stay
When you stick 'em on in a seprit piece —
Seems like the ends was made o' drease!)

An' she slit a arm right up each side —
I could n't a-done it if I 'd a-tried !
O' course her brothers, they helped her, though,
An' rolled the arms and leds out, so
They all was smooof, wif roundin' bends,
An' *chopped* the finders inter the ends ;
An' when their mother had chewn the head,
She went and *stuck* it on, instead !
An' then, when the man was almost done,
They had a norfle lots o' fun ;
A-walkin' down his stummick was best,
To make the buttons onter his vest !
They stuck bid cart-wheels in him, for eyes,
His eyes was bof tremenjus size !
His nose was a barrel, an' then, beneaf,
They used a ladder to make his teef !
An' when he was layin' across the street,
Along come Leir daddy, as white 's a sheet.
He was skeert half outer his wits, I guess,
An' he did n't know whatter make o' the mess.
Then Huldy, she up, an' bedun to coax
To have him down town, to skeer the folks !
So her dad, he drabbed him off'n the street,
An' Willie and Wallie, they took his feet,
An' they dradded him clean down to the Codswell Fountain,
An' stood him up as bid as a mountain !
You 'd oughter a-seen him standin' there,
A-straddlin' Market Street, in the air !

Well, he stood up straight for a week 'n a half,
An' the folks, Dee ! did n't they drin and laugh !



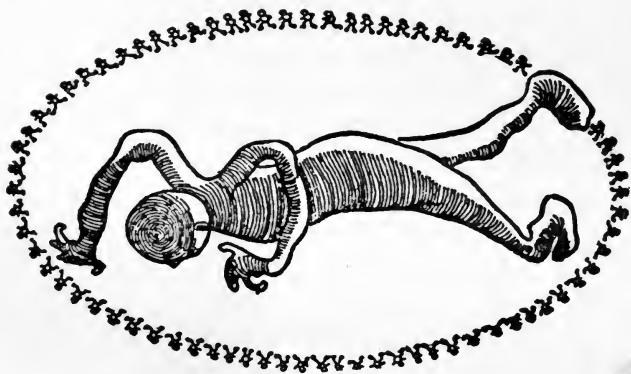
The boys clumb up his leds quite bold,
The dum was so soft that they dot dood hold ;
The cars run under him, day an' night,
An' the people come miles to see the sight !

Well, after he 'd stayed as stiff as a post,
Wif his head on top of the roofst, almost,
The sun come out o' the fod, one day,
An', well, I dess you can see the way
That dreat, bid feller bedun to melt ; —
Imagine how Willie an' Wallie felt !
For first, he cocked his head out, some,
An' when the heat dot inter the dum,
He slowly waved his arms ahead,
An' slanted forrard, just like he was dead !
An' all day long he leaned and bent,
Till all expected he would of went
An' pitched right over ! They roped the street,
To keep the crowd away from his feet,
I tell you he was a sight. My soul !
Twice as high as a teledraff pole,
Wavin' his arms an' slumpin' his feet,
An' a-starin' away down Market Street !

Then what did I tell yer ? — That blame old head
Their mother had made *a-seprit*, instead,
It fell right off and squashed a horse !
('T was so soft it did n't *kill* him, o' course !
When his hands dot so they touched the dround
A hundred policemen they come around,

They stuck a cable-car on to his feet,
An' one to his head, a-doin' up street,
An' then they pulled him opposite ways,
An' they pulled him for days and days and days!
An' they drew him out so slim and small,
That he reached a mile an' a half, in all!

An' that was the end of the Chewin' Dum Man!
For Willie an' Wallie an' Huldy Ann
They come along wif a axe, next day,
An' they chopped him up, an' duv him away!

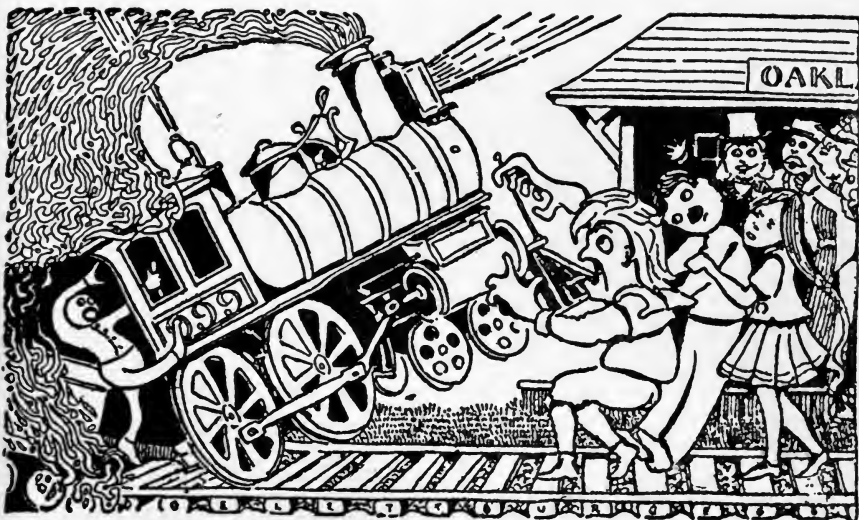


NOTE.—*The Author desires to apologize to the friends of Huldy Ann for the liberties he has taken with the diction in which the "Chewing Gum Man" and its sequels were first written. It was his original intention to render these epics in the dialect of the nursery, and he takes this opportunity of reprinting the ballad with the proper spelling, thus fulfilling a debt he has too long owed to himself and the beauties of the poem.*

THE RUNAWAY TRAIN: A Pert Creation
Of Fancy and Imagination,
Fit for the Rising Generation —

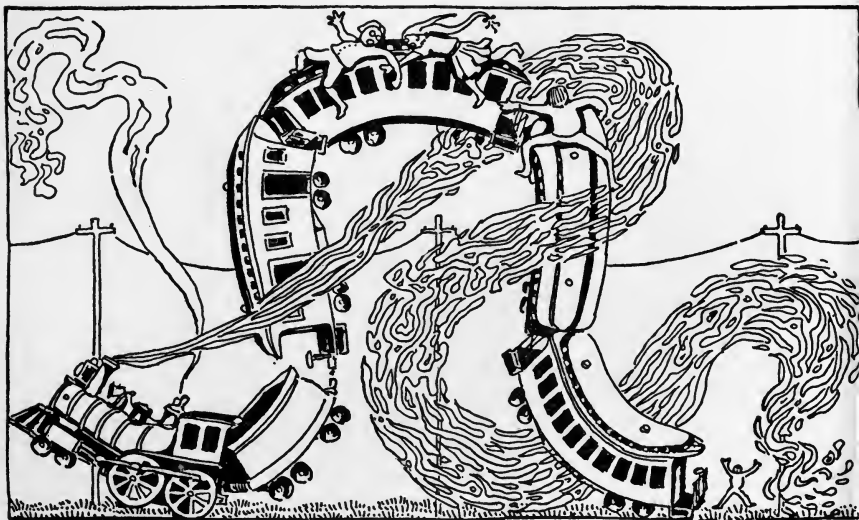
O H, Willie an' Wallie, an' Pinkie Jane,
They run away wif a railroad train!
'T was Wallie dot up the ridiclous plan —
'T was most as dood as the Chewin' Dum Man!
Wallie is terribul funny — My!
He can make up a face that would make you die!
An' when Pinkie Jane come down to the City,
He tried to show off, for she's awful pretty.
So they all went over acrost the Bay
To have a picnic and spend the day.
At Sixteenth Street they dot off the cars
A-drinnin' an' diddlin' so, My Stars!
A Enormous crowd bedun to collect,
But nobuddy knew just *what* to expect.
Then up the track come a little spot
An' nearer, an' *nearer*, an' NEARER it dot!
But Willie an' Wallie an' Pinkie Jane
Stood right in the road of the Overland Train!!!
The folks on the platform bedun to yell,
“Look out! Get off!” an' the enjine bell
Was ringin' like mad, but them children stood
As calm as if they was made o' wood!
And a dreat bid fat man yelled, “Oh, Dolly!
For Hevins Sake, just look at Wallie!”
As the train come thunderin' down the rail
The wimmin all turned terribul pale

But Wallie he stood there, stiff 's a soldier,
An' then (you remember what I told yer)
He made up a horribul face, and — Whack!
He skeert the enjine right off 'n the track!
An' the train jumpt forrards an' squirmed around
A-wridclin' an' jiddlin' over the dround.



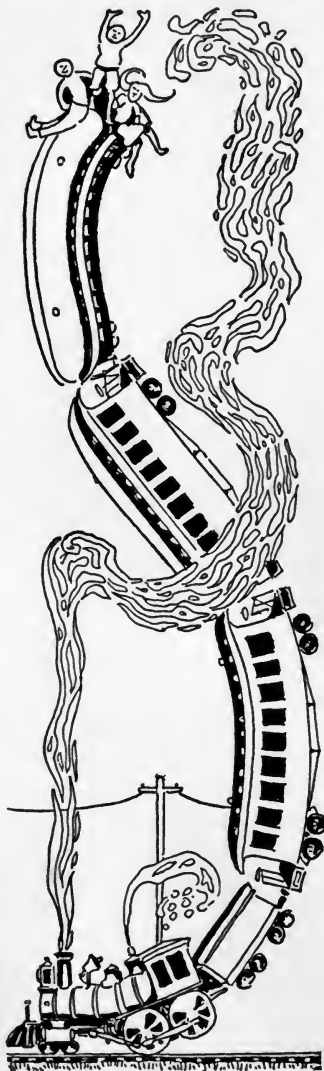
An' all the people they had to git,
For that blame old enjine, it had a fit!
But when the train dot onter the track,
Them children they clumb right onter its back,
An' they tickled it so that all to once
It fetched a lot of shivers and drunts,
An' it humped itself way up in the air,
An' p'raps it did n't div 'em a scare!

Then it puffed an' puffed, a-faster an' faster,
While Wallie sat there, like a old school-master,
A-drivin' that train, till I tell you what,
You no *idea* what a nerve he's dot!
Willie held on to Wallie, an' Jane
Held on to Wallie with mightn an' main.

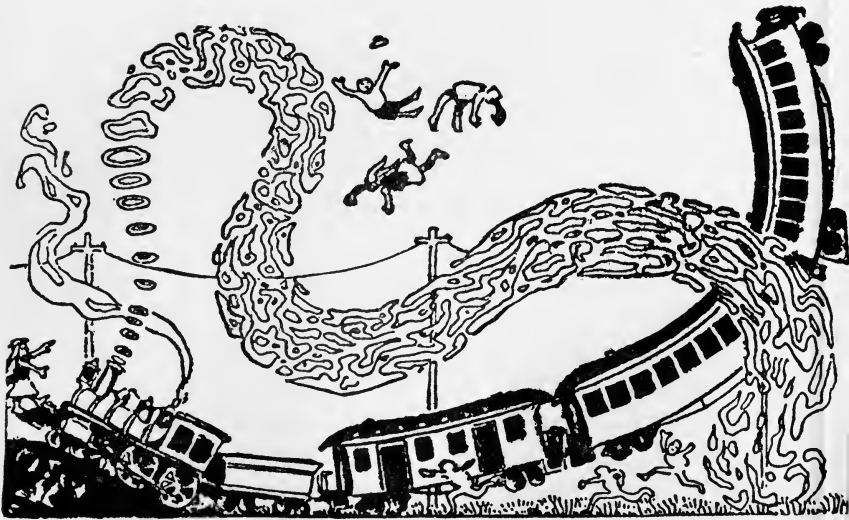


Then they hitched along, like a old inch-worm,
With now a spazzum, and then a squirm.
But Willie an' Wallie an' Pinkie Jane,
They soon dot sick o' that railroad train!
But when they crawled to the last end car,
To jump on the dround, where it was n't far,
They dot a heap worse off, instead,
For that nasty train, *it stood on its head!*

An' they all yelled, "teledraft
Huldy Ann
An' make her come as quick as she
can!
We can't det off! Oh, hurry up,
please!
What would we do if it went to
sneeze?"
I tell yer them children was in a fix
When that mad engine was doin'
his tricks!
But the messenger boy found
Huldy Ann,
An' she said "I'm thankful I
aint a man!
I'll show 'em how!" an' she
crossed the Bay
An' she see in a wink where the
trouble lay.
An' she said, "you do, an' you
teledraft back
For a load o' candy to block the
track!"
An' when they sent it, she piled it
high
Wif chocolate caramels — dood
ones — My!
Peppermint drops and cocoanut
cream,
Till it looked too dood for a
Christmas dream!



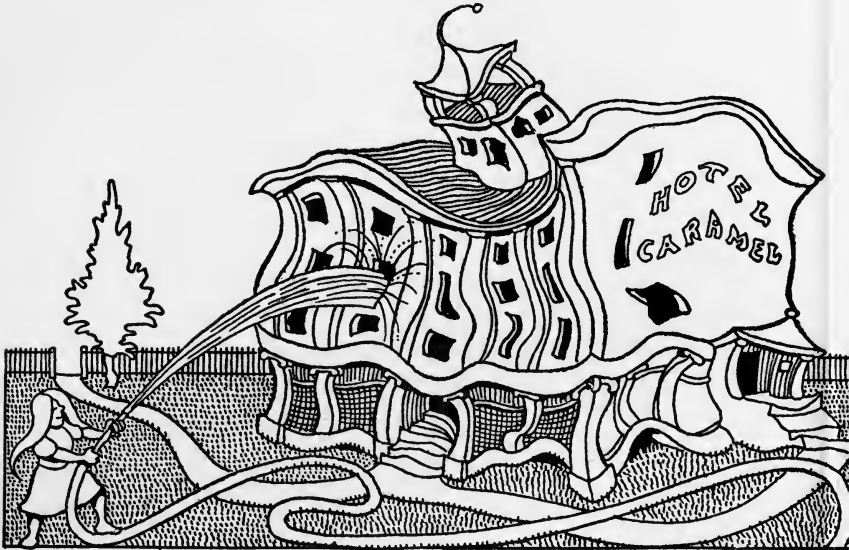
An' the sun it melted an' finished the job
Into one dreat eledant sticky dob !
So the train run inter it, lickety-split,
An' the cow-catcher stuck, when the engine hit,
An' the tail o' the train flew up and threw
Them children into that caramel doo !
They fell clear in, way over their head,
But Ann eat 'em out, and sent 'em to bed !



THE HOTEL CARAMEL: A Sweet
And Happy Story to Repeat ;
Please Not Accuse me of Deceit !

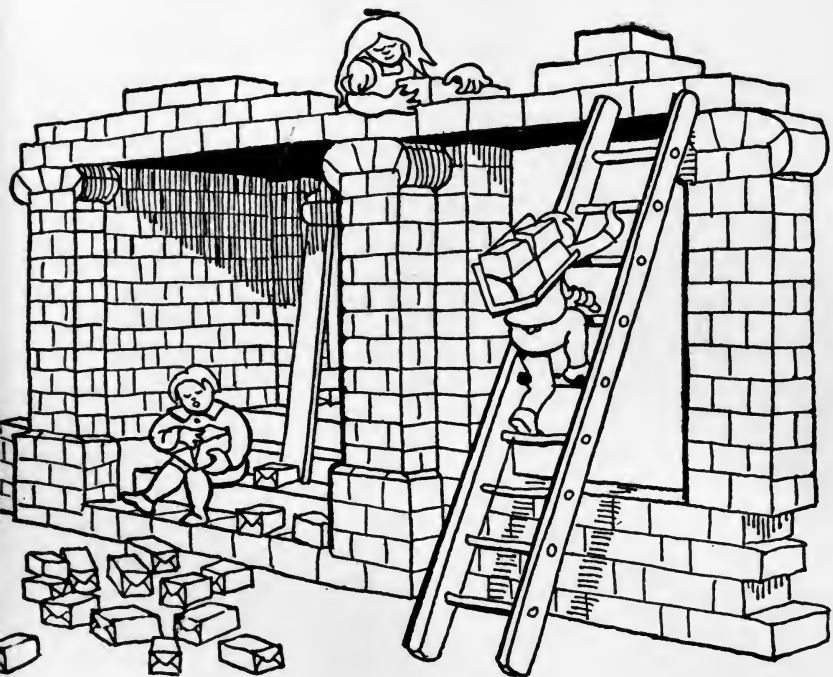
O WILLIE an' Wallie an' Huldy Ann, —
The same that made the Chewin' Dum Man,
Say, — what d' you s'pose they done now ? Well,
They invented the " Hotel Caramel ! " —
You see them children, on Christmas Eve,
Had PILES o' candy, you better believe ;
An' it came an' came all Christmas Day,
Too much to eat, or to div away,
They never had such 'normous treat ;
It filled the house, and it filled the street !
Their uncles were bound they would have some fun.
An' everyone of 'em sent a *ton* !
Their aunts were so fond o' Huldy's brothers,
That each was bound to send more 'n the others
To Huldy Ann, an' Willie, an' Wallie,
An' they ALL sent Chocolate Caramels ! Dolly !
Well, they eat an' eat till the Doctor said
If they eat any more they would all be dead.
They div a half a million away,
But the rest just laid around in the way.
Their father was crazy, their mother was mad,
An' they said such 'stravadance was too bad !
Then Huldy Ann, she perked up, " Well,
Come on, an' we 'll build up a bid hotel ! " —
Willie an' Wallie they said, " All right, "
An' they went to work that very night !

Willie an' Wallie an' Huldy Ann,
They talked it over an' drew the plan.
Then Wallie he copied it on to his slate
An' Huldy Ann, she said it was great!
So the day after Christmas they did bedin,
An' had the foundations all put in.



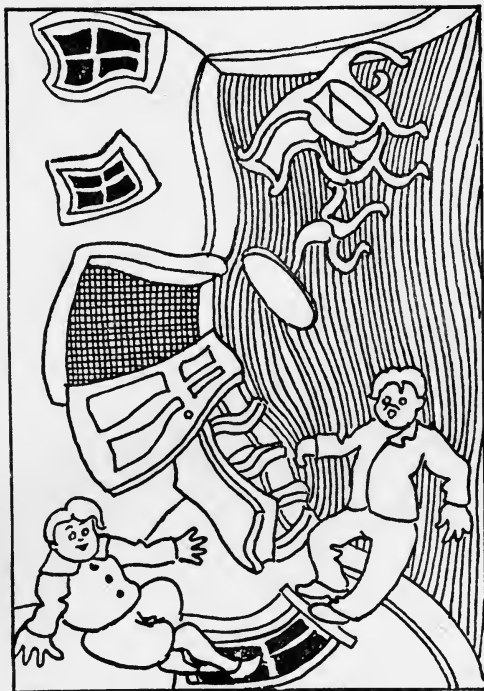
Willie he took off the papers first,
But Wallie's job was about the worst —
He had to carry 'em up to Ann.
It was all very nice when they first bedan ;
But when the wall was three stories high
It took some climbin', but he was spry ;
And Huldy Ann laid the Caramel brick
In a long straight wall about three foot thick.

Well, before it came around New Years Day
I tell you that old Hotel looked day !
It was six floors high, wif a dreat front door,
An' it had a hundred rooms, or more !



Well, all the children, they came, pell-mell,
To endage their rooms at the new Hotel !
They charged the boarders a cent a day,
But they turned a more 'n a million away !
Well, it stood all right when the weafer was cold,
An' the place was fuller than it could hold ;

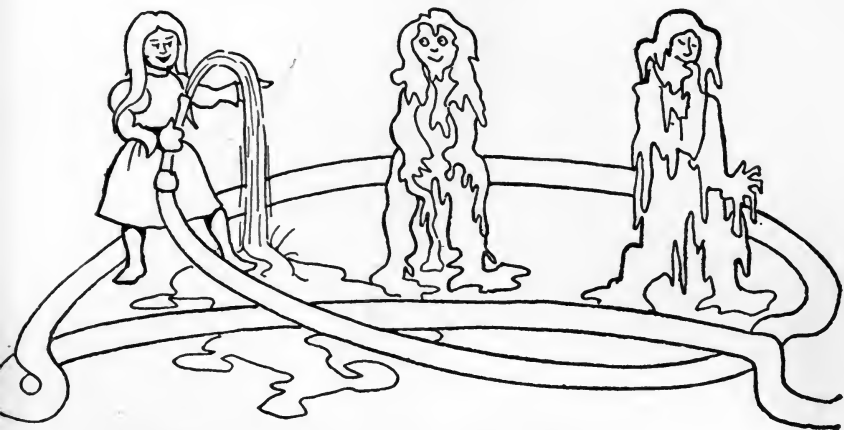
But when it dot warmer, then, what d' you think?
The whole front wall just bedan to sink;
It bent an' curved till they all dot scared,
For they did n't see how it could be repaired;
The floors they hollowed, the walls they tipped,



And then all the hotel
children skipped!
Even Huldy Ann was
some afraid,
But Willie an' Wallie,
they stayed and stayed.
The Hotel Caramel
bent each day
Till it curved in a most
terrific way;
An' Huldy Ann she
implored, but Willie
An' Wallie said she
was only *silly*!
Well, one Spring night
came a awful rain,
And the ole Hotel
could n't stand the
strain.
The roof it melted and
ran like dlue

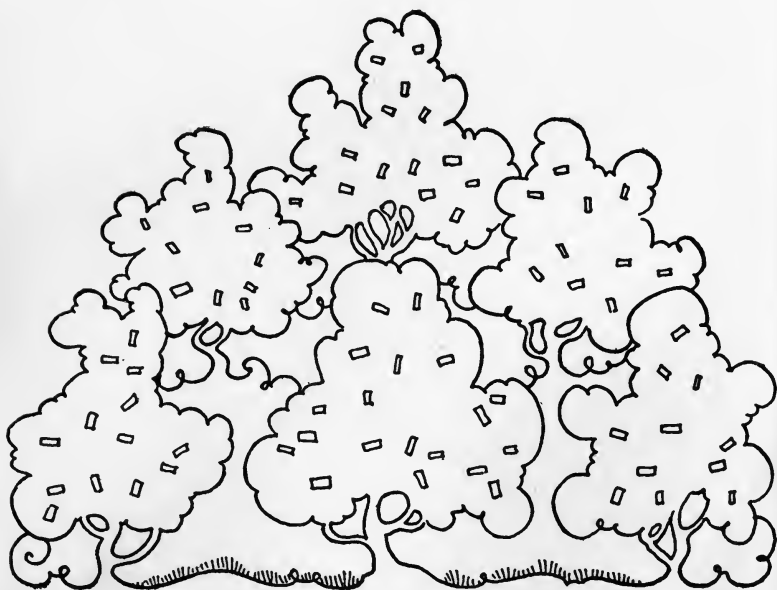
In a sticky mess of the caramel doo;
An' the wall collapsed in the hot, wet weafer
An' stuck the windows and doors todefer!
An' Willie an' Wallie were shut inside
An' they could n't det out when they woke, and tried!

The floor was up where the wall should be,
An' the boys was as sticky as they could be.
Well Huldy Ann was scared into fits,
And she come quite close to have lost her wits.
The folks come running wif yell an' shout
And bedun to endeavor to did 'em out ;



But Huldy come to, an' thought of a trick.
An' sent for the Fire Department, quick.
So she got a engine an' turned the hose
On the wail of the house, an' then, what d' you s'pose ?
Why, it washed the caramel window in,
Till Willie and Wallie was wet to the skin.
So they soon clum out and dot safely down,
To the great relief of the anxious town.
But Huldy said, "No more candy for me !"
For the boys was as sticky as they could be !
Well, what to do wif that old Hotel
Was more than Huldy Ann could tell !

It would melt all day and then freeze all night,
An' lots of the teams would get stuck in tight.
It ran an' ran till it filled the town
In a dreat bid river all thick and brown.
Till they passed a law that no kind of store
Should ever sell candy, any more!
For it took two years to clean it away!
An' Willie's uncles, they had to pay!
An' you may not believe it, but sure's you're born,
Six Caramel trees drew out on their lawn!



THE LEVITANT:—or, How One Gerrish
Had an Adventure Quite Nightmare-ish,
And Feared that He would Surely Perish.

ENOCH F. GERRISH was a “prominent citizen.” He had his name in large type in the Directory and in the telephone book. He was often mentioned as “among those present” in the local columns of the dailies. He was a “solid business man,” and could be seen any day on Montgomery Street, easily recognizable by his eyes, big as hard-boiled eggs, his paint-brush whiskers and his duck vest, which always had a button missing somewhere about it. He toed in slightly when he walked, but he could afford himself this and many other eccentricities, for he was rich. But he was most prominent as a member of the Society for Psychical Research, and to the reports of its proceedings he had contributed many bulky and remarkably uninteresting papers collated from the answers to thousands of postal-card catechisms sown recklessly abroad. He had tabulated, classified, and commented upon the replies to such questions as: “Have you ever seen a ghost?” “If not, why not?” “Has a ghost ever seen you?” etc., etc. His “Diagnosis of the Inter-Phantom Relations of Sub-Spherical Spirits” had given him prestige in the Society, and on the strength of fifteen thousand words anent “Spectral and Pseudo-Spectral Anthropologia” he had narrowly escaped the election to the Presidency of the body.

Yet, like so many of his fellow essayists on these ultra-scientific topics, Mr. Gerrish had never seen a ghost. He had talked with those who had, however, and he had an

exhaustive lore ready at hand for recital, and when his audience was composed of women, he often made bold to broider the narrative with details of his own invention, and at these times did not hesitate to use the first person construction.

Mr. Gerrish was at this time engaged upon a new thesis; radical, even revolutionary. He was tired of his pose as an amateur ghost-seer, and the luminous idea of making capital out of his failures by using them to prove an original hypothesis swelled his vanity. Perhaps this would secure to him the President's chair, and he could have the delight of ringing the "ten minute bell" on verbose essayists. He had often been suppressed himself in this way, and he longed to be on the other side of the table.

"Conditions of Levitation and Semi-Nudity in Dream" was the title of his thesis.

He worked every night upon the development of his theory, keeping one eye open for spectral visitations, in case his new scheme should prove ineffective. He always kept on the table beside his bed a pistol, a non-explosive lamp (that would n't go out even if overthrown), a watch, a pencil and a pad of ruled paper upon which to take notes of supernatural occurrences. The top sheet of this pad was numbered (1), but it had remained otherwise blank for five months. He cut the "Death Notices" from the papers every day, and pinned them to the wall, near the head of his bed, in order to identify new-made ghosts.

The annual dinner of the S. P. R. was held on New Year's eve. Thirteen members were present.

The rest were celebrating less riotously.

Mr. Gerrish had allowed hints of his latest investigations

to leak into the after-dinner personalities; several of the speeches had made mention of the embarrassing situations due to "Semi-Nudity in Dream." Reason demanded an explanation for the outrage so often put upon the sensibilities. Enoch F. Gerrish nearly burst with the efforts to restrain from exploiting his theories, but his policy and an enormous looped watch-chain kept him from exploding. The time was not yet come. He drank like a camel to brace his nerve; he felt that a few leading questions would puncture his resolve and the secret would escape. He ate ravenously of the remnants of the dessert to cover his agitation. He felt that every one was looking at him — but only the President was. The President was wondering how a Psychological Researcher could eat so much — and live.

At the business meeting following, Enoch F. Gerrish was nominated for the Presidency for the ensuing year, but he did not realize it until three days later, when he was notified by the Secretary in writing. He was now too busily engaged with a Welsh rabbit that the President had maliciously manufactured. The meeting came at last to an end, or at least it tapered off, the members waking up in turn and going home.

When Mr. Gerrish left, they were still reading papers. No one was listening. The President was drawing little circles on a sheet of paper with a soft pencil, and the Secretary was making love to his watch.

Enoch found his way home with great difficulty and a large stick.

He felt as if he had been eating fireworks and they were going off inside of him.

The street was like the back of a whale that it was necessary to climb, and it seemed to be rolling on a long ground-

swell. The houses circled about him like a merry-go-round.

He tried to take his temperature with a little pocket-thermometer, but the mercury was all huddled into the top of the tube. Somehow things seemed to be going wrong with him; he knew that much, but very little more.



He did not remember his whole pilgrimage; he believed finally that he had accomplished the stairs, because he found himself at the top. He could not remember whether he had gone through the door of his room, or climbed in a window, but he was inside, and was glad of it. He undressed himself carefully, and went to bed, thinking he should have done so earlier. He suddenly realized that it was New Year's

day, and he at once decided to reform.

By this time it was two o'clock, and the Welsh rabbit, like a patriotic set-piece, still burned in his abdomen; he had almost given up hope, when he fell asleep, but his snoring was so terrible that it woke him up again. He arose unsteadily, and circumnavigated the room in search of cotton to plug his ears. He soon forgot what he was looking for,

and returned in a bewildered condition to his bed, and began counting, wondering when it would be over. . . .

As he reached number thirteen, he opened his eyes. Something was rising out of the bed from between his feet. This did not seem at all right to him, and he was much hurt by the occurrence, until it became evident that it was a ghost. Now Mr. Gerrish was in no condition to entertain ghosts at this time, but he nerved himself for the interview and reached for his pistol and note-book, though he was uncertain which to use first. He tried to decide whether he was more afraid or surprised.

He remembered Bulwer-Lytton's distinction between fear and terror, and thought what rot it was.

Meanwhile, the phantom was emerging from the bed, or more properly through the bed. Mr. Gerrish rubbed his legs back and forth to see if he could feel the ghost, but he could not. Yet the apparition was sticking through the bed like a brochette. Mr. Gerrish thought this phenomenon interesting, and was about to make a note of it, when materialization of the ghost set in so strongly as to absorb his whole attention.

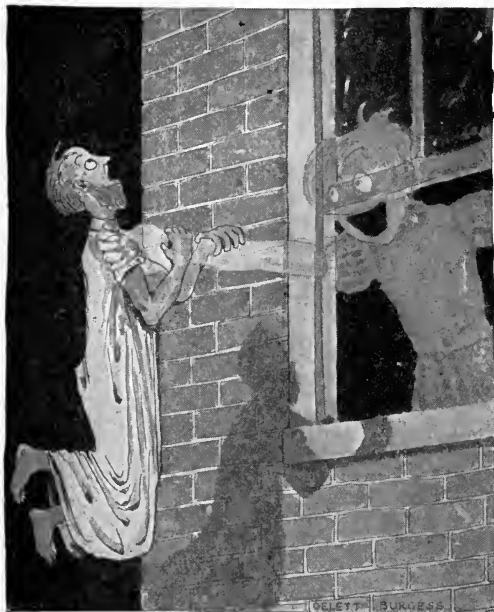
He wondered where he had seen the ghost before, and decided that it was nowhere.

He remembered the circus of last year, and the athletes and tumblers at the Orpheum Theater, and concluded that this was one of them. He did not know which. The spectre was dressed in trunks and tights; he had longish hair, and was much more transparent than was becoming to a person of his size. His eyeballs were conspicuous, and ill placed, and as he hung over the bed like a huge interrogation point, waving his arms, Mr. Gerrish felt that something was about to happen. He felt, vaguely, that he should take the time; he was sure

that none of the members would believe him, unless he told at what o'clock it happened. The reports of the Society generally gave the hour and minute, and sometimes it had been figured down to split seconds. He looked at his watch, but the hands seemed to be going backwards, and he gave up

this detail with a sigh.

The horrible part of the affair was that the ghost did not speak. Mr. Gerrish was compelled to take the initiative; six times he endeavored to say something, but as he could think of nothing to say, little came of his attempts. At the seventh effort a volley of words burst from him, filling the room like the explosion of a barrel of firecrackers. When it was over, there was a shocking



silence, and he found he had exclaimed:

“Ghostly phantom, thing of evil, spectre, demon, spook, or devil, take thy legs from out my bedstead, take thy toes from off my floor!”

Somehow this seemed inadequate, and he began again. The ghost evidently expected something better of him, and still hung swaying over the counterpane, gibbering with gaunt

grimaces. Mr. Gerrish at length began to regain his nerve; the rabbit within him grew more docile, and the spirit of the investigator awoke.

“Tell me,” he began, “to what am I indebted for the honor?” etc., etc.

“Beware!” said the spectre. “No familiarities, please; I am sent to you to divulge the secrets of ‘Levitation and Semi-Nudity in Dream.’ This night shall illumine you! Come!” and seizing the *Psychical Researcher* by the shoulder, he dragged him to the window, and held him struggling like a kitten, outside the sash. The rays of a decreescent moon varnished the soles of the unfortunate victim’s feet; an errant breeze slickered at his white night-robe, and it was very cold. The spook shook him gently, as one might flap the crumbs from a table-cloth out of the window, and Mr. Gerrish grew green with fear. The pavement below seemed miles away. Mr. Gerrish felt rather than saw this. On the other hand, he saw rather than felt the ghost.

Suddenly all support was removed, and he fell!

He supposed about five years to have elapsed when he finally discovered that he was no longer falling.

It was like a long wait between the acts of a bad play, when one longs to have the suspense over, yet dreads the next sensation.

He knew from hearsay that if he reached the bottom he would die. That is, if it were a dream. The question then was, was it a dream? He could not decide.

At length he felt himself in the arms of the phantom, giggling. This gave him, however, no clue as to whether he was awake or not.

“This is called the ‘Sense of Falling,’ to which you have already given five hundred words in your thesis,” said the apparition.

“Oh!” said Mr. Gerrish, “but it is much easier imagined than described — as they say in the story-books.”



“My next act is Levitation proper,” said the ghost, and with the word he sprang into the air.

It was, at first, very terrible.

Mr. Gerrish waved his arms like a chicken that has been dropped from the roof of a house. He could not realize that he was being carried, but he felt the responsibility of his own exertion, and he tried several kinds of swimming strokes, using his feet like a woman. He was high in the

air before he realized that a mere effort of will was all that was necessary, and once assured, he began to like the sensation.

“Do you often do this?” he asked the spirit.

“All the world knows me,” was the reply, “though few have seen me. They think they do it alone, and in the daylight they try to remember how it was done.”

As he spoke, they passed the top of a steeple. Mr. Gerrish could not resist the temptation to lay hold of it. To his surprise it felt hard and real, and of a sudden, terror seized him. He perceived his immense distance from the street and became giddy. His normal senses returned to him, and he clung to the pinnacle, just below the vane.

Again the ghost left him.

He dared not look down again, but embraced the pyramid eagerly, as though he were afraid it might break away from his clutches.

He was alone in the sky.

He might have been an Arctic explorer at the actual North Pole, for any chance he had of relief. The spire seemed to bend in the wind, and recover its perpendicularity with much difficulty.

He felt like a damp shirt that had been hung out to dry, and had been forgotten.

He wished to yell for help, but hoped that no one below was looking at him.

Some time after the ghost reappeared, and hung in the air as if treading water to keep itself afloat. Mr. Gerrish wondered if it had been off to get a drink.

“If you have had enough of Levitation,” said the ghost, “we may continue our investigations.” And Mr. Gerrish found himself at home in bed again. But he had by this time ceased to wonder at anything. He would have liked a programme, so as to know what to expect next, but he had lost a good deal of interest in the proceedings.

It was as if he were trying not to listen to a paper being read at a meeting of the Researchers.

“We shall now proceed to the condition of Semi-Nudity in Dream,” remarked the spectre.

“But I have had that,” objected Enoch.

“I am afraid I have complicated things, but this will be a simple case. And first I’ll show you what I can do at bed-tipping,” and the spectre was as good as his word. The bed rocked like a steamer in the Channel. It soared like an aeroplane. It dived, ducked, danced, dropped and doddered like an indecent Planchette. Mr. Gerrish clung to the rail like the boatswain of a runaway whale-boat. Finally the ghost took the bed upon his head and walked out of the



room with it, forthwith. Mr. Gerrish tried to be calm, but his head bumped against the ceiling.

He held his breath as they crowded through the front door. Down the street they marched in a two-story procession, ghost and man. No one was abroad, but the cocks were crowing in the distance.

It was like riding a camel, or swaying in a palaquin of a gouty elephant.

Mr. Gerrish felt that he could stand no more, but the worst was yet to come.

The ghost planted the bed in the middle of Market Street, and left him, this time for good.

Mr. Gerrish waited a long time, hiding under the sheets, hoping it was a dream. At length he peeped from under the covers, and saw, to his horror, that it had begun to get light. The milk wagons began to rumble in the side streets. Worst of all, he was over the slot of the car line, and of a sudden the cable began to rattle over the pulleys.

He did not want his bed to be pushed off the track by a Market Street car.

A policeman appeared in the vanishing point of the perspective of sidewalks, and walked steadily towards him. Mr. Gerrish decided to wait and see if it were a real policeman. The figure came nearer and nearer. The policeman left the sidewalk and approached the bed, rubbing his eyes. Mr. Gerrish was almost able to read the number on the helmet, when the policeman hesitated a moment in astonishment, then turned and ran like a hen up the middle of the street. He turned one block up, to the right, and disappeared.

A cable car with a red light appeared in the distance, and Mr. Gerrish saw the time had come for action. He left the bed on the track, and walked without dignity toward the northwest. He wondered why he did not run, but a thin fog seemed to blur his eyes, and he had great trouble in finding his way.

Every little while he walked off the curbstone, and landed with a nasty jolt.

He had never known there were so many streets in San Francisco, and he wished them to remain straight, but they refused. Each street seemed to be tied into a bow knot with six ends. The sidewalks were set obliquely, the crossings led back to the same side of the way, so he could never get over. The houses

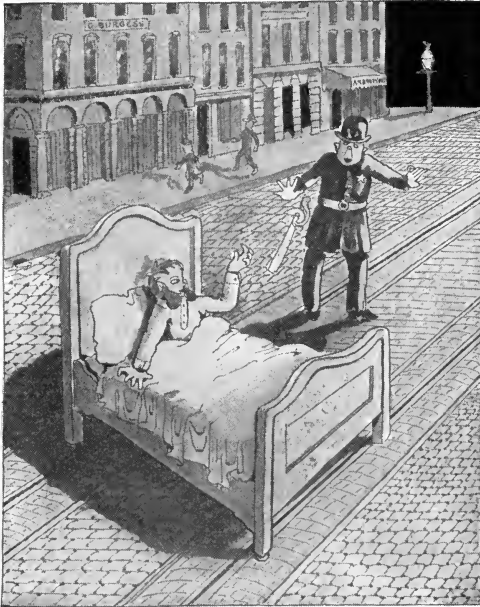
were huddled into the middle of the pavement. The gutters ran vertically. He wondered why. He was in a labyrinth, clad immodestly. He tried to find a latch key, but he had no pocket.

He met wayfarers, but they did not seem to notice him.

He wondered if his bed would be returned. It was not marked, but he thought he might advertise for it.

Then there was a great blank, as if the whole world had been etherized; and then the void and chaos began to take form. Something looked familiar. Ten pink spots upon the horizon.

They were his toes, sticking through the covers of his bed, and he heard himself counting — “sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, TWENTY.”



THE SPECTRE HOUSE: a Realization
Of Pseudo-Dematerialization;
Or Better, say Etherealization.

MR. ENOCH GERRISH'S paper on "The Customs and Costumes of Ardent Spirits" had ended at last, amid a babel of applause from the members of the Psychological Research Society. No one had listened, however; they applauded because he had finished. For an hour and twenty minutes Mr. Gerrish had kept them from their annual dinner.

They were sorry they had re-elected him president.

The dinner began, but to Mr. Gerrish's floating fancy it never really ended. He ate on and on, abstractedly, and from time to time he lifted a glass and drank, without taking off his eyes from the bunch of celery in front of him.

He was thinking.

It was not the stuffed grouse, nor the leberwurst, nor the mince pie, nor the Burgundy, nor even the bunch of celery that induced Mr. Gerrish's hypnosis. To his mind this dinner was out of place at a meeting of such an important and intellectual society. He was thinking of his next paper, which was to be upon the "Materialization and Dematerialization of Inanimate Objects."

If the members had known that he was already thinking of another paper, he would have been very much put out.

At long intervals, his mind, swimming laboriously through the mazes of his forthcoming argument, rose, as one might say, to the surface of things, and he heard, as if borne from miles away, a song at the other end of the table. He was

occasionally hit unaware by a flying jest which exploded in inane laughter.

His mind was on other things, though he still passed his plate mechanically for a fourth helping of pie. An impressive company of empty bottles assembled beside his plate. He ate and drank like a machine which some one had started and had forgotten to stop.

The dinner did not end; but the scene changed, somehow, as in a dream—suddenly, much as a woman changes the subject of a conversation, and with even less reason.

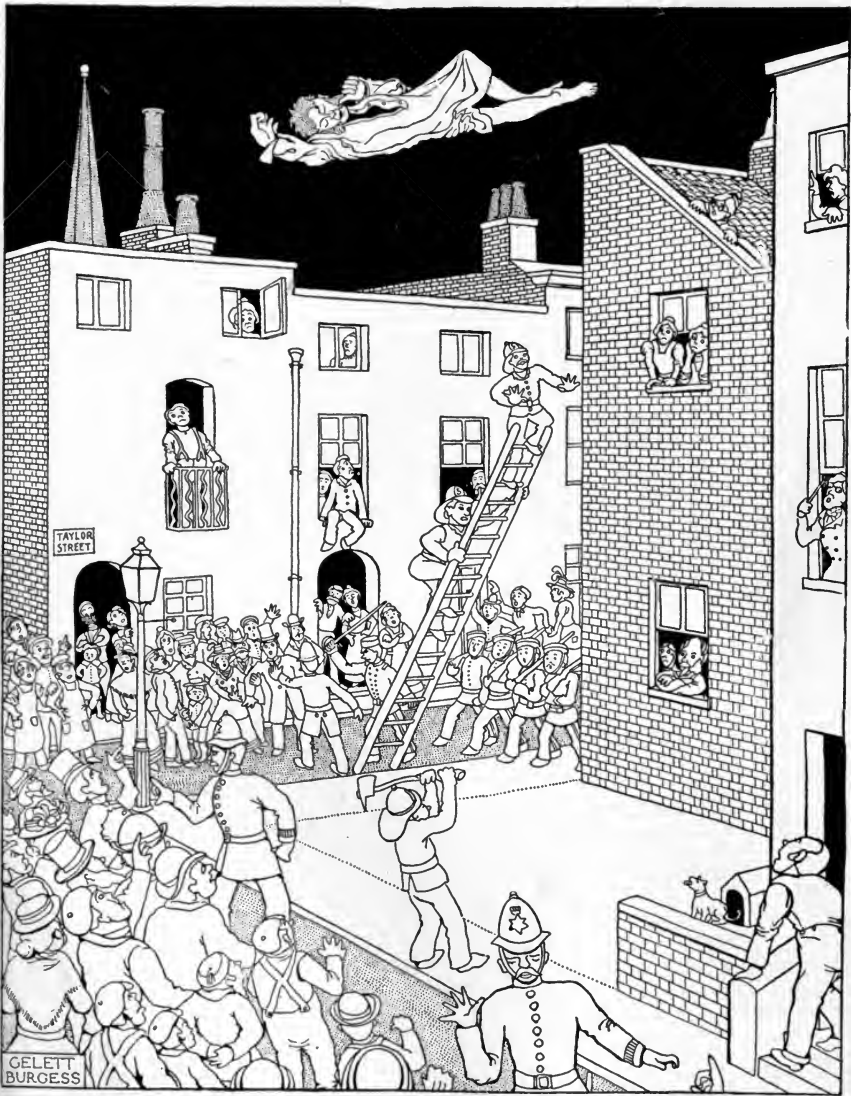
He found himself in the street, walking.

He kept in the middle of the street and counted his steps, skipping hundreds without noticing it. He was well into the millions when he reached No. 45 Taylor Street. He walked upstairs backward so as not to wake the baby, crawled through the transom into his room, and disrobed.

He got into a Harveyized night-shirt, stiff and brittle, and polished as an ostrich egg, and went to bed. His shirt creaked when he breathed, and he fancied he was still walking, so he kept on counting.

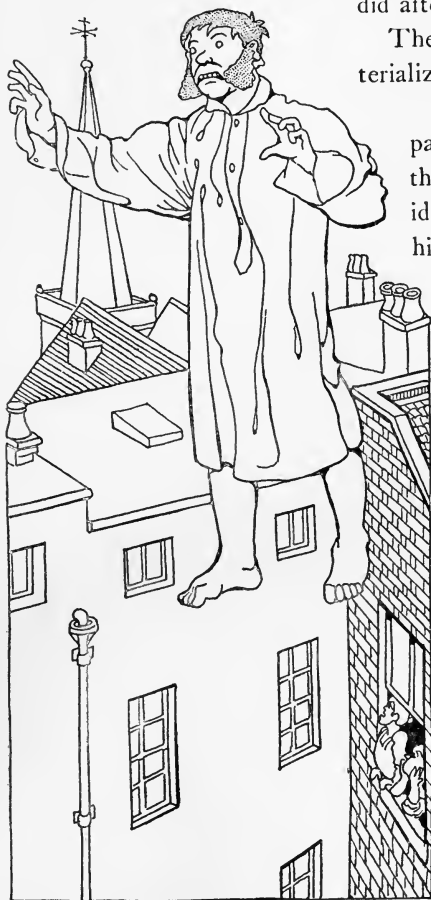
Suddenly he sat up and looked about him, for the candle was burning. He was in bed at No. 45 Taylor Street. But this house had burned down last March! He was sure of that, for he had escaped down a ladder with great difficulty, carrying a pitcher of cold water carefully. The crowd had laughed at him, but he had explained to them his reasons for saving the pitcher, which was, so he said, a last present from his dying mother. The crowd had not believed this.

How, then, could he be in No. 45 Taylor Street if the house had been burned down? Or had it burned up? There was the hole in the plastering where he had tried to look



through the wall after the last dinner of the society. The pattern of the wall-paper, too, made faces at him, as it always did after he had over-eaten.

The house, then, had been materialized!



He reached for the pencil and paper which he always kept at the head of his bed in case an idea or a ghost ever occurred to him. He would make a note of this to use as a datum for his next essay. But the paper and pencil were not there. They never were there when he needed them.

He got up and looked out of the window. It was almost morning. A milk-wagon was passing. From the next house came the sound of snorting and a housemaid rattling at the kitchen stove. He turned back to go to bed.

There was hardly room enough left to sleep in.

The walls had grown translucent and as through a mist he saw in the back

yard his dog smelling at the dust-bin. Through blurred, jellylike walls on either side he saw the windows of the

adjoining houses. His own house was fast fading away. The whole front wall, bathed in the rays of the rising sun, had already disappeared! The ceiling had vanished.

With a sudden access of light the entire building melted away and was gone from sight. He could not see the floor though he felt the hard boards still under his feet, and he even ran an invisible sliver into his great toe, removing it with difficulty. He groped his way, as if he were in the dark, feeling for the bed. He found it first with his left shin, and lay down, pulling the covers over him, in the same futile way that an ostrich endeavors to hide itself by putting its head in the sand.

The blankets were invisible to the naked eye and useless to protect him from espionage, but they kept him warm.

Mr. Gerrish lay in bed feeling very silly, watching the city awake. He dared not attempt to cross the floor, for fear of falling downstairs or out of the window. Walking had been difficult enough that night when the house was visible. What would it be when the floor was gone? It made him giddy to think of it.

He was imprisoned in the atmosphere like a bird in a cage, sixty feet from the pavement. He felt like a fish in a glass aquarium, except that he could not swim.

The window next door was opened and the shade drawn. A housemaid put out her hand to see if it were raining. Then she looked up into the sky and saw Mr. Gerrish. Did she think it was raining middle-aged gentlemen in night-shirts? For a long time she could not remove her eyes; she was fascinated by the sight.

She must have thought he was a belated angel who had missed the last train to Paradise.

To Mr. Gerrish's relief, she vanished, but soon reappeared with the cook. The two did not leave the window till all was over.

A policeman next entered the theatre of Mr. Gerrish's misery. The mortified but high-minded gentleman watched through his toes as the officer walked down the street. When he reached Mr. Gerrish's great toe he stopped and looked up at the cook and the housemaid. From these his eyes slowly travelled across the intervening space till they reached the figure of a gentleman in scant attire — alone in the air!

"I say, you!" yelled the policeman, "come down out of that! It's agin' the law to sleep out-of-doors!"

Mr. Gerrish waved his hand, feebly, in mild expo-deprecation. What was the use of trying to explain the situation? Who would believe that he was in his own house, in his own room, lying on his own bed, and was at heart as modest as a spinster? He would like nothing better than to be removed or have the house returned.

The policeman began to throw stones at him, but only succeeded in breaking a window. He heard the crash, but saw nothing. It was not till he had broken his own pate against the spectre house that he realized the unique but illegal situation.

By this time a large crowd had gathered. The cook and the housemaid had not once taken their eyes from Mr. Gerrish; he could feel them staring when his back was turned. The policeman rang in a fire alarm and telephoned for the sergeant.

After this things went more merrily.

Ladders were brought and leaned against the invisible house, seemingly supported by nothing; no one dared ascend. Men

with axes hacked at the walls, for the door, wherever it was, was locked. A regiment of volunteers was called out to keep the mob in check. The mayor of the city appeared and read the Riot Act from the top of a four-wheeled cab. Mr. Gerrish watched all this through half-closed eyelids; he felt the mortifying situation keenly, and pretended to be asleep to hide his embarrassment.

At last, after recklessly mounting a ladder, a fool of a policeman rushed in where this angel in a night-shirt had feared to tread. He grabbed Mr. Gerrish in his arms, and after bumping both heads against innumerable obstacles, bore him to the ground amidst the cheers of the now delirious populace.

.
When Mr. Gerrish finally dared to open his eyes and release his grip from the policeman's neck, every one had vanished except the cook and the housemaid; the house had reappeared as good as new, absolutely opaque in the early dawn.

He saw the big black number "45," but it was not like the house from which he had made such a sensational exit.

Then he remembered that No. 45 Taylor Street had been rebuilt after the fire in March.

"See here," said the policeman, winking at the housemaid, "you'd better git back to bed, or you'll catch cold. I caught you just in time."

Mr. Gerrish read 14,000 words on the "Materialization and Dematerialization of Inanimate Objects" at the next dinner of the Psychological Research Society, but no one listened.

SOME PROVERBS: Hard to understand,
Though obvious the Moral; — *And*
PROVERBS PERVERTED: Showing How
They were as Truthful Then as Now.



Misery Loves Com-
pany.



Birds of a Feather
Flock Together; or
One Swallow does
not Make a Summer.



Do not Cross the
Bridge until you
Come to it.



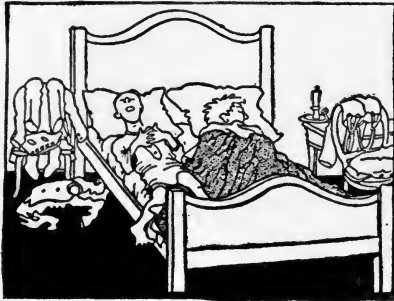
Those who Live in
Glass Houses
Should not Throw
Stones.



Light Hands
Make
Many Work.



Dog my
Love
Dog Me!



Bedfellows
Make
Strange
Poverty.



Locksmiths
Laugh at Love.



Company Loves
Misery.



THE OVAL MOON: Poorly Translated.

The Author was Intoxicated —— ?

THERE was an astonishing oval blue moon a-bubble amongst the clouds, striking a sidewise chord of wild, blatant reluctance athwart the bowl of curds with which I stroked her.

O Love! — dead, and all your adjectives still in you.

A harsh and brittle whisper of a dream — a rough, red shadow-ghost of awful prominence welled out and up through all the inharmonious phases of the night. A frog bleated, and turned his toe to slumber. The fringe of despair hung round about my agony; the stars went mad, the moon — that blurred, blue, bleeding moon — the very toadstools on the lawn, the close-clipped crust of foamy fire-lit hedge, balked, choking, grey, upon the ring of flame-spent turf.

O Heaven and Happy Bard! O freighted moors, conducive to my ecstasy! Each unto each was there, all yet was vain!

Now, in this hushed and turbid clime, the rancid relics of the mist are not so gog with hume and spray, as in the rest. Did not the viper hurl his macrocosmic integer in time? In such wise, I marvelled, might the whole world, peeled thin and narrow in the spectres of the night's reply, go wild and leer in many efforts to be insincere.

But, Gosh! What agony!

The avalanche of superinsistent medroles — the pink of pure, prismatic diaphragms, spoldrum and whood — all Hell was there, and, weeping, lured me on.

So time went out, and came again, and disappeared. I was too proud, too anxious to rehearse my sentiment for this, the

dishevelled, procrastinating fear that might have held me. The hotbed of palpitating remorse that drew me (and She, too, with Her heavy hopes ajar) the very thomes of past prognostications speeding to subject shams of wide and whooping fantasies —

Oh! oh! oh! It was too terrible!

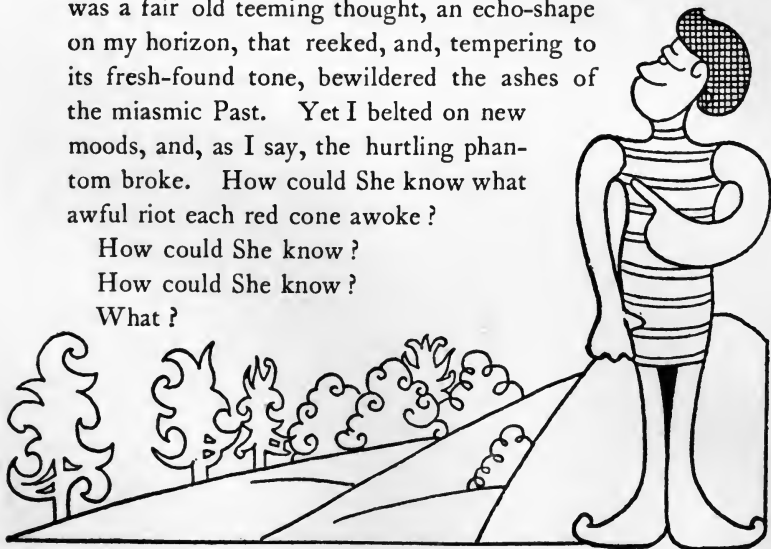
There was no nothing there—only the semblance of sharp moist scalding epochs, ah, too long unfelt! The little whining birds that She had known, the windy abyss above us, the Northern Paradox—these indeed She had; but where were sign of the three new-joined Mysteries—the things that all applaud forsooth?

I began so slowly, too; so secretly gaunt in that old world where She had been! There was a fair old teeming thought, an echo-shape on my horizon, that reeked, and, tempering to its fresh-found tone, bewildered the ashes of the miasmatic Past. Yet I belted on new moods, and, as I say, the hurtling phantom broke. How could She know what awful riot each red cone awoke?

How could She know?

How could She know?

What?

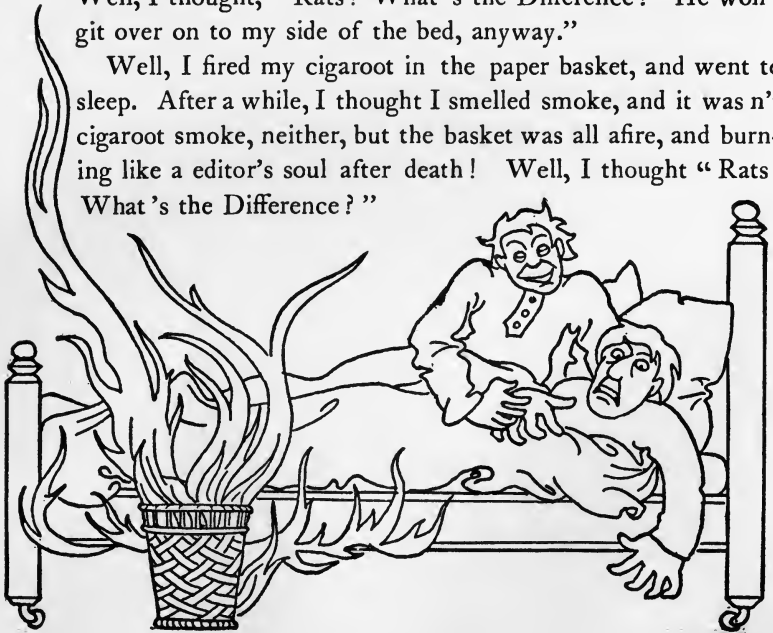


WHAT SMITH TRIED TO BELIEVE: A Study That Ought to Appeal to Anybuddy.

WELL, I come home late that night, — near one o'clock, I reckon, and I undressed in the dark as per usual. When I got into bed, I thought it felt as though somebuddy had been there, and when I kicked out my leg, sure enough, somebuddy *was* there. Well, I thought, “Rats! What’s the Difference? I’ll go to sleep — it’s only a man.”

But I kinder could n’t sleep, so I got up and lit a cigaroot, and I saw the feller what was in bed with me was dead. Well, I thought, “Rats! What’s the Difference? He won’t git over on to my side of the bed, anyway.”

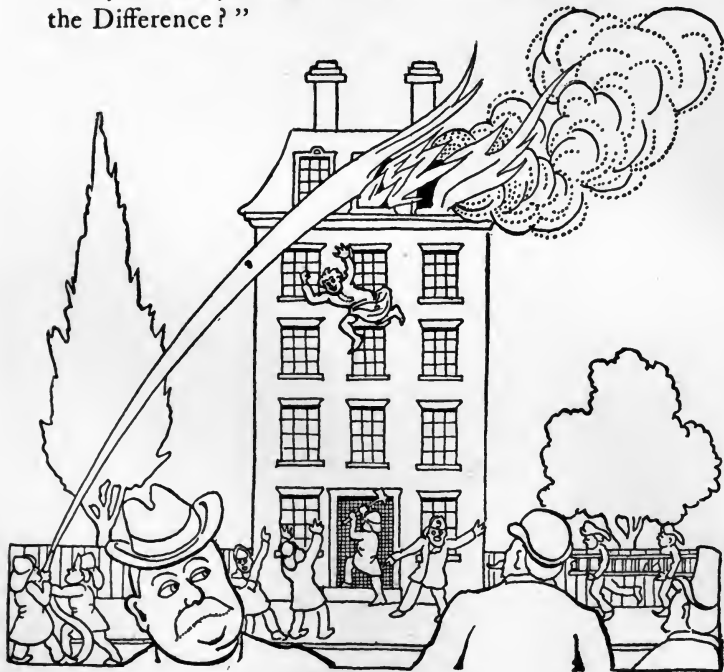
Well, I fired my cigaroot in the paper basket, and went to sleep. After a while, I thought I smelled smoke, and it was n’t cigaroot smoke, neither, but the basket was all afire, and burning like a editor’s soul after death! Well, I thought “Rats! What’s the Difference?”



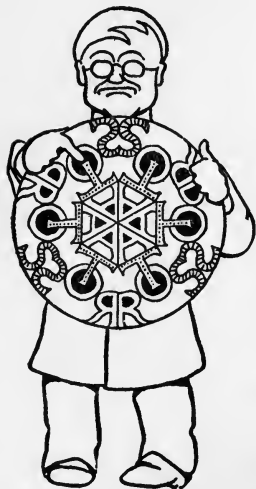
Well, it looked so bright and comfortable, I thought I'd get up and read. By this time one corner of the room was going like a runaway horse, and it was nice and warm. After I'd read about ten minutes, it got so blame hot I could n't stand it, and I got up and went into the next room. I just thought, "Rats! What's the Difference?"

Well, in about a hour, there was a big crowd outside of the old house, and they was all yelling "Fire!" to beat the cars. I looked outer winder. "Jump!" says a fireman, and I jump.

Then I walked off, and a feller says, says he: "you blame fool, you bruk yer laig!" Well, I thought, "Rats! What's the Difference?"



A PERMUTATIVE SYSTEM: Oh, how Strange Philosophy's Kaleidoscopic Range!



IT may be doubted that any system of thought arranged upon the lines herewith proposed can be a success.

The fact of its accomplishment, alone, important as it must be, is no proof of method.

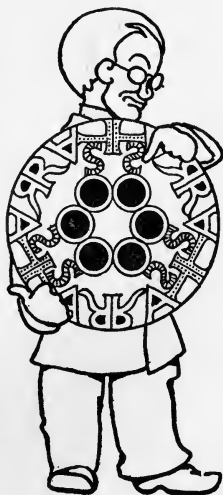
For instance, the correct relation between any two facts is one that must be investigated along the lines of thought best correlated to these facts.

And in spite of what, at first sight, might be called irrelevancy, there is this to be observed, no matter what bearing the above may have to the sub-

ject in hand, that the relation of one part to any other may or may not be true.

And here must be noted the importance of the demand that such types of thought do exist. This is, no doubt, a quality of subjects, rather than of relativity between modes of expression.

So, too, are questions affecting the expression of coherent symbols of equal importance with the methods by which these symbols are expressed.



But, at the same time, there must of necessity be a certain divergence in form between the types of questions to be discussed.

And in spite of what might, at first sight, be called irrelevancy, there is this to be observed, no matter what the above may have to the subject in hand, that the relation of one part to any other may or may not be true.

It may be doubted that any system of thought arranged upon the lines herewith proposed, can be a success. The fact of its accomplishment, alone, important as it must be, is no proof of method.

But, at the same time, there must of necessity be a certain divergence in form between the types of questions to be discussed.

For instance, the correct relation between any two facts is one that must be investigated along the lines of thought best correlated to these facts.

So, too, are questions affecting the expression of coherent symbols of equal importance with the methods by which these symbols are expressed.

And in spite of what, at first sight, might be called irrelevancy, there is this to be observed, no matter what bearing the above may have to the subject in hand, that the relation of one part to any other may or may not be true.



TRAPPING FAIRIES in West Virginia:
I Think I ne'er Saw Fairies Skinnier!

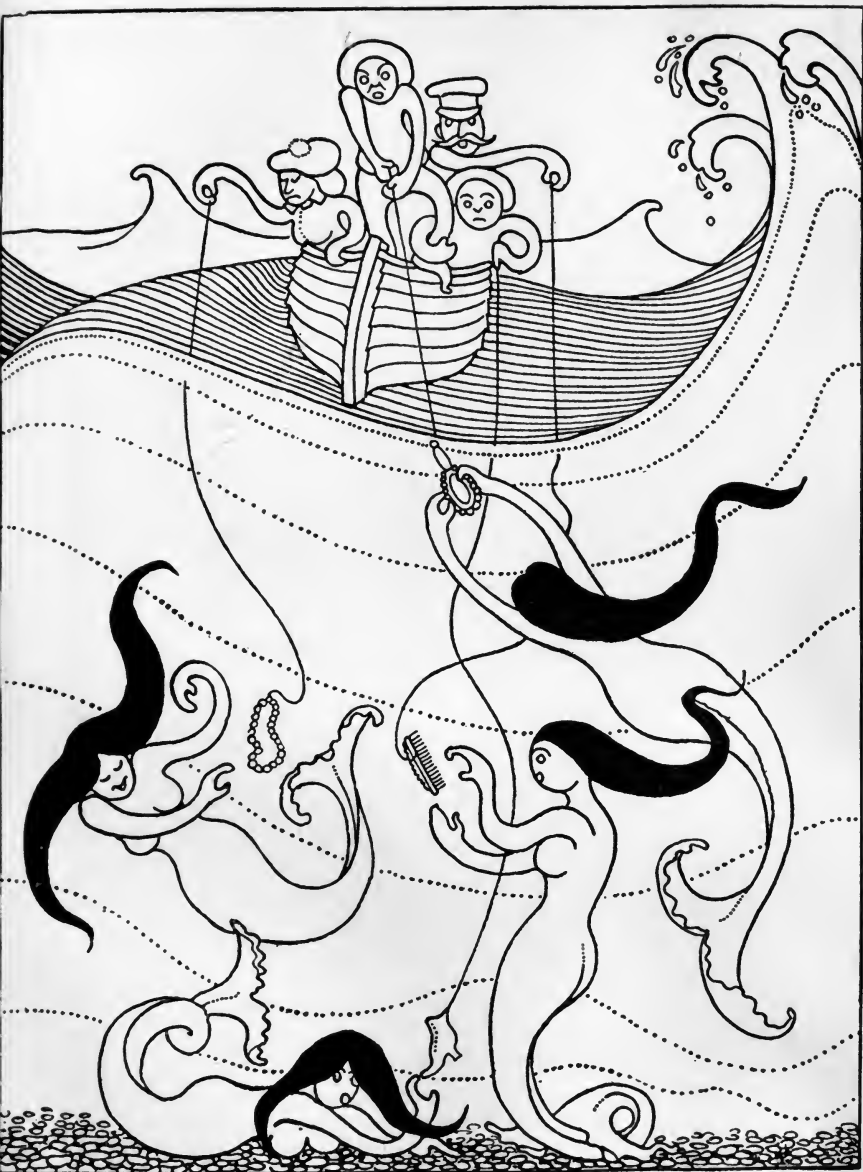


SHOOTING WITCHES in Massachu-
setts:
How Proud each Female Bugaboo Sets!



FISHING FOR MERMAIDS in the
Pacific :

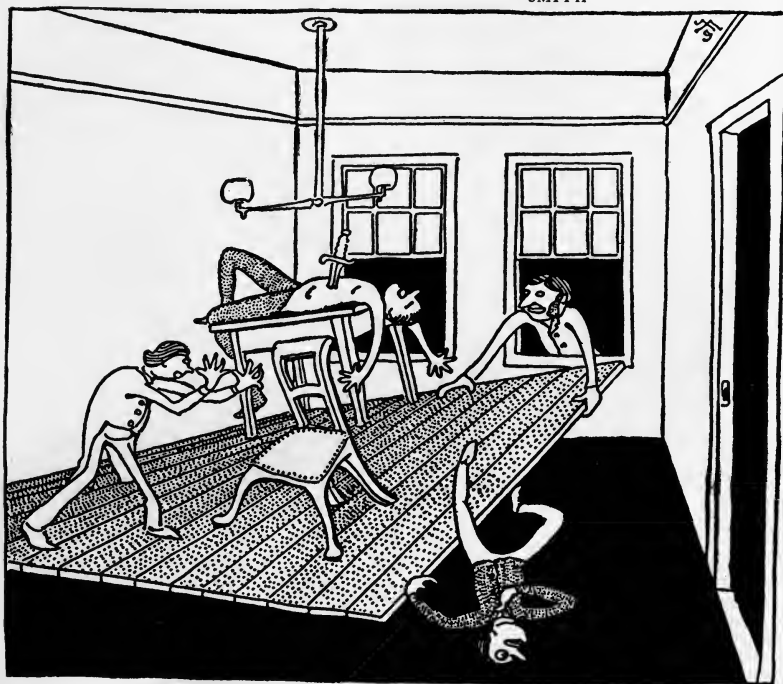
Lord ! Ain't these Naiad Shapes Terrific ?



THE MEETING OF A SOCIAL CLUB:
at Which

(The Secretary's Minutes Seem to Show)
Proceedings did Not Go Without a Hitch.
If you have Ever Been to One, You'll Know!

SMITH



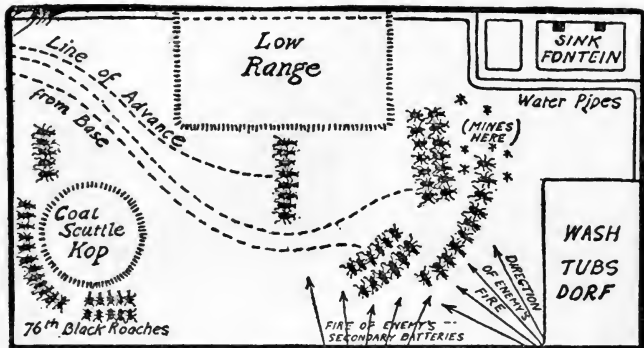
JONES

ROBINSON

AS Mr. Smith still held the floor the chair objected to the motion made by Mr. Jones as being out of order. . . . Mr. Robinson, failing to receive his expected support, and not being recognized by the chair, dropped out of the discussion, there seemed to be a general desire to re-open the subject that had been laid upon the table.

THE "INSECT WORLD'S" Alarming Beat:
A Yellow Journalistic Feat.

OVER 1,000 DESTROYED IN KIT-CHEN!
REINFORCEMENTS TO GO TO THE FRONT!
GREAT HAVOC WITH SMOKELESS POWDER!



KIT-CHEN, July 31.—A dispatch exclusively to "The Insect World" brings the account of a horrible slaughter of more than 1,000 cockroaches in the neighborhood of Kit-Chen district. General Beetle, advancing toward Wash-Tubdorf was attacked with smokeless Buhach powder, and his whole command destroyed. The ground was covered with dead and dying and only a few of the wounded escaped to carry the news of the terrible calamity. The force was in the vicinity of an extensive Range, keeping in communication with the Water Pipes, near Sinkfontein, when the disaster occurred.

Reinforcements, now intrenched behind Coal-Scuttle-Kop, are about to advance into the Kit-Chen, led by General B. Tell of the Seventy-Sixth Black Roaches. The enemy is as yet invisible, but it is feared that another attack is imminent.

A SEMINARY FOR FEMALE SMOKING; —
A Needed Institution This. (No Joking!)

CURRICULUM:



FIRST YEAR: THE CIGARETTE.

Lighting. Plain Smoking. Knocking off Ash.
Inhalation. Smoking through Nose. The Nicotine Finger.
Laboratory Work: Rolling. Rice Papers and Corn Husks.



SECOND YEAR: THE
CIGAR.

Sizes: Damas to Perfecto.
Colors: Claro to Maduro.
Stogies, Cheroots, and Seconds.
Laboratory Work: Fillers,
Binders and Wrappers.

THIRD YEAR: THE
PIPE.

Filling and Packing.
Clays, Briars, and Meerschaums.
Water Pipes.

Laboratory Work: Coloring and
Cleaning. Mixtures.
Literature of Nicotine.



FOURTH YEAR: POST-GRADUATE
COURSE.

Influence of Tobacco upon the Morals.
Smoke-Vortex-Rings.

The Peace-Pipe at Afternoon Tease.

Laboratory Work: Loaded Cigars and Gunpowder Pipes.
Use and Abuse of Holders. Street Practise.



MISS GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT:
Don't Say it is a Silly Cut —
I Did it with my Little Hatchet
You'll Find it Difficult to Match it!

Miss Gulliver



In Lilliput

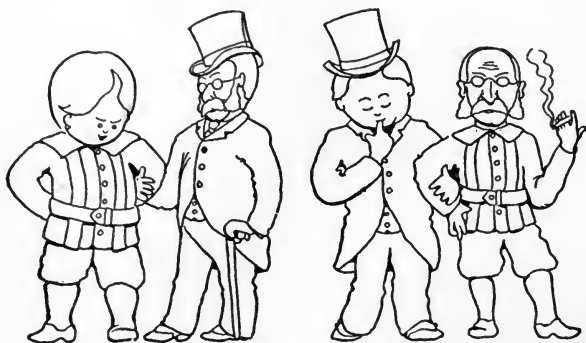
THE LITTLE FATHER who Contracted
A Habit that a Loss Exacted.



THE elder Mr. Master was a big and bulky man
Before the queer event that I am telling you began ;
His only son was Michael, then a little child of four,
But Michael has n't hardly any father any more !

It was little Michael Master, who detected, first of all,
That his great enormous father was becoming very small ;
Now I never knew the reason, but I fancy that he shrank
Because of all the mucilage that Mr. Master drank.

Every day, at breakfast time, when Michael tried his dad,
He found he measured something less than yesterday he had;
And still he kept on growing small and smaller every night,
Till Michael and his father were exactly of a height!



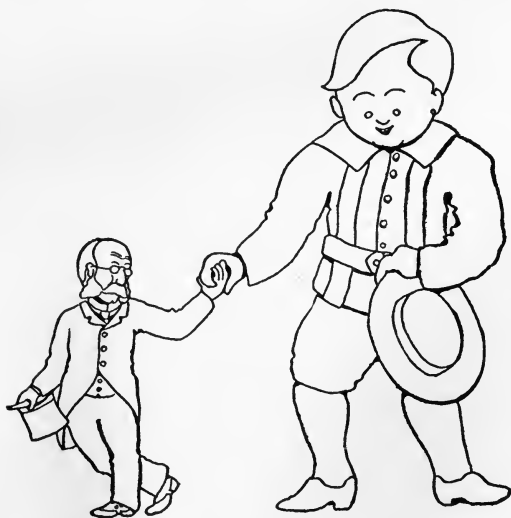
There was no Mrs. Master, so the father and the son
Got on together happily and had a lot of fun;
They wore each other's clothing, and they used each other's
toys,
They became as really intimate as if they both were boys!

But Mr. Master would persist in his eccentric drink,
So littler and littler did Mr. Master shrink.
They had to cut his trousers down; and soon they were afraid
They'd have to send to Germany to have his Jaegers made.

The way he used up hats and shoes and linen shirts and ties!
As soon as they had bought them, he would need a smaller size!
But everywhere that Michael went, his father went, of course;
If Mr. Master could n't walk, he rode on Michael's horse.



The people used to laugh at him, when they went out to walk,
For Michael's tiny father made an awful lot of talk.
The little children in the street they always used to cry,
“*I would n't have a father who was only two foot high!*”



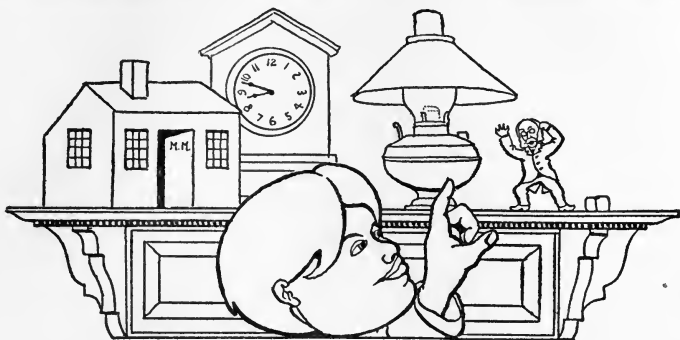
But Michael was obedient to all his father told,
For though his daddy dwindled, he was forty-two years old !
And so when Michael misbehaved and tried to bite or scratch,
His father climbed upon a chair and beat him — with a match !

One day the Tax Collector called, and till he went away
The father hid in Michael's bank, because he could n't pay.
And when to burgle Michael's bank the Tax Collector tried,
“ O, please don't shake the bank ! ” said Mike, “ *my father is inside !* ”



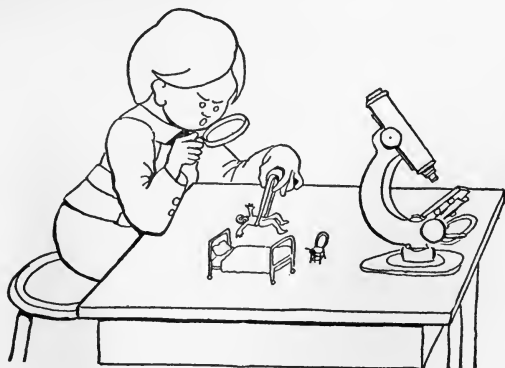
One day a big policeman found him crying in the street,
“ Oh, dear ! I've lost my father ! ” little Michael did repeat ;
But ere the Bobby understood, he added with a smile,
“ Oh, here he is ! My dad was in my pocket all the while ! ”

And many other anecdotes do Michael's neighbors tell
Of this midget Mr. Master and his giant son as well ;
Of how he swam in saucers and of how he hunted flies ;
How proud he got to be about his Lilliputian size.



And Michael had to build a house to keep his father in,
A little paper house it was, the walls were very thin;
And if the child desired to have the morning to himself,
He put his father, with a lump of sugar, on the shelf.

He had to walk across the page and back, to read a book;
But he drank a drop of mucilage with every meal he took!
And when I last inquired about him, everybody said
That Michael used a microscope to put his pa to bed!



McGURRY and the YELLOW SUNDAY
EDITOR :

Or, How a Pirate Found a Fair Competitor.



McGURRY was a Pirate, and he sailed the Southern
Sea,
And he was about as naughty as a man could
hope to be;

He tortured of his prisoners, he married of their wives,
His crew abode in palpitating terror of their lives.

He caught a Sunday Editor intent upon a "feature"
Who let himself be captured, just to interview the creature.
He asked the gory Pirate, "Are you really very bad?"
And McGurry 'gan to simper in a silly way he had.

"Behold," he said, "my diary, a chronicle of sin;
There's not a single crime I know, I have n't dabbled in!"
The Sunday Editor exclaimed, "You need n't have confessed,
Such petty infamy as this would *never* interest!"

The Sunday Editor escaped and tried another lay,
And found a lovely scandal in an actress *divorcée*.
McGurry, too disconsolate at not achieving glory,
Became a pious stevedore, which finishes the story.

THE GIANT BABY: with an Ending
Glad, but Somewhat Condescending.

MISS Anne and Ella Sorrowtop were ladies sweet and kind;
They were charitable, wealthy, educated and refined;

They never used to turn away a beggar, with a frown;
And they lived a quiet life in an exclusive part of town.
Miss Anne was more indulgent, and the children loved her much —

She gave them chocolate lollipops, and peppermints, and such.
Miss Ella was more practical, and saw about their clothes;
Attended to their mittens, and repaired their little hose;
For they had no children of their own, and oh, it made them sad;

So they loved the little children that the other ladies had!
And whether they were naughty ones, or whether they were nice,
As long as they were children, that alone would quite suffice.

Well, one wild and wintry Wednesday, on returning from a call,

They found a basket on their steps, and heard a little bawl!
Miss Anne she nearly fainted, and she said, "What *can* it be?"
Miss Ella was more practical; she said "We'll look and see!"
And what d' you s'pose the basket held! It held a baby boy!
Miss Anne and Ella Sorrowtop, they nearly died of joy!
They took him to the fireplace and got him good and warm,
For it is n't good for babies to be cradled in a storm.

It was a lusty young one, and it kicked, and said, "Ah-Goo!"
Which pleased the kind old ladies, so they scarce knew what
to do.

They decided to adopt him, and to bring him up by hand;
And oh, the happy future that the dear old ladies planned!

Miss Anne desired
to name him
Guy St. Claire
Philippe; but no
Miss Ella was more
practical, and so
they called him
Joe.

The healthy infant
grew and grew,
outgrowing all
his frocks;

Till they squandered
quite a fortune in
his roundabouts
and socks.

They made his
clothes with many

tucks, and let them out each week,

For he was a monstrous infant, when he first began to speak.
The children loved to play with him at first, but as he grew,
They got afraid to meet him, and I think that *you* would too,
For when he was but two years old, he measured six feet high!
He did n't mean to do it, but he made the children cry;
For when he fell upon them, it *would* hurt a little bit,
So the children hated playing "tag" whenever Joe was "it."



Miss Anne and Ella Sorrowtop still tended him with joy,
Although they saw at last, he was a GIANT baby boy!

“If he only *would* stop growing up!” Miss Anne would cry
and fret —

Miss Ella was more practical;
she said, “He’ll save us,
yet!”



When Joe was very
little, he was fond
of pussy-cats;
But as he grew enor-
mous, kittens feared
his gentle pats.

So when he grew up
big enough for kilts
(with pockets, too),
Now what d’you think
that giant baby went
and tried to do?

He found a lovely old
white horse, and
broke his halter
strap,

He took poor Dobbin’s
harness off, and held
him in his lap!

Miss Anne she nearly died of fright for her adopted son;
Miss Ella was more practical; she only said, “What fun!”
And so these ladies bought the horse, and let him play with Joe,
And everywhere that Joey went, the horse was sure to go.



Well, Joe was very meek and kind, and *tried* to be so good !
That everybody loved him, when at last they understood.
Miss Anne was 'fraid his giant parents might return some
day;
Miss Ella was more practical ; she said, " No, *Sir*, not they !
And if they do, what of it ? They will pay us for our care."
For his food *had* cost them something — he had had the best of
fare.
And so the giant baby loomed, the town's gigantic pet ;
And they talk about his childish pranks with shrieks of laughter
yet :
How he tried to help them deck the town upon the First of May,
And trimmed the spires and steeples, in a most amusing
way ;
How he stepped upon the courthouse roof, and suddenly fell
through
And then got stuck inside the walls and cried about it, too !
Of how he swept the streets with trees ; and fell asleep, one
day,
And snored a little giant-snore that scared the Mayor away !
And better yet, they love to tell of how Miss Anne, of all
Prim, dignified, old ladies, tried to please him, as a doll !
For dolls are most expensive, when they have to be so great,
And Joey wanted one so much she could not hesitate.
She dressed herself in pink and white, she gazed a doll-like
stare,
And let him carry her around, a hundred feet in air !
She ejaculated " Papa ! " and she sweetly closed her eyes,
When Joey held her in his arms adjacent to the skies.
For she loved her darling Jo-boy, spite of all his giant pranks ;
Miss Ella was more practical ; she only said, " No, *thanks !* "



Well, what this infant *would* have done, if he had only stayed,
I hardly dare to tell you, or of all the games he played.
But, one stupid, snowy Sunday, on returning from a call,
The Misses Sorrowtop they found he was n't there at all !
They hunted in the pasture, where he always used to play,
They hunted in the old red barn, and in his bed of hay,
They hunted all the woods about, and on the river shore,
But they never found their giant baby ever any more !
But in their great front parlor, which was shabby, now, and old,
Whatever do you s'pose they found ? Just heaps and heaps of
gold !

They 'd spent a fortune on the child, and they had grown so
poor

That this the giant parents left to pay them, to be sure !

Miss Anne she cried like everything, for she was sweet and
kind ;

Miss Ella was more practical ; she said, " Oh, never mind ! "



THE BANKRUPT BABE: or How the Pride
Of Wealth is Sometimes Misapplied.

THE little Bunny Toddlekings, he was his father's joy ;
" He was, he was, he so he was, a cunnin' 'ittle boy."
Ah, little Bunny Toddlekings was very strict indeed !

He held his pa responsible for fuel, clothes, and feed, —
And if his clothing did n't fit (he wore a swaddling suit),
Or if he found his milk too thin, he called his pa a brute !



And if the fire was smoky, he would use an epigram —
His childish prattle usually commencing with a "Damn."
To his mother he was very kind, he taught her all he knew ;
And she subsequently wrote a book : — "The Infant's Point
of View."

Now little Bunny's income was a penny every week,
Which his father had allowed him, since he first began to speak.

(I mean when *Bunny* first began — and not his *pa*, of course!)
And he kept his money (*Bunny's*) in a little shiny Bourse.
His Bank was small and beautiful, and built of solid tin ;
The chimney had a little hole to slip the pennies in ;
The fact they could be shaken *out*, ne'er entered *Bunny's* pate,
Until his father burgled it — but I anticipate.
The baby's wealth accumulated, growing every week,
For *Bunny* was an avaricious baby, so to speak.
He never bought a stick of candy, never bought a tart ;
In fact, to spend a penny almost broke the baby's heart.
His father called him stingy, and his mother called him mean !
But what did little *Bunny* care ? He did n't care a bean !

At last his hoard had grown so large, from pennies into pence,
That every time he shook his Bank, he rattled twenty cents !
His father used to finger it with jealousy and greed,
For the elder Mr. Toddlekens was very poor indeed !
The elder Mr. Toddlekens, he speculated too ;
He was a wicked banker — and you know what *bankers* do !
He dabbled in "Consolidated," plunged in Winter Wheat,
Until he was the laughing-stock of all upon the Street.
He played the "Jersey Limited," and there at last was broke ;
And being fleeced upon Exchange is quite a nasty joke !
Whatever *could* a banker do, but borrow of his son ?
But *Bunny* now was obdurate, and would n't lend his mon.
The elder Mr. Toddlekens, he shuddered, as disgrace
And ruin dire, and poverty, they stared him in the face !
He packed his leather dressing-case, he took a comb or two,
A nighty and a tooth-brush, and a collar (almost new) ;
For his soul was black and wicked ; he had steeled his heart to sin ;
And he burgled little Bunny's Bank, the little Bank of tin !!!



He took it very carefully, and held it upside down,
He caught the pennies in his lap, and then he skipped the town!
He took a train to Canada, beginning life anew,
And corresponded with his wife, at least a year or two.

But little Bunny in his cradle, never waked or stirred,
For paregoric in his milk had made his dreams absurd!
He thought he heard it thunder ('t was the pennies rattling out),
And he did n't know until too late, what it was all about!
So now he is a bankrupt, and a pauper baby boy,
And he lives in an Asylum an existence minus joy.
His darling mother visits him in silence every week;
For Bunny ne'er forgave her, so they never, never speak!



THE BOHEMIANS OF BOSTON and their Ways:
A Memory of the Jacobean Craze.

THE “Orchids” were as tough a crowd
As Boston anywhere allowed ;
It was a club of wicked men —
The oldest, twelve, the youngest, ten ;
They drank their soda colored green,



They talked of “ Art ” and “ Philistine,”
They wore buff “ wescoats ” and their hair,
It used to make the waiters stare !
They were so shockingly behaved
And Boston thought them *so* depraved,



Policemen, stationed at the door,
Would raid them every hour or
more!

They used to smoke (!) and laugh
out loud (!)

They were a very devilish crowd!
They formed a Cult, far subtler,
brainier,

Than ordinary Anglomania,
For all as Jacobites were reckoned,
And gayly toasted Charles the
Second!

(What would the Bonnie Charlie
say

If he could see that crowd to-day?)
Fitz-Willieboy McFlub-
adub

Was Regent of the Orchid's Club;

A wild Bohemian was he,
And spent his money fast and
free.

He thought no more of spend-
ing dimes

On some debauch of pickled
limes,

Than you would think of
spending nickels

To buy a pint of German
pickles!

The Boston maiden passed
him by



With sidelong glances of her eye,
 She dared not speak (he *was* so wild),
 Yet worshipped this Lotharian child.
 Fitz-Willieboy was so *blasé*,
 He burned a *Transcript* up, one day!

The Orchids fash-
 ioned all their
 style

On Flubadub's
 infernal guile.

That awful Boston
 oath was his, —

He used to jac-
 culate, "Gee-
 Whiz!"

He showed them
 that immoral
 haunt,

The dirty Chinese
 Restaurant,

And there they'd
 find him, even when

It got to be as late as ten!

He ate chopped *suey* (with a fork),

You should have heard the villain talk

Of one *reporter* that he knew (!)

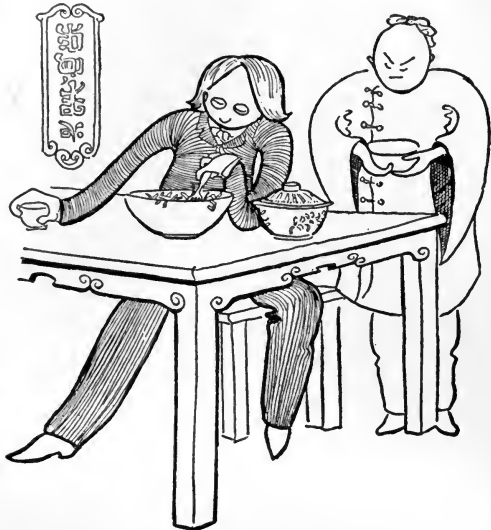
An artist, and an actor, too!!!

The orchids went from bad to worse,

Made epigrams — attempted verse!

Boston was horrified and shocked

To hear the way these Orchids mocked,



For they made fun of Boston ways,
And called good men Provincial Jays!
The end must come to such a story,
Gone is the wicked Orchids' glory,
The room was raided by police,
One night, for breaches of the Peace
(There had been laughter, long and loud,
In Boston this is not allowed),
And there, the sergeant of the squad
Found awful evidence, — my God! —
Fitz-Willieboy McFlubadub,
The Regent of the Orchids' Club,
Had written on the window sill,
This shocking outrage — "*Beacon H — ll!*"



WHANG AND YAK: an *à la Carte*
Dinner, with a Counterpart.

THERE was once a Lady Ogress who was all of a vicious violet, and very villanous of temper. The little boys loved her because she could stick out her tongue three quarters of a mile; the little girls despised her because she always wore the same dress; the grown up folk were much annoyed at her because she *would* have little children for dinner on Fridays. To be sure, they also had little children at the table, but the Lady Ogress had them *on* the table — fried. How their little bodies browned! How their little legs and arms curled up! It was immensely unpleasant.

Now the name of the Lady Ogress was Whang, and she lived up in the Hard Mountains all day, and at night she slept in the bed of the River Flo. In this way she avoided washing herself, and her feet were very large and horrible.

Well, there was a little boy there named Yak. He was nearly as big as you, but no bigger. He was very ugly for his age, and stronger and cleverer than most. But though he was ugly, Yak was a very sweet child; so sweet, in fact that Whang was very anxious to eat him.

But Yak was not at all an easy child to eat. He would often come down to the border of the River Flo to see the Lady Ogress as she lay in the stream, with her hair damming up the water above her head, her feet very large and horrible, and he would cry, “Whang, Whang! Stick out your tongue!” and she, anxious to please him, that she might get him to dinner for a Friday, would stick out her tongue for three quarters of a mile, more or less; possibly more, but no less.

“Come up to the table lands to dine with me, Yak,” implored the Lady Ogress. “Come any day; come Friday.”

“I’ll not come on a Friday, but I’ll come on a Monday. What do you have for dinner on Mondays?” said Yak.

“Harlequin ices, so cold, so cold; also creamed snow-flakes,” said Whang.

On Monday, then, and it was a merry Monday at that, with all manner of little yellow birds singing in a skyful of sun, up went Yak into the Hard Mountains to dine with Whang. The Lady Ogress froze her ices in a crawling glacier on Mount Terror, and the snapping, stinging cold of the avalanches made her all of a vicious violet, and very villainous of temper. But she was good to Yak, and gay to Yak, and very mild and meek to Yak, that she might get him there for a Friday. Still her feet were very large and horrible.

So they fed and they feasted till they were full; and after they were all through the Lady Ogress smiled and smiled, so strange, so strange, that it was almost impossible. “And how do you like my harlequin ice?” said she.

“It is too cold,” said Yak, although he had hidden all he could n’t eat in his wallet when her back hair was turned.

“Ah, but it is not as cold as *you* are,” said Whang, “for you won’t come on a Friday.”

“I’ll not come on a Friday, but I’ll come on a Tuesday. What do you have on Tuesdays?” said Yak.

“Yam pudding, so hot, so hot; also honeysuckle pie,” said Whang.

So up went Yak into the Hard Mountains on Tuesday to dine with Whang. It was a terrible Tuesday, cold trimmed with icicles and hoar frost, under a gray sky, pied all over



with clouds. It was a great day for sea gulls and Polar bears. The Lady Ogress cooked her meals in a volcano beside Mount Terror, near the glacier, and the heat of the fire made her all of a vicious violet, and very villanous of temper. But she tried to be sweet to Yak, and soft to Yak, and very kind and cordial to Yak, that she might get him there for a Friday. But her feet were very large and horrible.

So they sat down and ate and ate and ate, till all the crows wondered if there would be anything left for them. "And how do you like my yam pudding?" said Whang.

"It is too hot," said Yak; but nevertheless he had put away a good slice of it in his wallet to cool.

"Ah, but it is not so hot as your temper," said Whang, "for you will not come on a Friday."

"I'll not come on a Friday, but I'll come on a Wednesday. What do you have on a Wednesday?" said Yak.

"Pickled whelks, so sour, so sour; also green gooseberries," said Whang.

So Yak went up on Wednesday to see how he liked her Wednesday dinner, he and his wallet with him, swinging at his side; a red wallet, a long wallet, a wallet that looked like the scabbard of an axe.

It was a wild Wednesday, sure enough. It rained all over, it coughed spatters, and it sneezed a drizzling spray, so that the little fishes in the sea congratulated each other and rubbed their noses together. Now the Lady Ogress did most of her pickling and her potting and her preserving over beyond the glacier, around a corner of Mount Terror, a little west of the volcano, in a narrow cañon, through which the storms swept so savagely that the sting of the sleet made her all of a vicious violet, and very villanous of temper. But she thought it best



to dissemble and so she was fine to Yak, and friendly to Yak, and very hospitable and hearty to Yak, that she might get him there for a Friday. But her feet were very large and horrible.

So they devoured so many whelks and green gooseberries, that they have never cared for any more since. And when they were well stuffed the Lady Ogress said, "And how do you like my pickled whelks, Yak?"

"They are too sour," said Yak; but, mind you, they were not so bad but that he had snipped up half a pint to hide in his wallet.

"Ah, but they are not so sour as *you* are, that will not come and dine with me on a Friday," said Whang.

"I'll not come on a Friday, but I'll come on a Thursday," said Yak. "What do you have on Thursdays?"

"Chocolate pasties, so sweet, so sweet; also frosted pistachios," said Whang.

So Yak went up into the dinner table lands in the Hard Mountains again. It was a thundering Thursday, that Thursday, dry as an old book, and the wind blew at the rate of three hundred miles an hour, more or less; possibly more, but no less. It blew him right up hill, he and all the birds with him. The snakes were the only animals that could crawl south on that day, and this they did, for no reason whatsoever, except to show off. Now Whang sugared her bon-bons on the slope of a snowy hillside, beyond the volcano, just north of the glacier on Mount Terror, handy to the cañon, and the whipping of the hurricane made her all of a vicious violet, and very villanous of temper. But she was very smug to Yak, and smooth to Yak, and very amiable and affectionate to Yak, that she might get him there for a Friday. But her feet were very large and horrible.

They gobbled and gorged at that wonderful dinner, Whang and Yak, till they had eaten almost as much as they did on Wednesday—but not quite. And then the Lady Ogress said, “And how do you like my chocolate pasties?”

“They are too sweet,” said Yak, though he had seven in his wallet, against to-morrow.

“Ah, but they’re not so sweet as *you’ll* be, Yak, if you’ll only come on a Friday, Yak; look at this, Yak.” And Whang stuck out her tongue three quarters of a mile; possibly more, but no less, and smiled painfully.

This pleased Yak, and he said, “Well, I’ll come on a Friday. What do you have on Fridays?” He knew well that on Fridays the Lady Ogress dined on fried babies on toast, but he had an idea.

“If you’ll promise to come,” said Whang, “I’ll have something that is both cold and hot, and both sour and sweet.”

“All right, then,” said Yak, “I’ll come on a Friday.”

It was a fair Friday, full of sunshine and clouds in the proper proportion, when Yak went up into the Hard Mountains again. It did not blow, and it did not rain, and all manner of little animals were out of doors enjoying themselves. The worms and the moles and the gophers and prairie dogs came up out of the ground to see Yak as he passed by. The foolish fishes stuck their heads out of the water and yelled “Hurrah!” The birds circled around him as he went on, and they wondered at his courage and ugliness.

The Lady Ogress was busy with a huge frying pan by the side of a big precipice, a million miles high more or less; possibly more, but no less.

“Hello!” said Whang, and “Hello!” said Yak. Then they sat down.

“What are you going to have for dinner to-day?” said Yak.

“I’ve told you already, something that’s hot and cold, and sour and sweet,” said Whang, “but if you’ll guess, you may have my share.”

“Well, I’ve brought *that* for my own dinner in my red, long wallet, my wallet like the scabbard of an axe,” Yak said, “and if you can guess what it is, you may have *my* share.”

“In your wallet?” cried the Lady Ogress. “If it’s in your wallet, then I can’t guess *what* it is.”

“Then it’s all mine,” said Yak, and he emptied out his wallet, his red wallet, his long wallet, his wallet like the scabbard of an axe, and began to eat. “Here’s some harlequin ice; and that’s cold.” So he ate that. “Here’s some yam pudding; and that’s hot.” So he ate that. “Here’s some pickled whelks; and they’re sour.” So he ate those. “And here’s some chocolate paste; and that’s sweet!” So he ate that.

“Well, that’s awfully clever, I must say,” said Whang; “but now let’s see you guess what *I* am going to have for dinner this Friday.”

“Oh, you were going to eat me, for I am hot, and I am cold, and I am sour, and I am sweet, since I came on a Friday. Is that right?”

“Yes,” said the Lady Ogress.

“Then I have won your share, and you may n’t eat me,” said Yak.

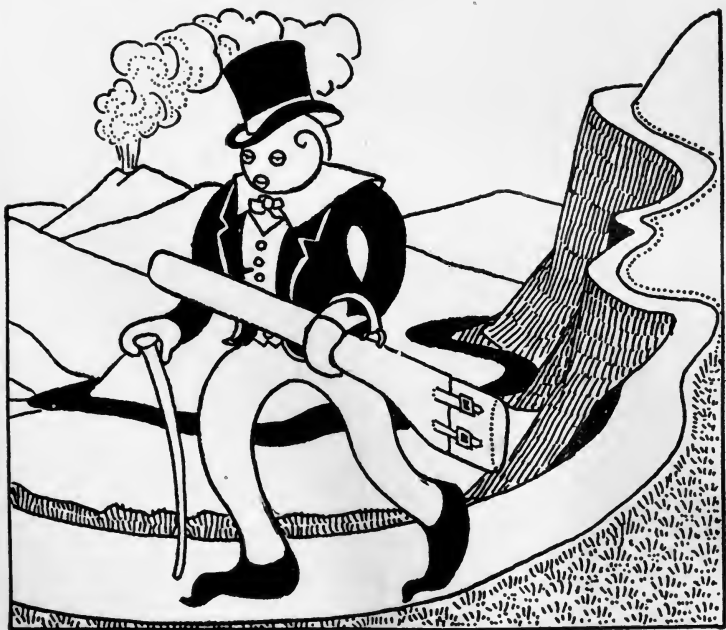
“But I am always very, very hungry on a Friday, and I must eat *something*,” said Whang.

“Eat yourself,” said Yak.

“I will,” said the mortified Ogress, and she began sadly to eat herself up, beginning with the toes of her feet which were very large and horrible.

When she was completely devoured Yak got up and pushed her over the edge of the big precipice.

Then Yak left the edge of the big precipice, walked along the slope of the snowy hillside through the narrow cañon below the volcano of Mount Terror, crossed the crawling glacier bearing his red wallet, his long wallet, his wallet like the scabbard of an axe till he got home. The next day was Saturday — a serene and satisfactory Saturday for Yak indeed. Yes, indeed!



LITTLE TOTSY'S TRAGEDY: a Grim,
Pessimistic, Morbid Sort of Whim.

THE little Totsy Toddledrop was but three years old when her widowed mother died, leaving her to the mercies of the bitter world. Though her father had been an accomplished Gonoff, vice, intemperance, or sin had left no mark upon the youthful face of the tiny Totsy, for she was as innocent as a new-laid egg and unskilled in infamy. In spite of her years and hardships Totsy's life had been horribly sweet and pure, and great men, stooping to kiss this little waif of the streets, burst into tears at her youth, her beauty, and her sad tale of misfortunes, called her "angel" — and passed on.

But Totsy could not live on kisses of indulgent old gentlemen; her three years had taught her that they were indigestible and innutritious; they were sweet and hearty, but they did not sustain. And little Totsy grew more frail upon these delicacies, longing for death.

It was many, many weeks since she had tasted food, when, one day, while sitting upon the steps of the police station, Totsy saw a man brought in, held by two, three, four, five policemen. He struggled fiercely in their embraces, and talked a wild language — polysyllabic, guttural — so strange that the little child could not understand its import.

"Ah, he is hungry, too!" thought the little Totsy, as she placed a wan, thin hand upon her little empty tummy. And her eyes filled.

Timidly she followed the hullabaloo as it swept up to the magistrate's desk. With eyes of wonder she heard the case

discussed, but when the sentence was given — two months in the workhouse — she broke down and wept uncomfortably.

“Two months!” she cried to the officer by the door, “and do they eat there — at the workhouse?”

“Well, I guess yes,” said the copper.

But little Totsy Toddledrop had fainted.

When she came to, with a pronounced brunette taste of whiskey in her mouth (and, indeed, as far down as her little worn belt), she staggered up to the judge.

“Oh, Mister Man,” she wailed, “send me, too, to the workhouse!”

“But you have committed no crime,” cried the magistrate.

“A crime?”

What is that which it is, which it is what?” appealed the child, whose great-great-grandfather had been a St. Louis Frenchman. So she, too, had eight and one half per cent of Creole blood.

“Go, little girl, and commit a felony.”

“But I am so weak, so weak!” cried the miserable baby, “might not a misdemeanour suffice?”

“Well, we’ll see, we’ll see,” said the old man, indulgently. “Now run away and try to be bad.”



“Oh, sir, you are so kind to me,” wept the dainty child; “may I not call you papa? It will not cost you a cent,” she added.

The magistrate, remembering his six little daughters at home, and that he had promised to buy them theatre tickets for that night, left hurriedly.



“What it is?” cried Totsy, very wildly. “What it is—which is crime? Oh, I am too young for murder!”

But the little Totsy would try; she would be brave and at least attempt to slaughter a man, for homicide was all she knew of crime.

A man and a woman passed. Which should she try?

She decided on the man. Men had always been kind to her, and he would be kind now. Women had always told her that her face was dirty.

She boldly attacked the man.

But what could a young child (only three years of age and unused to mayhem of any kind), do to a stock-broker, trained in the wheat pit?

She swung her tiny fist against his knee-cap, but she never touched him. With her little feeble jaw she bit him in the leg.

He did not even notice it.

“My God!” she cried aloud.

The man, who was a good man, stopped.

“Excuse me, sir,” said the Totsy, “but have you a pocket knife?”

“Yes, my child,” replied the gentleman; “why do you ask?”

By this time the infant was weeping again. She always wept in an emergency. She was very young, but she had learned that much.

“Boo hoo!” she cried. “Oh, Mister, for the love of dinner, let me murder you. It is my only hope,” she added, thinking he was about to give in.

But the man only laughed and passed on. “Certainly not,” he whispered.

“Not to oblige a lady?” implored Totsy.

“No, madam!” he said, rudely. “It is absurd.”

Little Totsy crept forlornly back to the police station. The magistrate had returned to borrow a cigar.

“What hope is there for such as I? No one will let me murder him or her!” and again she turned on the battery of her tears.

“Try again, said the officer, kindly; “there is always burglary.”

“Oh, indeed, I can learn to burgle — I will try so hard,” said the little one. She went home and hunted the sidewalks for some chance gumdrop to sustain life till she should have sinned. Her search was at last rewarded, and she lived for ten days upon the morsel, till at last it dissolved, and sank mucilaginously past her epiglottis.

Meanwhile she had borrowed a jimmy from a young gentleman friend, proceeded up Madison Avenue and selected a fit theatre for her little act.

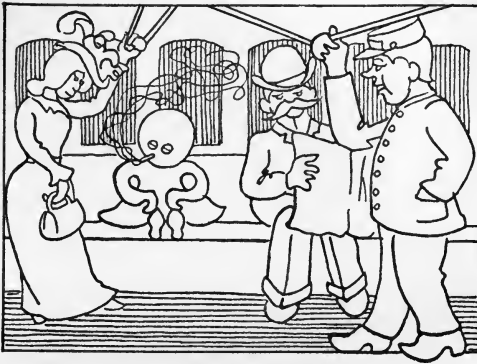
She stopped at No. XXVY and rang the bell. It was now about 3.23 A.M. It was dark, but not too dark.

It was the beautiful but exclusive Mrs. de Goldbrick van

Pastenbury that protruded her yellow head from a third story window and cried down to Totsy what did she want?

“Please let me in, for I have come to burgle your house,” pleaded the little innocent orphan, who in her childish heart thought she was carrying out her part with immense verve and consummate tact.

The lady seemed much touched. But she only smiled, threw a kiss to the child, drew down the window sash and resumed her toilet.



Little Totsy beat against the front door with her jimmy. Her efforts dented the varnish, but were otherwise inadequate. Had she only thought to attack the plate glass, she would by now have been a little sister of the workhouse. So near success lies to failure.

But it never occurred to her.

Why narrate her further attempts at infamy? Try as she might, she could not be felonious. Her innocent face betrayed her every time she tried to appear depraved. Paying tellers only laughed at her when she asked them to cash forged checks. She tried her Lilliputian hand at arson, but without avail, for her matches would go out. She was too little for shop-lifting.

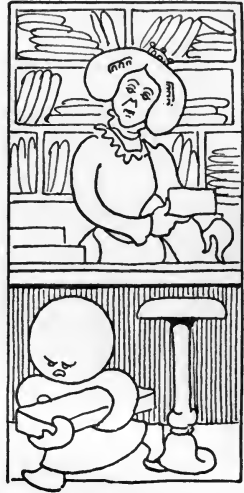
Step by step she fell to lower levels of vice and did not recoil at even an ordinary misdemeanour. She rode her little bicycle at night without a light and the policemen only geyed her. Was the whole world against her?

She smoked cigarettes in the elevated trains and horny-handed, leathern-lunged guards went forward and back, met one another and nudged elbows and said: "How cunning! So like my *darling* little one at home!"

She refused to pay her fare upon the cable cars, and was allowed to ride upon the front platform. She learned to swear in dialect, but it was no use.

The rest was too awful!

One day the end came! Totsy was desperate. Two months without food had driven her to virtue. No little girl, though she be a fiend in human shape, can long withstand the temptations of hunger, cold, and misery. A beautiful shop-lady came to her one day and painted to little Totsy the seductions of a life as a cash girl in a department store, and in despair of ever attaining the blessed shelter of the workhouse, Totsy accepted a position at one dollar-a-week at Wandermere's, where, clad in black cambric and brass side-combs, and with a pencil stuck in her hair, she may now be found at the scented soap department, third aisle to the right.



Let us not judge little Totsy too harshly. Though she is shunned and despised by petty larcenists and criminals, as well as by the most exclusive crooks in the profession, may it not be that in spite of the virtuous life with which she is surrounded, there may be still some small spark of vice slumbering in her little rosy soul that may some time wake and make her interesting, if not famous?

THE UNIT OF PLEASURE: Describing the
Quest
Philosophy made, to Investigate Zest.

THERE was once a scientist, a learned but unwise old pedant, who had a passion for original investigation. Being, however, a student of these latter days, he cursed his predecessors for having left him so little to discover, till one day, looking out upon the world through his concave lenses, he noticed that there was, after all, one thing still lacking in the domain of psychology. In his review of the phenomena of emotion, ranging from anguish on the one hand to beatitude on the other, the fact came home to him that there was no standard of sensation by which any given experience might be measured.

Here, then, was the opportunity of his life — to determine a “Unit of Pleasure” in terms of which all sensation could be quantitatively described; not only pleasant emotions, but pain as well, since pain is but the negative aspect of the same quality. It would facilitate exact thought, he reflected, to adopt some such gauge, by means of which, for instance, a father, questioning his daughter’s enjoyment of her first ball, might kindle with pride to find that his *débutante* had experienced fully thirty-seven units of pleasure; or the mother, bending over her ailing son, might hear with relieved anxiety that his suffering did not exceed—18·735.

To this task, then, the old scientist bent his efforts, and as his own passions had long since grown wan and colourless, he ventured from his laboratory to seek data outside.

Now the first person he met was a small boy, who was

gazing in at the windows of a confectioner's shop. The old man, after a somewhat prolix explanation, succeeded in bringing the scheme of his analysis within the sphere of the lad's comprehension and pressed him for a suggestion for the proposed Unit of Pleasure.

The boy, who had not removed his eyes from the shop-window, said at last:—

“It seems to me that I should adopt as a unit one spoonful of ice-cream.”

“Very good,” replied the scientist. “Suppose we investigate, then, along the lines of that assumption. Now, according to your standard, what would be the approximate amount of pleasure to you in going fishing to-day?”

The boy thought a little longer, and then said, “Well, if I were sure of having plenty of bites, I think it would be worth about twenty-seven units of pleasure.”

“You are a good child,” pleasantly remarked the indulgent old man, “and so, in return for your valuable assistance, I will give you your choice of either twenty-eight spoonfuls of ice-cream, or a half-holiday in which to fish with the beautiful rod and line in that window.”



The boy, consistently with his first estimate, chose the ice-cream, and the two went into the shop. After the delicacy had been consumed, and while the boy was licking his plate and the corners of his mouth, the old man took out his notebook and remarked :

“Let me be sure of my data, my son, before I leave you.



Let me see: I believe that, adopting one spoonful of ice-cream as a unit, the pleasure in going fishing is equivalent to twenty-seven units.”

“I expect, perhaps, it’s a good deal more than that, after all,” said the boy.

“But you said you preferred twenty-eight spoonfuls of ice-cream to going fishing!” the old man cried, raising his voice.

“But I don’t *want* no more ice-cream!” said the boy. “I’ve had enough,” and, seeing there was little more to be gained from the interview, he was off, whistling through his teeth.

“I certainly cannot adopt as a unit a pleasure which diminishes in value through indulgence,” said the old man to the confectioner, who had been an amused spectator of the experiment, and he went up the street.

The next person he met was a true-lover, full of the fire of

poetical sentiment and burning with the professional emotions of his trade. This youth listened as patiently as lovers used to the vagaries of the ancient, and when the presentment of the theory was accomplished, he spoke up gallantly, and said :

“The kiss is your true unit of pleasure !” and he seemed not to care who might hear ; “a kiss from one’s true-love is the supreme pleasure !”

“It is not the maximum that I am trying to determine,” interrupted the scientist with irritation, “yet we may let that go, as a lover’s trope. But tell me—for I know little of sweethearting—have you by chance ever kissed your mistress as many as twelve times ?”

The stripling burst into laughter at this absurdity, and when he was calmer he cried : “By *chance*—marry, no ! But twelve times twelve kisses have I had this day, nor half enough not yet, either !”

“Well, well, well !” the old man ejaculated. “But tell me, how did the pleasure in the one hundred and forty-fourth kiss compare with that of the first ? Was it more, or less ?”

“It was *more*—far, far more !” the young man cried—for, as I said, he was a true-lover—“and the more I kiss my sweetheart the more I long to kiss again !”

This sort of constancy, however, was lost on the scientist. “I fear I must adopt a different unit, since yours is a variable, increasing when multiplied !” and he went back to his laboratory in disgust at his investigations.

For a while he gave up all hope of establishing a constant unit of pleasure, till one day a singer, having heard of his distress, came to him and suggested that the amount of pleasure given by hearing some certain song might well be employed for the old man’s purpose.

The scientist knew nothing whatever of music, but the idea caught his fancy, and the two spent an afternoon very pleasantly together, discussing various ballads, which the singer rendered in a marvellously agreeable tenor voice. The scientist, however, was surprised and disappointed to discover that not even the pleasure in any one song was a constant



quantity; for, while some pleased him at first — only to grow paltry and commonplace upon repetition — there were others that sounded incomprehensible at the first hearing, but these the tenor usually insisted upon re-singing until the old man discovered in them more and more beautiful nuances and harmonies, so subtle and pleading as to call ever more clearly to his soul.

Yet, plainly, a form of pleasure which varied between such wide limits could not be inserted as a constant in any equation of joy.

And so, since all subsequent trials but afforded cases analogous to those of the boy, the lover and the singer, according as the physical, the spiritual, or the mental nature of the witness was dominant, the old scientist gave up the quest, and published a brochure upon the thesis that all pleasure was a function of temperament, as modified by appetite, and, calm in the satisfaction of this discovery, of which the whole world

had long been conversant, he lived his days until the last great sensation came to him.

As he lay upon his death-bed, surrounded by the Fellows of the Philosophical Society, one, sitting by him, said sadly :—

“The Professor’s feet are already cold ; he is dying !”

At these words a heavenly radiance illumined the old man’s face, and he attempted to speak : “I have it, at last !” he cried ; “the true unit, the only constant unit of pleasure, is *Death !*” And he passed away, with a smile on his lips.

“His end is a triumph and a justification of his theory,” said the President of the Philosophical Society, as he composed the features of the corpse. “Yet, how useless is this discovery to Science ! If Death is the one constant unalterable sensation, whether positive or negative, it must be infinitely great — and mathematics does not permit the use of infinity as a unit !”



A FABLE FOR MUSICIANS: Read it,
And if you See the Moral, Heed it!

JOHAN COUNTERPOINT was mad. It is no new thing for a musician to be accounted insane by his friends (and by other musicians), but the symptoms of the alienation of John Counterpoint's mind were various and interesting. The madness of your ordinary musician is not so, consisting mainly in a rise of inner pride and a fall of outer scorn.

John had filled every post in the orchestra. He had lungs for the trombone, nerves for the violin, lips for the flute, and muscles for the drums, as well as that nice adjustment of the mind which is absolutely necessary for the rendering of the subtle triangle. He was, in short, all things to all instruments. His soul was poised, yet rhythmic, and he copied scores with neatness and accuracy.

It was the surprising technical proficiency that he possessed which finally unhinged John Counterpoint's mind. Music came to mean to him mathematics rather than philosophy, and a discord offended him as the square root of a minus quantity offends an algebraist. Truly there are surds in music, as there are affected quadratics in harmony. John's dream was to square the musical circle; to reduce the whole world to its greatest common multiple, as one might say, speaking mathematico-musically; to orchestrate the universe.

Musicians agreed with him that the world's voices were badly correlated and the ensemble was musically poor. They did not think of the possibility of there being a higher mathematics of music, a musical calculus, a non-Wagnerian har-

mony, to which they had not yet grown, which might explain the thunder-storm motif and distinguish its permutation in the yapping of a dachshund. But musicians, as a rule, have forsworn thinking; it is theirs to *feel*.

And so when John Counterpoint would grow white with terror if two men coughed in non-related keys, his fellows smiled, and said, "Poor old John, how he must suffer in this noisy world!" But they were partly wrong, for John was no fool, though he was a musician; he was only mad. His mind had soared far above the petty distractions that agitate the third-rate artist. He chafed no more at solo performances; it was with him a question of harmony, not melody. The popular song—*pouff!* John's philosophic ear overheard all its obvious phrases, all its crude sequences, all its inevitable intervals; he idealized it, reset it in some abstruse key of his mind, and heard it glorified, a type of what might be. No sound was to him a mere noise, but an element. Upon his musical palette he could mix the crude colours of vibration and extort pleasure from the squeak of a rusty hinge. He was mad. If a barrel organ was not actually out of tune he could not only endure, but encourage it. He could enjoy one bagpipe, but not two.

John's idea was first to create a musical nucleus in his own home, and then expand the circumference of harmony, proselytize and legislate, until the whole country beat in time to his mad theories. Like many musicians, the centre of his home was the dining-room. John's house was old, and in the dining-room floor were seven squeaky planks, over which the butler carried in, every day, John's dinner.

The old man—for John was now old and rich, very rich for a musician—always waited in an agony for this moment,

dreading to hear the badly composed series of squeaks that the butler's footsteps would make as he walked. Every day, after dinner, John got down on his hands and knees and played upon the planks as if they were the keys of some stupendous organ. In fact, John, recognizing that his floor was some strange new musical instrument that he must learn to



play, called it a stupend; hence "stupendous."

One day the butler entered as usual, staggering under the burden of a huge joint, and as he tottered to the table, John heard the divine intervals of the Wagnerian Wotan motif, as if the Wanderer had entered, plunging downward with his spear. The butler, startled by a cat that had entered, had looked round, taking a pair of eighth

and one quarter steps before proceeding.

The servant was instructed and practised, and was never allowed to enter the room in any other way, John conducting the motif with a fork. This was the beginning.

From this the harmony spread. John was awakened one morning by the sound of hammers. Carpenters had begun to build a shed in the yard, and nails were entering the boards with cacophonous percussion. In an instant old Counterpoint was outside in his night-shirt, leading the men with his

conductor's baton. By careful training he succeeded in arranging their work so that the notes of the nails at each stroke composed with the vibrations of other nails, and all day the chorus of harmony floated from the shed, tinkling like a beautiful shower. Shed after shed was thus built to satisfy John Counterpoint's craving for new musical harmonies.

All his doors were next rehung, tuned, adjusted, so that the progress from room to room was registered by a succession of augmented ninths as one after another slammed. The servants were directed to slam the doors. They would have slammed them, anyway.



It was the Counterpoint front fence that was John's greatest trial. Boys passed and repassed, and never by any chance did one forget to drag a stick across the pickets. John's madness had so far confined itself to internal reform. It was time to commence extraterritorial proceedings.

Day after day he sat upon his veranda, writhing at the harsh rattle of sticks against his palings. He made, however, no attempt to reform the boys; it was the pickets that gave offence. He hoped, in time, so to adjust the world that, were

it peopled entirely with small boys, all sounds would yet be musical and well composed.

At last John had an inspiration. He would make the fence a xylophone and arrange the pickets so that when a small boy's stick was drawn across them it would rattle out a pleasant melody. This was easily accomplished, and often of a sunny afternoon John Counterpoint might be seen seated upon



his veranda waiting for the next performer. His xylophonic palings became famous for leagues about. They were set for a little air from Mozart's "Serenade," so cunningly devised that even when played

backward the tune was not unpleasant.

But by this time John's madness had become more violent. He began to have wilder fancies. He could not see a man with three days' growth of beard upon his cheeks without being reminded of the prickly cylinder of a music-box, and he would lose himself in thought, speculating upon what tune the bristles would produce if the man's head were revolved across the teeth of a musical comb. He tried to experiment upon the butler, who objected, and gave notice.

The telegraph wires about the house next aroused John's interest, and he planned to adjust them so they would act as Æolian harps. From this he was diverted by the howling of

his terrier, and he established a kennel of dogs and tried to train them to bark in minor chords. His roosters were carefully selected so as to crow in harmony. He had the middle tines of his table forks removed, and all his cutlery was retuned. His mind was by this time easily distracted, and his ideas jumped continually from B-sharp to C-natural. It was only a question of days when something would achieve the final catastrophe and his mind would go to pieces in an orchestral crash. One cannot continue a crescendo indefinitely.

The end came soon. The climax of John's insanity arrived. He married.

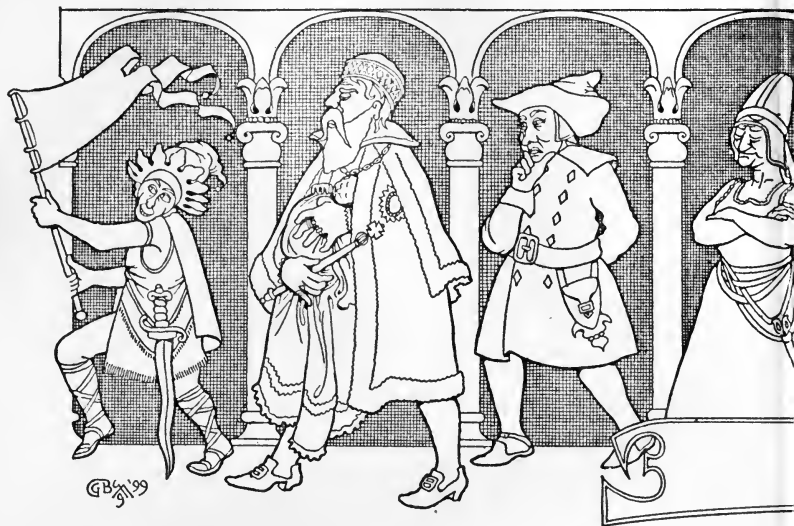
Mrs. Counterpoint, too, was a musician. It is this in-and-in breeding that has produced so many cranks. One night Mary G. Counterpoint awoke with a staccato shriek.

"John," she cried, weeping, "you snore in G! I always snore in G-sharp. Our honeymoon has been a mere discord!"

The end had come. The next morning John Counterpoint awoke perfectly sane. But his wife was crazy. She had begun to be affected by the cacophony of nature.

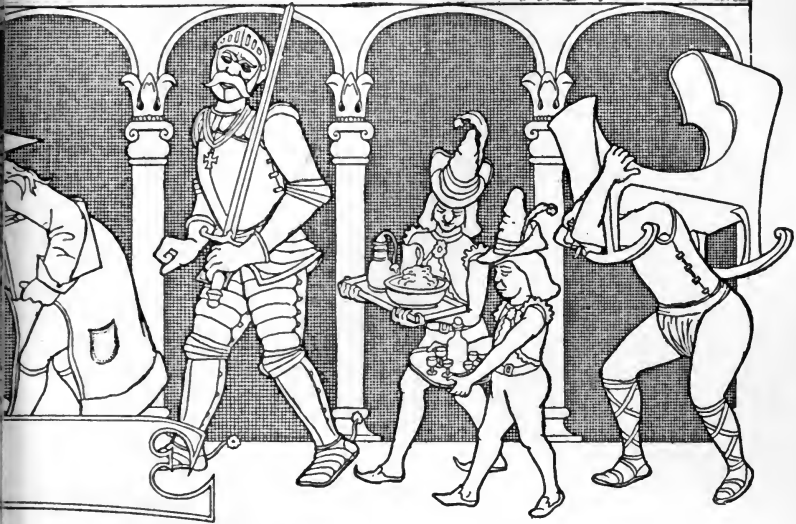


THE KISSES OF THE PRINCESS PITTIPUMS:
The Application Doubtless you'll Discover.



ONCE upon a time, when the world was well sprinkled with pretty Princesses, as the story books tell, and all alike too, according to their accounts, only far more insipid, being invariably pronounced blondes without brains — there was a King who had everything he wished excepting a large family. After wearying the gods with his supplications for many years, however, his prayers were at last granted, and after a decent season he was presented by his Queen with an heir to the throne. This daughter, for it was unfortunately a girl, was she who afterwards became known as the beautiful but exceedingly dangerous Princess Pittipums.

To Wit: that even Fate Herself Succumbs
To Impudence and Ardour in a Lover.

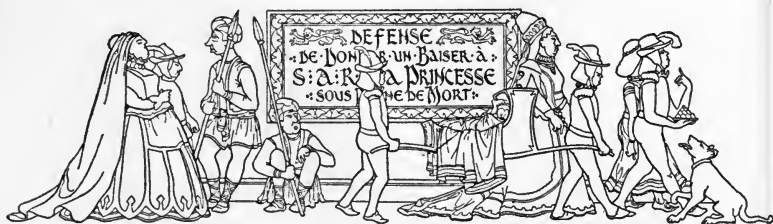


Her lot, as foretold by the Faculty of Royal Soothsayers, Astrologers, and Magicians convened upon the night of her birth, was a singularly unfortunate one. According to their predictions she would never in the whole course of her life receive more than six kisses; and moreover, as if this were not bad enough luck, it was prophesied that every alternate person who kissed her would immediately die upon accomplishing the embrace.

When the King was warned of his daughter's bizarre career, he remarked to his Master of the Horse, that although this enforced prudery would no doubt take a load of responsi-

bility from his shoulders, yet he was sorry for the Princess, who was likely to have a rather stupid time of it for a while; for, though six kisses might be considered a superfluity for a modern maid in these supercivilized days, it was accounted but scant measure in the olden time when there were more good-looking men about and those not afraid of committing themselves, either.

It was necessary, however, to defend the safety of his Court, as well as to prevent any of the precious caresses being



wasted; and the King, therefore, caused a proclamation to be issued, forbidding any one upon pain of death to kiss the Princess. *Affiches* were accordingly placarded upon all the walls of the Palace announcing the inhibition.

Unfortunately this notice was published too late. Before the paste was dry on the posters, the Princess Pittipums had been kissed.

It was the Head Nurse's sister who had ravished the first sixth of the Princess's little fortune. Having recently lost her own child, she was waiting in a chamber adjoining the Royal Nursery when the Head Nurse brought in the new-born babe. Now, even puppies of one litter are distinguishable one from the other by spots and colours, but one might lay a dozen babies in a row and be unable to tell them apart. This infant

was *so* like the little child who had died a week ago! It was so small, so pink! It, too, weighed just an hundred ounces! The bereaved mother could not restrain herself as her maternal affection welled up; she caught the wee bundle of Royalty, all silk and lace, from her sister's arms, fondled the mite and pressed the tiny lips of the Princess to her own.

Thus was taken the First Kiss of the Princess.

Now, though indulgent Nature might forgive her for that agonized embrace, the King was not likely to pardon what had been so expressly prohibited. The Head Nurse, therefore, said nothing about the occur-



rence, and after a few necessary preliminaries, escorted the child to her distinguished but impatient sire.

The King, though somewhat surprised at the size, shape, colour, and general appearance of his offspring, considered the Queen's effort, upon the whole, creditable; and he could hardly resist the desire to take from the little Pittipums her first kiss. Reflecting, however, upon the need of strict economy in the disposal of the favours of the princess, he subdued his royal impulse, and bore the child with pompous pride to his spouse.

The Queen was not doing quite so well as might be expected. She was, in fact, desperately ill. But the joyful sight of the infant aroused her, and she made a sign that her daughter should be held to her, that she might implant a kiss upon the little lips. For a moment the King again hesitated, but thinking that, after all, the child must be kissed *some* time if she were



ever to collect the few caresses that were her meagre birthright, and that the Queen undoubtedly had the best right to the first, he stooped and held the child towards its mother. The Queen caressed her daughter with tenderness, and then, as she had taken the second and not the first kiss, immediately expired in great agony..

The King was immensely angry, not to say shocked. He caused everybody's head to be cut off for miles around. As if *that* would do any good! With this terrible vengeance as a warning to the more affectionate members of his Court, and with two kisses now debited to the Princess's affection account, Pittipums was brought up with rigorous care to prevent further losses to her unique dower. There must be no leakage. A royal Censor was appointed to expurgate the very word "kiss" from her nursery books and magazines, and the most horrible punishment was promised any one daring

to instruct her in the nature of osculation or amatory embrace of any kind.

From time to time vague rumours reached the ears of the Princess as to some peculiar curse that had been laid upon her, but for a long while she was ignorant of the precise nature of her misfortune. She felt, at most, nothing keener than a gentle melancholy or loneliness. Life was, she thought, very stupid; she hardly knew why. She knew that she was not like other girls, but she fancied it was because she was a Princess; though, as I said, there were Princesses enough in those exciting days.

When Pittipums reached the interesting age of seventeen years, the King, who now felt the shadow of death falling upon him, sent for his daughter, and she came obediently to his presence. As she knelt by his side, he told her plainly the true story of her life, and the terrible doom that was hers. But now, as he felt the time was near at hand when he must be gathered to his fathers, he begged of her, as a dying request, that she should give him her third kiss, that he might not go down to the grave without ever having embraced his only child.

When the Princess realized the full extent of her poverty, she burst into tears and refused to be comforted. She turned her head away from her father in great distress of mind, without offering him the salute he had requested. It was evident that she was the victim of mixed emotions.

“Oh, Sire!” she cried at last, “bitter is my lot, and hard my fate, that I may not grant you even the single kiss that is your paternal due! Would to God I had known the condition of my misery ere this; for now I dare not embrace you as my filial love prompts me. I must confess, now, that a

twelvemonth ago, during the visit of the young Prince Ardent to your Court, he discovered me one day alone in the Green Chamber, where I was reading in an old book. There was such a queer word there! and this I showed the Prince that he might make known to me its meaning. It was then he exemplified the nature of the kiss, and to me it seemed



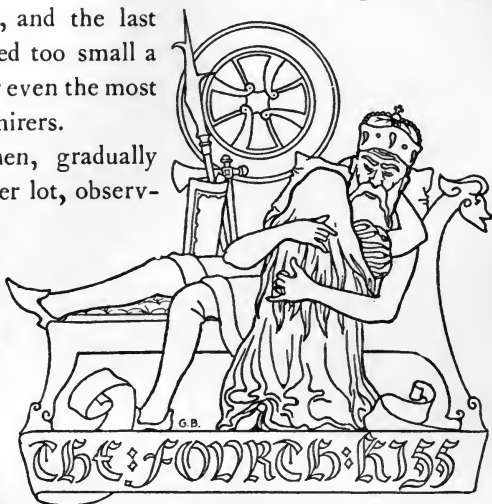
very pleasing. And I marvelled that, this being so, he would not explain the mystery again, but he refused. Alas, now I comprehend, too late, that the Prince had heard of the ancient prophecy and was a craven! And so, that being my third kiss, I may not give you the fourth lest you die, and therefore my woe is great because of my innocent indiscretion!”

But, as the King's feet were already cold, and he began to feel the pangs of approaching dissolution, it mattered little to him whether he died at the lips of the Princess or by reason of his malady. So he pressed her to his breast, drank the patricidal kiss and died in her arms out of hand.

Pittipums was now crowned Queen and reigned in her father's stead, well filling his throne and supporting the glory of the State. She was admired and beloved by all her subjects, although she was somewhat feared by some of the more susceptible nobles of the realm, seeing that she was exceeding

fair and charming, and they knew not when the exigencies of State might require them to be closeted with her alone, in which case the risk of death would be very great. As the tale of her fatal kisses spread abroad, fewer and fewer of the surrounding Princes came to sue for her hand; for though she reigned in her own right over a large and rich Kingdom, a *dot* of only two kisses, and the last fatal at that, seemed too small a marriage portion for even the most amorous of her admirers.

She became, then, gradually more resigned to her lot, observing the mean quality of knighthood then errant, and, in order to amuse herself without ceremony in the intervals between the cares of her position, she took



to wandering abroad in the streets of her capital, incognito, disguised as a Sister of Charity. It was during one of these excursions that she met one morning in a little by-street a child who had fallen and was crying alone by the corner of the wall. The Queen approached the boy, and, taking him in her arms, comforted his misery and dried his tears. When he had ceased sobbing, the child, grateful for this strange beautiful lady's sympathy, put his small arms about her neck, and, before she could hinder him, pressed a kiss upon her lips.

Thus was taken the Fifth Kiss of Queen Pittipums.

The Queen had now but one kiss left, and it seemed likely that it might be hard to collect this remaining portion of her fortune. She resolved to put it to the test, nevertheless, and considering that, in a way, she had been cheated out of the most of her rightful delights, she was determined that this kiss,



at least, should be neither thrown away, stolen, nor sacrificed to the obligation of duty. She would gain a kiss worth having. So she let it be proclaimed by heralds that, on a certain day, she would assemble the suitors for her hand and select her consort, and that considerations neither of birth, breeding, culture, wealth, health, beauty, or wisdom should hinder

her from marrying the husband of her choice.

At the appointed time there gathered in the great hall of the Palace an immense crowd, men of all cut, costume, and condition. There were princes and dukes, knights of royal Orders and gentlemen of all degree, merchants from over seas, tinkers, tailors, and ambitious tradesmen with their apprentices apparelled in their poor best, meagre-minded serving-men, and a half an hundred scullions, swineherds, and what-not, who had never even seen the inside of a castle before.

Before this motley retinue the Queen appeared in her royal

robes and full regalia, wearing a bridal wreath with orange blossoms in her hair, and, standing upon the dais she said : —

“ My lords and gentlemen all, I bid you welcome ! I am, as you see, clad for my wedding, and so soon as the groom shall have been chosen, the ceremony shall immediately be performed. As I am anxious to lose no time withal, I shall announce forthwith the conditions which my future husband and sharer of my throne must fulfil. You are doubtless all already aware of my luckless lot, but I will repeat that, at my birth, it was predicted that I should never in my life receive but six kisses, and that every alternate person who kissed me would immediately perish. Already my royal mother, the giver of the second, and the late King, my father, who took the fourth kiss, have expired to pay the forfeit demanded by Fate and attest the truth of the prophecy. Last month a little child of the city robbed me innocently of my fifth caress, and only one, therefore, remains. Whoever kisses next must surely die ! Yet, as I would not marry one who does not truly love me, and as any one who is really in love would willingly give his life for even one kiss from his mistress, I now declare that I will espouse him amongst you, and him only, who dares prove his devotion by claiming the sixth kiss, willingly and joyfully giving up his life for the rapture of embracing his Queen. If there be such a man, and such a lover amongst you, let him now stand forth and claim this sweet and deadly favour ! ”

There was a murmur from the crowd of suitors, and, after some suppressed discussion, a general movement towards the door. There were other ladies, it seemed, who, though they offered a less distinguished fortune to their accepted husbands, yet allowed more leisure in which might be dissipated the

treasures that they *could* give. So thinking, the gathering dispersed, leaving a single wooer alone in the hall with the Queen.

This was a youth of low birth and meanly clad, a swineherd in sooth, but with a debonair bearing withal, that testified to his assurance. On his lip was a slip of a mustache which he curled vainly; on his lip too, was a smile such as many a man has had his face slapped for, though indeed, it well became his boldness. He closed the door with a mocking formality upon the heels of the last departing recreant; then he smiled impertinently, advanced with a cavalier swagger, his elbows thrust out, and, stooping, saluted the Queen's hand; for, in those days it was well understood as a rule of the game that such courtesies did not count as kisses.

“Your Majesty, let the nupitals be announced!” he said, with impudent nonchalance.

“I beg your pardon?” said Pittipums.

“Let the nu-pi-tals be announced!” he repeated. “Don't you know what that means?”

“Oh — I see — nuptials,” the Queen said, with a royal smile. And she made a sign, calling a page.

As soon as the stripling had been bathed, perfumed, robed as befitting his new rank, invested with the Order of Knighthood, and raised to the Higher Peerage, a fanfare of trumpets assembled the whole Court in the Chapel, where the marriage ceremony was performed with the full assent of Law and Clergy. Every one marvelled at the sublime ardour and courage of this swineherd, now a Royal Prince Consort. Each observer wondered of his neighbor what kind of bargain behind the closed doors the bridegroom had made with the Queen. Here, however, they did him an injustice, for he was

as bold as a whip, though the heart of Pittipums had begun to misgive her.

So at last, when the two were alone she said to him, “My Lord, though I made the sixth kiss a condition of our marriage in all good faith, and to test your love and devotion, now that I have proved you, and found you a lover none too languid for my desire, my heart relents, and I would not hold you to the ordeal. If you kiss me, you die; if you die, you cannot kiss me; therefore I am like to live kissless whatever happens. I must have a live husband who may not kiss, or a dead one who cannot. What say you, then, Prince, shall we live coldly, or die with fervour?”

Then said he that had been a swineherd to her, with his hand on the hilt of a brand-new sword he was a whit proud of, “Madam, when I bargained for your hand, it was with no thought of paying less than your price; and as for my love, it is not yet proven. I would be a laggard lover if I dared not or cared not die for a kiss from your lips. So the kiss I must have, since it was for that I married you. Now though you know but little of such things, having had but five kisses in all, and these but cool and overchaste, you are no worse for that; and what a kiss should be that will I teach you, who am myself better qualified by experience. So now I choose to kiss you, as any true lover would, not to speak of a husband with which title you have honoured me. But I pray you do not interrupt me with your tears, nor push me away, as young girls sometimes do, at their first donation.”

So saying, and his black eyes said far more at the same time, the youth took her in the fold of his arms, and kissed her long and passionately, so that it seemed to her that she was being drawn up into Heaven on the wings of doves, sur-

rounded by a thousand bright angels floating with her through the upper reaches of the sky. But though for a while she forgot her fears in the excess of love's ecstasy, at last she remembered that this must be the last time she could enjoy such delirious rapture on the lips of her lover and, breaking into sobs, she threw herself from his arms.



For a long time she dared not peep through her fingers, fearing to see the Prince lying dead before her, but when she at last gazed at him, he was standing at her side, grinning audaciously and adjusting his lace collar which had become slightly disarranged during the operation.

“Oh, my Lord,” cried the Queen, “what great joy is this, and by what miracle does it come to

pass that you are not dead at my feet as the soothsayers prophesied? Behold, you have taken the Sixth Kiss and you still live!”

Then her husband tossed half a smile at her as he took her hand, and said, “Pardon me, my Queen, but because of your weeping I was interrupted prematurely, and the kiss is not yet finished. Now you are more calm, I shall continue, and I beseech you to be more careful!”

But, for one reason or another, it so happened that the Sixth Kiss of Queen Pittipums was never satisfactorily completed.

THE POET AND THE PRINCESS: How the
Rest did
Not Find Impossibilities he Quested.

ONCE upon a time, I have her word for it, there lived a Princess, in the northeastern corner of a Newspaper Office, in a little room, all her own. She was the Literary Editor, and her desk was always four stories high with books with uncut pages; the window ledge was tipsy with weekly papers, while all the floor round about her little twirling throne was strewn with reviews and magazines like the chips beside a woodpile.

She was the pride and the pet and the brag and the boast of the Sunday Editor, and because she could furnish ideas and comments and jokes and paragraphs for the editorial page, she could do what she would with the Great White Chief, and she held his Managerial conscience in her left hand.

She was well known to have once praised a book, and to have read at least two, but she usually spent most of her time upon the Tables of Contents. She had never had time to



contribute to the magazines, but she thought she could, if she wished.

She wrote on very wonderful violet note paper with red ink stamped with her royal crest, and her "copy" always went in just as she wrote it, which proves that she was indeed a Princess, as I said.



Many authors courted her praise, and rising young writers promised her fabulous rewards for even a single mention of their names in the columns of the "Evening Sunset," but she was inaccessible. She scorched them with blithering critiques, signing her name in full, Henrietta Northampton Byxbee, as becomes a literary woman of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Nobody dared start in to read a book till H. N. B. said "Go!" and the publishers' advertisements fell off seventy-five per cent.

At this blow to the business office, the Managing Editor came to her with tears in his eyes and told her she must marry him or review a book favourably.

Annoyed at his persistence and the ever-increasing number of Manuscript makers, the Princess declared that she would give a free complimentary notice to the author who should procure for her the three following things:

1. A bottle of ink that would write black and stay black.
2. A pen that would write without scratching and never wear out.
3. A blotter that would absorb ink without smooching.

Had she asked for a philosopher's stone or a perpetual motion machine, she feared her privacy and repose would have been endangered; but as it was, for a whole year she was let alone, and was free from the importunities of the scribblers. At the end of that time boxes began to be brought in by the office boy and before long her desk, window ledge, chairs, tables, bookcases, and seven eighths of the floor space were all covered with packages of pens, inks, and blotting pads, and her whole time was spent in opening cases.



None of the materials filled the conditions, of course, as the articles called for were impossible to manufacture.

But, at last, after many months, a young poet came, like Lochinvar, out of the West, with the manuscript of a little book in his suitcase, and he went up and down amongst the publishers of the town, searching for some one to accept his poems. Everywhere he was received with contumely and thrown down with frightful violence, till at last, one, kinder than the rest, said:—

“If you can succeed in getting the Princess Byxbee to

mention your name in her paper, I will gladly publish your book — but that, of course, is impossible ! ”

The next day Lochinvar spent in bed while his trousers were being mended, and as he lay there he pondered the problem.

Then he went to a stationer's and bought, on credit, a box of cheap steel pens, a five-cent bottle of ink, and had, thrown in, an advertising blotter

of the Something Insurance Company of Somewhere. Assets \$1,000,000,000,000,000.00.

So he went up to the Office of the “ Evening Sunset.”

At the door he was met by a supercilious office boy, who demanded his name, age, residence, complexion, profession, size of collar, and many other things, which he wrote on a card. While he was engaged with these statistics, Lochinvar brushed the imp aside, and strode through the local rooms, past the wondering reporters, the City, Sporting, Humorous, Tele-

graph, and Night editors, aghast at their desks, and entered the room of the Princess, as one on horseback.

Her Royal Highness looked up with a smile ; not for years had she met one so bold and so adequate. “ Where are your credentials ? ” said this pink Princess, and “ Here they are ! ” said Lochinvar.

He opened the phial of writing fluid with a deal of manner. He fitted a nib to her ivory penholder theatrically, and very



carefully and tenderly he laid the blotter beside her violet copy paper stamped with the Royal crest.

“Write what I tell you!” he exploded, striking an attitude.

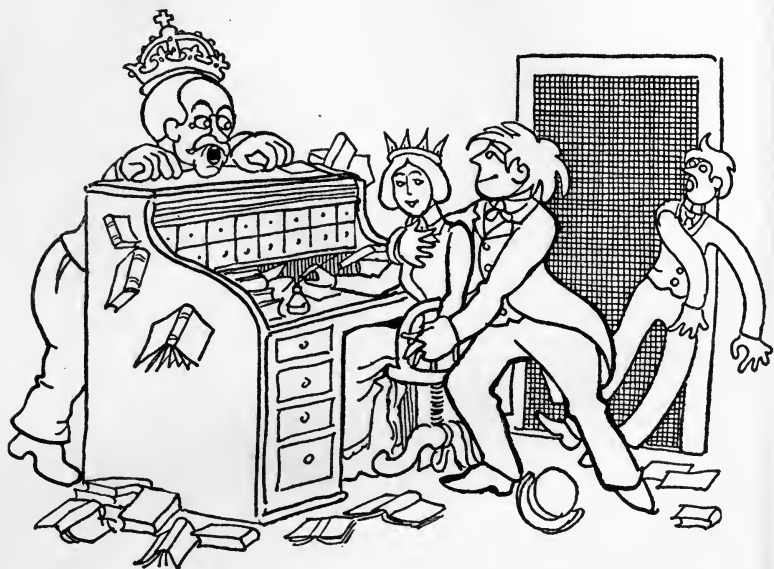
The obedient Princess, absorbed in the poem he dictated, which was, in reality, a proposal of marriage couched in the metres of the most delicious nonsense verse ever conceived, did



not notice that the ink was a pale dirty blue which hardly showed on the surface of her very purple copy paper. And, glancing up, she received full in the eyes a wonderful smile that blinded her to the fearful and hideous spluttering of the cheap steel pen of commerce, and when the four magic lines were written she was so captivated with the precocity of their humour, and so intent in wondering if the poet were going to kiss her or not, that she entirely forgot to use the blotter till the ink was quite dry.

No one had ever made love to her before, without being terribly in earnest about it. This was different. But she did not have long to wonder about the kiss.

The next day Lochinvar's name was mentioned six times in the "Literary Chat" and eighteen times in the little paragraphs on the editorial page of the "Sunset," so that every Jack

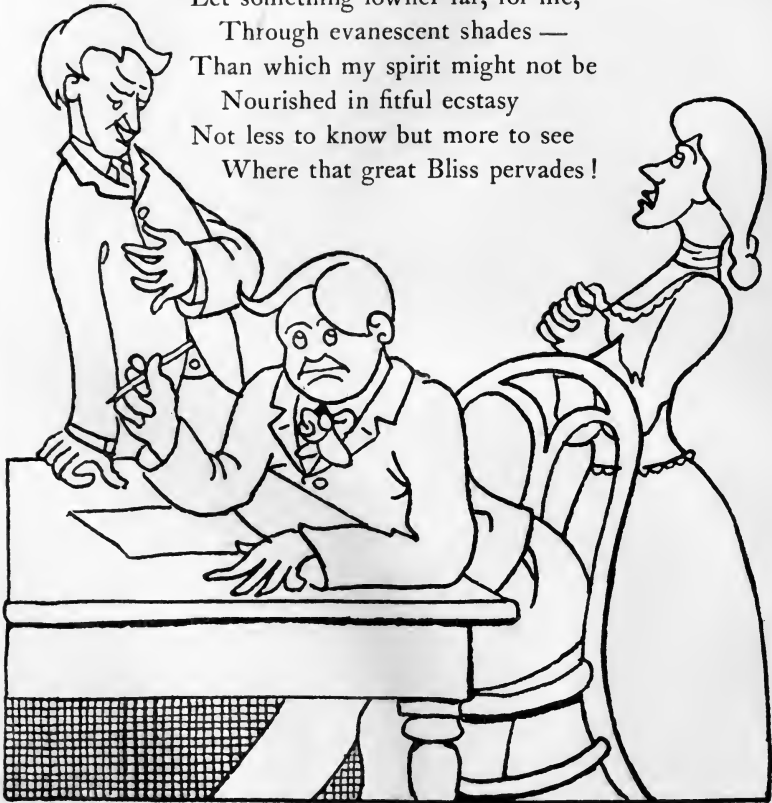


reporter, believing that the end of the world had come, the eye of authority being closed, went off and became intoxicated at the miracle.

Fourteen several publishers telegraphed Lochinvar for the American rights to the book, and when it appeared, it was reviewed flatteringly every day for two weeks in the literary pages of the "Sunset" by Mrs. Leander Lochinvar, ex-princess. The End.

ABSTEMIA: In Mystic *Argot*,
Often Confounded with Farrago.

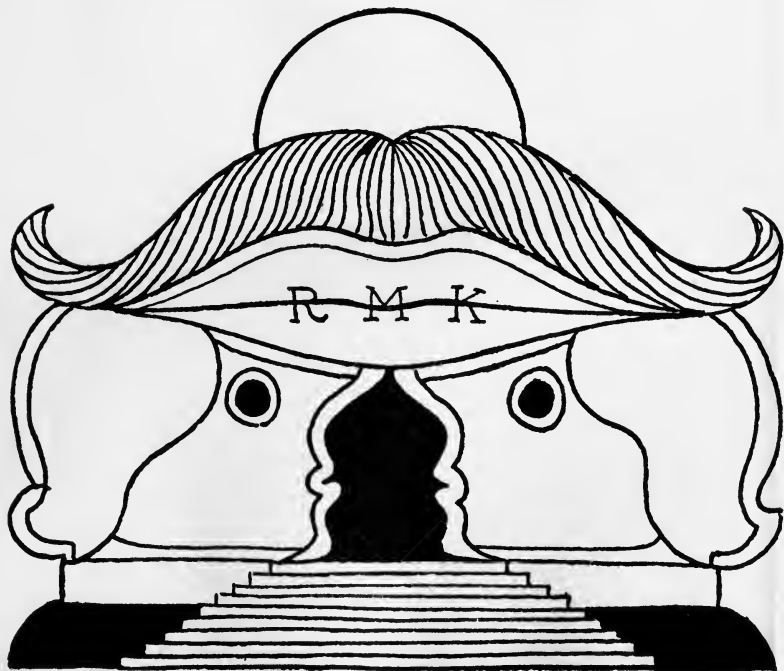
IF aught that stumbles in my speech
Or stutters in my pen,
Or, claiming tribute, each to each,
Rise, not to fall again,
Let something lowlier far, for me,
Through evanescent shades —
Than which my spirit might not be
Nourished in fitful ecstasy
Not less to know but more to see
Where that great Bliss pervades!



THE MUSEUM OF KISSES: Surely
No One could Visit it Demurely.

THIS is the place I'd like to burglarize ;
It is the Royal Museum of Kisses.
It has an Annual Show, and gives a Prize
To all the most deserving men and misses.

And ranged in various rows about the wall
Are kisses, all deserving great attention ;
But in one room, the sweetest, best of all,
Are those of one whose name I dare not mention !

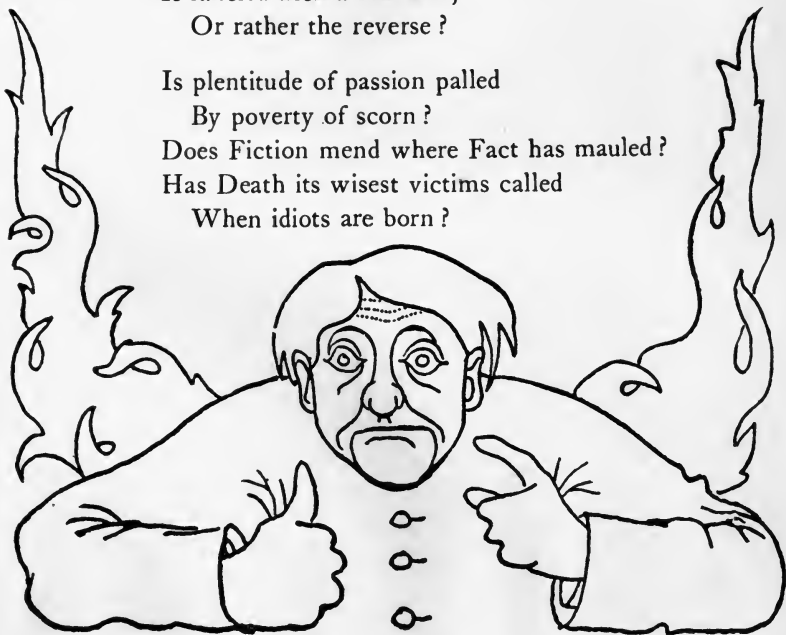


ABSTROSOPHY: by which is Meant
A Theme of Nonsendental Bent.

IF echoes from the fitful past
 Could rise to mental view,
 Would all their fancied radiance last
Or would some odours from the blast,
 Untouched by Time, accrue ?

Is present pain a future bliss,
 Or is it something worse ?
For instance, take a case like this :
Is fancied kick a real kiss,
 Or rather the reverse ?

Is plentitude of passion palled
 By poverty of scorn ?
Does Fiction mend where Fact has mauled ?
Has Death its wisest victims called
 When idiots are born ?



HOPE'S STULTITUDE:

A Cheerful Lay;

At Least, *I* Like it, Anyway!

THE dismal day with dreary pace hath dragged its tortuous length along the grave-stones black and funeral vase cast horrid shadows long.

Oh let me die and never mourn upon the joys of long ago with cankering thoughts the world's forlorn — a wilderness of woe!

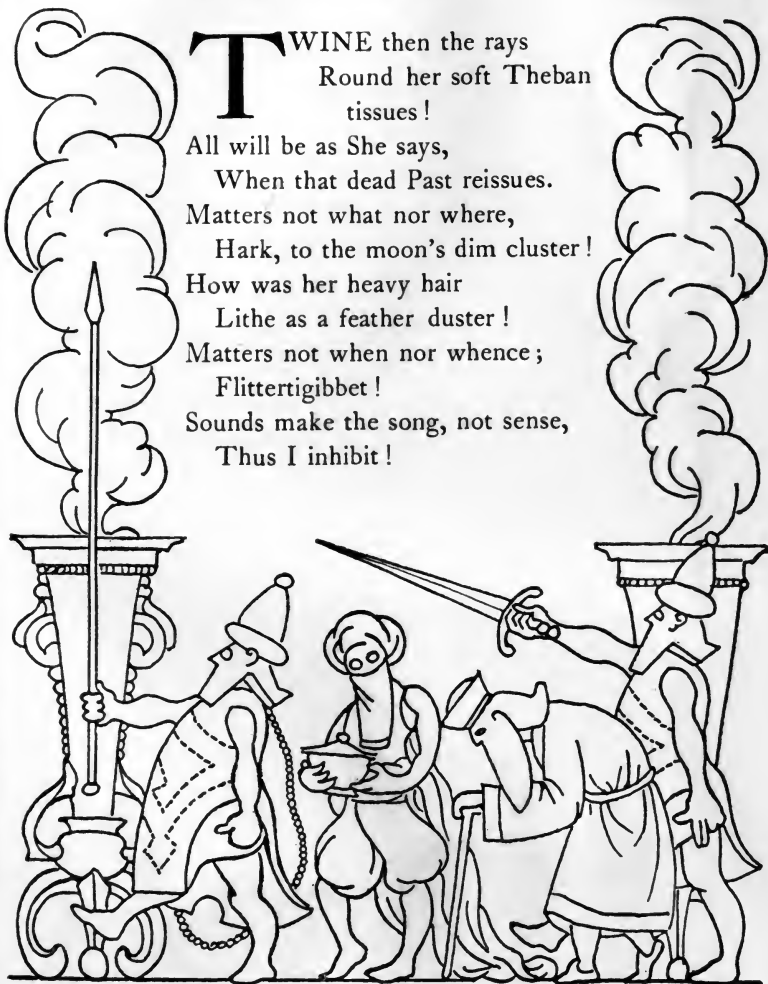
For in the grave's dark bed to be though grim and dismal it appears is sadder not it seems to me than harrowing nights of tears!



PSYCHOLOPHON: Supposed to Be
Translated from the Old Parsee.

TWINE then the rays
Round her soft Theban
tissues !

All will be as She says,
When that dead Past reissues.
Matters not what nor where,
Hark, to the moon's dim cluster !
How was her heavy hair
Lithe as a feather duster !
Matters not when nor whence ;
Flittertigibbet !
Sounds make the song, not sense,
Thus I inhibit !



THE KNAVE OF HEARTS: If Euchred, List
To my Advice, t' would Help you. Whist!

THIS is the Knave of Hearts, beware!
Oh, trusting maidens, have a care!
There's not a Trick he will not do
To capture such a one as you!



Full many a Queen he's
made to blush,
For he enjoys a Royal
Flush.
But he will Bluff, and
he'll revoke her.
He is a most capricious
Joker.
For Jack is nimble, Jack
is cute —
Be careful how you Fol-
low Suit!
Trump though he is,
please understand,
You must not let him
Hold your Hand.
Oh, trust him not, until
the hour
You're certain he is
your Right Bower!

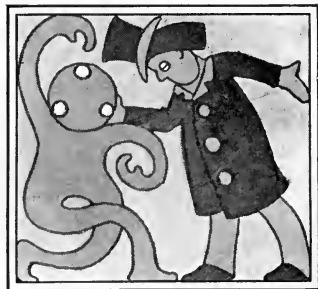
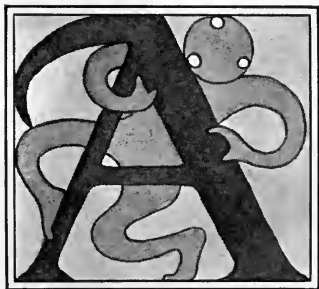
Then do not Cut him — let him Lead;
He'll give you a good Deal, indeed!

THE PURPIL COWE: Perilla *Says* she Wrote it.
The Last Four lines are Mine, and So I Quote it.

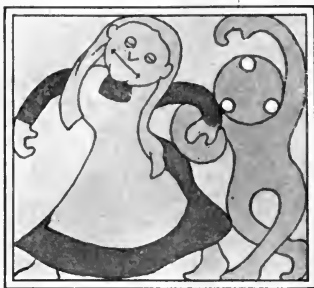
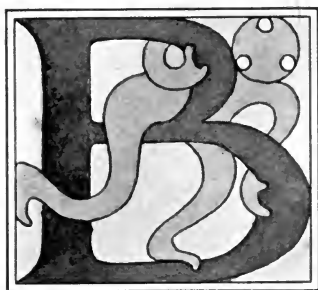


A MAYDE there was, femely and meke enow,
She fate a-milken of a purpil Cowe:
Rofy hire Cheke as in the Month of Maye,
And fikerly her merry Songe was gay
As of the Larke vprift, washen in Dewe;
Like Shene of Sterres, sperkled hire Eyen two.
Now came ther by that Way a hendy Knight
The Mayde espien in morwening Light.
A faire Person he was — of Corage trewe
With lusty Berd and Chekes of rody Hewe:
Dere Ladye (quod he) far and wide I've s fraied
Vncouthe Aventure in s fraunge Contrie made
Fro Berwicke unto Ware. Pardé I vowe
Erewhiles I never saw a purpil Cowe!
Fayn wold I knowe how Catel thus can be?
Tel me I pray you, of yore Courtesie!
The Mayde hire Milken stent — Goode Sir she saide,
The Master's Mandement on vs y laid
Decrees that in these yclept gilden Houres
Hys Kyne shall ete of nought but Vylet Floures!

AN ALPHABET OF FAMOUS GOOPS.
Which you 'll Regard with Yells and Whoops.
Futile Acumen!
For you Yourselfs are Doubtless Dupes
Of Failings Such as Mar these Groups —
We all are Human!



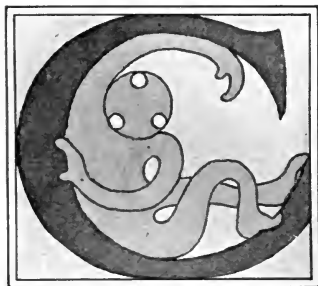
A BEDNEGO was Meek and Mild; he Softly Spoke,
he Sweetly Smiled.
He never Called his Playmates Names, and he
was Good in Running Games;
*But he was Often in Disgrace because he had a Dirty
Face!*



BOHUNKUS would Take Off his Hat, and Bow and Smile, and
Things like That.

His Face and Hair were Always Neat, and when he Played he
did not Cheat ;

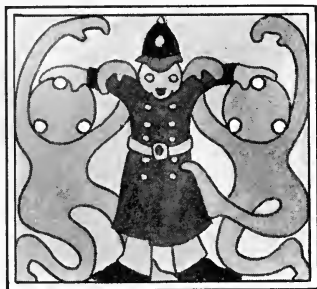
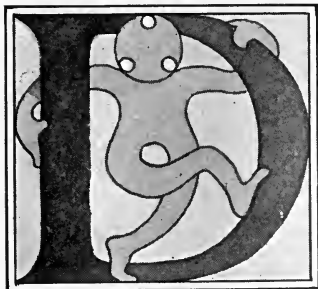
*But Oh ! what Awful Words he Said, when it was Time to Go
to Bed !*



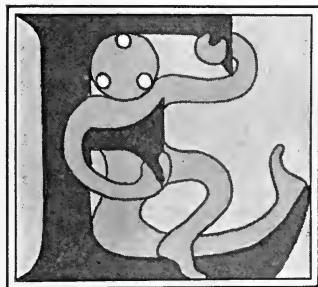
The Gentle CEPHAS tried his Best to Please his Friends with
Merry Jest ;

He tried to Help Them, when he Could, for CEPHAS, he was
Very Good ;

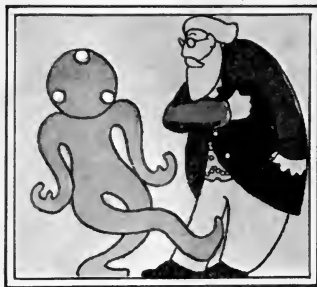
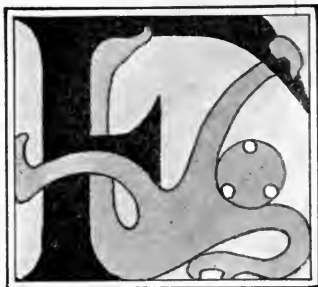
*And Yet — They Say he Used to Cry, and Once or Twice he Told
a Lie !*



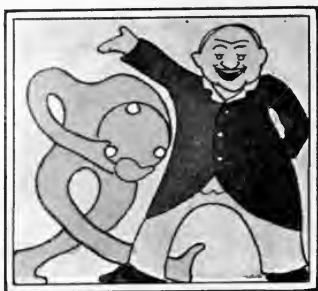
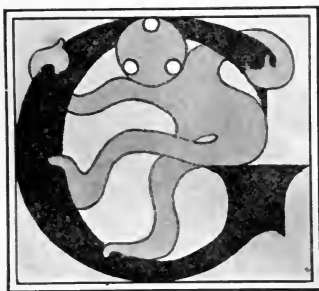
DANIEL and DAGO were a Pair who Acted Kindly Every-
where ;
They studied Hard, as Good as Gold, they Always did as
They were Told ;
They Never Put on Silly Airs, *but They Took Things that were
Not Theirs.*



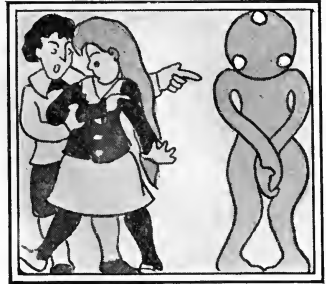
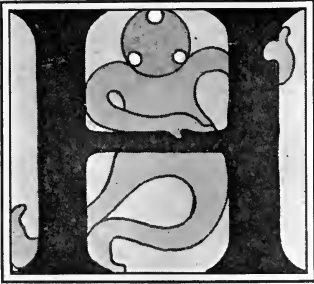
EZEKIEL, so his Parents said, just Simply *Loved* to Go to
Bed ;
He was as Quiet as could Be whenever there were Folks to
Tea ;
*And yet, he had a Little Way of Grumbling, when he should
Obey.*



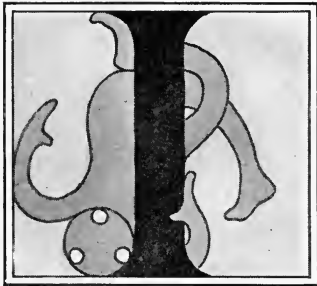
When FESTUS was but Four Years Old his Parents Seldom
had to Scold ;
They never Called him “FESTUS DON’T !” he Never Whined
and said “ *I Won’t !* ”
*Yet it was Sad to See him Dine. His Table Manners were Not
Fine.*



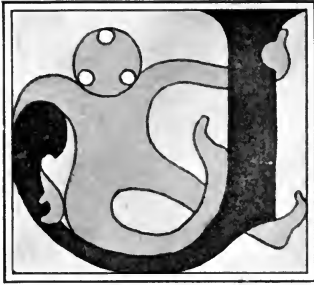
GAMALIEL took Peculiar Pride in Making Others Satisfied.
One Time I asked him for his Head. “ *Why, Certainly !* ”
GAMALIEL Said.
He was Too Generous, in Fact. *But Bravery he Wholly
Lacked.*



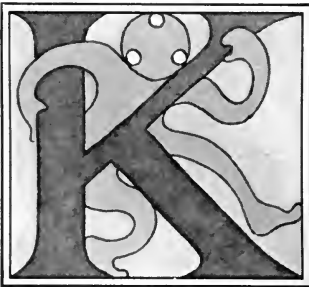
HAZAEL was (at Least he *Said* he Was) Exceedingly Well
Bred ;
Forbidden Sweets he would not Touch, though he might Want
them very Much.
But Oh, Imagination Fails to quite Describe his Finger Nails!



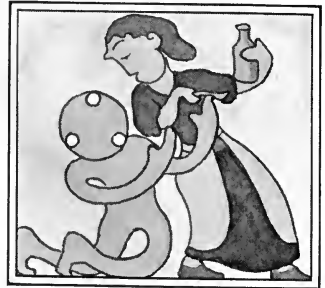
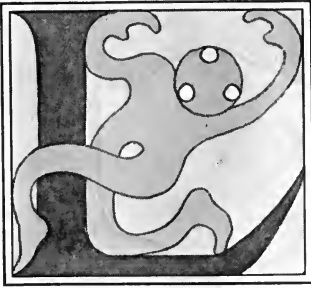
How Interesting ISAAC Seemed! He never Fibbed, he Sel-
dom Screamed ;
His Company was Quite a Treat to all the Children on the
Street ;
*But Nurse has Told me of his Wrath when he was Made to Take
a Bath!*



Oh, Think of JONAH when you're Bad; Think what a
Happy Way he had
Of Saying "Thank You!" — "If you Please" — "Excuse
Me, Sir," and Words like These.
*Still, he was Human, like Us All. His Muddy Footprints
Tracked the Hall.*



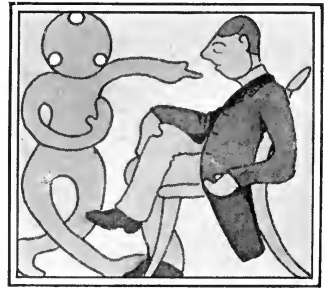
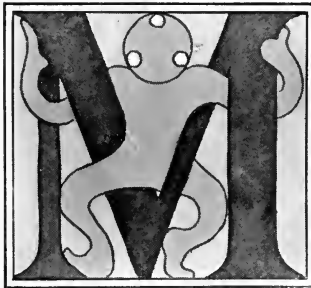
Just fancy KADESH for a Name! Yet he was Clever All the
Same;
He knew Arithmetic, at Four, as Well as Boys of Nine or
More!
*But I Prefer far Duller Boys, who do Not Make such Awful
Noise!*



Oh, Laugh at LABAN, if you Will, but he was Brave when he
was Ill.

When he was Ill, he was so Brave he Swallowed All his
Mother Gave!

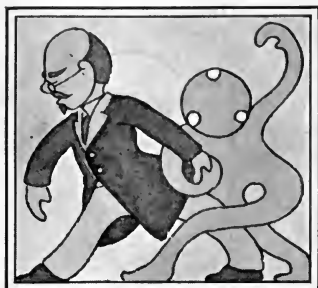
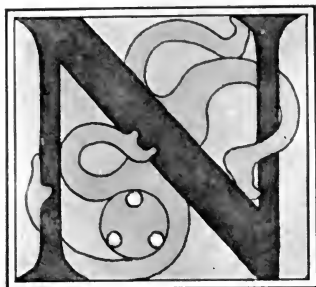
*But Somehow, She could never Tell why he was Worse when he
was Well!*



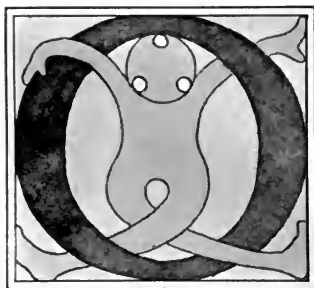
If MICAH's Mother Told him "No " he Made but Little of
his Woe;

He Always Answered, "Yes, I'll Try!" for MICAH Thought
it Wrong to Cry.

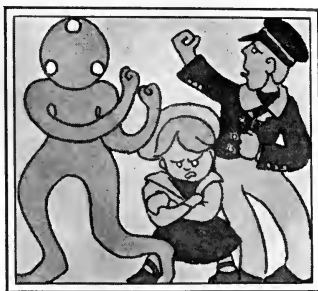
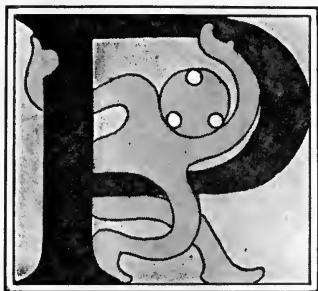
*Yet he was Always Asking Questions and Making quite Ill-timed
Suggestions.*



I Fancy NICODEMUS Knew as Much as I, or even You ;
He was Too Careful, I am Sure, to Scratch or Soil the
Furniture ;
He never Squirmed, he never Squalled ; *he Never Came when
he was Called !*

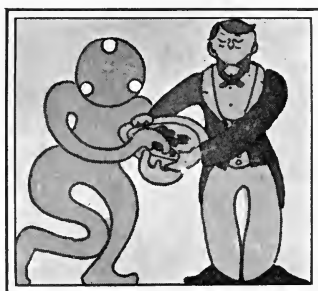
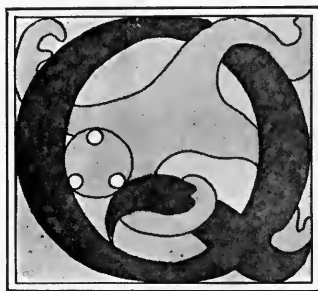


Some think that OBADIAH's Charm was that he Never Tried
to Harm
Dumb Animals in any Way, though Some are Cruel when
they Play.
*But though he was so Sweet and Kind, his Mother found him
Slow to Mind.*



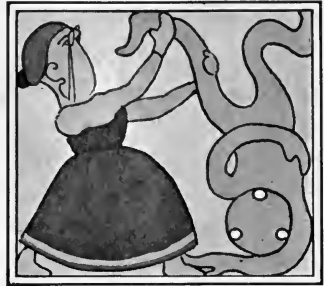
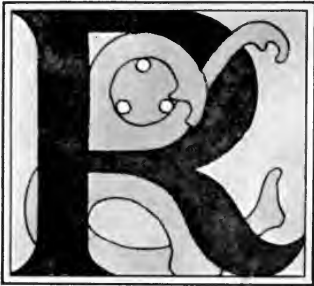
When PELEG had a Penny Earned, to Share it with his Friends
he Yearned.

And if he Bought a Juicy Fig, his Sister's Half was Very Big!
*Had he not Hated to Forgive, he would have been Too Good to
Live!*

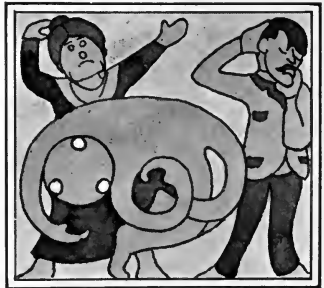
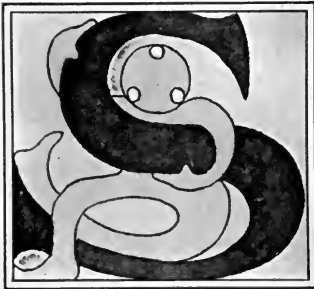


When QUARTO's brother QUARTO Hit, was QUARTO Angry?
Not a Bit!

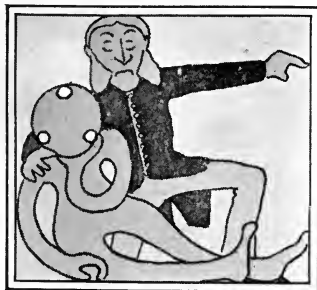
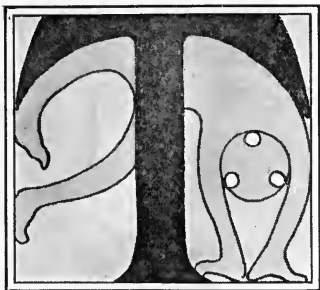
He Called the Blow a Little Joke, and so Affectionately Spoke,
That Everybody Loved the Lad. *Yet Oh, What Selfish Ways
he Had!*



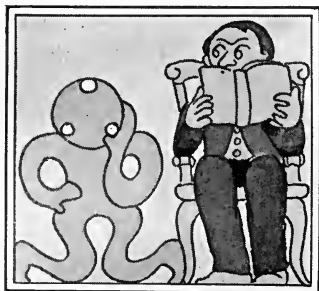
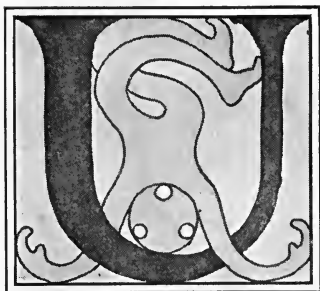
Was REUBEN Happy? I should Say! He laughed and Sang
the Livelong Day.
He Made his Mother Smile with Joy to See her Sunny-
Tempered Boy.
*However, she was Not so Gay when REUB Refused to Stop his
Play!*



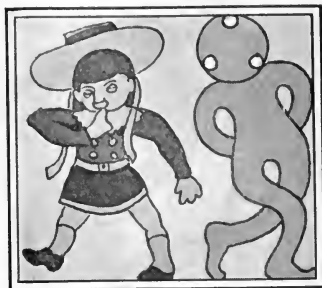
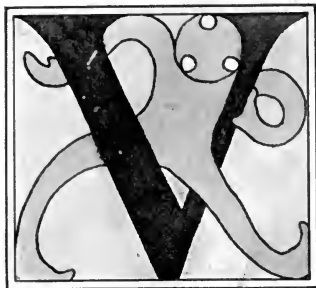
When SHADRACH Cared to be Polite, they Called him Gentle-
manly, Quite ;
His Manners were Correct and Nice; he Never Asked for
Jelly Twice!
*Still, when he Tried to Misbehave, O, how Much Trouble SHAD-
RACH Gave!*



Don't Think that TIMOTHY was Ill because he Sometimes
Kept so Still.
He knew his Mother Did Not Care to Hear him Talking
Everywhere.
He did not Tease, he did Not Cry, *but he was Always Asking*
“WHY?”



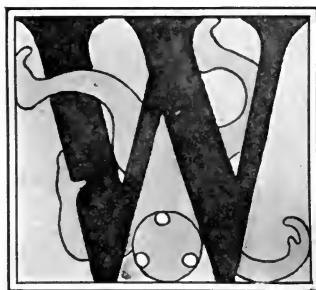
URIAH Never Licked his Knife, nor Sucked his Fingers, in
his Life.
He Never Reached, to Help Himself, the Sugar Bowl upon
the Shelf.
He Never Popped his Cherry Pits; *but he had Horrid Sulky*
Fits!



To See young VIVIVUS at his Work, you Knew he'd Never
Try to Shirk.

The Most Unpleasant Things he'd Do, if but his Mother
Asked him To.

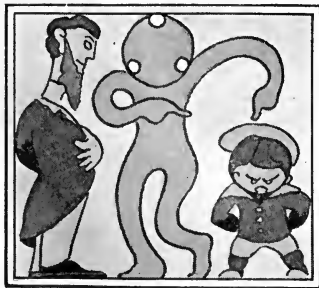
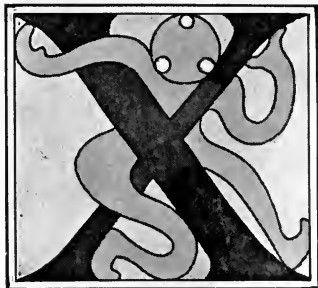
*But when young Vivivus Grew Big, it Seems he was a Norful
Prig!*



Why WABAN always Seemed so Sweet, was that he Kept so
Clean and Neat.

He never Smooched his Face with Coal, his Picture Books
were Fresh and Whole.

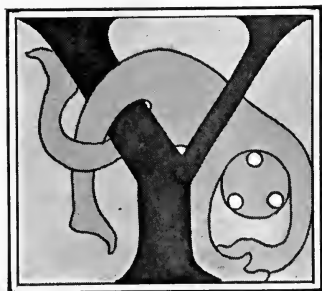
He washed His Hands Ten Times a Day; *but, Oh, what
Horrid Words he'd Say!*



What shall I say of XENOGOR, Save that he Always Shut the
Door!

He always Put his Toys Away when he had Finished with his
Play.

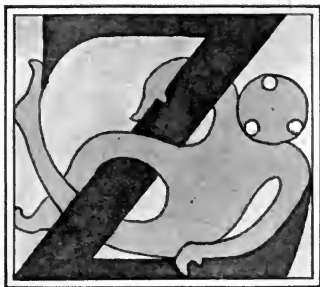
*But here his List of Virtues Ends. A Tattle-Tale does not Make
Friends.*



YERO was Noted for the Way with which he Helped his
Comrades Play;

He'd Lend his Cart, he'd Lend his Ball, his Marbles, and
his Tops and All!

*And Yet (I Doubt if you'll Believe), he Wiped his Nose upon his
Sleeve!*



The Zealous ZIBEON was Such as Casual Callers Flatter
Much.

His Maiden Aunts would Say, with Glee, “How Good, how
Pure, how Dear is He!”

*And Yet, he Drove his Mother Crazy — he was so Slow, he was
so Lazy!*

F I N I S

SO ENDS THE TOME: ARE YOU, MY FRIEND,
AS GLAD AS I TO SEE THE END?
HAVE YOU DONNED MOTLEY FOR THE MONEY
AND FEARED YOUR JESTS WERE NONE TOO FUNNY;
SO ENDS THE TOME: SO ENDS MY FOLLY;
'TIS DISMAL WORK, THIS BEING JOLLY.
NO MORE I'LL PLAY THE HARLEQUIN
UNLESS MORE ROYALTIES COME IN.



G# 83931861



