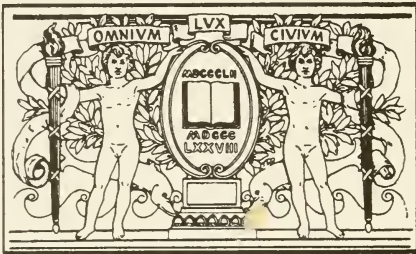


# SLINGS AND ARROWS



EDWIN FRANCIS EDGETT



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# SLINGS AND ARROWS

By

EDWIN FRANCIS EDGETT

*Illustrated With Sketches*

*By DWIGHT TAYLOR*



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Sincerely,

*Edwin T. Edgett*



TO THE UNGENTLE READER

**T**HESE lines,  
And all the lines  
That follow,  
Are not verse,  
Either free or shackled.  
They merely masquerade  
In the form  
Of verse  
For the obvious purpose  
Of hitting the eye  
Of the reader  
With the sense  
Or nonsense  
Of their prose reflections  
Upon certain ways  
Of masculine and feminine  
Humankind.

E. F. E.



## OLD BOOKS FOR NEW

**T**HROUGH the streets and bazaars  
Of a Far Eastern city  
There went one day a Moor  
Bearing in a basket  
A glittering array of lamps.  
And as he walked he cried:  
“Oh, who will give  
Old lamps for new?”  
And all the world followed him  
And the street boys pursued him  
From place to place,  
And mocked at him.  
But he cared not for that,  
For when he reached  
The palace of Ala-ed-Din  
He gained the prize he sought,  
The Magical Lamp of the Treasure,  
In exchange for his tawdry wares.

And so today  
In Western lands  
Great thoughts out of the past  
Woven from the magic of men's minds  
Are bartered or are cast aside  
Whenever we are asked to give  
Old books for new.

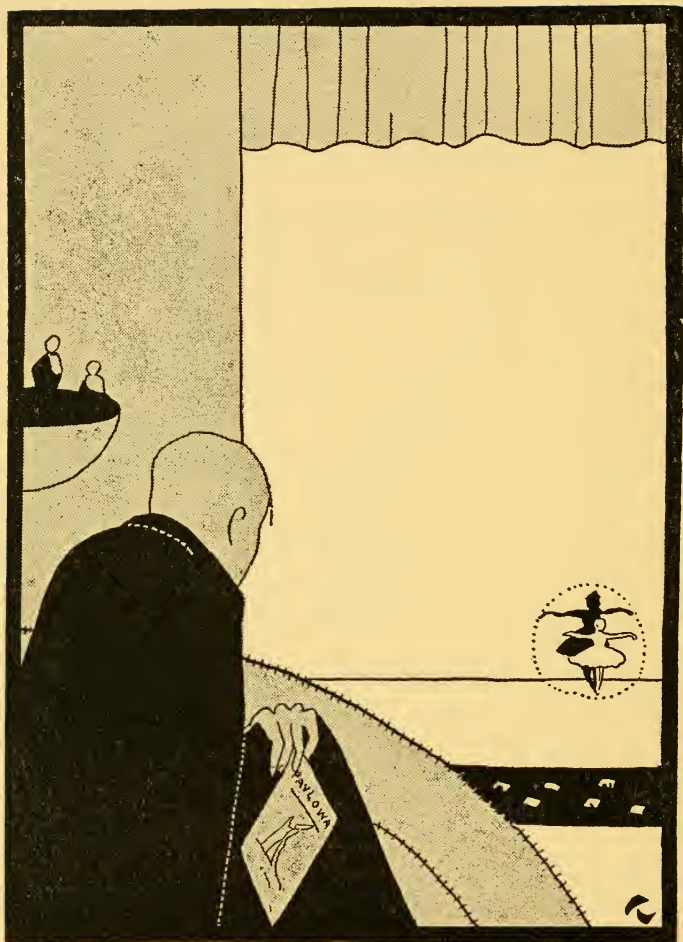
## THE ACROBATIC READER

THE first page  
Of the morning newspaper  
Offers opportunity  
For all sorts  
Of mental agility  
And physical dexterity  
As we read  
Each article.  
After turning  
To page so and so  
For its conclusion  
In compliance  
With each repeated request,  
We feel as if  
We had performed  
An acrobatic feat  
Of mind and hands.  
Great and wonderful  
Is the make-up  
Of the morning newspaper.



## THE TELEPHONE SHIRKER

**H**E sits at his ease,  
Or his work,  
While his secretary  
Calls up a victim  
On the telephone,  
And bids him  
Hold the line "a minute."  
If he is a man  
Of infinite patience,  
He holds it  
For several minutes,  
Awaiting the pleasure  
Of the man  
Who saves his own time  
At the expense of another's.  
If he is not so patient  
He hangs up the receiver  
With a bang,  
And mutters something  
Under his breath  
That might be  
"Don't you tell,"  
But isn't.



## THE DANCER

**A**S we watch her  
Lithely swaying  
Through the mazes 'of the dance,  
Each pose  
And each movement  
One of infinite grace  
In unison with the music,  
Do we realize  
The training and the practice  
That has thus  
Made her proficient.  
Her skill  
Creates the illusion  
That she is dancing  
Her dance  
For the first time.  
Whereas it is constant repetition  
That gives her work  
Its perfect spontaneity.  
She charms the eye  
And the mind alike  
With the marvels of her art.

## THE EUPHEMISTS

**W**ITH mincing words,  
They make the good  
Old English language into  
A Miss Nancyish tongue.  
If somebody dies  
He "passes away,"  
They walk on "limbs,"  
They "expectorate,"  
They "masticate" their food,  
And when  
They go to bed,  
Where it is a pity  
They cannot stay forever,  
They "retire."

## THE NAME MISPRONOUNCER

**I**F your name  
Is Smith  
Or Brown or Jones,  
He may get it right,  
But if you happen  
To be favored  
By the gods  
With an uncommon name,  
He never fails  
To misspell  
And mispronounce it,  
Rejoicing in  
His competence  
As a bungler,  
And considering it  
Your fault  
That you do not  
Bear a name  
To match  
His lingual ability.



## THE BIRD-CATCHER

**P**OOR puss!  
Maligned and persecuted  
Because she fulfills  
Her instincts  
And pursues with intent to kill  
The birds of field and air.  
Statisticians present  
Formidable tables  
Revealing the extent of her crimes,  
And the millions of insects  
That are allowed to go unmolested  
Because she has murdered  
Their natural enemies.  
But man also  
Kills birds for food and sport.  
Why not also malign  
And persecute him?

## THE SWEET YOUNG THING

**F**UR-COATED  
And be-gaitered  
She airily hobbles along  
Upon her shaky heels.  
By art and fashion  
She is defended from the cold  
Except at one conspicuous  
And vulnerable spot,  
Where not less than three inches  
Of reticulated silken hose  
Expose her to the searching gaze  
Of all the winds that blow.  
Yet she is a sweet young thing,  
And walks in all the pride  
Of joyous youth,  
And cares not  
For that bare  
And inconsistent gap  
Between her shoe-tops  
And her skirt.



## THE DEAR OLD THING

**A** MOST delectable sight is she,  
As arrayed in all  
The blithesome garmenture of youth,  
A hat of rakish tilt  
Atop her head,  
With coat and skirt  
Of negligible length,  
And shoes lower than the lowest,  
She mincingly makes her way  
Before the eyes  
Of all the world.  
She fancies that  
The years have passed her by,  
And that clothes can  
Make her young again.  
How fortunate it is  
That she cannot see herself  
As others see her.

## THE ANGLERS

**I**S it literary sacrilege,  
When we read  
Izaak Walton's remark  
That " God never did  
Make a more calm,  
Quiet, innocent recreation  
Than angling,"  
To wonder  
What the fish thinks  
About its calmness,  
Quietude,  
And innocence?

## THE DANGER SIGNAL

“**B**AD Curve Ahead,”  
“Look out for School Children,”  
“Dangerous Corner,”  
And so forth, and so forth,  
Are the foolish signs  
That confront the motorist  
As he makes his way  
Through town and country.  
Of what use are they?  
If he can see the signs,  
Cannot he also see  
The curves, the children,  
And the other dangers  
In his path?



## THE JACK IN-OFFICE

**F**ROM his desk  
Arrogantly  
He lifts his head.  
And as each visitor  
Meekly approaches  
He gazes at the intruder  
And with the voice  
Of one who sits  
In the official seats of the mighty  
Bids him state  
His business  
As though he were master  
And not a public servant.  
From his mien  
It might be thought  
That God  
Had placed him there.  
But it was only man  
Who thus exalted him.

## THE ENCYCLOPAEDISTS

SOMETIMES it seems  
As if the makers  
Of encyclopædias  
Take pleasure  
In building a thorny path  
For information-seekers.  
Whenever, perchance,  
As in the case of Mark Twain,  
A writer is known solely  
By his pen-name,  
We look him up thereunder,  
Only to be informed,  
What we already knew,  
That this name  
Is a pseudonym,  
And that we must seek him  
Under his family name  
In another volume.  
Whereupon we waste  
Still further time  
In cursing  
These punctilious encyclopædist.

## THE TELEPHONE JARGONIST

**W**HY insult  
The good English language  
Still further  
By using  
The telephone jargon  
In our daily speech?  
It is bad enough  
To vocalize  
Through the transmitter  
A cipher as if it  
Were the letter O,  
But when  
We pronounce it  
One—O—O—NINE,  
Instead of  
One Thousand and Nine,  
We are adding  
Injury to insult.





## POOR RICHARD

**A** LAS for Ben Franklin!  
What a parlous life  
He must have led  
In those awful times  
When the forty-four hour week  
For printers was unknown  
And unprophesied.  
Yet he survived his labors  
For no less than  
Eighty-four years  
And has grown in fame  
So mightily  
That after a lapse  
Of more than two centuries  
His statue  
Has been dragged  
Through our streets  
To make a Boston holiday.

## THE SACRIFICIAL TEACHERS

**T**HEIR service  
To mankind  
Is no greater  
And their reward no less  
Than that  
Of many another  
Man or woman  
Who works for a living.  
Why then  
Do these teachers  
Set themselves up  
As martyrs  
And brag about  
The great sacrifice  
They are making  
As they pursue  
Their calling  
In the intervals  
Of its numerous vacations.

## THE MODERN LADY NOVELIST

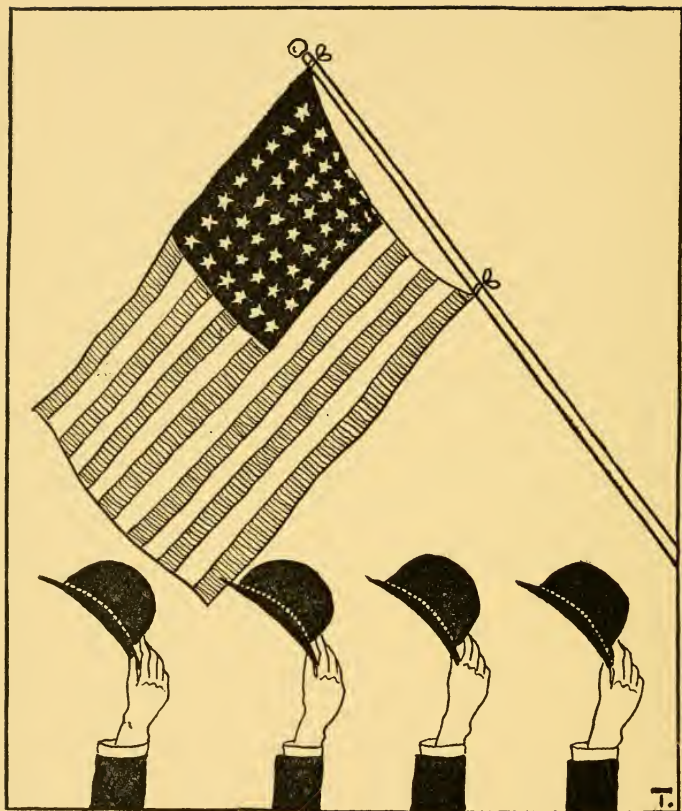
**H**AVE any of you  
Noted the get-up  
Of the lady novelists  
Who pose  
For the photographer  
In response to the plea  
Of their publishers  
That their likenesses  
Must be in readiness  
To spread broadcast  
Throughout the newspapers  
Of the country?  
They are arrayed,  
Or unarrayed,  
In costumes  
That would put to shame  
The most garbless appeal  
Of the many fair charmers  
Who decorate  
The Follies  
Or the latest masterpiece  
Of musical comedy.

## THE MUFFLER CUT-OUTER

**H**IS idea  
Of joyous riding  
Is to make a racket,  
And the easiest way  
Is to open  
His muffler cut-out.  
Through city and country  
He speeds,  
And whenever he reaches  
An especially quiet spot,  
He shatters the offenseless air  
And the ears  
Of all within his reach.  
After his passing  
Comes a grateful silence  
To heal the blows of sound.

## THE BELL IN-HAND

**N**OW are its glories departed!  
After a century and a quarter  
Of sober ale and sandwiches  
The good old Bell-in-Hand  
Opened its doors  
For a time  
To multitudes drunk  
With the clamorous spirit  
Of Ponzied finance,  
And later  
To the base  
And sordid purposes  
Of a counting room  
For a firm  
Which is erecting  
A building  
Across the alley.



## THE HEAD-UNCOVERER

**W**E must show respect  
For the flag,  
We are told,  
By uncovering our heads  
When it is  
Carried by us  
In procession.  
But this, of course,  
Is the most meaningless  
And trivial  
Outward show  
Of patriotism,  
For many a hat  
Is doffed only because  
Its wearer  
Dislikes  
To make himself  
Conspicuous  
By refusing to follow  
Custom or the crowd.

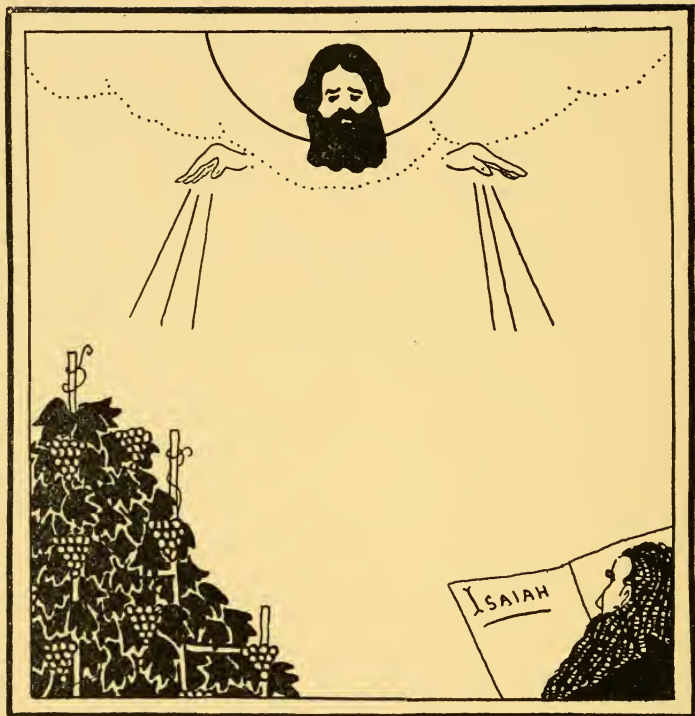
## THE SLANGSTERS

WITH their "dope"  
And their "phone,"  
Their "cut it out,"  
And their "bunk,"  
Their "get my goat"  
And a thousand  
Other vilenesses  
Of speech,  
Those who are supposed  
To speak  
The English language  
Seem to think  
That slang  
Is the only means  
For the expression  
Of their ideas.  
And perhaps it is,  
For those who use it  
May have no ideas  
That can be voiced  
Otherwise.



## THE FASHIONABLE ONE

**W**ITH shoulder sleeves,  
Knee skirts,  
Reticulated hosiery,  
And gauzy corsage  
That rises a few inches  
Above the waist-line —  
These may not be  
The technical terms,  
But they are  
Certainly understandable —  
She braves the summer heat,  
And presumably is happy,  
Not because  
She is cool,  
But because  
She is fashionable.



THUS SPAKE THE PROPHET  
ISAIAH

**I**N this  
Enlightened time  
When a new commandment,  
Thou shalt not drink,  
Is to be thrust upon us,  
Why not turn back  
The pages of time  
And in Holy Scripture  
Read these words?  
“ In that day sing ye unto her,  
A vineyard of red wine.  
I the Lord do keep it,  
I will water it every moment:  
Lest any hurt it.  
I will keep it night and day.”  
Thus spake  
The prophet Isaiah.

## THE DEGREE-HOLDER

**H**IS pride  
Is so immoderate  
That he must share  
His glory  
With all the world.  
If by chance he wins  
An A. B. or an A. M.,  
Or perhaps a Ph. D.,  
He hastens to decorate  
His stationery  
With the cabalistic letters  
That disclose his scholarship.  
And sometimes  
He even thinks  
It increases his celebrity  
If he adds them  
As a sort of anti-climax  
To his written signature.

## THE WEATHER OPTIMIST

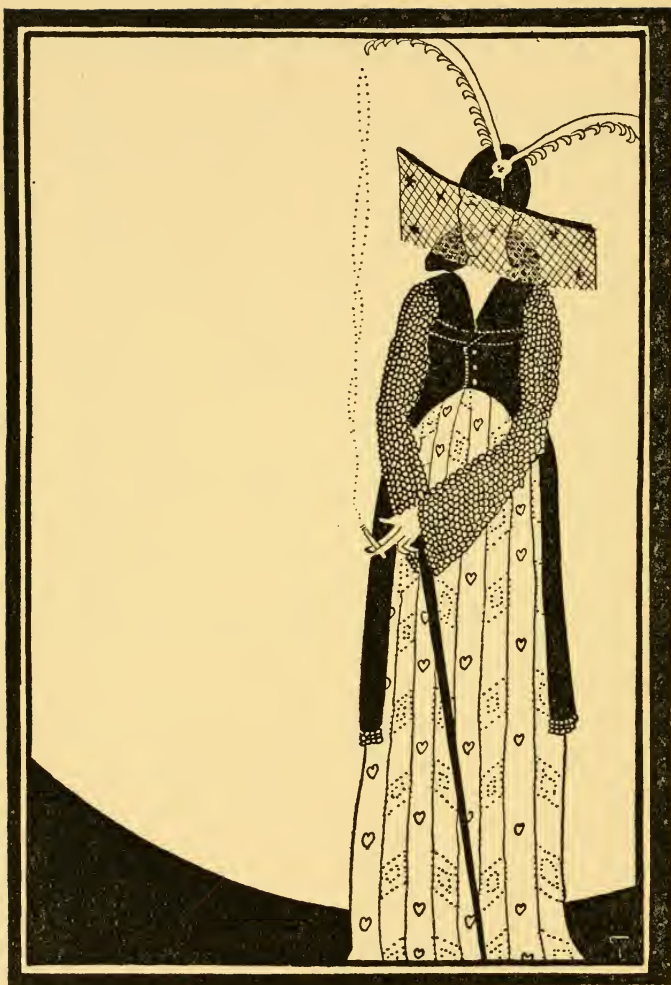
**H**E does not permit  
His spirit to be troubled  
By excessive heat  
Although the perspiration  
Bedecks his fevered brow.  
He wears a cheerful smile,  
And says to all  
Who growl and grumble  
That they would be  
As comfortable as he  
If they worried not  
And took the weather  
As they found it.  
In summer or in winter  
It pays to be  
The cheerful optimist.

## THE HEART GLADDENER

**T**HERE was a wise man  
In days of old  
Named David,  
And thus he spake:  
He causeth the grass  
To grow for the cattle,  
And herb for the service  
Of man,  
That he may bring forth  
Food out of the earth;  
And wine  
That maketh glad  
The heart of man,  
And oil  
To make his face to shine,  
And bread  
Which strengtheneth man's heart.

## THE HOPE CHESTER

**A**ND now  
The latest fad  
Of the Hope-Chester  
Is to lay aside  
A selection of books  
Against a happy day.  
An editorial in  
The Woman's Home Companion  
Proclaims this mighty thought:  
"How a table-cloth  
And a dozen napkins  
Shrink into nothingness  
Compared with that splendid  
Practical edition  
Of Shakespeare,  
Or Kipling or Stevenson."  
But why in Heaven's name  
Not purchase  
A table-cloth  
And at least one napkin  
That will not shrink  
Into nothingness?





## THE VEILER

SHE may be  
So impressed  
By her own facial charms  
That she must hide  
Them from the gaze  
Of the multitude,  
But she might  
Be considerate enough  
To realize the strain  
Upon those helpless victims  
Of hers  
Who must needs  
Sit and talk to her  
Through the meshes  
Of huge dots  
And other  
Geometrical figures  
That adorn her veil.  
If she has no pity  
Upon her own eyes,  
She might have  
A little regard  
For the eyes of others.

## THE WINDOW BRAGGERS

### HUMANITARIANISM

And patriotism  
Seem to be with them  
A means  
For self-advertisement.  
They give their cash  
To the Red Cross  
And then they hang  
A sign in their window  
That the whole world  
May know  
The exact amount  
Of their philanthropy  
In dollars and cents.

## THE TIT FOR TATTER

**I**F childless John  
Must pay taxes  
To send  
His neighbor Jim's children  
To school,  
Why should not  
Automobileless Jim  
Pay taxes  
To build good roads  
For John's motor car  
To run upon?



## THE FEMALE FORM DIVINE

**W**HITHER have disappeared  
The feminine ears,  
And whence is disappearing  
The feminine forehead?  
To judge by  
The present mode  
Of hair array,  
Or disarray,  
One might think  
There is  
Something shameful  
In the exposure  
Of those necessary  
And once thought  
Ornamental features  
Of the female form divine.

## A RE-MADE MAN

**N**OW that this portion  
Of the world  
Is laboring under  
The blessings  
Of prohibition,  
We are given all sorts  
Of serio-comic testimonials  
Upon the wonders  
It has performed.  
One wife, so it is said,  
Reports that now she has  
A one hundred per cent husband.  
But  
If it takes prohibition,  
Or anything else  
To make a man  
Of a man  
Is he worth  
The making of a man?  
Would he not be  
Better dead?

## IN THE DAYS OF THE APOSTLE

**T**HEY knew not  
Prohibition in the days  
When Paul the Apostle  
Wrote these words of wisdom  
In his First Epistle  
To Timothy:  
Drink no longer water  
But use a little wine  
For thy stomach's sake  
And thine often infirmities.

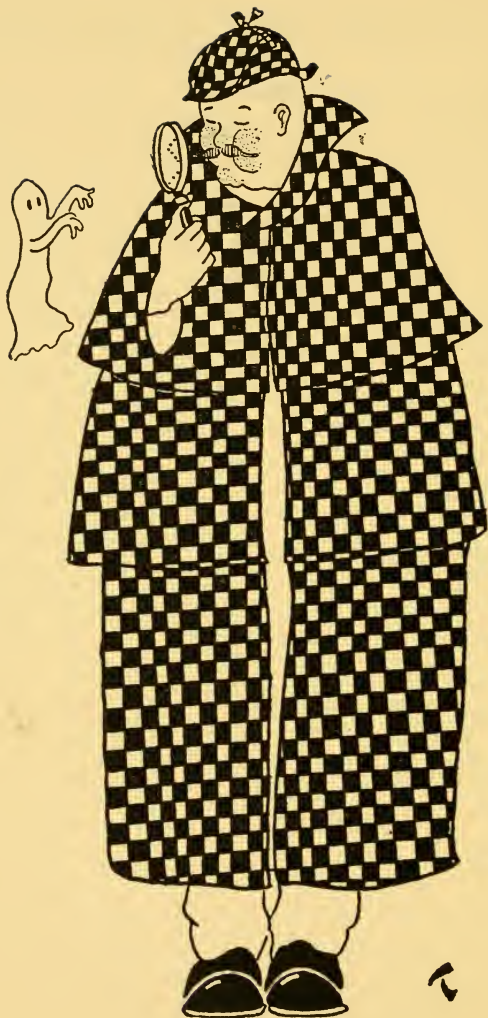
## THE BREEZY ONE

**H**E blows in upon you  
And with a glad hand  
Takes it for granted  
That you will welcome him  
With another hand of gladness.  
No amount of icy coldness  
Or of snubbing  
Will repress him  
And he comes again  
And again  
Each time breezier than before.  
And sometimes,  
May we add,  
All this might be written  
With pronouns  
Of feminine gender.



## THE BLEST AND THE CURST

O WEATHER!  
Thou art immortal.  
Sometimes  
We bless thee  
But more frequently  
We curse thee  
And always  
When we have  
Nothing else  
To talk  
Or write about  
We mention thee.  
And here  
In this most wonderful  
Climate,  
Thou givest us  
Perpetually  
The opportunity  
To say something  
Which if not new  
And original  
Is at least emphatic.



## THE SPIRIT-SEEKER

**N**ONE of us need lack  
Knowledge of the life to come,  
If we are content  
To seek the light  
In the pages of books  
That record  
The rappings and the tappings  
And all the other  
Mysterious outbreaks  
Revealed at spiritualistic seances  
Or psychical manifestations.  
Books on this  
And kindred subjects  
Are coming profusely  
From the press  
That he who runs may read,  
But not necessarily  
That he who reads  
Must believe.

## THE SNAP THE-CURTAIN FIEND

COMFORTABLY seated  
Next the window  
As he journeys  
To and fro by train,  
He is not content  
To raise  
The curtain gently.  
Instead, when he desires  
More light to penetrate  
His mental crevices,  
He pulls it sharply up,  
And with a bang  
Jolts the nerves  
Of all not hardened  
Like his own.

## THE CONFERER

**W**HEN you go  
To call upon  
A man of great importance,  
You may be told  
Quite simply  
That he is engaged  
And that he will  
See you  
In a few moments.  
But if he is  
A man of small calibre  
You are certain  
To be informed  
That he is "in conference"  
And cannot be disturbed.

## JOHN DRINKWATER

**I**N these sad days,  
John Drinkwater,  
You are the happy possessor  
Of a happy name.  
No wonder  
You have come across the ocean  
At this moment  
To test your fame  
As dramatist and poet  
Among the people  
Who must henceforth,  
Unless perchance  
They have thriftily  
Taken time by the forelock,  
Drink nothing  
But water.  
All hail to thee,  
John Drinkwater.



## AT THE TICKET WINDOW

**A**LL the time  
In the world  
Is hers.  
She lines herself up  
At the ticket window,  
Opens her bag,  
Takes out her purse,  
Closes the bag,  
Opens her purse,  
Extracts her money,  
Is handed her change,  
Picks it up  
Piece by piece,  
Lays aside the coin  
With which  
To pay her fare,  
Places the rest  
In her purse,  
Closes it,  
Opens her bag,  
Etc., etc., etc.,  
And then departs  
Contentedly  
And remorselessly.



## THE BOOK WRITERS

**W**HEN we hear  
The frequently  
Repeated invocation  
“ Oh, that mine enemy  
Would write a book,”  
We cannot refrain  
From thinking  
It would be far better  
To say,  
“ Oh, that my friends  
Would write  
No more books.”

## THE KNEES-IN-YOUR-BACKMAN

**A**S he plumps himself down  
He reposes comfortably  
As if there were  
No one else in the car.  
His backbone  
He uses as a throne,  
And with his knees  
Firmly thrust into  
The yielding plush of the seat  
In front of him,  
He wears the air  
Of a man  
Oblivious to his surroundings  
And perfectly at peace  
With all the world.  
And if by chance  
He has a newspaper in his hands  
To thrust into the neck  
Of his frontal neighbor,  
His contentment is supreme.

## THE LICK CREATION AMERICAN

**T**O hear some people talk  
We might think that America  
And America alone  
Won the war,  
And that none but Americans  
Should be put on guard  
To determine Germany's fate.  
But fortunately  
A few of us  
Have long memories  
And do not forget that while  
Belgium and France,  
Britain and Italy,  
Held the bridge,  
America stood  
With reluctant and faltering feet,  
And the valor of other nations  
Was the world's salvation.  
Therefore America's voice  
At the present crisis  
Should be small and still.



## THE MORALIST

**T**HE time may come,  
With all other  
Subjects exhausted,  
When the Reverend  
John Roach Straton,  
Arbiter of the morals  
Of this free  
And enlightened republic,  
Will venture upon  
A debate over  
The horrors of fiction  
From Boccaccio  
And Rabelais  
To Theodore Dreiser  
And James Branch Cabell.

## THE FIRST OF APRIL

ONCE upon a time  
An ingenious man  
Sought to benefit humanity  
By extracting sunbeams  
From cucumbers.  
But nowadays  
Our modern reformers  
Seek other means  
To circumvent nature,  
And strive to make two hours  
Grow where only one  
Grew before.  
They pass a law  
Commanding us to set  
The hands of our watches  
And our clocks  
One hour forward,  
And they proclaim that  
The hours of daylight  
Are thereby increased!  
Fittingly indeed  
Did this new chronology  
Have its birth upon  
The eve of  
The First of April!

## THE UPLIFTER

**H**E goes about  
With serene smile  
His Pollyanna way.  
He is a friend of everybody,  
An enemy of none,  
And he claims that life  
Should be one grand  
And glorious song  
Of luscious love.  
His goodness is too cloying,  
And when he leaves us  
The reaction is so great  
That there is but one word  
To utter, and that is  
Bosh!

## THE IDEALIST

**W**E have it  
On the authority  
Of Henry Ford  
That history  
Is "bunk,"  
And that the world  
Would be better  
Without music  
Or any of the arts.  
And yet  
In the face of this,  
He is called  
An idealist!



## THE PHRASE-MAKER

THESE are great days  
Of great deeds  
And great words  
And great phrases.  
The student  
Of stenography  
And typewriting  
Now attends  
A School  
Of Secretarial Science,  
And the doors  
Of a College of  
Business Administration  
Now swing wide open  
To admit him, or her,  
Who once  
Would have attended  
Only a humble  
Commercial College.



## WALT WHITMAN

ONE hundred years ago  
This coming week  
Was born Walt Whitman,  
Most picturesque of poets.  
He stands distinctive  
And above them all,  
Not as great perhaps  
As the greatest,  
But what is sometimes  
Better than greatness,  
Individual and unique.  
He made his way  
And now he stands  
With none beside him,  
Impressive and alone,  
A giant.

## THE ENCORE FIEND

HE —  
And sometimes it is she —  
Is always certain to be there,  
At opera  
Or musical comedy.  
“They’re not going  
To be let off as easily as all that,”  
He — or she —  
Exclaims even when  
The performers are breathless,  
And with vociferous hands  
He — or she — demands  
And re-demands  
A repetition of song or dance.  
No matter whether  
All are weary,  
Both those on the stage  
And those in the audience,  
His — or her — selfish demands  
Must be obeyed,  
Or the thunderous clamor  
Will continue.  
When will arise  
A stage director  
Or an orchestra leader  
Who will have the courage  
Utterly to ignore,  
Or if that does not suffice,  
To repress with vigorous words,  
Such hoggish procedure?

## THE GAME

**A**LL the world  
May be a stage  
And all the men and women  
Merely players,  
But this life  
And its interests  
Are not the "game"  
That it is proclaimed  
To be by the slangsters.  
We may write for a living,  
But we are not  
In the "writing game,"  
We may be lawyers,  
But we are not  
In the "legal game,"  
We may be doctors,  
But we are not  
In the "medical game,"  
And so forth,  
And so forth.



## THE DAYS COME

**I**T is written  
By Amos in the Old Testament:  
“ Behold, the days come,  
Saith the Lord,  
That the plowman shall overtake  
The reaper,  
And the treader of grapes  
Him that soweth seed;  
And the mountains shall drop  
Sweet wine,  
And all the hills shall melt,  
And I will bring again the captivity  
Of my people of Israel,  
And they shall build the waste cities,  
And inhabit them;  
And they shall plant vineyards,  
And drink the wine thereof;  
They shall also make gardens,  
And eat the fruit of them.  
And I will plant them upon their land,  
And they shall no more be pulled up  
Out of their land  
Which I have given them,  
Saith the Lord thy God.”  
Thus it is written  
With true prophetic hand  
By Amos in the Old Testament.

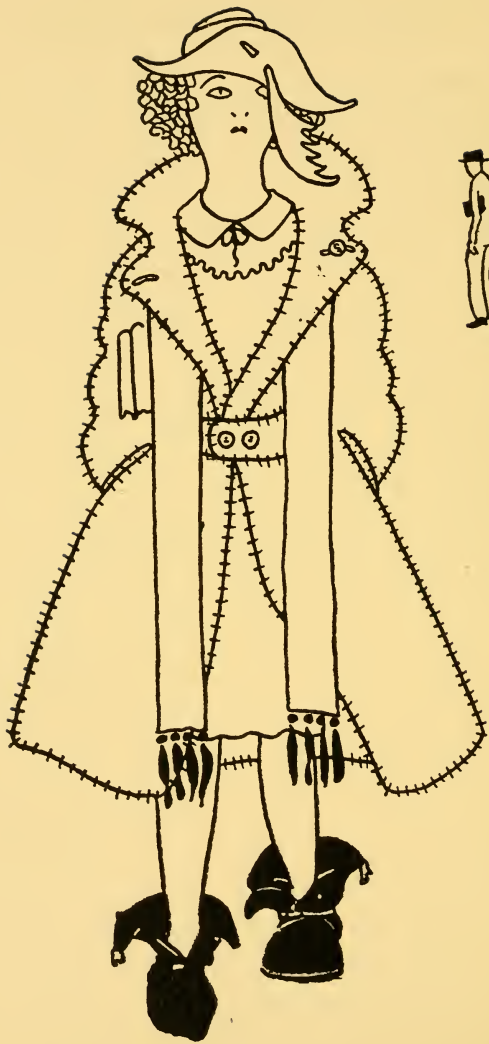
## THE MUSIC HUMMER

**W**HEN he — or she —  
Who at opera grand or comic,  
At musical comedy,  
During the orchestral joys  
Of theatre entr'actes,  
Or at any other  
Of the fifty-seven  
Varieties of harmony and melody,  
Seeks to add  
To the gayety of the audience  
By a sub-vocal humming,  
Or a mumbling or a rumbling,  
He — or she —  
Is merely tolerated  
Upon this earth  
By those whose  
Kindliness of heart  
Alone prevents  
His — or her — instant slaughter.



## THE STILT-HEEL GIRL

**G**INGERLY she picks her way  
Along the crowded walks,  
Hobblingly she totters  
Upon her toes  
While high above  
Follow her heels  
Supported by  
Their fragile stilts.  
What matters it  
That every muscle aches,  
That ankles twist and turn,  
That all her bones seem broken?  
She looks about herself  
With all the calm assurance  
Of a happy and contented mind,  
For is she not in style?



## THE OVERSHOE FLAPPERS

**W**ITH bare necks above  
And unbuckled  
And dishevelled  
Overshoes below,  
They parade the streets  
These wintry days  
As if they had  
No purpose  
In life  
But to show  
The extremes  
Of feminine  
Mental aberration.

## THE PROHIBITION NICOTINIST

**H**E loves  
His nicotine.  
With smoking pipe,  
Or burning cigar,  
Or even with  
The incense-laden cigarette  
In mouth  
He denounces  
In most eloquent language  
The ills that alcohol  
Has caused humanity  
To endure.  
He laments upon the folly  
Of its use,  
And most of all  
He proclaims  
Its economic waste,  
Welcoming the glad hour  
When prohibition rules the land.  
He is the guardian  
Of his brother's vice,  
But he claims  
The sole right  
To be the keeper  
Of his own.

## THE SWEATER

**S**HE would  
Not dream of saying  
Anything more direct  
Then " I perspire,"  
If she dared  
Mention at all  
The effect  
Of summer weather,  
But she does  
Not hesitate to call  
An article  
Of wearing apparel  
A sweater.

## THE NEWSPAPER CRUMPLER

**H**E invariably occupies  
More than half  
The seat  
As he journeys into town  
Or homeward bound.  
Deep in his favorite  
Daily newspaper,  
Usually of the most jaundiced  
Yellow brand,  
He spreads it forward  
And with both arms sideways,  
Oblivious to humanity about him.  
And when  
He reaches his stopping place  
He crumples it noisily  
And hastily,  
Throwing it to the floor  
And rushing forth  
To seek the eagerly expectant  
Bosom of his family.

## THE NEW BONIFACE

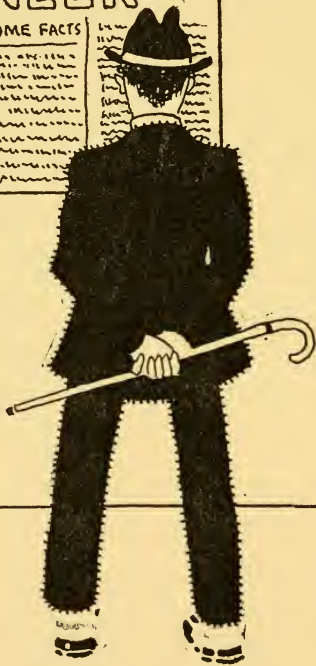
**A** FORWARD-LOOKING university  
Has just added  
To its curriculum  
A course of instruction  
In hotel-keeping.  
Let us hope  
That the landlord  
Of the future  
May be taught  
The means whereby  
Those of us who do not happen  
To be multi-millionaires  
May pass  
Our summer vacations  
At mountains or seashore  
Without the complete wreck  
Of our bank accounts.



**DON'T -  
GET -  
HURT !  
WEEK .**

**SOME FACTS**

[The following text is illegible due to heavy scribbles and noise.]





## THE ACCIDENT PREVENTERS

**L**ET us be careful,  
For this,  
So we are informed  
In the elegant English  
Of multitudinous posters,  
Is "Don't Get Hurt Week."  
It matters not  
What has happened,  
Or what is to happen  
In the days to come.  
If we are careful  
This week,  
We shall have done  
Our duty  
To those reformers  
Who are always looking  
For some new fad  
Wherewith to humbug  
The public.

## THE THEATRE LAUGHER

**S**HE always sits  
Behind you,  
And with prophetic glee  
Anticipates the comic scenes  
And speeches, and many  
Not comic,  
With a screech  
Of shrilling laughter.  
Nothing escapes  
Her vigilant voice,  
And if the din  
Grows unbearable  
And you humbly turn around  
And venture to expostulate,  
Her escort calmly  
Makes a duet of the solo  
And throughout  
The rest of the evening  
Adds audible remarks  
To his companion's shrieks.  
Therefore the rest is silence  
Or a change of seat.

## THEIR GOAL

**I**N the Book of Numbers  
We may read:  
“And from thence  
They went to Beer.”  
And also later  
In the Book of Judges  
It is related that  
“Jotham ran away  
And fled,  
And went to Beer.”  
Only these two times  
Is that delectable  
Beverage  
Mentioned in  
The Book of Books.



## THE CLOCK-CHANGERS

**D**ESPITE the claims  
To the contrary  
Made by the devotees  
Of clock-changing,  
There are this week  
Exactly the same number  
Of hours of daylight  
In every twenty-four  
As there were a week ago,  
Before the hands  
Were set ahead.  
In other words,  
No daylight was saved then,  
And none is lost now.

## THE REACTIONARY

**W**E hear a great deal  
About him nowadays,  
And to judge  
By the wrath he arouses  
In the minds of writers  
For certain papers  
It might be imagined  
That he wears horns.  
As a matter of fact,  
He is simply the man  
Or the woman  
Who in times past  
Was known by  
The ancient  
And honorable word  
Conservative.

## THE EGOTIST

“If I,”  
“I beg,”  
“I myself feel,”  
“I am under,”  
“I was  
The Commander in Chief,”  
“I advised,”  
“I sent,”  
“Shall I,”  
“Can I,”  
“I gave” —  
Thus spake  
The great American egotist,  
And the noble  
Master of English speech  
Who strove — and failed —  
To keep us out of war.

## THE HAT REMOVERS

**I**F perchance  
A lady is present  
They stand in room  
Or hallway  
Hat on head.  
But the instant  
They enter an elevator  
They remove it.  
Why?



## THE GARDENER

**H**E toils morning and evening  
Over his crops,  
Beheading the arrogant weed  
And chasing the elusive insect  
Which threaten to despoil him  
Of his products.  
By night in dreams,  
By day at his desk,  
His thoughts dwell  
Upon the harvest to come.  
Great is his anticipation,  
And sometimes small  
His realization,  
But he is always happy,  
And he never regrets  
That the time he has spent  
In his garden  
Might have been passed  
At golf,  
In motoring,  
Or in the broad Atlantic surf.



## THE FUR-WEARER

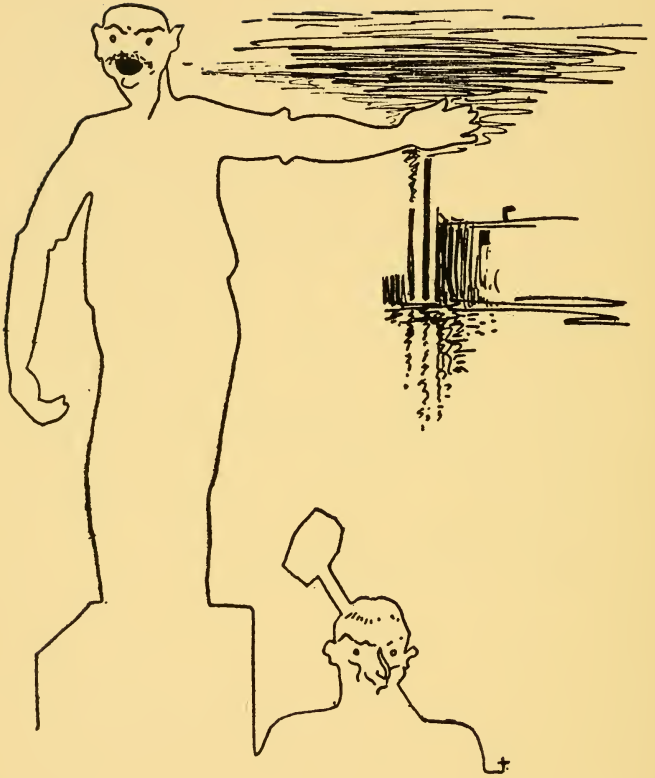
**S**HE is an adept  
At making extremes meet  
These summer days.  
She wears a low bodice,  
Exactly how low  
We hesitate to say,  
And then she swathes  
In furs her neck  
And the regions  
Adjacent thereto.  
The reasons for  
This strange procedure  
Are known  
Only to the feminine mind,  
Although of course  
There may be  
A fashionable method  
In her madness.

## THE SUDDEN STOPPER

**H**E walks  
Along the sidewalk  
At a brisk pace,  
And then he suddenly  
And without warning  
Stops dead in his tracks,  
While we, poor mortals,  
Following behind  
Are brought up  
Against his bulk  
With a thud.  
It is a pity that we  
Cannot annihilate him,  
Instead of being  
Ourselves  
Almost annihilated.

## THE PLAYGOER

**W**HETHER it be  
The Follies  
Or a Shaw play,  
Whether Eddie Cantor  
Be the star  
Or Walter Hampden,  
To many  
Whose speech and manner  
Proclaim that they  
Should know better  
Everything on the stage  
Is a "show."  
If the American public  
Had a more discriminating  
Sense of the meaning  
Of words,  
It might have  
A more discriminating taste.



## THE LABORERS

**W**HY do they  
At their conventions  
And individually  
Talk as if  
They are the only men  
Or women  
Who work for a living?  
Why do they speak  
Of the cause  
Of labor,  
Of the interests  
Of labor,  
Of the rights  
Of labor  
As if none but they  
Do an honest day's work  
For an honest day's pay?  
The truth  
Of the matter  
Is that they mean  
Only the cause,  
The interests  
And the rights  
Of the labor unions.

## THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPER

LATE and early,  
Morning and afternoon,  
With cheerful face  
He goes upon his mission.  
What matters it  
When he shops,  
Whether he buys something useful  
Or useless,  
Whether he carries his purchases  
Or has them sent,  
Or whether he throws  
To the winds  
All the rules  
That confront him  
On his journey to and fro?  
He is a Christmas shopper,  
And the joys of the Christmas Tree  
Will justify his deeds.



## HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

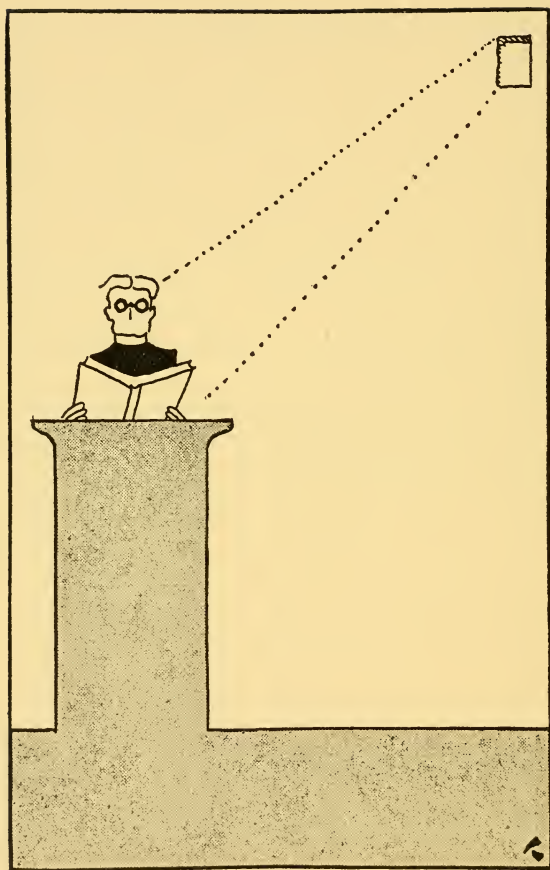
**H**IS impudence  
Is unbounded,  
For he is never happy  
Unless  
He is putting the houses  
Of other people in order.  
No matter what his own whims,  
His own vices or his own sins  
May be,  
He thinks it his duty  
Not merely to denounce  
But also by law to interfere with  
The customs of others.  
If he confined himself  
To talk,  
He might be tolerated,  
But he transcends  
The bounds of reason  
And of justice  
When he seeks  
The constitutional amendment  
Of habits that do not happen  
To be his own.

## THE INSIGNIAC

**L**ET no one be so foolish  
As to imagine  
That the number  
Or the varied colors  
Of the stripes upon his arm,  
Gold or silver,  
Red or white,  
Blue or yellow,  
Green or purple,  
Measure his valor  
Or his achievement.  
He who wears  
His heart  
Upon his sleeve  
Is not necessarily  
He whose deeds  
Are greatest.

## THE SIDEWALK BLOCKERS

**O**BLIVIOUS they stand,  
Deep in conversation  
That apparently is settling  
The destinies of all the world.  
Blocking the way,  
They neither see nor feel  
The flowing tide of passers-by  
Which breaks around them.  
As they remain unmoved  
And unperturbed,  
They might as well  
Inhabit a world  
That contains themselves alone  
For all they are aware  
Of the presence of their humankind.



## THE CENSOR

THESE are indeed  
Sad, sad days.  
One Thomas Shallcross,  
An estimable member  
Of the Philadelphia  
Board of Education,  
Has just declared that  
Stevenson's "Treasure Island"  
Is not fit  
To be read by schoolboys.  
And why?  
Because it is  
"Full of stories of pirates  
Who ought to be hanged."  
It is therefore our privilege  
And our pleasure  
To nominate the estimable Shallcross  
For admission to the gallery  
Of the righteous  
Where dwells  
The immortal Podsnap.

## THE FOOT-TAPPER

**H**E is not content  
To enjoy the rhythm  
Of the music,  
But he must spoil  
Others' pleasure  
By reënforcing  
Its recurrent accent  
With foot-taps on the floor.  
A theatre-seat  
Is no place for him.  
He should be  
An electric welder,  
Or perchance a thumper  
Of the big bass drum.

## THE SLOW-COACH

EVERYONE with an ounce  
Of energy in his composition  
Hates to overtake  
The slow-coach  
As he pursues his leisurely course  
Along the sidewalk.  
He moves as if  
Life were not worth the living  
And he persistently  
Blocks the way  
By getting directly  
In front of those who have  
Something more to do  
Than to dog his footsteps.  
With lifelessness  
In all his movements  
He might be better dead.





## THE CONQUERING HERO

**H**OME the conquering hero comes  
Still firm in the belief  
That he and he alone  
Is settling the fate of the world.  
But others remain behind  
Who have not sought  
Peace without victory,  
Who did not say that  
The aims of both sides  
During the war were the same,  
And doubtless in his absence  
They will make such progress  
That what should have been done  
Weeks ago  
Will be accomplished  
Long before his threatened return.  
In the meantime, however,  
The cabled propaganda will continue,  
And we shall be fed up  
With the customary reports  
That everything done  
Is done by him  
And him alone.

## THE ANIMAL RESCUER

**H**IS is the eye  
That looks  
Beyond the mere needs  
Of his humankind.  
His is the mind  
That knows  
The souls and bodies  
Of his animal friends  
Deserve no less care and kindness  
Than he bestows upon his fellow men.  
His is the hand  
That caresses them,  
And the voice  
That soothes them,  
And his the task and duty  
To make the world  
A better place  
For mankind to live in  
Because he also makes it  
A happier dwelling-place  
For dumb animals.

## THE HOSPITAL TELEPHONIST

**H**ER manner is brusque,  
Her voice is strident,  
Her messages are curt  
To all who venturesomely  
Infringe upon her valuable time  
Either over the telephone  
Or by personal application  
At her desk.

“He’s gettin’ along orl light,”

“There ain’t no change since yisterday,”

“Ye-ur,”

“Naw,”

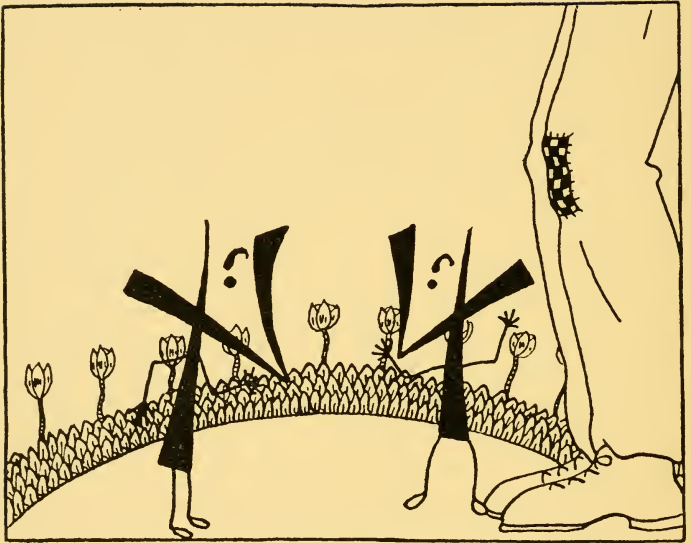
These words seem to be  
The limitations  
Of her vocabulary.

## GOOD OLD JOEL

**A** WISE man in his day  
Was Joel  
When he wrote:  
The mountains  
Shall drop down  
New wine,  
And the hills shall flow  
With milk,  
And all the rivers  
Of Judah shall flow  
With water.  
What a pity  
There was neither  
Ale nor beer  
In Joel's day  
That he might  
Sing its praises.

## THE CONVERSATION CIRCLER

**T**HE bell rings  
And she picks up  
The receiver,  
While the unwilling victim  
Who by a sad fate  
Is compelled  
To remain in the room  
Listens to a conversation  
Of never-ending length.  
She talks and talks,  
And after a minute  
She continues  
To say the same thing  
Over and over again  
In different words,  
Going round and round  
A conversational circle  
That seems to be  
As long as the girdle  
That Puck put round about  
The Earth  
In forty minutes.



## A DREADFUL LIAR

**S**AID one four o'clock  
To another four o'clock  
In my neighbor's garden:  
"This daylight saving  
Makes me out  
To be  
A dreadful liar."

## THE INDEPENDENT

WHEN a man  
Is without  
A stable mind  
And his opinions shift  
Like straws  
With every changing  
Of the wind  
He calls himself  
An independent  
And rejoices loudly  
In his own conceit.



## THE BLOCK-THE-DOOR PERSONS

**W**HAT crowd may be  
Behind them

Matters not.

If perchance

They are on the way

Out of the railway station

In the midst

Of the 'morning exodus,

They act as if

They were the only people

On earth.

They stop to chat,

Or to gaze

Up and down the street,

And if anyone

Attempts to push by them,

They glare and growl

And mutter words

About the rudeness

Of others.



## THE LATE THEATRE-COMER

**H**E —  
It is almost invariably  
He  
And not she —  
Who arrives at the play  
Within a few moments  
Of the end of the first act  
And is shown to his seat  
In the middle of the row,  
Of course  
Might wait  
Until the curtain falls,  
But that would avoid  
The disturbance  
Of a dozen or more of  
His fellow beings,  
And to think of others  
In such an exigency  
Is naturally impossible  
To him.

## THE EXPERT CLIPPER

**W**HY should we  
Have any compunction  
At putting asunder  
What man hath joined together?  
Especially the man  
Who has a varied assortment  
Of paper clips,  
And who uses them lavishly  
On all documents  
He sends forth to the world.  
Every time we receive  
A communication from him,  
We yank  
The bit of twisted steel  
Therefrom and vehemently  
Curse him and its inventor.

## THE HAUGHTY ONE

**H**ER stare is impressive  
When presiding  
At newsstand  
Or cigar counter  
Or any other dispensary  
Of necessary wares.  
She haughtily condescends  
To accept your money,  
And declining to place the change  
In your extended hand,  
Calmly drops it  
On the glass,  
And views with glee  
Your efforts to pick it up.

## THE BUSINESS MINDER

**L**IFE insurance presidents  
Are apparently setting themselves up  
As the arbiters  
Of feminine fashion.  
Here is one of them  
Who hails from Hartford  
And he proclaims  
That "all women  
Who bob their hair  
Are useless,"  
And that his ideal  
Of a business woman  
Is "one who has had  
Two or three years  
Of college work,  
Does not powder her nose,  
Does not watch the clock,  
Does not rouge her cheeks,  
And does not  
Smoke cigarettes."  
By way of rejoinder  
Perhaps we may be  
Permitted to say  
That our ideal  
Of a life insurance president  
Is one who  
Minds his own masculine business.

## THE KNITTERS

**W**HERE are they,  
The multitudinous knitters  
Whose needles  
Were wont to flash  
Before our eyes  
In street car,  
Railway train,  
On hotel piazza,  
In lecture hall,  
And many another  
Public place?  
They were knitting  
For the boys in khaki,  
But is there none  
To knit for in  
These piping times of peace?





## THE REVOLVING-DOOR INVENTOR

**W**HEN the lamented Gilbert,  
Wisest and merriest of humorists,  
Wrote in one of his liveliest moods  
About the fitting  
Of the punishment to the crime,  
And in another vein  
About a little list of victims  
To be found,  
He had not in mind  
The revolving-door,  
For it was not then  
Inflicted upon  
A long-suffering world.  
If it had been,  
He would undoubtedly  
Have consigned its perpetrator  
To a well-deserved  
And everlasting whirligig  
Of gyrations  
Within its confines.

## THE MANUSCRIPT ROLLER

**H**E may be able  
To write good English,  
He may be able  
To spell with accuracy,  
He may be a man of ideas,  
And he may have a message  
For the world,  
But he is welcome  
To no editorial haunts  
If he rolls his manuscript.  
Editors have some rights  
That even the most  
Intelligent contributors  
Should be bound to respect.

## THE WEATHER GROWLER

**M**AN and woman  
Are seldom content  
With the meteorological  
Dispensations of the gods.  
Without a murmur  
They will accept much else  
That comes to them,  
But not the weather.  
If it be hot  
It should be cold.  
If it be cold  
It should be hot.  
If it be warm,  
It should be cooler.  
If it be cool  
It should be warmer.  
And so on ad infinitum  
They growl and grumble  
Unceasingly  
And give themselves  
Much more discomfort and unhappiness  
Than the weather  
Ever brings to them.



## OUR LEGISLATORS

OUR legislators  
Are indeed  
A marvellous crew,  
And sometimes we wonder  
Whether they are  
Our masters  
Or our servants.  
Now comes one of them  
Who hails from Mississippi  
And whose name is Johnson  
Who says that smoking  
By women  
In public  
Is "worse than whiskey,"  
And who therefore  
Offers a bill in Congress  
To fine them  
If they are caught smoking  
In the public places  
Of Washington.  
Great and wonderful indeed  
Are our legislators!

## THE OPEN MINDER

**H**E brags vociferously  
That he has  
What he calls  
An open mind,  
And that he is  
Ready to be convinced  
By the latest comer  
On political problems  
Or other subjects.  
The trouble with him  
Is, however,  
That he has  
No convictions at all,  
And that his open mind  
Is simply another name  
For defective judgment  
And lack of principle.

## THE POEMLESS POET

**I**N the olden days  
The poet wrote  
Poetry  
And thereby became  
Famous.  
But in these times  
He writes  
Prose  
And by simply  
Calling it  
Free verse,  
Or something  
Equally indefinable,  
He places himself  
Or is placed by others  
In the halls  
Of the great.

## THE HAT-PIN WOMAN

**B**ARBAROUSLY serene  
She goes about  
And recks not  
If the spear  
Thrust through her hat  
From side to side  
Protrudes so far  
As to encounter  
Her neighbor's  
Eye or ear or chin.  
He may dodge it,  
Or he may not,  
And his the penalty  
If he fails  
Successfully to avoid  
Its poisonous point.  
Yet he must not complain  
For is not her headgear  
By it made safe  
From all the winds that blow?



## THE MODERN GLADIATOR

**I**N ancient days  
The high and mighty  
Among the multitudes  
That foregathered  
In the Colosseum  
To make a Roman holiday  
Gave the signal  
“Thumbs down”  
That meant death  
To the vanquished.  
In these modern days,  
On the contrary,  
The defeated gladiator  
Will have his damaged body  
Carefully tended  
By physicians  
And his injured feelings  
Soothed by a liberal share  
Of the spoils.



## POOR OMAR

I N these days of doom  
Must we  
Banish Omar the Tentmaker  
From our bookshelves?  
If we are forbidden  
To quench our thirst,  
We may expect also  
That the reformer's hand  
Will fall upon those  
Who sing the praises  
Of the fragrant  
And exhilarating  
Juice of the grape.  
Must we then  
In these days of doom  
Banish Omar the Tentmaker  
From our bookshelves?















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