

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Cobwebs from a Library Corner

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Cobwebs from a Library Corner

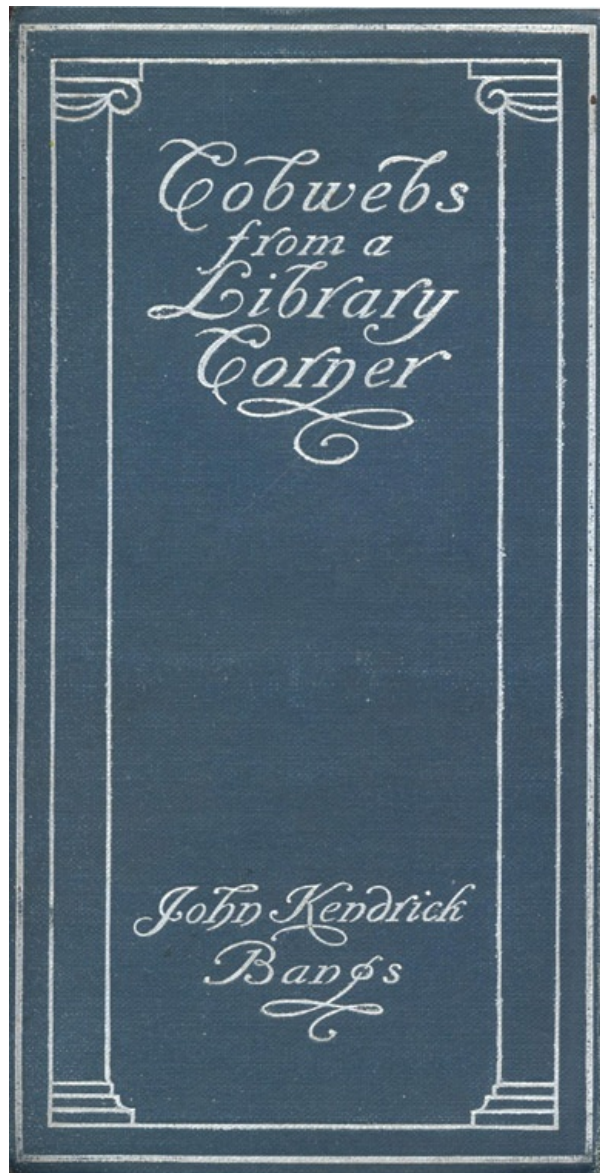
Author: John Kendrick Bangs

Release date: December 14, 2008 [eBook #27534]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Barbara Tozier, Bill Tozier and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK COBWEBS FROM A LIBRARY
CORNER ***



These verses of Mr. Bangs's have appeared from time to time in the various Harper Periodicals, and elsewhere.



OUT IN THE COLD

<i>COBWEBS FROM A LIBRARY CORNER</i>
<i>By John Kendrick Bangs</i>



NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS

MDCCCXCIX

Copyright, 1899, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

All rights reserved.

TO
SISTER ANNE

CONTENTS

PAGE

BOOKISH

A PESSIMISTIC VIEW	1
THE MASTER'S PEN—A CONFESSION	3
BOOKWORM BALLADS (A LITERARY FEAST)	5
IDEAS FOR SALE	8
THE AUTHOR'S BOOMERANG	11
TO AN EGOTISTICAL BIOGRAPHER	12
NO COPYRIGHT NEEDED	13
INGREDIENTS OF GREATNESS	14
A COMMON FAVORITE	15
THEIR PENS	17
AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM	18
THE BIBLIOPHILE'S THREAT	19
MY TREASURES	20
A POET'S FAD	21
THE POET UNDONE	22
A WANING MUSE	23
MODESTY	24
MY LORD THE BOOK	25

THE BIBLIOMISER	26
THE "COLLECTOR"	27
A READER	28
FATE!	29
A PLEASING THOUGHT	30
BOOKS <i>VS.</i> "BOOKS," BY A BIBLIOMANIAC	31
A CONFESSION	33
THE EDITION DE LOOKS	35

WISE AND OTHERWISE

NAPOLINI'S ERROR	41
MY COLOR	45
CONTENTMENT IN NATURE	47
THE HEROIC GUNNER	49
THE PATHETIC TALE OF THE CADDY BOY	52
GARRULOUS WISDOM	56
THE PERJURY OF A REJECTED LOVER	58
MAID OF CULTURE	59
NOT PERFECT	60
A CITY DWELLER'S WISH	61
WHERE ARE THEY?	62
MEMORIES	64
A SAD STATE	65
AD ASTRA PER OTIUM.	66
CONSOLATION	67
SATISFACTION ON READING "NOT ONE DISSATISFIED," BY WALT WHITMAN	68
TO A WITHERED ROSE	70
THE WORST OF ENEMIES	71
JOKES OF THE NIGHT	72
AN AUTUMNAL ROMANCE	75
THE COUNTRY IN JULY	76
MAY 30, 1893	78
THE CURSE OF WEALTH	80
THE RHYME OF THE ANCIENT POPULIST	83
ONE OF THE NAMELESS GREAT	86
IN FEBRUARY DAYS	87
A CHANGE OF AMBITION	89
MESSAGE FROM MAHATMAS	91
THE GOLD-SEEKERS	95
ODE TO A POLITICIAN	98
SOME ARE AMATEURS	101

BOOKISH

A PESSIMISTIC VIEW

A LITTLE bit of Thackeray,
 A little bit of Scott,
 A modicum of Dickens just
 To tangle up the plot,
 A paraphrase of Marryat,
 Another from Dumas—

You ask me for a novel, sir,
And I say, there you are.

The pen is greater than the sword,
Of that there is no doubt.
The pen for me whene'er I wish
An enemy to rout.
A pen, a pad, and say a pint
Of ink with which to scrawl,
To put a foe to flight is all
That's needed—truly all.

2
But when it comes to making up
A novel in these days
You do not need a pen at all
To win the writer's bays.
A pair of sharpened scissors and
A wealth of pure white page
Will do it if you have at hand
A pot of mucilage.

So give to me the scissors keen,
And give to me the glue,
And I will fix a novel up
That's sure to startle you.
The good ideas have all been worked,
But while we've gum and paste
There shall be books and books and books
To please the public taste.

3
THE MASTER'S PEN—A CONFESSION

IN my collection famed of curios
I have, as every bookman knows,
A pen that Thackeray once used.
To be amused,
I thought I'd "take that pen in hand,"
And see what came of it—what grand
Inspired lines 'twould write,
One Sunday night.
I dipped it in the ink,
And tried to think,
"Just what shall I indite?"
And do you know, that pen went fairly mad;
A dreadful time with it I had.
4
It spluttered, spattered, scratched, and blotted so,
I had to give it up, you know.
It really wouldn't work for me,
And so I put it down; but last night, after tea,
I took it up again,
And equally in vain.
The hours sped;
I went to bed,
And in my dreams the pen came up to me and said:
"Here is the list of Asses who have tried
To take up pens the master laid aside;
Look thou!" I looked, and lo!—perhaps you've guessed—
My name, like Abou Ben's, led all the rest!

5
*BOOKWORM BALLADS
A LITERARY FEAST*

My Bookworm gave a dinner to a number of his set.
I was not there—I say it to my very great regret.

For they dined well, I fancy, if the menu that I saw
Was followed as implicitly as one obeys the law.

“‘Twill open,” he observed to me, “with quatrains on the half.
They go down easy; then for soup”—it really made me laugh—
“The poems of old Johnny Gay”—his words were rather rough—
“They’ll do quite well, for, after all, soup’s thin and sloppy stuff.

6
“For fish, old Izaak Walton; and to serve as an *entrée*,
I think some fixed-up morsel, say from James, or from Daudet;
The roast will be Charles Kingsley—there’s a deal of beef in him.
For sherbet, T. B. Aldrich is just suited to my whim.

“For game I’ll have Boccaccio—he’s quite the proper one;
He certainly is gamey, and a trifle underdone;
And for the salad, Addison, so fresh and crisp is he,
With just a touch of Pope to give a tang to him, you see.

“And then for cheese, Max Nordau, for I think you’ll find right there
Some things as strong and mushy as the best of Camembert;
And for dessert let Thackeray and O. Khayyám be brought,
The which completes a dinner of most wondrous richness fraught.

7
“For olives and for almonds we can take the jokes of *Punch*—
They’re good enough for us, I think, to casually munch;
And through it all we’ll quaff the wines that flow forever clear
From Avon’s vineyards in the heart of Will of Warwickshire.”

8
IDEAS FOR SALE

I’m in literary culture, and I’ve opened up a shop,
Where I’d like ye, gents and ladies, if you’re passing by to stop.
Come and see my rich assortment of fine literary seed
That I’m selling to the writers of full many a modern screed.

I’ve bacilli for ten volumes for a dollar, in a bag—
Not a single germ among ’em that’s been ever known to drag.
Not a single germ among ’em, if you see they’re planted right,
But will grow into a novel that they’ll say is out of sight.

9
I have motifs by the thousand, motifs sad and motifs gay.
You can buy ’em by the dozen, or I’ll serve ’em every day:
I will serve ’em in the morning, as the milkman serves his wares;
I will serve ’em by the postman, or I’ll leave ’em on your stairs.

When you get down to your table with your head a vacuum,
You can say unto your helpmeet, “Has that quart of ideas come
That we ordered served here daily from that plot-man down the
street?”
And you’ll find that I’ve been early my engagement to complete.

Should you want a book of poems that will bring you into fame,
Let me send a sample packet that will guarantee the same,
Holding “Seeds of Thought from Byron, Herrick, Chaucer,
Tennyson.”
Plant ’em deep, and keep ’em watered, and you’ll find the deed is
done.

10
I’ve a hundred comic packets that would make a Twain of Job;
I have “Seeds of Tales Narcotic; Tales of Surgeons and the Probe.”
I’ve a most superb assortment, on the very cheapest terms,
Done up carefully in tin-foil, of my A 1 “Trilby Germs.”

So perchance if you’re ambitious in a literary line,
Be as dull as e’er you can be, you will surely cut a shine,
If you’ll only take advantage of this opportunity,
When you’re passing by to stop in for a little chat with me.

You may ask me, in conclusion, why I do not seek myself

All the laurel and the glory of these seeds I sell for pelf.
I will tell you, though the confidence I can't deny is rash,
I'm a trifle long on laurels, and a little short of cash.

11

THE AUTHOR'S BOOMERANG

HE frowns with reason; he has always said,
"The public has no knowledge of true art;
The book of worth these days would not be read;
'Tis trash not truth that goes upon the mart."

And then was published his beloved work—
Some twenty-six editions it has had—
And he his own conclusion cannot shirk:
With such success as this it must be bad!

12

TO AN EGOTISTICAL BIOGRAPHER

I'VE read your story of your friend's fine life,
But really, gentle sir, I fail to see,
Why you have named it "Blank, and Jane his wife,"
When you had better called it simply "Me."

13

NO COPYRIGHT NEEDED

I'VE penned a score of essays bright,
In Addison's best style;
I've taken many a lofty flight,
The Muses to beguile.

Of novels I have written few—
I think no more than ten;
With history I've had to do,
Like several other men.

And still, to my intense regret,
Through all my woe and weal,
I've never penned a volume yet,
A foreigner would steal.

14

INGREDIENTS OF GREATNESS

THE style of man I'd like to be,
If I could have my way,
Would be a sort of pot-pourri
Of Poe and Thackeray;

Of Horace, Edison, and Lamb;
Of Keats and Washington,
Gérôme and blest Omar Khayyám,
And R. L. Stevenson;

Of Kipling and the Bard of Thrums,
And Bonaparte the great—
If I were these, I'd snap my thumbs
Derisively at Fate.

A COMMON FAVORITE

CHARLES LAMB is good, and so is Thackeray,
 And so's Jane Austen in her pretty way;
 Charles Dickens, too, has pleased me quite a lot,
 As also have both Stevenson and Scott.
 I like Dumas and Balzac, and I think
 Lord Byron quite a dab at spreading ink;
 But on the whole, at home, across the sea,
 The author I like best is Mr. Me.

A "first" of Elia filled my soul with joy.
 A Meredith de luxe held no alloy.
 And when I found *Pendennis* in the parts
 A throb of gladness stirred my heart of hearts.
 A richly pictured set of Avon's bard
 Upon my liking bounded pretty hard;
 But none brought out that cloying sense of glee
 That came from that first book by Mr. Me.

And so I beg you join me in the toast
 To him that I confess I love the most.
 He does not always do his level best,
 But no one lives who can survive that test.
 His work is queer, and some folks call it bad,
 And some aver 'tis but a passing fad;
 But I don't care, the fact remains that he
 Has won my admiration—dear old Me.

THEIR PENS

THE poet pens his odes and sonnets spruce
 With quills plucked from the ordinary goose,
 While critics write their sharp incisive lines
 With quills snatched from the fretful porcupines.

AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM

IF Bacon wrote those grand inspiring lines
 At which alternately man weeps and laughs,
 Who was it penned those chirographic vines
 We know these times as Shakespeare's autographs?

THE BIBLIOPHILE'S THREAT

IF some one does not speedily indite
 A volume that is worthy of my shelf,
 I'll have to buy materials and write
 A novel and some poetry myself.

MY TREASURES

My library o'erflows with treasures rare:
 Of "Dickens' firsts," a full, unbroken set;
 And in a little nooklet off the stair
 The whole edition of my novelette.

A POET'S FAD

HE writes bad verse on principle,
 E'en though it does not sell.
 He thinks the plan original—
 So many folk write well.

THE POET UNDONE

HE was a poet born, but unkind Fate
 Once doomed him for his verses to be paid,
 Whereon he left the poet-born's estate
 And wrote like one who'd happened to be made.

A WANING MUSE

"WHY art thou sad, Poeticus?" said I.
 So blue was he I feared he would not speak.
 "Alas! I've lost my grip," was his reply—
 "I've writ but forty poems, sir, this week."

MODESTY

"WHAT hundred books are best, think you?" I said,
 Addressing one devoted to the pen.
 He thought a moment, then he raised his head:
 "I hardly know—I've written only ten."

MY LORD THE BOOK

A BOOK is an aristocrat:
 'Tis pampered—lives in state;
 Stands on a shelf, with naught whereat
 To worry—lovely fate!

Enjoys the best of company;
 And often—ay, 'tis so—
 Like much in aristocracy,
 Its title makes it go.

THE BIBLIOMISER

HE does not read at all, yet he doth hoard
 Rich books. In exile on his shelves they're stored;
 And many a volume, sweet and good and true,
 Fails in the work that it was made to do.
 Why, e'en the dust they've caught since he began
 Would quite suffice to make a decent man!

THE "COLLECTOR"

I GOT a tome to-day, and I was glad to strike it,
 Because no other man can ever get one like it.
 'Tis poor, and badly print; its meaning's Greek;
 But what of that? 'Tis mine, and it's unique.
 So Bah! to others,
 Men and brothers—
 Bah! and likewise Pooh!
 I've got the best of you.
 Go sicken, die, and eke repine.
 That book you wanted—Gad! that's mine!

A READER

DAUDET to him is e'er Dodett;
 Dumas he calls Dumass;
 But prithee do not you forget
 He's not at all an ass;

 Because the books that he doth buy,
 That on his shelf do stand,
 Hold not one page his eagle eye
 Hath not completely scanned.

 And while this man's orthoepy
 May not be what it should,
 He knows what books contain, and he
 "Can quote 'em pretty good."

FATE!

I FEEL that I am quite as smart
 As Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.

 I'm also every bit as bright
 As Walter Scott, the Scottish knight;

 And in my own peculiar way
 I'm just as good as Thackeray.

 But, woe is me that it should be,
 They got here years ahead of me,

 And all the tales I would unfold
 By them already have been told.

A PLEASING THOUGHT

THEY speak most truly who do say
 We have no writing-folk to-day
 Like those whose names, in days gone by,
 Upon the scroll of fame stood high.
 And when I think of Smollett's tales,
 Of waspish Pope's ill-natured rails,
 Of Fielding dull, of Sterne too free,
 Of Swift's uncurbed indecency,
 Of Dr. Johnson's bludgeon-wit,
 I must confess I'm glad of it!

BOOKS vs. "BOOKS"
BY A BIBLIOMANIAC

A VOLUME'S just received on vellum print.
The book is worth the vellum—no more in't.
But, as I search my head for thoughts, I find
One fact embedded firmly in my mind.

That's this, in short: while it no doubt may be
Most pleasant for an author small to see
A fine edition of his work put out,
No man who's sane can ever really doubt

That products of his brain and pen can live
Alone for that which they may haply give!
And though on vellum stiff the work appears,
It cannot live throughout the after-years,

Unless it has within its leaves some hint
Of something further than the style of print
And paper—give me Omar on mere waste,
I'll choose it rather than some "bookish taste,"

Expended on a flimsy, whimsey tale,
Put out to catch a whimsey, flimsy sale.
I'd choose my Omar print on grocer's wraps
Before the vellum books of "bookish" chaps.

A CONFESSION

My epic verse, my pet production, which I deemed
Sufficient to advance me to the highest peak
Of difficult Parnassus, goal of which I've dreamed
For many a weary year, came back to me last week.
The Editor I cursed, that he should stand between
My dear ambition and my scarcely dearer self;
Whose unappreciation forced to blush unseen
My one dear book, to gather dust upon my shelf.
That night in sleep an Angel fair came to my side,
And in her hand she held a scroll; in lines of flame
The name of him I'd cursed was writ; and when I cried,
"What portent this?" the rare celestial dame

Replied:

"Read here, O Ingrate base, the name of him thou'st cursed.
The very man of all men who should be the first
Thy love and lasting gratitude to know, since he
Still leaves the path Parnassian open unto thee—
A path which thou with halting rhyme, most ill composed,
Against thyself hast sought to keep forever closed.
Read thou thy lines again!"

Ah! bitter was the cup.

I read, withdrew the curse—and tore the epic up.

THE EDITION DE LOOKS

How very close to truth these bookish men
Can be when in their catalogues they pen

The words descriptive of the wares they hold
To tempt the book-man with his purse of gold!

For instance, they have Dryden—splendid set—
Which some poor wight would part with wealth to get.

'Tis richly bound, its edges gilded—but—
Hard fate—as Dryden well deserves—*uncut!*

36

For who these days would think to buy the screed
Of dull old dusty Dryden just to read?

In faith if his editions had been kept
Amongst the rarities he'd ne'er have crept!

And then those pompous, overwhelming tomes
You find so oft in overwhelming homes,

No substance on a Whatman surface placed,
In polished leather and in tooling cased,

The gilded edges dazzling to the eye
And flaunting all their charms so wantonly.

These book-men, when they catalogue their books,
Call them in truth *édition de luxe*.

37

That's all they have, most of 'em, just plain shape,
With less pure wine than any unripe grape.

But tomes that travel on their "looks" indeed
Are only good for those who do not read;

And, like most people clad in garments grand,
Seem rather heavy for the average hand.

39

WISE AND OTHERWISE

41

NAPOLINI'S ERROR

PIETRO NAPOLINI DI VENDETTA PASQUARELLE

Deserted balmy Italy, the land that loved him well,
And sailed for soft America, of wealth the very fount,
To earn sufficient dollars there to make himself a count.
Alas for poor Pietro! he arrived in winter-time,
And marvelled at the poet who observed in tripping rhyme
How this New World was genial, and a sunny sort of clime.

42

No chance had he for music that's developed by a crank,
No chance had he at sculpture, nor a penny in the bank.
The pea-nut trade was languid, and for him too full of risk;
He thought the work on railways for his blood was rather brisk.
The sole profession left him to assuage his stomach's woe,
It struck him in meandering the city to and fro,
Was surely that of shovelling away the rich man's snow.

And then P. Napolini di Vendetta Pasquarelle
Sought out a city thoroughfare, the swellest of the swell.
He stole a shovel, and he found a broom he thought would do,
Then rang the massive front-door bell of Stuyvesant Depew.
"I wanta shov' da snow," he said, when there at last appeared
Fitzjohn Augustus Higgins, who in Birmingham was reared,
A man by all in low estate much hated and much feared.

43

"Go wi," said Fitz, with gesture bold. "Yer cahn't do nothink ere,
Yer bloomin', hugly furriner!" he added, with a sneer.
"Hi thinks as 'ow you dagoes is the cuss o' this 'ere land,
With wuthy citizens like me 'most starved on every 'and.
Hi vows hif I'd me wi at all hi'd order hout a troop,
Hand send the bloomin' lot o' yer 'ead over 'eels in soup.

Git hout, yer nahsty grabber yer; hewacuate the stoop.”

Then when the snow had melted off, Fitzjohn Augustus went
And humbly asked his master for two dollars that he'd spent
In paying Napolini di Vendetta Pasquarelle;
While Nap went back to Italy, the land that loved him well,
Convinced that when he sailed that time his country to forsake,
He must have got aboard the ship when he was half awake,
And got to London, not New York, by some most odd mistake.

MY COLOR

My best-loved color? Well, I think I like
A soft and tender dewy green—for grass.
Sometimes a pink my fancy too will strike—
In lobster *purée* or a Sauterne glass.

Blue is a color, too, I greatly love.
It's sort of satisfying to my eyes.
'Tis their own color; and I'm quite fond of
This hue also for soft Italian skies.

For blushes, give me red, nor hesitate
To pile it on; I like it good and strong
Upon the cheeks of her I call my Fate,
The loveliest of all the lovely throng.

On golden-yellow oft my fancy dwells.
'Tis almost godlike, as it sparkles through
The effervescent fizz; and wondrous spells
It casts o'er me when coined in dollars, too.

Hence, friend, it is I cannot specify
What hues particular my joys enhance.
I like them all; their popularity
At special times depends on circumstance.

CONTENTMENT IN NATURE

I WOULD not change my joys for those
Of Emperors and Kings.
What has my gentle friend the rose
Told them, if aught, do you suppose—
The rose that tells me things?

What secrets have they had with trees?
What romps with grassy spears?
What know they of the mysteries
Of butterflies and honey-bees,
Who whisper in my ears?

What says the sunbeam unto them?
What tales have brooklets told?
Is there within their diadem
A single rival to the gem
The dewy daisies hold?

What sympathy have they with birds
Whose songs are songs of mine?
Do they e'er hear, as though in words
'Twas lisped, the message of the herds
Of grazing, lowing kine?

Ah no! Give me no lofty throne,
But just what Nature yields.

Let me but wander on, alone
If need be, so that all my own
Are woods and dales and fields.

49

THE HEROIC GUNNER

When the order was given to withdraw from battle for breakfast, one of the gun-captains, a privileged character, begged Commodore Dewey to let them keep on fighting until "we've wiped 'em out."—*War Anecdote in Daily Paper.*

At the battle of Manila,
In the un-Pacific sea,
Stood a gunner with his mad up
Just as far as it could be—
Stood a gunner brave and ready
For the hated enemy.

Near the Isles of Philopena
Raged the battle all the morn,
And the plucky Spanish sailors
By the shot and shell were torn;
And the flag that floated o'er them
To oblivion was borne.

50

Every cannon belched projectiles,
Every cannon breathed forth hell,
Every cannon mowed the foeman
From the deck into the swell,
When amid the din of battle
Rang the silvery breakfast-bell.

"Stop your shooting! Come to breakfast!"
Cried the gallant Commodore.
"After eating we will let them
Have a rousing old encore.
Stow your lanyards, O my Jackies;
Let the cannon cease to roar."

Then upspoke the fighting gunner:
"Dewey, don't, I beg of you.
What's the use of drinking coffee
Till we've put this scrimmage through?
If there's any one who's hungry,
Won't this Spanish omelet do?"

51

"Farragut would not have done it
When through Mobile Bay he sped.
Why then, Dewey, should we breakfast
Till we've plunked 'em full of lead?
Let our motto be as his was—
Damn the fishballs! Go ahead!"

52

THE PATHETIC TALE OF THE CADDY BOY

"COME here," said I, "oh caddy boy, and tell me how it haps
You cling so fast unto these links; not like the other chaps,
Who like to dally on the streets and play the game of craps?"

"Is it that you enjoy the work of carrying a bag
While others speed the festive ball o'er valley, hill, and crag?
And do your spirits never seem to falter or to flag?"

"I've watched you many a day, my lad, and puzzled o'er the fact
That you are so attentive to the game; your every act

Doth indicate perfection—there's been nothing you have lacked.

"And I would know just why it is that you so perfect seem—
In all my golfing days you've been the very brightest gleam—
Or am I lying home in bed and are you just a dream?"

"Oh, sir," said he, "I caddy here because I love my pa;
I cling unto these gladsome links because I love my ma;
In short, I love my parents, sir, and these my reasons are:

"'Twas but a year ago, good sir, when first this ancient sport
Came in the portals of our home—home of the sweetest sort;
When golf came through the window, sir, why home went through
the port.

"My father first he took it up, and many a weary night
My mother with us children waited up by candle-light,
In hopes that he'd return and free us from our lonely plight.

"Then mother she went after him—alas! that it should be—
And shortly learned the game herself—she plays it famously—
Which left us children orphans, I and all my brothers three.

"They play it here, they play it there, they play it everywhere;
No matter what the weather, be it wet or be it fair,
And for the cares of golf they've dropped their every other care.

"And so it is that we poor lads are forced to leave our home,
And join the ranks of caddy boys who o'er the fields do roam
In search of little golf-balls in the sunlight and the gloam;

"For some day we are hoping that our eyes again will see
Our most beloved parents on some putting-green or tee;
A sight to gladden all our hearts if it should ever be."

And lo—I looked upon that boy—his face was sweet and sad,
And to my heart there came a twinge, for in that little lad
I recognized my eldest son—I was that wicked dad!

And now together we are out on links at home and far.
He and his three small brothers with their shamed, repentant pa,
A-looking here and looking there to find their dear mamma.

GARRULOUS WISDOM

I KNOW a wondrous man—my neighbor he;
He's ripe in years, and great in understanding.
He's versed in art, and in philosophy
He shows a mind that's verily commanding.

He'll stand before a painting, and without
A single instant's thought, or hesitation,
He'll tell the painter's name, nor any doubt
Is there he gives the proper information.

The rocks, the hills and valleys, hold from him
No secret that is past a man's revealing.
He knows why some are stout and others slim;
He comprehends all kinds of human feeling.

The records of the stars he knows, and each
Romance that round about the heavens lingers.
At dinner-time he oft delights to preach
On which was made the first, or forks or fingers.

Indeed, all things he knows, or high or low—
The things that fly on wing, or go a-walking—
Except one thing he never seems to know,
And that's when he should stop his endless talking.

THE PERJURY OF A REJECTED LOVER

WHEN I was twenty-one, I swore,
 If I should ever wed,
 The maiden that I should adore
 Should have a classic head;
 Should have a form quite Junoesque;
 A manner full of grace;
 A wealth of hirsute picturesque
 Above a piquant face.

But I, alas! am perjured, for
 I've wed a dumpy lass
 I much despised in days of yore,
 Of quite the plainest class,
 Because each maiden of my dream,
 Whose favor I did seek,
 Was so opposed unto my scheme
 I married Jane in pique.

MAID OF CULTURE

MAID of culture, ere we part,
 Since we've talked of letters, art,
 Science, faith, and hypnotism,
 And 'most every other ism,
 When you wrote, a while ago,
 Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπώ,

Let me tell you this, my dear:
 Though your lettering was clear,
 Though the ancient sages Greek
 Would be glad to hear you speak,
 They would be replete with woe
 At your μου, σὰς ἀγαπώ.

For, dear maiden most astute,
 You have placed the mark acute
 O'er omega. Take your specs.
 See? It should be circumflex.
 Still I love you, even though
 You have written ἀγαπώ.

NOT PERFECT

HER eyes are blue—a lovely hue
 For eyes; her cheeks are pink,
 And for the cheek, 'twixt me and you,
 That color's right, I think.

Her fingers taper prettily,
 Her teeth are white as pearls—
 Her hands seem softer far to me
 Than any other girl's.

Her figure's trim—it is petite—
 I like them just that way,
 And truly, maiden half so sweet
 You'd not find every day.

And yet, alas! she's not my choice,
 This creature of my rhyme—
 Because her soft and rich-toned voice
 Is going all the time.

A CITY DWELLER'S WISH

I LOVE the leaf of the old oak-tree,
 I love the gum of the spruce,
 I love the bark of the hickory,
 And I love the maple's juice.

On the walnut's grain I fondly dote,
 On the cherry's fruit I'd dine,
 And I love to lie in a narrow boat,
 And scent the odor of pine.

Ah, me! how I wish some power grand
 Would invent some single tree
 With all these points well developed, and
 Would send that tree to me!

I'd plant it deep in the jardinière
 That stands in this flat of mine;
 I'd give it the sweetest, tenderest care,
 And water its roots with wine.

WHERE ARE THEY?

WHAT has become of the cast-off coats
 That covered Will Shakespeare's back?
 What has become of the old row-boats
 Of Kidd and his pirate pack?

Where are the scarfs that Lord Byron wore?
 Where are poor Shelley's cuffs?
 What has become of that wondrous store
 Of Queen Elizabeth's ruffs?

Where are the slippers of Ferdinand?
 Where are Marc Antony's clothes?
 Where are the gloves from Antoinette's hand?
 Where Oliver Goldsmith's hose?

I do not search for the ships of Tyre—
 The grave of Whittington's cat
 Would sooner set my spirit on fire—
 Or even Beau Brummel's hat.

And when I reflect that there are spots
 In the world that I can't find,
 Where lie these same identical lots,
 And many of this same kind,

I'm tempted to give a store of gold
 To him that will bring to me
 A glass, Earth's mysteries to unfold,
 And show me where these things be.

MEMORIES

YON maiden once a jester did adore,
 Who early died and in the church-yard sleeps.
 Once in a while she reads his best jokes o'er
 And sits her down and madly, sorely weeps.

A SAD STATE

I KNOW a man in Real Estate,
 Whose pride of self's sublime.
 He'd like to be a poet great
 But "can't afford the time."

AD ASTRA PER OTIUM

As I read over old John Dryden's verse,
 The rhymes of men like William Blake, and Gay,
 The stuff that helped fill Edmund Waller's purse,
 And that which placed on Marvell's brow the bay,

It doth appear to me that in those times
 The Muses quaffed not sparkling wine, but grog,
 And that to grow immortal through one's rhymes
 Was 'bout as hard as falling off a log.

CONSOLATION

SHAKESPEARE was not accounted great
 When good Queen Bess ruled England's state,
 So why should I to-day repine
 Because the laurel is not mine?

Perhaps in twenty-ninety-three
 Folks will begin to talk of me,
 And somewhere statues may be built
 Of me, in bronze, perhaps in gilt,

And sages full of quips and quirks
 Will wonder if I wrote my works.
 So why should I repine to-day
 Because my brow wears not the bay?

*SATISFACTION**ON READING "NOT ONE DISSATISFIED," BY WALT WHITMAN*

GOD spare the day when I am satisfied!
 Enough is truly likened to a feast that leaves man satiate.
 The sluggishness of fulness comes apace; the dulness of a mind that
 knows all things.

The lack of every sweet desire; no new sensation for the soul!
 To want no more?

What vile estate is that?

What holds the morrow for the soul that's satisfied?

What holds the future for the mind content?

Is aspiration worthless?

Is much-abused ambition then so vile?

What is the essence of the joy of living?

Must yesterday, to-morrow, and to-day all be the same,

With nothing to be hoped for?

Is not a soul athirst a joyous thing?

Where lies content to him whose eye doth rest on higher things?

What satiation can compare to hope?

Yet who among the satisfied hath need of hope?

What can he hope for if he's satisfied?

'Tis but conceit, and nothing more, to prate of satisfaction!

God spare the day when I am satisfied!

I do not want the earth,
Yet nothing less will leave me quite content;
And once 'tis mine,
I'm very sure you'll find me roaming off
After the universe!

70

TO A WITHERED ROSE

THY span of life was all too short—
A week or two at best—
From budding-time, through blossoming,
To withering and rest.

Yet compensation hast thou—aye!—
For all thy little woes;
For was it not thy happy lot
To live and die a rose?

71

THE WORST OF ENEMIES

I DO not fear an enemy
Who all his days hath hated me.

I do not bother o'er a foe
Whose name and face I do not know.

I mind me not the small attack
Of him who bites behind my back:

But Heaven help me to the end
'Gainst that one who was once my friend.

72

JOKES OF THE NIGHT

BLESSED jokes of my dreams! Your praises I'd sing.
No mirth can compare to the mirth that you bring.
I've read London *Punch* from beginning to end,
On all comic papers much money I spend,
But naught that is in them can ever seem bright
Beside the rich jokes that I dream of at night.

How I laugh at those jests of my brain when at rest,
The gladdest and merriest, sweetest and best!
And how, when I wake in the morning and try
To call them to mind, oh how bashful, how shy
They seem, how they scatter and hide out of sight—
Those jokes of my dreamings, those jests of the night!

Take the one that came to me to-day just at dawn:
The Cable-Car turns and remarks to the Prawn,
"The Crowbar is seasick; but then what of that,
As long as the Camel won't wear a silk hat?"
I laughed—why, I laughed till my wife had a fright
For fear I'd go wild from that joke of the night.

And they're all much like that one—elusive enough,
Yet full of facetious, hilarious stuff—
Stuff past comprehension, stuff no man dares tell;
For nocturnal jests, e'en told ever so well—
'Tis odd it should be so—are not often bright,
Except to the dreamer who dreams them at night.

74

A LEAF fell in love with the soft green lawn,
 He deemed her the sweetest and best,
 And then on a dreary November dawn
 He withered and died on her breast.

THE COUNTRY IN JULY

WHERE glistening in the softness of the night
 The vagrant will-o'-wisps do greet the sight;
 Where fragrance baffling permeates the breeze
 That gently flouts the grasses and the trees;
 Where every flying thing doth seem to be
 Instinct with sweetly sensuous melody;
 Where hills and dales assume their warmest phase,
 With here and there a scarf of opal haze
 To soften their luxuriant attire;
 Where one can almost hear the elfin choir
 Across the meadow-land, down in the wood,
 In songs of gladness—there are all things good.
 Ah! ye who seek the spot where joys abide,
 Awake! Awake! Seek out the country-side,
 And through the blue-gray July haze see life
 All free from care, from sorrow, and from strife.

MAY 30, 1893

It seemed to be but chance, yet who shall say
 That 'twas not part of Nature's own sweet way,
 That on the field where once the cannon's breath
 Lay many a hero cold and stark in death,
 Some little children, in the after-years,
 Had come to play among the grassy spears,
 And, all unheeding, when their romp was done,
 Had left a wreath of wild flowers over one
 Who fought to save his country, and whose lot
 It was to die unknown and rest forgot?

THE CURSE OF WEALTH

"WHAT shall I put my dollars in?" he asked, in wild dismay.
 "I've fifty thousand of 'em, and I'd like to keep 'em too.
 I'd like to put them by to serve some future rainy day,
 But in these times of queer finance what can a fellow do?"

"A railway bond is picturesque, and the supply is great,
 But strangely like a novel that upon occasion drags,
 Of which the critics of the time in hackneyed phrases state,
 'The work has certain value, but the int'rest often flags!'"

"The same is true of railway shares, 'tis safer to invest
 In ploughshares, so it seems to me, in this unhappy time.
 Some think great wealth a blessing, but it cannot stand the test;
 He's happier by far than I who's but a single dime.

"He does not lie awake at night and fret and fume, to think

Of bank officials on a spree with what he's toiled to get.
He is not driven by his woe quite to the verge of drink
By wondering if his balance in the bank remains there yet.

"He does not pick the paper up in terror every night
To see if V.B.G. is up, or P.D.Q. is down;
It does not fill his anxious soul with nerve-destroying fright
To hear the Wall Street rumors that are flying 'bout the town.

"Ah, better had I ta'en that cash that I have skimmed to save,
And spent it on my living and my pleasures day by day!
I would not now be goaded nigh unto my waiting grave,
By wondering how the deuce to keep those dollars mine for aye.

"I'd not be bankrupt in my nerves and prematurely old,
These golden shackles must be burst; I must again be free.
What Ho without! My ducats—to the winds with all my gold,
That I may once again enjoy the rest of poverty."

THE RHYME OF THE ANCIENT POPULIST

It was an ancient populist,
His beard was long and gray,
And punctuated by his fist,
He had his little say:
"This is the age of gold," he said,
"'Tis gold for butter, gold for bread,
Gold for bonds and gold for fun;
Gold for all things 'neath the sun."

Then with a smile
He shook his head.

"Just wait awhile,"
He slyly said.

"When we get in and run the State
We'll tackle gold, we'll legislate.

We'll pass an act
And make a fact

By which these gold-bugs will be whacked
Till they're as cold
As is their gold.

We're going to make a statute law by which 'twill be decreed
That standards are abolished, for a standard favors greed.

This is the country of the free, and free this land shall be
As soon as we the 'people' have our opportunity,

And he who has to pay a bill
Can pay in whate'er suits his will.

The tailor? Let him take his coats
And pay his notes;

Or if perchance
He's long on pants,
Let trousers be
His *£. s. d.*

The baker! Let his landlord take
His rent in cake,

Or anything the man can bake.
And if a plumber wants a crumb,
He may unto the baker come
And plumb.

A joker needing hats or cloaks
Can go and pay for them with jokes,
And so on: what a fellow's got
Shall pay for things that he has not.
If beggars' rags were cash, you'd see
No longer any beggary;

In short, there'd be no poverty."
"A splendid scheme," quoth I; "but stay!
What of the nation's credit, pray?"
"Ha-ha! ho-ho!" he loudly roared.

"We'll leave that problem to the Lord.
And if He fails to keep us straight
Once more we'll have to legislate,
 And so create,
 Confounding greed,
As much of credit as we need."

86
ONE OF THE NAMELESS GREAT

I KNEW a man who died in days of yore,
 To whom no monument is like to rise;
And yet there never lived a mortal more
 Deserving of a shaft to pierce the skies.

His chiefest wish strong friendships was to make;
 He cared but little for this poor world's pelf;
He shared his joys with every one who'd take,
 And kept his sorrows strictly to himself.

87
IN FEBRUARY DAYS

FAIR Nature, like the mother of a wayward child
 Who needs must chide the offspring of her heart,
Disguiseth for a season all the sweet and mild
 Maternal softness for an austere part.

And 'neath her frown the errant earth in winter seems
 Prostrate to lie, and petulant of mood;
Restrained in icy fetters all the babbling streams,
 Like naughty babes who're learning to be good.

88
Then, in this second month, most motherlike again,
 The frown assumed gives now and then a place
To soft indulgent glances, lessening the pain,
 And hints of spring and pardon light her face.

89
A CHANGE OF AMBITION

HORATIUS at the bridge, and he
Who fought at old Thermopylæ;

Great Samson and his potent bone
By which the Philistines were slone;

Small David with his wondrous aim
That did for him of giant frame;

J. Cæsar in his Gallic scraps
That made him lord of other chaps;

Sweet William, called the Conqueror,
Who made the Briton sick of war;

90
King Hal the Fifth, who nobly fought
And thrashed the foe at Agincourt;

Old Bonaparte, and Washington,
And Frederick, and Wellington,

Decatur, Nelson, Fighting Joe,
And Farragut, and Grant, and, oh,

A thousand other heroes I
Have wished I were in days gone by—

Can take their laurels from my door,
For I don't want 'em any more.

The truth will out; it can't be hid;
The doughty deed that Dewey did,

In that far distant Spanish sea,
Is really good enough for me.

The grammar's bad, but, O my son,
I wish I'd did what Dewey done!

91

MESSAGE FROM MAHATMAS

ONSET BAY, MASSACHUSETTS, *May 24, 18*.—Theosophists and others at Onset Bay Camp Grounds have been greatly excited of late by a message which has been received from the Mahatmas, Koot Hoomi, and his partner, who are summering in the desert of Gobi. The message is of considerable length, and contains much that is purely personal.—*Daily Newspaper*.

SOUND the timbrel, beat the drum!
Word from the Mahatma's come.
Straight from Hoomi Koot & Co.
Comes the note to us below,
Full of joy and gossiping.
Hoomi Koot is summering
In the desert waste of Gobi,
In a cottage of adobe.
All the little Koots are well.
Tommy Koot has learned to spell.
Mrs. Koot is busy on
Papers on "The Great Anon,"
Which by special cable soon,
From her workshop in the moon,
Will be sent to us below
By grand Hoomi Koot & Co.

92

We are told that Maggie Koot
Looks well in her golfing suit;
And her brand-new Astral Bike
Is the best they've seen this cike—
Cike is slang for cycle, so
I have learned from Koot & Co.
Soon she's going to take a run
Out from Gobi to the sun,
After which she thinks to race
For the Championship of Space,
And a trophy given by
The Grand High Pasupati.

Baby Koot has learned to walk,
And likewise, 'tis said, to talk;
But, to Mrs. Koot's dismay,
Seems to have a funny way:
Full of questions, "Why and How,"
All about the sacred cow.
Questions of a flippant ilk,
Like "Is Buddha made of milk?"
Questions void of answers spite
Of his parents' second sight.
What to do with Baby Koot
Worries all the whole cahoot.

93

Finally the message ends
With best love to all our friends.

Give our enemies a twist.
Let each true theoso-fist
Strike a thunder-hitting blow
For the firm of Koot & Co.;
Strike till black is every eye
Doubting our theosophy.
And impress on every tribe
Now's the season to subscribe.
Guard against the coming storm;
Keep our astral bodies warm.
Give us bonnets for the head;
Keep our spirit stomachs fed.
Let your glad remittance go
Out to Hoomi Koot & Co.,
Through their Agents on the earth,
Men and women full of worth;
And when next a message comes
From the Koots down to their chums,
Those who've paid their money down
Will receive a harp and crown.

Step up lively! now's the time
For your nickel and your dime,
To provide for winter suits
For the grand Mahatma Koots.
Furthermore, be not too brash,
Send it up in solid cash.
Astral money, it may be,
Circulates in theory;
But 'tis best to give us cold,
Bilious, drossy, filthy gold.

All our blessings to you go.
Yours, for health,
H. Koots & Co.

THE GOLD-SEEKERS

GOLD, gold, gold!
What care we for hunger and cold?
What care we for the moil and strife,
Or the thousands of foes to health and life,
When there's gold for the mighty, and gold for the meek,
And gold for whoever shall dare to seek?

Untold

Is the gold;
And it lies in the reach of the man that's bold:
In the hands of the man who dares to face
The death in the blast, that blows apace;
That withers the leaves on the forest tree;
That fetters with ice all the northern sea;
That chills all the green on the fair earth's breast,
And as certainly kills as the un-stayed pest.
It lies in the hands of the man who'd sell
His hold on his life for an ice-bound hell.

What care we for the fevered brain
That's filled with ravings and thoughts insane,

So long as we hold

In our hands the gold?—

The glistening, glittering, ghastly gold
That comes at the end of the hunger and cold;
That comes at the end of the awful thirst;
That comes through the pain and torture accurst
Of limbs that are racked and minds o'erthrown,
The gold lies there and is all our own,

Be we mighty or meek,
If we do but seek.

For the hunger is sweet and the cold is fair
To the man whose riches are past compare;
And the o'erthrown mind is as good as sane,
And a joy to the limbs is the racking pain,
 If the gold is there.
And they say, if you fail, in your dying day
All the tears, all the troubles, are wiped away
By the fever-thought of your shattered mind
That a cruel world has at last grown kind;
That your hands o'errun with the clinking gold,
With nuggets of weight and of worth untold,
 And your vacant eyes
Gloat o'er the riches of Paradise!

98

ODE TO A POLITICIAN

ALL hail to thee, O son of Æolus!
All hail to thee, most high Borean lord!
The lineal descendant of the Winds art thou.
Child of the Cyclone,
Cousin to the Hurricane,
Tornado's twin,
 All hail!
The zephyrs of the balmy south
 Do greet thee;
The eastern winds, great Boston's pride,
In manner osculate caress thy massive cheek;
 Freeze onto thee,
And at thy word throw off congealment
And take on a soft caloric mood;
And from afar,
From Afric's strand,
99 Siroccan greetings come to thee!
The monsoon and simoom,
In the soft empurpled Orient,
At mention of thy name
Doff all the hats of Heathendom!
And all combined in one vast aggregation,
Cry out hail, hail, thrice hail to thee,
Who after years, and centuries, and cycles e'en,
Hast made the winds incarnate!
 To thee
 The visible expression in the flesh,
 Material and tangible,
Of all that goes to make the element
That rages, blusters, blasts, and blows!
And if the poet's mind speaks true,
If he can penetrate their purposes at all,
It is not far from their intent
100 To lift thee on their broad November wings
 So high
That none but gods can ever hope
Again to gaze upon thy face!

101

SOME ARE AMATEURS

SHAKESPEARE was partly wrong—the world's a stage,
 This is admitted by the bard's detractors.
Had William seen some Hamlets of this age
 He'd not have called *all* men upon it actors.

LITTLE BOOKS
BY FAMOUS WRITERS

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS (FROM "BEN-HUR")

By LEW. WALLACE

THE STORY OF THE OTHER WISE MAN

By HENRY VAN DYKE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF KENTUCKY

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

EPISODES IN VAN BIBBER'S LIFE

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

GOOD FOR THE SOUL

By MARGARET DELAND

EVELINA'S GARDEN

By MARY E. WILKINS

COBWEBS FROM A LIBRARY CORNER (VERSES)

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

By RUTH McENERY STUART

THE CAPTURED DREAM

By OCTAVE THANET

STORIES OF PEACE AND WAR

By FREDERIC REMINGTON

Uniform with this Volume—with Frontispiece
Fifty Cents a Volume

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK AND LONDON

☞ Any of the above works will be sent by mail, postage prepaid,
to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt
of the price.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK COBWEBS FROM A LIBRARY
CORNER ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying

with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at

www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary

Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future

generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.