

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Fiscal Ballads, by Harry Graham

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: Fiscal Ballads

Author: Harry Graham

Release date: May 5, 2011 [EBook #36038]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Mark C. Orton, David E. Brown and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK FISCAL BALLADS ***

FISCAL BALLADS

FISCAL BALLADS

BY

HARRY GRAHAM
('COL. D. STREAMER')

AUTHOR OF

"BALLADS OF THE BOER WAR," "RUTHLESS RHYMES FOR HEARTLESS
HOMES," "PERVERTED PROVERBS," "MISREPRESENTATIVE
MEN," ETC., ETC.

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD
41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, W.
1905

[All rights reserved]

TO

P. L.

Beneath your roof I chanced to write
These Ballads of the Fiscal Fight,
 A somewhat scant selection;
So do not deem me indiscreet
If I should 'dump' them at your feet,
 And ask for your Protection!
Whate'er you be, or Fair or Free,
Be still, as ever, fair—to me!

NOTE

Many of these 'Fiscal Ballads' have appeared in the columns of the *Westminster Gazette*, and are here republished by permission.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD	1
PROTECTION	4
RETALIATION	8
THE COLONIES	12
PREFERENTIAL TREATMENT	17
BRITISH TRADE	22
CONTROVERSIAL ENTERTAINMENT	28
'STATISTICS'	33
'CONTROVERSIAL METHODS'	39
A MESSAGE FROM BROADMOOR	42
THE TURNING TIDE	45
ENVOI	49

FISCAL BALLADS

[1]

FOREWORD

I'm only a common workin'-man,
With a eye to my vittles an' beer,
But afore I puts my money on Joe,
There's a thing or two as I'd like to know,
Which 'e 'asn't a-made quite clear.

I admit as it sounds attractive-like
For to shut them furriners out,
But every Board School nipper knows
As there's things wot only a furriner grows
As we couldn't well do without.

There's sugar, an' rice, an' cocoa-nibs,
There's cawfy an' tea as well,
As we never could raise, suppose we tried,
And we 'as to buy 'em somewheres outside,
And the furriners 'as to sell.

But they don't give nothin' for nothink—
Which you can't dispute the fac'—
An' we're sending 'em hevery bit as much
Of our cotton-goods, an' our coal, an' such,
As 'll pay the beggars back.

[2]

An' the less we buys o' them furrin goods,
The less of our own's returned;
Which it's plain to see as the more they take,
The more our firms 'as a chance to make,

An' the 'igher the wages earned.

For it's British Labour as pays the price
O' them goods as crosses the sea,
An' suppose as the furrin imports fail,
It's the case of a empty dinner-pail
For the workin'-man like me.

Let the furriner send 'is foodstuffs in—
Lor' bless you, I ain't afraid!
For the more we markets with other lands,
The more employment for British 'ands,
An' the better for British trade!

I 'asn't no love for the German man,
Nor yet for the 'eathen Turk,
But I ain't a fool as 'll shut the door
In the face of even a blooming Boer,
If the beggar can give me work.

[3]

For it's work I wants, an' it's wages too,
An' I'm lookin' afore I leap;
I won't go chucking a job away,
On the chance of a possible rise o' pay,
While food's to be 'ad so cheap.

I'm only a workin' artisan,
But the truth I'd like to know;
I ain't for takin' no risks, myself,
Of a empty grate an' a empty shelf—
No, thanks, sir, not for Joe!

'E says as 'e'll 'sweep the Country'!
And 'e'll do it too, maybe;
If the workin'-men don't 'ave a care,
They'll find as there ain't no Country there,
When 'e's swep' it—into the sea!

PROTECTION

[4]

I've got the dumpophobia bad,
As is easy for to see;
(When a little lad I was bit by a mad
Manufacturin' man, maybe!)
An' I simply goes clean off my chump
If anyone 'appens to mention 'dump.'

For it's 'Out wi' they furriner folks!' sez I;
Will we take it 'lying down,'
When they dumps cheap goods (as we wants to buy)
Into every British town?
(Tho' per'aps it's a thing as they wouldn't do
If we 'adn't a-given 'em orders to!)

But there's good times coming, an' thanks to Joe,
When the Hempire 'll stand on 'er own;
We'll be quit o' the food them furriners grow,
An' rely on ourselves alone.
For us, an' the Colonies too, I lay,
Can grow it as good an' better'n they!

[5]

We're a British race, an' we'll soon depend
On the produc's o' British soil;
No more of our 'ard-earned wage we'll spend
Upon cheap American oil;
Them dazzlin' lamps is a big mistake,
While there's tallow candles o' British make!

We've the finest coal in the 'ole wide earth,
Which we used for to sell abroad;

But now as we knows 'ow much it's worth,
We'll save it, an' 'old it, an' 'oard.
(Tho' the pitmen 'll 'ave a word to say
When the mines shuts down an' they're turned away!)

No more o' the Roosian's corn we'll touch,
Nor the South American wheat;
An' we'll gladly pay, if it's twice as much,
To 'ave *British* loaves to eat!
(For the English working-man, these days,
'E must learn for to live on Colonial maize.)

[6]

If there's less to eat it'll taste more sweet,
When the Britishers all combine;
We'll 'ave tinned an' frozen Noo Zealand meat,
Washed down with Australian wine!
(Which it ain't so terrible bad to drink,
If you fancies honions mixed with ink.)

No more o' your Roosian sable cloaks
For the gentry, nor Paris 'ats;
They're buying their bunnets at Sevenoaks,
An' the trimmin's is 'Ounsditch cats;
An' that furrin' jewelry's just a sham,
They can sell you as good in Birming'*am*.

Them Italian organs 'll 'ave to go,
An' the ice-cream barrers as well,
When we're buying a 'alfpenny glass o' snow
From some smart Canadian swell.
An' no more o' your music from Germanee,
When our motto is 'Bands acrost the sea!'

[7]

When the furriner's foodstuffs out we shuts,
We'll still 'ave the run of our teeth
On the cocoa we makes off o' cocoonuts
As they grows upon 'Ampstead 'Eath!
An' o' British pluck we can surely brag,
When we're smoking the 'omegrown Irish shag!

We're a-buyin' our food too cheap, sez Joe
(If you listens to 'is advice);
The cost o' the loaf's too small, an' so
'E's a-trying to raise the price!

* * * * *

This 'ere Pertection's a splendid plan—
But it's werry 'ard lines on the workin'-man!

RETALIATION

[8]

I've 'ad a quarrel with 'Enery Slade,
'Oo keeps our only village inn;
'E said as 'is shoes was badly made,
An' I said as 'is 'alf-an-'alf was thin.
'No more o' *your* boots I'll buy,' sez 'e,
'An' no more o' *your* beer,' sez I, 'for me!'

Nex' time as 'is shoes was out o' repair,
'E took 'em to Lunnon, 'Enery did;
An' wot wi' the bill an' the railway fare,
Why, it cost 'im werry near 'alf a quid.
If 'e'd stayed at 'ome an' give *me* the job,
'E wouldn't 'a paid but a couple o' bob!

Now, tinkering boots is a thirsty trade,
Which them as 'as tried it won't deny,
But I wouldn't get beer orf o' 'Enery Slade,
An' there wasn't no other's as I could buy;

[9]

An' so, for a month very near, I think,
I was starving a'most for the lack of a drink.

But at last to a comperimize we come,
An' 'e said as my boots was right enough,
An' I told 'im—arter I'd tasted some—
As 'is beer wasn't really 'alf bad stuff;
So we both shakes 'ands on the village green,
An' we seed what a couple o' fools we'd been.

But there wasn't no good come out o' the fight,
An' we're both worse off than we was before;
Tho' I sits in 'is private bar of a night,
An' 'e gives me 'is shoes to mend once more;
For Slade's lost 'is temper, an' eight bob clear,
An' I'll *never* catch up wi' that three weeks' beer!

Now if England quarrels with Roosia, say, [10]
Or them aggrannoying United States,
She can tax their imports, an' make 'em pay
More 'eavier dooties an' 'igher rates;
But suppose as we taxes the goods they sell,
It's likely as they'll tax ours as well.

An' o' manufactured goods, an' such,
We're sendin' three times as much as they;
So I can't see as 'ow we'll be gaining much,
With a three times 'eavier tax to pay.
(It's a game as two can play, you see,
An' they'll be a-suffering less than we!)

For the balance o' goods as they sells to us
Is the corn, an' the grain, an' the foods we eat;
An' it's likely the working class 'll cuss
If we levies a tax on the furrin wheat,
Which 'll merely fall on the poor man's 'ead,
By a-raising the price of 'is loaf o' bread.

This Retaliation's a tom-fool game; [11]
If we taxes the furriner's barley 'ere,
We shall only be 'aving ourselves to blame
When we 'as to pay more for our dinner-beer!
Free Food is the best for British Trade,
—An' for you, an' for me, an' for 'Enery Slade!

THE COLONIES [12]

I've been 'earing, round the pubs,
As the British Lion's cubs
Is a gettin' out of 'and, and stubborn-'earted;
For the Colonies, they say,
Is a driftin' right away,
From the Motherland wot seed 'em safely started.
But it's only Little Englanders, Protectionists, an' such,
Keeps a-'owling an' a-crying as the Empire's 'out o' touch.'

There was Canada, I know;
Kipling said as she 'ad snow,
Which (o' course) was met with angry contradictions;
Then Haustralia come next,
An' one Guv'nor found a text
To remind 'em of their ancestors' convictions.
It's unfortunite, but still we must admit it for a fact,
As we Englishmen is hev'rvwhere notorious for tact.

But wotever folks may shout [13]
An' make grievances about,
There's uncommon little grounds as they can go on;
For the strength o' Hempire lies
More in sentimental ties

Than in any 'business interests' an' so on;
An' there's feelings of affection an' o' kindness as is worth
Twice as much as all them there 'commercial interests' on earth.

An' our Colonies 'll stand
By the good ole Motherland,
Tho' she may per'aps at times be rather trying;
For they knows as well as we
That there's nowheres 'alf so free
As them countries where the British flag's a-flying.
An' with kindly eyes they looks acrost (wot poets calls) the foam
To that distant little island as they still considers "ome.'

An' they'll stick, if they are wise, [14]
To them sentimental ties—
Never mind if they can't value 'em in dollars;
For they're independent blokes,
An' they wouldn't stand no yokes,
Nor they doesn't 'old with wearin' chains an' collars.
(Even dawgs an' such 'll love you more, I've not the slightest doubt,
If you turns 'em loose, an' keeps 'em free, an' lets 'em run about.)

If them Colonies *did* drift,
For theirselves they'd 'ave to shift—
It's a case o' 'stand alone' or 'annexation';
Tho' their lads is sterling stuff,
Still, they're 'ardly big enough
For to 'old their own agin' some furrin nation;
An' their armies o' militia-men is hexcellent—but small,
While o' navies to defend their coasts they 'asn't none at all!

Yes, they knows, as well as we, [15]
As it's Hengland rules the sea,—
(Tho' per'aps it ain't for me to go and say it!)—
An' it's Henglishmen as pays
For the Navy, nowadays,—
(Any'ow it ain't Canadians as pay it!)—
So they gives to us the priv'lege of defendin' of 'em 'ere,
If we lets 'em run their own concerns an' doesn't interfere.

We've a market, as they knows,
For the produce wot they grows,
Which commercially's a quite sufficient fetter;
An' so long as they can trade
At the present prices paid,
Why, they don't want nothink easier nor better.
An' a preference won't make 'em no more loyal than before,
For they've proved their bloomin' loyalty a 'undred times and more.

If we likes to pay 'em 'igh [16]
For their foodstuffs as we buy,
Well, it's natural as 'ow they must applaud it;
But they wants no preference
At the Motherland's expense,
If she ain't in no position to afford it;
An' they knows, as well as we do, 'ow that any bounties paid
Must be 'ard on British workin'-men, an' bad for British trade.

For they showed us, in the war,
They was loyal to the core,
An' they're ready for to 'elp us when we flounders;
An' tho' 'ere and there, per'aps,
There's some discontented chaps,
As 'll grumble, like them there Alaskan Bounders;
Still, they're British to the backbone when the dawgs o' war is loosed,
An' they'll stick by Mother England till the cows comes 'ome to roost!

PREFERENTIAL TREATMENT

We was always a hintimate family,

An' we doted on one another;
I was genuine fond o' my Uncle Fred,
And o' Cousin Jim I've a-often said
'E was more like my own born brother;
An' a feeling of 'earty affection I 'ad
For Kate, wot 'ad married my eldest lad.

Now, my Uncle Fred keeps the 'Dumpshire Arms,'
An' Jim's in the grocery trade;
While Kate 'as a little front-window shop,
Where she sells stone-bottles o' ginger-pop
An' sweets as is all 'ome-made;
And *I* earns enough for my board an' booze,
A-makin' an' mendin' o' boots an' shoes.

Last winter it were, when times was bad,
That Jim 'ad a 'appy thought;
'Ow fine it'd be if we'd all agree
On a kind of a mutual trade, sez 'e,
For our things as we sold an' bought;
We'd 'elp one another (which sounded nice),
An' be getting our goods at a lower price.

[18]

I'd tinker the boots o' the family cheap,
An' get 'ome on my uncle's beer,
Nor I wouldn't be 'avin' to strain my means
A-buying expensive pertaters an' greens
Orf o' Cousin Jim, no fear!
An' for luxuries, such as the missus eats,
I could get 'em 'alf-price orf o' Katie's sweets.

But it didn't work. For my Uncle Fred
'E treated me crool unfair;
I sold 'im some shoes, starvation price,
But I 'adn't a-tasted 'is beer but twice
When 'e said as I'd drunk my share!
Then I mended a couple o' pairs o' Kate's—
But sweets is a thing as the missus 'ates.

Tho' for Cousin Jimmy I took an' made
A set o' new 'eels and soles,
I was paying for greens at a 'igher rate
Than 'e charged to my Uncle Fred, or to Kate,
An' 'is cheeses was full of 'oles!
('E was getting 'is liquor 'alf-price, no doubt,
While *I* 'ad to bally well go without!)

[19]

Now, I 'aven't spoke to my Uncle Fred
For nigh on six months or more,
An' I've ceased to 'ave dealings with Cousin Jim
(For at 'eart I'd a-often suspected 'im),
An' I never won't darken 'is door;
An' I've 'ad quite enough o' that rubbish o' Kate's,
Wot was always the kind of a woman I 'ates.

Yes, family ties is a splendid thing
If it's *sentiment* keeps 'em there;
When it comes to a question o' gold and gain,
They turns at once to a hirksome chain,
Such as nobody wants to wear;
When matters of money appears on the floor,
Them family feelings walks out at the door!

If England's a-going to 'aggle an' fight
For Colonial Preference,
If the love of 'er sons for the Motherland
Is a kind of a feeling as only can stand
On a basis o' shillings an' pence,
That sort o' foundation won't last overlong,
An' there's something, I lay, must be 'opelessly wrong.

[20]

When the Colonies 'eld out their 'ands to us,
It wasn't for British gold;
But who 'll vouch for the love o' the Britisher-born,
When 'e bargains 'is honour for tariffs on corn,

An' 'is loyalty's bartered an' sold?
(A 'appy 'armonious fam'ly we'll make,
A-arguing who shall 'ave most o' the cake!)

We shall 'ave them Australian Governments
A-striking for better terms,
An' there's sure to be plenty o' grumbling when
The Canadian manufacturing men
Is competing wi' Henglish firms;
An' each separate part o' the Hempire 'll feel
As the others is 'aving the best o' the deal.

From which, if you follows my meaning through, [21]
There's a obvious moral to draw:
Let's consider the Motherland's future, afore
We allows 'er to risk being Mother no more,
An' becoming the Mother-in-law!
For if loyalty's paid for, it ain't worth a thought,
An' affection's a fraud if it 'as to be bought.

BRITISH TRADE [22]

Oh, why was I born a English lad,
In a island all shut in by sea?
Wot a much better chance I might 'ave 'ad
If I'd only been 'made in Germanee'!
Oh, why was I thus unwilling 'urled
On the blooming 'dust-'eap o' the world.'

No doubt as the German artisan
Don't get very much in the matter o' pay;
But 'e works on the seven-days-weekly plan,
With a haverage thirteen hours a day.
An' 'e 'asn't no time for to sit an' think,
Nor money enough to take to drink!

Then give me a permanent German job,
With nothink at all but work to do;
With weekly wages o' sixteen bob,
For to keep myself an' the missus too;
A-makin' them gimcrack German toys
For poor little English gals an' boys.

To my London 'ome I'll say good-bye, [23]
For I 'asn't no use for a open port,
Where the workin' wage is a deal too 'igh,
An' the workin' hours is far too short;
Where a workin'-man 'as time to sleep,
An' food's to be 'ad so rotten cheap.

A German factory's more my taste,
With none o' them lazy English ways,
Where there ain't no money or time to waste
On ridic'lous 'beanos' an' 'olidays;
An' the workin' classes can just contrive
To earn sufficient to keep alive.

When I slaves all day at a German trade,
A-makin' them goods as they dumps down 'ere,
When I'm overworked an' I'm underpaid,
Till I feels as weak as that German beer,
I'll think o' my English 'ome maybe,
Where everythink (but the drinks) is free!

When I gets back 'ome of a Sunday night, [24]
With a supper o' nice black bread to eat,
I'll 'ave such a 'ealthy appetite,
I never won't need no butcher's meat;
For 'unger, o' course, is the finest sauce,
When you're swollerin' sausages made of 'orse!

An' I begs to state, when I comes 'ome late,
With a 'ungry kind of a look in my eye,
If I 'as to wait, with a hempty plate,
Till the blooming cat's-meat-man comes by,
I'll think wi' scorn o' the old 'dust-'eap,'
Where mutton an' beef's to be bought so cheap.

For we don't know nothink o' 'orse-flesh 'ere,
But Joe 'e'll learn us to eat it, when
'Is tariff makes British meat too dear
For the pockets o' British workin' men;
An' they're 'aving their Little Marys lined
With a diet o' maize an' bacon rind!

When the price goes up of our meat and bread, [25]
By a grand Imperial scheme o' Joe's,
We'll get cheap sugar and tea instead,
An' we'll buy no food orf o' Britain's foes;
For we'll 'ave no need o' the furriner's crops
When we're living on sweets washed down wi' slops!

There's lessons to learn from German trade,
In spite o' this foolish fiscal fuss;
Tho' their peoples ain't no better paid,
Nor near as well orf for food as us;
For, wotever the German workman's lot,
'E knows 'ow to use wot brains 'e's got!

An' if *our* employers 'd only learn
A few o' they furrin commercial ways,
To make the business their first concern,
An' not be so set upon 'olidays,
They wouldn't be always a-'urrying orf,
For the sake of a afternoon at gorf!

With the wants o' the trade they'd keep in touch, [26]
An' 'd sometimes stay at the orfice late;
If their business methods ain't up to much,
They, at any rate, could be up-to-date!
For there isn't no need of a fiscal fence,
If you've henergy coupled wi' common-sense!

We English ain't a-doing our best,
An' that's the reason we loses ground;
It's time as we took more interest,
An' the chance 'as come to buck-up all round.
No need for to put it in doggerel rhymes,
To see as we're right be'ind the times.

For it's Heducation we wants, that's all,
To make us the country we ought to be.
If we rides for a fall at a tariff wall,
We'll very soon find ourselves at sea.
(Which the simile's somewot mixed, you'll say,
But the meanin's clear as the open day!)

Then 'ere's a 'ealth to the Motherland, [27]
For all as they says she's goin' to pot;
Ole England's 'wooden walls' 'll stand
When the fiscal fences is all forgot!
An' she'll 'old 'er own, by land or sea,
So long as 'er sons an' 'er trade is free!

CONTROVERSIAL ENTERTAINMENT

On Saturdays I often goes
An' spends a evenin' in the pit
At one of them vari'ty shows,
An' makes a 'appy night of it;

But since this fiscal row begun,
I've 'ad to look elsewheres for fun.

I'm partial to a music-'all,
But when last week I chanced to go,
I 'eard some low-necked blighter bawl
A Jingo song in praise o' Joe;
'No more will England,' sez this crank,
'Trade with the German an' the Yank!'

At furrin countries, o'er the sea,
A lot o' silly jeers 'e 'urled;
Thinks I, where would ole England be
Without the market o' the world?
We'd make a living, I suppose,
A washin' of each other's clo's!

Nex' come the cinematograph,
An' Joe, I needn't say, was there;
A picture of 'is upper 'alf,
A-settin' smilin' in a chair.
(There's no photographer in town
Would dare to 'take *'im* lying down!')

[29]

Then a play-actress come along,
A saucy bunnet on 'er 'ead;
She didn't sing no fiscal song,
She spoke a fiscal pome instead.
'These is,' she 'astened to explain,
'The words o' Joseph Chamberlain!'

I 'eard that Yankee lady's rhyme,
An' then I took my coat an' 'at;
I've read some drivell in my time,
But nothink quite so bad as that.
(She was a Himport, I suppose,
Dumped down by foes o' poor ole Joe's!)

I took the kids to Drury Lane,
An' 'eard a lion comic sing
A song as told us once again
To keep 'Protecting' hev'rything.
Thinks I, 'ullo! but if that's so,
Can't we protect ourselves from Joe?

[30]

I ain't bad-tempered, 'Eaven knows;
A peaceful life is wot I'd choose;
If people likes this scheme o' Joe's,
They're more than welcome to their views;
They loves dear food, I've not a doubt,
An' any'ow that's their look-out.

But when I seeks the gall'ry door
At one of them there public shows,
I doesn't pay a bob or more
To 'ear about this plan o' Joe's;
I simply wants to get away
From controversies of the day.

We 'as enough o' argument
At 'ome, on 'bus-top, tube, or train;
An' most on us 'll be content
If 'entertainments' entertain;
But Joe's as bad as the perlice,
'E won't give no one any peace.

[31]

An' seems to me, as plain as day,
It's actors' business to amuse;
If they can't no'ow keep away
From giving us their fiscal views,
Why should the public be denied
A chance to 'ear the other side?

I 'opes it won't be very long
Afore George Robey lets us 'ear

A really fust-class fiscal song
Wrote by the Dook o' Devonsheer;
While on the biograph we sees
Them comic cuts o' F.C.G.'s.

If Ruddy Kipling would but write
A Free Trade ballad, or a glee,
Which Arthur Roberts could recite,
Or Dunville sing with Mr. Tree,
I'd pay my money at the door,
Nor wouldn't ask for nothin' more.

[32]

But while the music-'alls descend
To nothing but Protection 'turns,'
There's other better ways to spend
The little money that I earns.
I only asks to see fair-play,
An', failin' that, I'll stop away.

'STATISTICS'

[33]

I likes my glass of 'arf-an'-'arf,
Nor needn't make no bones about it;
But still I ain't the bloke to chaff
Them fellers as can do without it;
I pities 'em, but I respex
Toteetallers o' heither sex.

I used to be the same myself,
Would never touch a thing but water,
Nor 'ave no bottles on my shelf
Containin' wot they didn't oughter.
(O' water now I 'ates the sight,
Except to wash in, Sunday night).

An' wot cured me o' temperance
Was neither tracts nor indigestion,
But simply that I read, by chance,
Some dry statistics on the question,
Which proved to me, beyond a doubt,
That lamps as wasn't oiled went out!

In them dark moments o' the war—
Of Nineteen 'Undred now I'm writing—
My country raised a mounted corps,
As seed a deal o' gallant fighting;
An' nigh a third of all that lot
Was touched by fever, shell or shot.

[34]

Of the toteetallers as went,
Wot boasted o' their sober 'abits,
As much as *thirty-five per cent.*
Took fever bad, an' died like rabbits;
While, out o' them as liquored free,
We didn't lose but twenty-three!

When them statistics first I 'eard,
Nobody could 'a hacted quicker;
I 'urried to the 'George the Third,'
An' simply dosed myself wi' liquor.
(Since then a many 'armless orgies
I've 'ad wi' them there Royal Georges.)

An' only yesterday I 'ears
The state o' things as 'ad existed:
O' them *toteetal* volunteers
There wasn't only *three* enlisted!
When *one* fell sick, an' orf 'e went,
'E made that *Thirty-five per cent.*!

[35]

Yes, figures proves you hanythink,
To suit your private way o' thinking,
They proves the blessedness o' drink,
Or else they proves the curse o' drinking;
An', if you manages 'em right,
They proves a'most that black is white!

They proves that British Industries
Is being ruined by the 'dumper';
They proves this year (as ever is)
To be wot people calls a 'bumper.'
An' when on exports they begin,
Lor! wot a muddle they gets in!

They proves as 'ow the iron trade
Is prosperous (or else declining);
That more (or less) was never made
By them as is engaged in mining.
(We gets a varied mental meal
Served up to us on plates o' steel!)

[36]

They proves, without the slightest doubt,
Our manufacturies is growin';
They proves we're being quite cut out,
Or else that our 'ome trade's a-goin'.
(In which, per'aps, they ain't so wrong—
It *is* a-goin', goin' strong!)

But there's some undisputed fac's—
An' even figures won't gainsay it:
One is, if you puts on a tax,
Someone or other 'as to pay it.
(‘We'll tax the poor man's corn,’ says Joe;
'But touch 'is bread? Oh dear me, no!')

If England needs our pounds an' pence,
An' taxes of our food to raise 'em,
It don't require much common-sense
To see as the consumer pays 'em;
The thing I'm anxious for to learn
Is wot does 'e get in return?

[37]

When prices they goes up a bit,
The rich exchequer of the nation
Is bound in honour to remit
Somethink by way o' compensation.
(Tho', all the same, I'd like to see
The bloke as talks of *tea* to *me*!)

An' that's a ticklish game to win;
We'll stay exactly where we are if
Them blooming furrin goods comes in,
In spite of our protective tariff!
'Ha! but we'll keep 'em out,' sez you.
Then where's our promised revenoo?

If that's the price as must be paid
To forward Joe's Imperial mission;
If we must bolster up our trade,
An' not allow no competition,
By taxing them as 'as to buy,
'Gawd 'elp our British trade!' sez I.

[38]

'CONTROVERSIAL METHODS'

[39]

It doesn't matter if I goes
Inside our local Workman's Club
To 'ave a game o' dominoes,
Or drops into the nearest pub;
In 'arf a moment in 'll walk

Some bloke as starts a fiscal talk.

An' if I ever tries, per'aps,
To criticise this scheme o' Joe's,
There's always some excited chaps
As leads from arguments to blows.
An' then we throws the things about,
Till someone calls the chucker-out.

They states that England's gone to pot,
That ev'ry trade is lost to 'er;
An' if I dares to say it's not,
They calls me 'Little Englander'!
(On one I 'ad to use my fist:
'E said I was a 'hoptimist.)

Nor yet it ain't no furrin foes [40]
As thus belittles Britain's fame;
It's partisans o' good old Joe's
As brings discredit on 'er name,
By shouting out to ev'ryone
That little England's day is done.

One night Jim Adams sez to me,
'Ole England's rotten to the core!'
An' when 'e finds I don't agree,
'E ups an' calls me a pro-Boer!
(I 'ad a word or two with 'im;
'E's still in 'orspital, is Jim!)

If them so-called Imperialists
Is blokes as runs their country down,
Upon 'er ruined state insists,
An' tries to blacken 'er renown,
Then I for one 'ud much prefer
To be a 'Little Englander.'

If wot their politicians styles [41]
The 'patriotic' point of view
Is saying that these British Isles
'As lost their trade an' credit too,
I ain't a patriot no more:
I'm just a hoptimist pro-Boer!

I'm not the sort o' chap as blames
Them folks as don't agree wi' me,
But when they calls me silly names
Because my fiscal views is Free,
It don't require no further flaws
To see the weakness o' their cause.

A MESSAGE FROM BROADMOOR [42]

Altho' my brain is sound and well,
An' mentally I've nothing wrong,
They've locked me in a padded cell,
An' watches me the 'ole day long;
'Ow did I get in such a fix?
'Twas all along o' politics.

I'd studied Joe's Protection plan,
An' thought I'd see what I could do
To benefit my fellow-man
By practisin' 'is 'opeful view
That Exports is the all in all,
And Himports should be nil—or small.

So, when I stayed with Uncle Bill
(My visit ain't improved 'is manners),
I managed, when I left, to fill

My pockets with 'is best 'Avannahs;
The cigarettes I left be'ind
Was quite the cheapest I could find.

Yet Uncle Bill 'e couldn't see
That since 'is Exports far exceeded
'Is Himports—thanks, o' course, to me—
That was exactly what he needed
To make 'im prosperous again;
'E merely said I was insane!

[43]

'E couldn't understand, wot's more,
('E was a Cobdenite, an' still is),
Why, when I traded at the door
'Is hovercoat for Weary Willie's,
'E, not the tramp, 'ad been the gainer;
And yet—could anythink be plainer?

One day a foreign merchant fleet
Was anchored orf a British pier;
The cargo, mostly Russian wheat,
Designed for himportation 'ere;
True to my principles, that night
I blew it up with dynamite.

* * * * *

The jury was a set o' twelve
Old fossils o' the Asquith school;
The judge was one they ought to shelve;
My counsel was a bloomin' fool;
'E talked o' my 'disordered brain,'
An' never mentioned Chamberlain!

[44]

So now they've sent me to a spot
Congenial to my fiscal notions,
Which, as I needn't say, is not
The same as Devonsheer's or Goschen's.
But I'm not mad, I must insist:
I'm merely a Protectionist!

THE TURNING TIDE

[45]

Jim 'Icks was a Tory, ten years back;
An' 'e cheered at each Tory win.
An' 'e'd stand an' argue as white was black,
For to 'elp them Tories in.
But times (an' parties) is changed since then,
An' 'e's wishful to 'elp 'em out agen.

'Rat!' sez you? Maybe that's true.
Nor 'e ain't the only one
As 'eard wot them Tories *said* they'd do,
An' as seed wot them Tories *done*;
An' 'e don't feel noways bound, don't Jim,
To blokes as 'as broke their word with 'im.

'E nursed 'is party a many a year,
An' 'e swollered their party tricks.
Just draw up a cheer to the fire, an' 'ear
Wot they promised the likes of 'Icks.
An' I'll tell you arterwards, if I can,
Wot the Tories *done* for the workin'-man.

* * * * *

Chamberlain, 'e was the fust to speak,—
An', o' course, 'e spoke cocksure,—
Of a pension of 'arf a crown a week
For the old, 'ard-workin' poor.

[46]

(An' many a cap was raised to Joe,
When 'e made that promise, ten year ago.)

Balfour nex' to the 'ustings comes,
With a scheme for to 'elp improve
Them dwellin'-'ouses in crowded slums,
Where there warn't no room to move.
(An' many a 'ope was kep' alive
By the thought o' that promise o' '95.)

Then come a plan for to keep away
Them furriners orf our shores;
We 'asn't no use for the likes o' they,
Wi' the crowds at our poor-'ouse doors.
(But our English workmen is still denied,
An' our English waiters can wait—outside!)

* * * * *

Ten year ago, that were. To-day
Such schemes is a trifle flat. [47]
'Twas Election-time, as I needn't say,
When they promised the likes o' that.
An' our Unemployed in their thousands swarm,
An' our Poor Law waits for the pledged Reform.

Ten year ago, that were; an' yet
We're a-watchin', with 'opeless eye,
Our slum-choked women-folk starve an' sweat,
An' our stunted children die.
An' late an' early, early an' late,
The old men waits at the work'us gate.

I wouldn't be 'ard on them Tory chaps—
No doubt as they done their best;
But I can't 'elp thinkin' some'ow, per'aps,
They'd be none the worst of a rest.
That 'undred majority makes 'em slow,
Let alone all the trouble they've 'ad with Joe.

It's easy to sneer when you once begins, [48]
An' it's easy to badger an' blame;
When the 'ins' is 'outs,' and the 'outs' is 'ins,'
Very like they'll be just the same!
No better, per'aps, but at least no wuss;
An' they can't very well do *less* for us!

Wot can this Guv'ment show to-day
But them promises throwed aside?
An' a country's confidence washed away
On the ebb of a Tory tide?

* * * * *

Ten long years since they fust began!
Ten good years for to plot an' plan!
An' wot 'a they done for the workin'-man?

ENVOI

PROTECTIONIST! (if you exist)
Whose sympathies I can't enlist,
Be sparing of your curses!
Ah, don't abuse my Fiscal VIEWS,
But, out of pity for the Muse,
Look only at my VERSES!

FREE TRADER, too, I beg of you,
Whatever else you think or do,
My lack of skill excuse. Ah!

No doubt my VERSE could not be worse,
And weak the rhymes that I rehearse;
But, then, how sound my VIEWS are!

(Thus may I strengthen—or convert,
And no one's feelings need be hurt!)

BILLING AND SONS, LTD., PRINTERS, GUILDFORD

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

RUTHLESS RHYMES
FOR
HEARTLESS HOMES,

By COL. D. STREAMER.

ILLUSTRATED BY 'G. H.'

Oblong 4to. 3s. 6d.

'It is impossible not to be amused by some of the "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," by Colonel D. Streamer, nor can anyone with a sense of humour fail to appreciate the many amusing points in the illustrations.'—*Westminster Budget*.

"Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes" is the name of a really charming little book of rhymes. The words are by Colonel D. Streamer, and the illustrations by "G. H.," and 'tis hard to say whether words or pictures are the cleverer.... The book is one which must, however, be seen to be appreciated; to properly describe it is impossible.'—*Calcutta Englishman*.

'Wise parents will, however, keep strictly to themselves "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," by Col. D. Streamer. The illustrations, by "G. H." are very amusing, and especially happy is that to "Equanimity," when

"Aunt Jane observed the second time
She tumbled off a 'bus,
'The step is short from the sublime
To the ridiculous.'"

—*Daily Telegraph*.

'Another charming whimsicality published by Mr. Edward Arnold is "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," by Colonel D. Streamer, illustrated by "G. H."'—*Sydney Morning Herald*.

'The veriest nonsense, possessing the quality that makes it akin to Carroll's work.'—*New York Bookworm*.

'It is difficult to see the humour of—

"Philip, fozzling with his cleek,
Drove his ball through Helen's cheek.
Sad they bore her corpse away,
Seven up and six to play."

—*The Scotsman*.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX ST., W.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

BALLADS OF THE BOER
WAR.

Fcap. 8vo., buckram. 3s. 6d. net.

LONDON: GRANT RICHARDS.

(*Second Edition.*)

'There is unquestionably a good deal of human nature in the book, and as an expression of sentiments which have remained hitherto inarticulate, as a revelation not always edifying, but often illuminating, of the heart of the man in the ranks, this little volume is a distinct addition to the literature of the war.'—*Spectator*.

'Racy expressions of Tommy Atkins' feelings in Tommy Atkins' language.... "Coldstreamer's" verses in their kind are as good as any we have seen.'—*Academy*.

'These colloquial rhymes express the private soldier's views in his own language.'—*The Times*.

'These racy ballads make a book which many will read with interest and sympathy.'—*Scotsman*.

'As good as anything yet done in the vernacular of Mr. Thomas Atkins. A book for every friend of the army.'—*Outlook*.

'Vigorous Kiplingesque verses, with sound common-sense and genuine feeling. Well worth reading and buying.'—*To-day*.

'One of the liveliest books of light verse we have come across for a long time. "Coldstreamer's" verses are always distinctive.'—*County Gentleman*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

MISREPRESENTATIVE MEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMAN.

NEW YORK: FOX, DUFFIELD AND CO.

(*Second Edition.*)

OPINIONS OF THE AMERICAN PRESS.

'One of the most amusing books of the year. Mr. Graham is a fluent and ingenious rhymester, with an alert mind and a well-controlled sense of humour.'—*The Times* (New York).

""Misrepresentative Men" shows so high-spirited a mastery of words and metre (the result, we take it, of laborious days) that it will be read with pleasure by the most fastidious lover of what is amusing.'—*The Nation* (New York).

'Mr. Graham's verses are exceedingly clever, and Mr. Strothman's illustrations add to their cleverness.'—*The Bookman* (New York).

'A very amusing little book, by that cleverly humorous versifier "Col. D. Streamer," whose "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes" has had such a deserved vogue.'—*Town Topics* (New York).

'The most amusing biographical caricatures of celebrities that we have read for a long time. There is not a dull line in the entire collection.'—*The Bookseller* (New York).

'These satirical verses have the same ingenious humour as the writer's previous rhymes. The book is altogether refreshing.'—*Town and Country* (New York).

'The hit of the season.'—*The Lexington Herald*.

'A most attractively humorous work.'—*The Pittsburg Despatch*.

'A little book of really clever verse.'—*The Milwaukee Sentinel*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

PERVERTED PROVERBS.

THE BABY'S BAEDEKER.

NEW YORK: HARPER AND BROS.

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.