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Title: More Misrepresentative Men

Author: Harry Graham

Illustrator: Malcolm A. Strauss

Release date: July 19, 2011 [EBook #36782]

Most recently updated: January 7, 2021

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Mark C. Orton, Matthew Wheaton and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <https://www.pgdp.net> (This book was produced from scanned images of public domain material from the Google Print project.)

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK MORE MISREPRESENTATIVE MEN \*\*\*



***More Misrepresentative Men***  
**Harry Graham**



# More Misrepresentative Men

By **HARRY GRAHAM**

*Author of*  
*"Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes,"*  
*"Misrepresentative Men,"*  
*"Ballads of the Boer War,"*  
*"Verse and Worse," etc., etc.*

**PICTURES BY**  
**MALCOLM STRAUSS**



**NEW YORK**  
**FOX, DUFFIELD & COMPANY**  
**MCMV**

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**Published in September, 1905**

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## *Authors Foreword*

### *(To the Publisher)*

**W**HEN honest men are all in  
bed,  
We poets at our desks are  
toiling,  
To earn a modicum of bread,  
And keep the pot  
a-boiling;  
We weld together, bit by bit,  
The fabric of our laboured wit.

[10]

We see with eyes of frank dismay  
The coming of this Autumn season,  
When bards are driven to display  
Their feast of rhyme and  
reason;

With hectic brain and loosened collar,  
We chase the too-elusive dollar.

While Publishers, in search of grist,  
    Despise our masterly inaction,  
And shake their faces in our fist,  
    Demanding satisfaction,  
We view with vague or vacant mind  
The grim agreements we have signed.

[11]

For though a willing public gives  
    Its timely share of cash assistance,  
The author (like the dentist) lives  
    A hand-to-mouth existence;  
And Publishers, those modern Circes,  
Make pig's-ear purses of his verses.

Behold! How ill, how thin and pale,  
    The features of the furtive jester!  
Compelled by contracts to curtail  
    His moments of siesta!  
A true White Knight is he to-day  
(*Nuit Blanche*, as Stevenson would  
    say).

[12]

Ah, surely he has laboured well,  
    Constructing this immortal sequel,

—

A work which no one could excel,  
    And very few can equal,—  
A volume which, I dare to say,  
Is epoch-making, in its way.

When other poets' work is not,  
    These verses shall retain their  
    label;  
When Herford is a thing forgot,  
    And Ade an ancient fable;

When Goops no longer give a sign  
Of Burgess's empurpled kine.

[13]

My Publishers, I love you so!  
Your well-secreted virtues viewing;  
Who never let your right hand know  
Whom your left hand is  
doing;  
Who hold me firmly in your grip,  
And crack your cheque-book, like a  
whip!

My Publishers, make no mistake,  
You have in me an *avis rara*,  
So write a princely cheque, and make  
It payable to bearer;  
I love you, as I said before,  
But oh! I love your money more!

[14]

---

## ***Publisher's Preface***

***(To the Author)***

**V**ORACIOUS Author, gorged  
with gold,  
Your grasping greed shall  
not avail!

In vain you venture to unfold

Your false  
prehensile  
tale!

I view in scorn (unmixed with awe)  
The width of your capacious maw. [15]

On me the onus has to fall  
Of your malevolent effusions;  
'Tis I who bear the brunt of all  
Your libellous allusions;  
To bolster up your turgid verse,  
I jeopardise my very purse!

You do not hesitate to fleece  
The Publisher you scorn to thank,  
And when you manage to decrease  
His balance at the bank,  
Your face is lighted up with greed,  
And you are lantern-jawed indeed! [16]

Yet will I still heap coals of fire,  
Until your coiffure is imbedded,  
And you at last, perchance, shall tire  
Of growing so hot-headed,  
And realise that being funny  
Is not a mere affair of money.

And so, in honour of your pow'rs,  
A fragrant bouquet will I pick,  
Of rare exotics, blossoms, flow'rs  
Of speech and rhetoric;  
I'll add a thistle, if I may,  
And, round the whole, a wreath of bay. [17]

The blossoms for your button-hole,  
To mark your affluent condition,  
Exotics to inspire your soul

To further composition.  
Come, set the bays upon your brow!

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, eat the thistle, anyhow!

[18]

---

## *Robert Burns*



**HE** jingling rhymes of Dr. Watts  
Excite the reader's just  
impatience,  
He wearies of Sir Walter Scott's  
Melodious verbal  
collocations,  
And with advancing years he  
learns  
To love the simpler style of  
Burns.





[19]

Too much the careworn critic knows  
    Of that obscure robustious diction,  
Which like a form of fungus grows  
    Amid the Kailyard school of fiction;  
In Crockett's cryptic caves one sighs  
For Burns's clear and spacious skies.

Tho' no aspersions need be cast  
    On Barrie's wealth of wit fantastic,  
Creator of that unsurpass'd  
    If most minute ecclesiastic;  
Yet even here the eye discerns  
No master-hand like that of Burns.

[20]

The works of Campbell and the rest  
    Exhale a sanctimonious odour,  
Their vintage is but Schnapps, at best,  
    Their Scotch is simply Scotch-and-  
    sodour!

They cannot hope, like Burns, to win  
That "touch which makes the whole

world kin."

Tho' some may sing of Neil Munro,  
And virtues in Maclaren see,  
Or want but little here below,  
And want that little Lang, maybe;  
Each renegade at length returns,  
To praise the peerless pow'rs of Burns. [21]

His verse, as all the world declares,  
And Tennyson himself confesses,  
The radiance of the dewdrop shares,  
The berry's perfect shape  
possesses;  
And even William Wordsworth praises  
The magic of his faultless phrases.

But he, whose books bedeck our  
shelves,  
Whose lofty genius we adore so,  
Was only human, like ourselves,—  
Perhaps, indeed, a trifle more so!  
And joined a thirst that nought could  
quench  
To morals which were frankly French. [22]

And ev'ry night he made his way,  
With boon companions, bent on  
frolic,  
To inns of ill-repute, where lay  
Refreshments—chiefly alcoholic!  
(But I decline to raise your gorges,  
Describing these nocturnal orgies.)

Of love-affairs he knew no end,  
So long and ardently he flirted,  
And e'en the least suspicious friend  
Would feel a trifle disconcerted,

When Burns was sitting with his  
    "*sposa*,"

"As thick as thieves on Vallombrosa!"

[23]

A Cockney Chiel who found him thus,  
    And showed some conjugal alarm,  
When Burns implored him not to fuss,  
    Enquiring calmly, "Where's the  
    harm?"

Replied at once, with perfect taste,  
"The *harm* is round my consort's  
    waist!"

"A poor thing but my own," said he,  
    His fair but fickle bride denoting,  
And she, with scathing repartee,  
    Assented, wilfully misquoting,  
(Tho' carefully brought up, like Jonah),  
"A poorer thing—and yet my owner!"

[24]

The most bucolic hearts were burnt  
    By Burns' amatory glances;  
The most suburban spinsters learnt  
    To welcome his abrupt advances;  
When Burns was on his knee, 'twas  
    said,  
They wished that *they* were there  
    instead!

They loved him from the first, in spite  
    Of angry parents' interference;  
They deemed his courtship so polite,  
    So captivating his appearance;  
So great his charm, so apt his wit,  
In local parlance, Burns was IT!

[25]

The rustic maids from far and wide,  
    Encouraged his unwise flirtations;

For love of Burns they moped and  
sighed,  
And, while their nearest male  
relations  
Were up in arms, the sad thing is  
That they themselves were up in his!

His crest a mug, with open lid,  
The kind in vogue with ancient  
Druids,—  
Inscribed "Amari Aliquid,"  
(Which means "I'm very fond of  
fluids!"),  
On either side, as meet supporters,  
The village blacksmith's lovely  
daughters.

[26]

"Men were deceivers ever!" True,  
As Shakespeare says (Hey Nonny!  
Nonny!),  
But one should always keep in view  
That "*tout comprandr' c'est tout  
pardonny*";  
In judging poets it suffices  
To scan their verses, not their vices.

. . . . .  
The poets of the present time  
Attempt their feeble imitations;  
Are economical of rhyme,  
And lavish with reiterations;  
The while a patient public swallows  
A "Border Ballad" much as follows:—

[27]

*Jamie lad, I lo'e ye weel,  
Jamie lad, I lo'e nae ither,  
Jamie lad, I lo'e ye weel,  
Like a mither.*

*Jamie's ganging doon the burn,  
Jamie's ganging doon, whateffer,  
Jamie's ganging doon the burn,  
To Strathpeffer!*

*Jamie's comin' hame to dee,  
Jamie's comin' hame, I'm thinkin',  
Jamie's comin' hame to dee,  
Dee o' drinkin'!*

[28]

*Hech! Jamie! Losh! Jamie!  
Dinna greet sae sair!  
Gin ye canna, winna, shanna  
See yer lassie mair!  
Wha' hoo!  
Wha' hae!  
Strathpeffer!*

I give you now, as antidote,  
Some lines which I myself indited.  
Carnegie, when he read them, wrote  
To say that he was quite delighted;  
Their pathos cut him to the quick,  
Their humour almost made him sick.

[29]

*The queys are moopin' i' the mirk,  
An' gin ye thole ahin' the kirk,  
I'll gar ye tocher hame fra' work,  
Sae straught an' primsie;  
In vain the lavrock leaves the snaw,  
The sonsie cowslips blithely blaw,  
The elbucks wheep adoorn the shaw,  
Or warl a whimsy.*

[30]

*The cootie muircocks crouselly craw,  
The maukins tak' their fud fu' braw,  
I gie their wames a random paw,  
For a' they're skilpy;  
For wha' sae glaikit, gleg an' din,*

*To but the ben, or loup the linn,  
Or scraw aboon the tirlin'-pin  
Sae frae an' gilpie?*

*Och, snood the sporran roun' ma lap,  
The cairngorm clap in ilka cap,  
Och, hand me o'er  
Ma lang claymore,  
Twa, bannocks an' a bap,  
Wha hoo!  
Twa bannocks an' a bap!*

[31]

· · · · ·  
O fellow Scotsman, near and far,  
Renowned for health and good  
digestion,  
For all that makes you what you are,—  
(But are you really? That's the  
question)—  
Be grateful, while the world endures,  
That Burns was countryman of yours.

And hand-in-hand, in alien land,  
Foregather with your fellow  
cronies,  
To masticate the haggis (cann'd)  
At Scottish Conversazione,  
Where, flushed with wine and Auld  
Lang Syne,  
You worship at your country's shrine!

[32]

[33]

---

# *William Waldorf Astor*



**HOW** blest a thing it is to die  
For Country's sake, as bards  
have sung!

How sweet "pro patria mori,"  
(To quote the vulgar Latin tongue);  
And yet to him the palm we give  
Who for his fatherland can *live*.

[34]

Historians have explained to us,  
In terms that never can grow cold,  
How well the bold Horatius  
Played bridge in the brave days of  
old;  
And we can read of hosts of others,  
From Spartan boys to Roman mothers.

But nowhere has the student got,  
From poet, pedagogue, or pastor,  
The picture of a patriot  
So truly typical as Astor;  
And none has ever shown a greater  
Affection for his Alma Mater.



[35]

With loyalty to Fatherland  
His heart inflexible as starch is,  
Whene'er he hears upon a band  
The too prolific Sousa's marches;  
And from his eyes a tear he wipes,  
Each time he sees the Stars and  
Stripes.

Tho' others roam across the foam  
To European health resorts,  
The fact that "there's no place like  
home"  
Is foremost in our hero's thoughts;  
And all in vain have people tried  
To lure him from his "ain fireside."

[36]

Let tourists travel near or far,  
By wayward breezes widely blown,  
*He* stops at the Astoria,  
"A poor thing" (Shakespeare), "but  
his own;"



And nothing that his friends may do  
Can drag him from Fifth Avenue.

The Western heiress is content  
To scale, as a prospective bride,  
The bare six-story tenement  
Where foreign pauper peers  
reside;  
But men like Astor all disparage  
The so-called Morgan-attic marriage. [37]

The rich Chicago millionaire  
May buy a mansion in Belgravia,  
Have footmen there with powdered  
hair  
And frigidly correct behaviour;  
But marble stairs and plate of gold  
Leave Astor absolutely cold.

The lofty ducal residence,  
That fronts some Surrey riverside,  
Would wound his socialistic sense,  
And pain his patriotic pride;  
He would not change for Castles  
Highland  
His cabbage-patch on Coney Island. [38]

A statue in some Roman street,  
A palace of Venetian gilding,  
Appear to him not half so sweet  
As any modern Vanderbuilding;  
He views, without an envious throe,  
The wolf that suckled Romeo!

Roast beef, or frogs, or sauerkraut,  
Their mead of praise from some  
may win;  
Our hero cannot do without

Peanuts and clams and terrapin;  
Away from home, his soul would lack  
The cocktail and the canvasback.

[39]

Not his to walk the crowded Strand;  
    'Mid busy London's jar and hum.  
On quiet Broadway he would stand,  
    Saying "Americanus sum!"  
His smile so tranquil, so seraphic,—  
Small wonder that it stops the traffic!

Who would not be a man like he,  
    (This lapse of grammar pray  
    forgive,)  
So simply satisfied to be,  
    Contented with his lot to live,—  
Whether or not it be, I wot,  
A little lot,—or quite a lot?

[40]

Content with any kind of fare,  
    With any tiny piece of earth,  
So long as he can find it there  
    Within the land that gave him  
    birth;  
Content with simple beans and pork,  
If he may eat them in New York!

O persons who have made your pile,  
    And spend it far across the seas,  
Like landlords of the Em'rald Isle,  
    Denounced notorious absentees,  
I pray you imitate the Master,  
And stay at home like Mr. Astor!

[41]

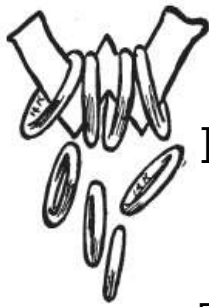
But if you go abroad at all,  
    And leave your fatherland behind  
    you,  
Without an effort to recall

The sentimental ties that bind you,  
I should be grateful if you could  
Contrive to stay away for good!

[42]

---

## *Henry VIII*



**ITH** Stevenson we must agree,  
Who found the world so  
full of things,  
That all should be, or so said  
he,  
As happy as a host of  
Kings;  
Yet few so fortunate as not  
To envy Bluff King Henry's lot.



[43]

A polished monarch, through and  
through,  
    Tho' somewhat lacking in religion,  
Who joined a courtly manner to  
    The figure of a pouter pigeon;  
And was, at time of feast or revel  
A ... well ... a perfect little devil!

But tho' his vices, I'm afraid,  
    Are hard for modern minds to  
    swallow,  
Two lofty virtues he displayed,  
    Which we should do our best to  
    follow:—

A passion for domestic life,  
A cult for what is called The Wife.

[44]

He sought his spouses, North and  
South.

    Six times (to make a misquotation)  
He managed, at the Canon's mouth,

To win a bubble reputation;  
And ev'ry time, from last to first,  
His matrimonial bubble burst!

Six times, with wide, self-conscious  
smile

And well-blacked, button boots, he  
entered

The Abbey's bust-congested aisle,

With ev'ry eye upon him centred;

Six times he heard, and not alone,  
The march of Mr. Mendelssohn.

[45]

Six sep'rate times (or three times  
twice),

In order to complete the marriage,

'Mid painful show'rs of boots and rice,

He sought the shelter of his  
carriage;

Six times the bride, beneath her veil,

Looked "beautiful, but somewhat  
pale."

Within the limits of one reign,

Six females of undaunted bearing,

Two Annes, three Kath'rines, and a  
Jane,

Enjoyed the privilege of sharing

A conjugal career so chequer'd

It almost constitutes a record!

[46]

Yet sometimes it occurs to me

That Henry missed his true  
vocation;

A husband by profession he,

A widower by occupation;

And, honestly, it seems a pity

He didn't live in Salt Lake City.

For there he could have put in force  
His plural marriage views,  
unbaffled;  
Nor had recourse to dull divorce,  
Nor sought the service of the  
scaffold;  
Nor looked for peace, nor found  
release,  
In any partner's predecease.

[47]

Had Henry been alive to-day,  
He might have hired a timely  
motor,  
And sent each wife in turn to stay  
Within the confines of Dakota;  
That State whose rigid marriage-law,  
Is eulogised by Bernard Shaw.

But Henry's simple days are done,  
And, in the present generation,  
A wife is seldom woo'd and won  
By prospects of decapitation.  
For nowadays when Woman weds,  
It is the *Men* who lose their heads!

[48]

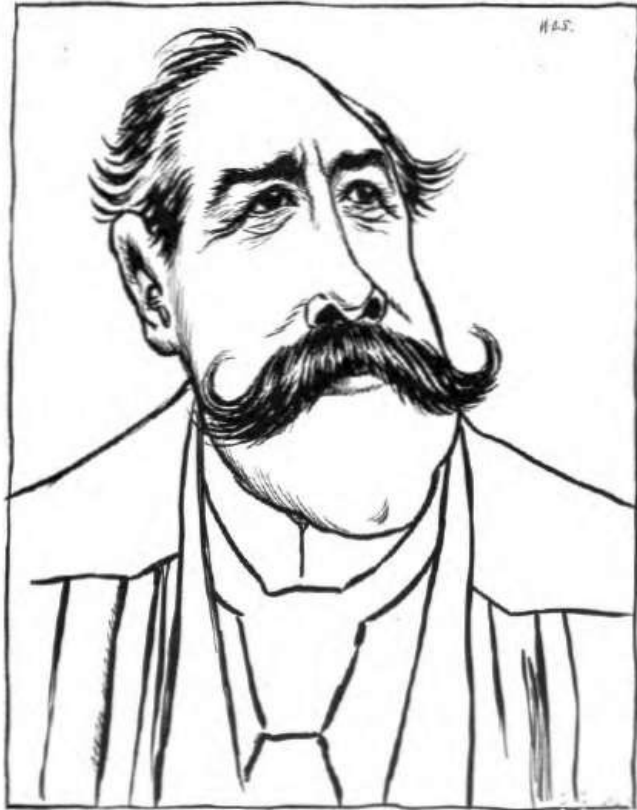
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## *Alton B. Parker*



**HOSE** Roman Fathers, long ago,  
Established a sublime

tradition,  
Who gave the Man Behind the  
Hoe  
His proud proconsular  
position;  
When Cincinnatus left his hens,  
And beat his ploughshares into  
pens.



His modern prototype we see,  
Descended from some humble  
attic,  
The Presidential nominee  
Of those whose views are  
Democratic;  
From Millionaire to Billiard Marker  
They plumped their votes for Central  
Parker.

A member of the sterner sex,  
Possessing neither wealth nor

beauty,  
But gifted with a really ex—  
—Traordinary sense of Duty;  
In Honour's list I place him first,—  
With Cæsar's Wife and Mr. Hearst.

[50]

From childhood's day this son of toil,  
Since first he laid aside his rattle,  
Was wont to cultivate the soil,  
Or milk his father's kindly cattle;  
To groom the pigs, drive crows away,  
Or teach the bantams how to lay.

This sprightly lad, his parents' pet,  
With tastes essentially bucolic,  
Eschewed the straightcut cigarette,  
And shunned refreshments  
alcoholic;

His simple pleasure 'twas to plumb  
The deep-laid joys of chewing gum.

[51]

As local pedagogue he next  
Attained to years of indiscretion,  
To preach the Solomonian text  
So popular with that profession,  
Which honours whom (and what) it  
teaches  
More in th' observance than the  
breeches.

The sprightly Parker soon one sees,  
Head of a legal institution,  
Enjoying huge retaining fees  
As counsel for the prosecution.  
(Advice to lawyers, *meum non est*,—  
Get on, get honour, then get honest!)

[52]

Behold him, then, like comet, shoot



Beyond the bounds of birth or  
station,  
And gain, as jurist of repute,  
A continental reputation.  
(Don't mix him with that "Triple Star"  
Which lights a more unworthy "bar.")

A proud position now is his,  
A judge, arrayed in moral ermine,  
As from the Bench he sentences  
His fellow-man, and other vermin,  
And does his duty to his neighbour,  
By giving him six months' hard labour. [53]

On knotty questions of finance  
He bears aloft the golden  
standard,  
For he whose motto is "Advance!"  
To baser coin has never pandered.  
No eulogist of War is he,  
"Retrenchment!" is his *dernier cri*.

But tho', to his convictions true,  
With strength like concentrated  
Eno,  
He did his very utmost to  
Emancipate the Filipino,  
A fickle public chose Another,  
Who called the Coloured Coon his  
Brother. [54]

---

# *Euclid*



**WHEN** Egypt was a first-  
class Pow'r—  
When Ptolemy was  
King, that is,  
Whose benefices used to  
show'r  
On all the local  
charities,  
And by his liberal  
subscriptions  
Was always spoiling the  
Egyptians—



The Alexandrine School enjoyed  
A proud and primary position  
For training scholars not devoid  
Of geometric erudition;  
Where arithmetical fanatics  
Could even *live* in (mathem)-attics.

The best informed Historians name  
This Institution the possessor  
Of one who occupied with fame  
The post of principal Professor,  
Who had a more expansive brain  
Than any man—before Hall Caine.

[56]

No complex sums of huge amounts  
Perplexed his algebraic  
knowledge;  
With ease he balanced the accounts  
Of his (at times insolvent) College;  
He was, without the least romance,  
A very Blondin of Finance.

In pencil, on his shirt-cuff, he,  
Without a moment's hesitation,  
Elucidated easily  
The most elab'rate calculation  
(His washing got, I needn't mention,  
The local laundry's best attention).

[57]

Behind a manner mild as mouse,  
Blue-spectacled and inoffensive,  
He hid a judgment and a *nous*  
As overwhelming as extensive,  
And cloaked a soul immune from  
wrong  
Beneath an ample ong-bong-pong.

To rows of conscientious youths,  
Whom 'twas his duty to take care  
of,  
He loved to prove the truth of truths  
Which they already were aware of;  
They learnt to look politely bored,  
Where modern students would have  
snored.

[58]

To show that Two and Two make Four,  
That All is greater than a Portion,  
Requires no dialectic lore,  
Nor any cerebral contortion;  
The public's faith in facts was steady,  
Before the days of Mrs. Eddy.

But what was hard to overlook  
(From which Society still suffers)  
Was all the trouble Euclid took  
To teach the game of Bridge to  
duffers.

Insisting, when he got a quorum,  
On "*Pons*" (he called it) "*Asinorum*."

[59]

The guileless methods of his game  
Provoked his partner's strongest  
strictures;

He hardly knew the cards by name,  
But realised that some had  
pictures;

Exhausting ev'rybody's patience  
By his perpetual revocations.

For weary hours, in deep concern,  
O'er dummy's hand he loved to  
linger,

Denoting ev'ry card in turn,  
With timid indecisive finger;  
And stopped to say, at each delay,  
"I really don't know *what* to play!"

[60]

He sought, at any cost, to win  
His ev'ry suit in turn unguarding;  
He trumped his partner's "best card  
in,"  
His own egregiously discarding;  
Remarking sadly, when in doubt,

"I quite forgot the King was out!"

Alert opponents always knew,  
    By what the look upon his face  
        was,  
When safety lay in leading through,  
    And where, of course, the fatal ace  
        was;  
Assuring the complete successes  
Of bold but hazardous "finesses."

[61]

But nowadays we find no trace,  
    From distant Assouan to Cairo,  
To mark the place where dwelt a race  
    Mistaught by so absurd a tyro;  
And nothing but occult inscriptions  
Recall the sports of past Egyptians.

Yes, "*autre temps*" and "*autre  
    moeurs,*"  
    "*Où sont indeed les neiges  
        d'antan?*"

The modern native much prefers  
    Debauching in some *café chantant*,  
Nor ever shows the least ambition  
To solve a single Proposition.

[62]

O Euclid, luckiest of men!  
    You knew no English interloper;  
For Allah's Garden was not then  
    The pleasure-ground of Alleh  
        Sloper,  
Nor (broth-like) had your country's  
    looks  
Been spoilt by an excess of "Cooks."

The Nile to your untutored ears  
    Discoursed in dull but tender

tones;  
Not yours the modern Dahabeahs,  
Supplied with strident  
gramophones,  
Imploring, in a loud refrain,  
Bill Bailey to come home again.

[63]

Your cars, the older-fashioned sort,  
And drawn, perhaps, by alligators,  
Were not the modern Juggernaut-  
Child-dog-and-space-obliteratedors,  
Those "stormy petrols" of the land  
Which deal decease on either hand.

No European tourist wags  
Defiled the desert's dusky face  
With orange peel and paper bags,  
Those emblems of a cultured race;  
Or cut the noble name of Jones,  
On tombs which held a monarch's  
bones.

[64]

O Euclid! Could you see to-day  
The sunny clime you once  
frequented,  
And note the way we moderns play  
The game you thoughtfully  
invented,  
The knowledge of your guilt would  
force yer  
To feelings of internal nausea!

[65]

---

# *J. M. Barrie*

**T**HE briny tears unbidden start,  
At mention of my hero's  
name!

Was ever set so huge a heart  
Within so small a frame?  
So much of tenderness and  
grace  
Confined in such a slender  
space?

[66]



(O tiniest of tiny men!  
So wise, so whimsical, so witty!  
Whose magic little fairy-pen  
Is steeped in human pity;  
Whose humour plays so quaint a tune,  
From Peter Pan to Pantaloon!)

So wide a sympathy has he,

Such kindness without an end,  
That children clamber on his knee,  
And claim him as a friend;  
They somehow know he understands,  
And doesn't mind their sticky hands.

And so they swarm about his neck, [67]  
With energy that nothing wearies,  
Assured that he will never check  
Their ceaseless flow of queries,  
And grateful, with a warm affection,  
For his avuncular protection.

And when his watch he opens wide,  
Or beats them all at blowing  
bubbles,  
They tell him how the dormouse died,  
And all their tiny troubles;  
And drag him, if he seems deprest,  
To see the baby squirrel's nest. [68]

For hidden treasure he can dig,  
Pursue the Indians in the wood,  
Feed the prolific guinea-pig  
With inappropriate food;  
Do all the things that mattered so  
In happy days of long ago.

All this he can achieve, and more!  
For, 'neath the magic of his brain,  
The young are younger than before,  
The old grow young again,  
To dream of Beauty and of Truth  
For hearts that win eternal youth. [69]

Fat apoplectic men I know,  
With well-developed Little Marys,  
Look almost human when they show



Their faith in Barrie's fairies;  
Their blank lethargic faces lighten  
In admiration of his Crichton.

To lovers who, with fingers cold,  
    Attempt to fan some dying ember,  
He brings the happy days of old,  
    And bids their hearts remember;  
Recalling in romantic fashion  
The tenderness of earlier passion.

[70]

And modern matrons who can find  
    So little leisure for the Nurs'ry,  
Whose interest in babykind  
    Is eminently curs'ry,  
New views on Motherhood acquire  
From Alice-sitting-by-the-Fire!

While men of every sort and kind,  
    At times of sunshine or of trouble,  
In Sentimental Tommy find  
    Their own amazing double;  
To each in turn the mem'ry comes  
Of some belov'd forgotten Thrums.

[71]

To Barrie's literary art  
    That strong poetic sense is  
        clinging  
Which hears, in ev'ry human heart,  
    A "late lark" faintly singing,  
A bird that bears upon its wing  
The promise of perpetual Spring.

Materialists may labour much  
    At problems for the modern stage;  
His simpler methods reach and touch  
    The Young of ev'ry age;  
And first and second childhood meet

---

## *Omar Khayyam*



**THOUGH** many a great  
Philosopher  
Has earned the Epicure's  
diploma,  
Not one of them, as I aver,  
So much deserved the  
prize as Omar;  
For he, without the least  
misgiving,  
Combined High Thinking and  
High Living.



[73]

He lived in Persia, long ago,  
    Upon a somewhat slender  
        pittance;  
And Persia is, as you may know,  
    The home of Shahs and fubsy  
        kittens,  
(A quite consistent *habitat*,  
Since "Shah," of course, is French for  
    "cat.")

He lived—as I was saying, when  
    You interrupted, impolitely—  
Not loosely, like his fellow-men,  
    But, *vicê versâ*, rather tightly;  
And drank his share, so runs the story,  
And other people's, *con amore*.

[74]

A great Astronomer, no doubt,  
    He often found some Constellation  
Which others could not see without  
    Profuse internal irrigation;

And snakes he saw, and crimson mice,  
Until his colleagues rang for ice.

Omar, who owned a length of throat  
As dry as the proverbial  
"drummer,"  
And quite believed that (let me quote)  
"One swallow does not make a  
summer,"  
Supplied a model to society  
Of frank, persistent insobriety.

\* \* \* \* \*

[75]

Ah, fill the cup with nectar sweet,  
Until, when indisposed for more,  
Your puzzled, inadhesive feet  
Elude the smooth revolving floor.  
What matter doubts, despair or  
sorrow?  
To-day is Yesterday To-morrow!

Oblivion in the bottle win,  
Let finger-bowls with vodka foam,  
And seek the Open Port within  
Some dignified Inebriates' Home;  
Assuming there, with kingly air,  
A crown of vine-leaves in your hair!

[76]

A book of verse (my own, for choice),  
A slice of cake, some ice-cream  
soda,  
A lady with a tuneful voice,  
Beside me in some dim pagoda!  
A cellar—if I had the key,—  
Would be a Paradise to me!

In cosy seat, with lots to eat,  
And bottles of Lafitte to fracture  
(And, by-the-bye, the word La-feet

Recalls the mode of manufacture)

—

I contemplate, at easy distance,  
The troublous problems of existence.

[77]

For even if it could be mine  
    To change Creation's partial  
        scheme,  
To mould it to a fresh design,  
    More nearly that of which I dream,  
Most probably, my weak endeavour  
Would make more mess of it than  
    ever!

So let us stock our cellar shelves  
    With balm to lubricate the throttle;  
For "Heav'n helps those who help  
    themselves,"  
    So help yourself, and pass the  
        bottle!

What! Would you quarrel with my  
    moral?  
(Waiter! Leshavanotherborrel!)

[78]

---

## *Andrew Carnegie*

N Caledonia, stern and wild,  
    Whence scholars,



statesmen, bards  
have sprung,  
Where ev'ry little barefoot  
child  
Correctly lisps his  
mother-tongue,  
And lingual solecisms betoken  
That Scotch is drunk, as well as  
spoken,

[79]

There dwells a man of iron nerve,  
A millionaire without a peer,  
Possessing that supreme reserve  
Which stamps the caste of Vere de  
Vere,  
And marks him out to human ken  
As one of Nature's noblemen.

Like other self-made persons, he  
Is surely much to be excused,  
Since they have had no choice, you  
see,  
Of the material to be used;  
But when his noiseless fabric grew,  
He builded better than he knew.

[80]

A democrat, whose views are frank,  
To him Success alone is vital;  
He deems the wealthy cabman's  
"rank"  
As good as any other title;  
To him the post of postman betters  
The trade of other Men of Letters.

The relative who seeks to wed  
Some nice but indigent patrician,  
He urges to select instead  
A coachman of assured position,

Since safety-matches, you'll agree,  
Strike only on the box, says he.

[81]

At Skibo Castle, by the sea,  
A splendid palace he has built,  
Equipped with all the luxury  
Of plush, of looking-glass, and gilt;  
A style which Ruskin much enjoyed,  
And christened "Early German Lloyd."

With milking-stools and ribbon'd  
screens  
The floor is covered, well I know;  
The walls are thick with tambourines,  
Hand-painted many years ago;  
Ah, how much taste our forbears had!  
And nearly all of it was bad.

[82]

Each flow'r-embroidered boudoir  
suite,  
Each "cosy corner" set apart,  
Was modelled in the Regent Street  
Emporium of suburban art.  
"O Liberty!" (I quote with shame)  
"The crimes committed in thy name!"

But tho' his mansion now contains  
A swimming-bath, a barrel-organ,  
Electric light, and even drains,  
As good as those of Mr. Morgan,  
There was a time when Andrew C.  
Was not obsessed by l. s. d.

[83]

Across the seas he made his pile,  
In Pittsburg, where, I've  
understood,  
You have to exercise some guile  
To do the very slightest good;

But he kept doing good by stealth,  
And doubtless blushed to find it  
wealth.

And now his private hobby 'tis  
To meet a starving people's need  
By making gifts of libraries  
To those who never learnt to read;  
Rich mental banquets he provides  
For folks with famishing insides.

[84]

In Education's hallowed name  
He pours his opulent libations;  
His vast deserted Halls of Fame  
Increase the gaiety of nations.  
But still the slums are plague-infested,  
The hospitals remain congested.

· · · · ·  
Carnegie, should your kindly eye  
This foolish book of verses meet,  
Please order an immense supply,  
To make your libraries complete,  
And register its author's name  
Within your princely Halls of Fame!

[85]

---

## ***King Cophetua***

**O** sing of King Cophetua  
I am indeed unwilling,



T For none of his adventures are  
Particularly thrilling;  
Nor, as I hardly need to  
mention,  
Am I addicted to invention.

[86]



The story of his roving eye,  
You must already know it,  
Since it has been narrated by  
Lord Tennyson, the poet;  
I could a moving tale unfold,  
But it has been so often told.

But since I wish my friends to see  
My early education,  
If Tennyson will pardon me  
A somewhat free translation,  
I'll try if something can't be sung  
In someone else's mother-tongue.

"Cophetua and the Beggar Maid!"

[87]

So runs the story's title  
(An explanation, I'm afraid,  
Is absolutely vital),  
Express'd, as I need hardly mench:  
In 4 a.m. (or early) French:—

*Les bras posés sur la poitrine  
Lui fait l'apparence divine,—  
Enfin elle a très bonne mine,—  
Elle arrive, ne portant pas  
De sabots, ni même de bas,  
Pieds-nus, au roi Cophetua.*

[88]

*Le roi lors, couronne sur tête,  
Vêtu de ses robes de fête,  
Va la rencontrer, et l'arrête.  
On dit, "Tiens, il y en a de  
quoi!"  
"Je ferais ça si c'était moi!"  
Il saits s'amuser donc, ce roi!*

*Ainsi qu'la lune brille aux cieux,  
Cette enfant luit de mieux en mieux,  
Quand même ses habits soient vieux.  
En voilà un qui loue ses yeux,  
Un autre admire ses cheveux,  
Et tout le monde est  
amoureux.*

[89]

*Car on n'a jamais vu là-bas  
Un charme tel que celui-là  
Alors le bon Cophetua  
Jure, "La pauvre mendiante,  
Si séduisante, si charmante,  
Sera ma femme,—ou bien ma  
tante!"*

[90]

## *Joseph F. Smith*



**HOUGH**, to the ordinary mind,  
The weight of marriage ties is  
such  
That many mere, male, mortals  
find  
One wife enough,—if not too  
much;  
I see no no reason to abuse  
A person holding other views.



Though most of us, at any rate,  
Have not acquired the plural  
habits,  
Which we are apt to delegate

To Eastern potentates,—or rabbits;  
We should regard with open mind  
The more uxoriously inclined.

In Salt Lake City dwells a man  
Who deems monogamy a myth;  
(One of that too prolific clan  
Which glories in the name of  
Smith);  
A "Prophet, Seer, and Revelator,"  
With the appearance of a waiter.

[92]

This hoary patriarch contrives  
To thrive in manner most  
bewild'rin',  
With close on half a dozen wives,  
And nearly half a hundred  
children;  
And views with unaffrighted eyes  
The burden of domestic ties.

To him all spouses seem the same—  
Each one a model of the Graces;  
He knows his children all by name,  
But cannot recollect their faces;  
A minor point, since, I suppose,  
Each one has got its popper's nose!

[93]

They are denied to me and you:  
Such old-world luxuries as his,  
When, after work, he hastens to  
The bosoms of his families  
(Each offspring joining with the others  
In, "What is Home without five  
Mothers?").

Such strange surroundings would  
retard

Most ordinary men's digestions;  
Five ladies all conversing hard,  
And fifty children asking  
questions!  
Besides (the tragic final straw),  
Five se-pa-rate mammas-in-law!

[94]

What difficulties there must be  
To find a telescopic mansion;  
For each successive family  
The space sufficient for expansion.  
("But that," said Kipling, in his glory—  
"But that is quite another storey!")

The sailor who, from lack of thought,  
Or else a too diffuse affection,  
Has, for a wife in ev'ry port,  
An unappeasing predilection,  
Would designate as "simply great!"  
The mode of life in Utah State.

[95]

The gay Lothario, too, who makes  
His mad but meaningless advances  
To more than one fair maid, and takes  
A large variety of chances,  
Need have no fear, in such a place,  
Of any breach-of-promise case.

With Mormons of the latter-day  
I have no slightest cause for  
quarrel;  
Nor do I doubt at all that they  
Are quite exceptionally moral;  
Their President has told us so,  
And he, if anyone, should know.

[96]

But tho' of folks in Utah State,  
But 2 percent lead plural lives,

Perhaps the other 98

Are just—their children and their  
wives!

O stern, ascetic congregation,  
Resisting all—except temptation!

Well, I, for one, can see no harm,  
Unless for trouble one were  
looking,

In having wives on either arm,  
And one downstairs—to do the  
cooking.

A touching scene; with nought to dim  
it.

But fifty children!—That's the limit!

[97]

Some middle course would I explore;

Incur a merely dual bond;

One wife, brunette, to scrub the floor,

And one for outdoor use, a blonde;

Thus happily could I exist,

A moral Mormonogamist!

[98]

---

## *Sherlock Holmes*



**HE** French "filou" may raise his  
"bock,"

The "Green-goods man" his  
cocktail, when

He toast Gaboriau's Le Coq,  
Or Pinkerton's discreet young  
men;  
But beer in British bumpers  
foams  
Around the name of Sherlock  
Holmes!



[99]

Come, boon companions, all of you  
Who (woodcock-like) exist by  
suction,  
Uplift your teeming tankards to  
The great Professor of Deduction!  
Who is he? You shall shortly see  
If (Watson-like) you "follow me."

In London (on the left-hand side  
As you go in), stands Baker Street,  
Exhibited with proper pride  
By all policemen on the beat,  
As housing one whose predilection

Is private criminal detection.

[100]

The malefactor's apt disguise  
Presents to him an easy task;  
His placid, penetrating eyes  
Can pierce the most secretive  
mask;  
And felons ask a deal too much  
Who fancy to elude his clutch.

No slender or exiguous clew  
Too paltry for his needs is found;  
No knot too stubborn to undo,  
No prey too swift to run to ground;  
No road too difficult to travel,  
No skein too tangled to unravel.

[101]

For Holmes the ash of a cigar,  
A gnat impinging on his eye,  
Possess a meaning subtler far  
Than humbler mortals can descry.  
A primrose at the river's brim  
No simple primrose is to him!

To Holmes a battered Brahma key,  
Combined with blurred  
articulation,  
Displays a man's capacity  
For infinite ingurgitation;  
Obliquity of moral vision  
Betrays the civic politician.

[102]

I had an uncle, who possessed  
A marked resemblance to a  
bloater,  
Whom Sherlock, by deduction,  
guessed  
To be the victim of a motor;



Whereas, his wife (or so he swore)  
Had merely shut him in the door!

My brother's nose, whose hectic hue  
Recalled the sun-kissed autumn  
leaf,  
Though friends attributed it to  
Some secret or domestic grief,  
Revealed to Holmes his deep  
potations,  
And *not* the loss of loved relations!

[103]

I had a poodle, short and fat,  
Who proved a conjugal deceiver;  
Her offspring were a Maltese Cat,  
Two Dachshunds and a pink  
retriever!  
Her husband was a pure-bred Skye;  
And Sherlock Holmes alone knew why!

When after-dinner speakers rise,  
To plunge in anecdotage deep,  
At once will Sherlock recognise  
Each welcome harbinger of sleep:  
That voice which torpid guests  
entrances,  
That immemorial voice of Chauncey's!

[104]

Not his, suppose Hall Caine should  
walk  
All unannounced into the room,  
To say, like pressmen of New York,  
"Er—Mr. Shakespeare, I  
presoom?"  
By name "The Manxman" Holmes  
would hail,  
Observing that he *had no tale*.

In vain, amid the lonely state  
Of Zion, dreariest of havens,  
Does bashful Dowie emulate  
The prophet who was fed by  
ravens;  
To Holmes such affluence betrays  
A prophet who is fed by *jays*!

[105]

With Holmes there lived a foolish man,  
To whom I briefly must allude,  
Who gloried in possessing an  
Abnormal mental hebetude;  
One could describe the grossest *bétise*  
To this (forgive the rhyme) Achates.

'Twas Doctor Watson, human mole,  
Obtusely, painfully polite;  
Who played the unambitious rôle  
Of parasitic satellite;  
Inevitably bound to bore us,  
Like Aristophanes's Chorus.

[106]

But London town is sad to-day,  
And preternaturally solemn;  
The fountains murmur "Let us spray"  
To Nelson on his lonely column;  
Big Ben is mute, her clapper crack'd  
is,  
For Holmes has given up his practice.

No more in silence, as the snake,  
Will he his sinuous path pursue,  
Till, like the weasel (when awake),  
Or deft, resilient kangaroo,  
He leaps upon his quivering quarry,  
Before there's time to say you're sorry.

[107]

No more will criminals, at dawn,

Effecting some burglarious entry,  
(While Sherlock, on the garden lawn,  
Enacts the thankless rôle of  
sentry),  
Discover, to their bitter cost,  
That felons who are found—are lost!

No more on Holmes shall Watson base  
The Chronicles he proudly fabled;  
The violin and morphia-case  
Are in the passage, packed and  
labelled;  
And Holmes himself is at the door,  
Departing—to return no more.

[108]

He bids farewell to Baker Street,  
Though Watson clings about his  
knees;  
He hastens to his country seat,  
To spend his dotage keeping bees;  
And one of them, depend upon it,  
Shall find a haven in his bonnet!

But though in grief our heads are  
bowed,  
And tears upon our cheeks are  
shining,  
We recognise that ev'ry cloud  
Conceals somewhere a silver  
lining;  
And hear with deep congratulation  
Of Watson's timely termination.

[109]

---

# *Aftword*

**Y**E Critics, who with bilious eye  
Peruse my incoherent  
medley,  
Prepared to let your arrows  
fly,  
With cruel aim and  
purpose deadly,  
Desist a moment, ere you  
spoil  
The harvest of a  
twelvemonth's toil!

[110]

Remember, should you scent afar  
The crusted jokes of days gone by,  
What conscious plagiarists we are:  
Molière and Seymour Hicks and I,  
For, as my bearded chestnuts prove,  
*Je prends mon bien où je le trouve!*

My wealth of wit I never waste  
On Chestertonian paradox;  
My humour, in the best of taste,  
Like Miss Corelli's, never shocks;  
For sacred things my rev'rent awe  
Resembles that of Bernard Shaw.

[111]

Behold how tenderly I treat  
Each victim of my pen and brain,  
And should I tread upon his feet,  
How lightly I leap off again;  
Observe with what an airy grace  
I fling my inkpot in his face!

And those who seek at Christmas time,  
An inexpensive gift for Mother,

Will fine this foolish book of rhyme  
As apposite as any other,  
And suitable for presentation  
To any poor or near relation.

[112]

To those whose intellect is small,  
This work should prove a priceless  
treasure;  
To persons who have none at all,  
A never-ending fount of pleasure;  
A mental stimulus or tonic  
To all whose idiocy is chronic.

And you, my Readers (never mind  
Which category you come under),  
Will, after due reflection, find  
My verse a constant source of  
wonder;  
'Twill make you *think*, I dare to swear  
—  
But *what* you think I do not care!

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