



Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation
5th Floor, Hunt Library
Carnegie Mellon University
4909 Frew Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15213-3890
Contact: Archives
Telephone: 412-268-2434
Email: huntinst@andrew.cmu.edu
Web site: www.huntbotanical.org

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About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

Revised version
send to Mrs. J.

1914 - 1918

Although at times I hear the call
Of Wanderlust, and yearn to be
On foreign strand, or 'neath the pall
Of storm clouds gath'ring o'er the sea,
On second thought I am content,
Though still my mind's on travel bent.

For even as I sit here now
Beneath the tropic moon, and feel
The trade winds gently fan my brow
And scent the jasmine's sweet appeal
I still can conjure up past scenes!
I still can see my land of dreams!

Whilst I reflect, midst such delights
My fancy takes me back once more
To golden days and balmy nights
On Cuba's verdant, friendly shore.
Methinks my nostrils scent thy breeze,
Thou fairest isle of all the seas!

And now my thoughts roam far afield,-
Old Algèr, basking in the sun.
What pleasant mem'ries canst thou yield
Of happy days, spent ere begun!
I love thy streets, thy shops, cafés!
In Algèr would I end my days!

In Tokyo I am once more
In cool kimono, at my ease
Reclining on the cushioned floor
With locusts singing in the trees.
Japan! Quaint land of little men,
I fain would visit thee again!

And so it goes; once more I take
My coffee in a Baghdad shop,
And argue with the aged shaykh
Until at last his prices drop.
How sweet such recollections are
That take one back to scenes afar!

But though I love such scenes as these,
There's one more fair; it is to see
Old Glory flying in the breeze
As home I come again to Thee
America! How proud I am
To call myself American!

Of all good grub
That I have ~~ever~~ said
I much prefer
To all my grain

Of all good grub
That I have et. -
Alas, I still can taste it yet!
That sudden rare dessert divine
That I did eat beside the fire

Wait on ^{at} the
board yesterday, mostly
the girls, & nothing doing.

I loco ~~calm~~ beneath the shade
I sit and ~~possibly~~ ~~un~~ ~~em~~ ~~plate~~

I often think that I would freer be
Could I but rid myself of every taint
Of Wanderlust, which coursing through my veins
Doth surge and struggle, and triumphal, paint
In lurid colors scenes that make me yearn
To cross the stormy waters, comforts spurn,
And once again to seek for happiness
On distant shores, and ever striving, press
Onward into the deepest wilderness.

And on and on to go; I know not Why
Nor Whither, but in vain pursuit of nought
Borne forward by an all-consuming fire
Until at last, my costly freedom bought
I turn my weary footsteps once again
Toward Home. Through valley, over plain
I struggle onward, till I reach my goal
And there I rest for aye, a ransomed soul.

To you, who never yet have felt
That Call of Calls, the Wanderlust, I say
Beware! For once within its grasp
No power in Heaven or Earth can help you; May
Your fate is sealed, and forward you must go
To quench the awful flames, nor do you know
The Whither nor the Why; Until at Length
The demon's grip is loosened, and his strength
No longer holds you helpless. Then once more
You rest in peace upon your native shore.

O Solitude! Thy charms are few,
And yet,- And yet,- I often feel
That any unimpassioned view
Will show thy charms, though few, are real.

Sad Crusoe on his lonely isle
Did find thee burdensome, I know
But he'd not felt the ennui
Which life in town does oft bestow.

Nor had he ever yearned for time
In which to read psychology,
Or study Dutch, or delve into
Invertebrate zoology.

Indeed, it pains me e'en to think
What opportunities he missed
To make a soil survey, or do
Research in sporogenesis.

I claim, therefore, our friend was not
Well qualified to state the truth;
His mental attitude was such
As to prevent the same, in sooth.

Where lie the charms of solitude?
Is such a question in your mind?
The answer is a simple one:
But seek, and you shall find!

Then waste no time, nor spend your thoughts
On sorrow, nor in longings vain;
But look around you; see you nought
From which you can some pleasure gain?

What though you be without a friend
With whom to talk; without a book
In which to solace find; Ah, then
Be Up, and look about you, Look!

Old Agassiz the keynote gave:
"Not books, but nature study"; Why
With Nature all around you then
Should Golden Hours drag slowly by?

Miami, Florida, May 14, 1915.

Thurs Feby 8, 1924.

Dear Wilt, - I enclose some things I think you will want to save. One or two of these poems approach the real and actual so nearly that if you worked them over now, I believe you could get them published. Should think you would be interested in trying to do that. Go to it!

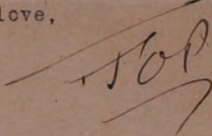
If H has to have some money before I get it to him, and you can let him have it, pls do so, and I can soon reimburse you. I hope to be able to send him some by the first of the week.

Nothing new. Am trying to make some progress on Pauls matters and yours, - sale of avocado orchard, etc., but there seems to be a dull spell right now. However, things always do move and happen, and I guess they always will.

As I have previously written you, Helen will be much interested in coming on this fall, if you dont get Betty Hughes. Let me know what you think about it.

Have finished planting the rose garden, 700 plants, - nearly broke me financially; but I am bound to have this little spot so fine you wont want to leave it when you come on a year from May 1.

With love,



Although at times I hear the call
Of Wanderlust, and yearn to be
On foreign strand, or 'neath the pall
Of storm-clouds gath'ring o'er the sea
On second thought I am content,
Though still my mind's on travel bent.

For even as I sit here now
Beneath the tropic moon, and feel
The trade winds gently fan my brow,
And scent the jasmine's sweet appeal
I still can conjure up past scenes!
I still can see my land of dreams!

Whilst I reflect, midst such delights
My fancy takes me back once more
To golden days and balmy nights
On Cuba's verdant, friendly shore.
Methinks my nostrils scent thy breeze,
Thou fairest isle of all the seas!

And now my thoughts roam far afield,-
Old Alger, basking in the sun.
What pleasant mem'ries canst thou yield
Of happy days, spent ere begun!
I love thy streets, thy shops, cafés!
In Alger would I end my days!

In Tokyo I am once more,
In cool kimono, at my ease
Reclining on the cushioned floor
With locusts singing in the trees.
Japan! Quaint land of little men
I fain would visit thee again!

And so it goes; once more I take
My coffee in the Baghdad way,
Or haggle with an Arab shaykh
Who asks twice what I ought to pay.
How sweet such recollections are
That take one back to scenes afar!

But though I love such scenes as these
There's one more fair; it is to see
Old Glory waving in the breeze
As home I come again to Thee
America! Thou art the best;
What other land so richly blest?

How fine it is to have an atty
Whose dress on Sunday is so natty;
Who never gives a thought to self
Nor deigns to worry over pelf.

His sentiments expressed are
In terms substantial; better far
A box of Betty Schneider's choice
Than any thoughts expressed by voice.

As long as checks signed "per and pro
Explorer's atty, Eopence"
Will chase the dollars to their haunt
He'll send me anything I want.

But if, perchance, my bank account
Should dwindle down to small amount
Then might I shout the livelong day,-
HE TAKES NO CLIENTS WHO DONT PAY!

[1914-1918]

COUNSEL TO EUPHROS^YSYNE, IN SEARCH OF A BEVERAGE

Buzah, kola, lemonade,
Buttermilk and tea,
Coffee, maté, are not made
for Euphrosyne.
Milk of tender, cool coco
Might turn sour inside her.
Just one drink is comme il faut:
Louis Browdy's cider.

*FOR NB. It is soft
cider, consumed within 3 days of pressing.*

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

[1911-18]

Her eyes blue luscious and
her golden hair
Have left my heart in such
a sorry plight
That I can only marvel
one so fair
Should be there with so
fatal. Is it right
That she should bring this
madness on each night
Who meets her? Ay, a
fair blue eye. I own,
So quite bewitching — so is
a fair Brouse!

W. P.
By P. P. attorney in fact

P O E T R Y

[1914-1918]

Ascribed on internal evidence to Mr.W.Popenoe, F.R.H.S.Lond.

Let not P.Americana
Miller enter the lists
(It's Gaertner's P.gratissima
To Older Botanists)-

Let not that rich Lauracea
Of America's tropical zone
Attempt to vie, in poet's eye,
With the nose that's Effie's own.

Let not the Bougainvillea-
No matter what species ye seek,
So it be not lateritia-
Try to rival Effie's cheek.

Bignonia venusta seeks,-
Ampelopsis veitchii too,-
The one in flowers, the other in autumn foliage,
Effie's red lips to outdo.

And as for eyes, where can I find
A simile more fit
Than Passiflora edulis?
(Not the fruit, but the flower. That's it.)

. Alas, my Eff, I can not say
Thou art the apple of my eye;
Not knowing whether the genus is best
Called Pyrus, or Malus. That's why.

But I can say, and this is true,
That I would like to make with you

A Phoenix dactylifera Linn.

(Palmae):- When does the dance begin?

W.B.G. with
the compliments of
the author

SONG OF THE EXILED CALIFORNIAN.

Comment! Vous dites
Qu'on peut oublier
La Belle Californie?
Non, jamais! jamais!

Ses cieux si bleus,
Ses fleurs, qu'elles sont belles!
Ses zephyrs si frais,
Comme je les rappelle!

On peut chercher partout
Mais on ne trouve pas
Des plaisirs si doux
Que ceux de la-bas.

Les jardins des tropiques
Verts, beaux, j'adore; mais
Ils sont toutefois moins beaux
Que la reine de tous pays!

Dans mes rêves je peux voir
Chaque arbre la-bas;
Dois-je rester en Floride?
Non, je ne crois pas!

Non, je voudrais revoir
Ses campagnes si belles;
A quoi bon ces voyages?
C'est mon pays qui m'appelle!

— By Request

* (Note: The erudite Dr. Popenoe suggests the substitution of "ses belles jouvencelles" in place of this line).

[1914-1918]

To his Excellency, the Dispenser of Poetry, Wise One of the
Age, Herbert Popenoe Sahib, Hail:

This humble one presents his compliments, and after
inquiring after the state of your Excellency's health, begs
leave to state that he has the boldness to enclose herewith
a slight token of esteem and regard, which he hopes will in
no wise offend your Excellency, but of the contrary may serve
some useful purpose, and in addition suffice to remind him
of the affectionate regard in which he is constantly held by
this humble one, and after wishing for a continuance of health
and prosperity, begs gracious permission to subscribe himself,
in the name of Muhammad (on whom be prayers and peace)

Your Excellency's humble and obedient
servant,

ولس پاپنو

[1914-1918]

The Late Lamented Mustachio of Professor Benjamin, as revised
and brought into accord with the most recent principles of
Taxonomy by W. Popenoe, FRHS Lond., etc., etc.

Professor Ben, in days of yore,
A sulcate mustache proudly wore,
When young subglabrate, tomentose,
At length becoming quite pilose.

Each hair attenuate, reduced,
From out the epiderm produced
Two millimeters, more or less,
The apex conical, depressed.

Such hispid bodies, alternate placed
The super maxillary graced
And made, through numbers infinite
A lanate, tawny upper lip.

This hirsute growth was Ben's delight,
His pride by day, solace by night,
Alas! that Ben, unguarded, gave,
The cultural secret to a knave.

Behold! Ere scarce a week had passed
Hirsute appendages grew fast
Upon a hundred lads or more
And Ben no longer held the floor.

Poor Ben, in grief, with razor keen,
Shaved off that mustache slick and clean,
Allowing each hirsute growth to die
Through cutting off its food supply.

[1914-1918]

Verses inspired by Gonçalves Dias' "Canção do Exílio"-
"Song of the Exile",-

"Minha terra tem palmeiras"-
Simple words, yet to the heart
Of the sad, exiled Brazilian
Greatest wrought by poet's art.

"Minha terra tem palmeiras"-
Wherein lies their magic spell?
"In my country there are palm trees"-
What the story that they tell?

Little does the northern fancy
Appreciate the tropics' call,
Call of palms, and balmy breezes,
Idle days that never pall.

One has to taste but once those subtle pleasures,
One has to lie but once beneath the trees
Feasting the eye on gorgeous tropic verdure
Or lulled to sleep by fragrant landward breeze,

One has but once to pluck the golden blossoms
And gather fruits of brightest crimson hue,
To feel the tropics' call, and know the picture
Which words like these can conjure into view.

Presented to Pasadena

[1914-1918]

I NEVER DANCED for dancing's sake,
Ah! Would that ^{there not} ~~it were~~ so!
And now that SHE has left, no more
To dances will I go.

While little Amy is allright,
Too popular is she;
The other girls all dance like heck,
And no wallflower* I'll be;

Then hear the burden of my song:
Quite happy shall I be
From now henceforth to stay chez moi
Für Deutsch studieren, See?

*For the benefit of editors of journals of heredity and other ignorant members of the laity, I will explain that the plant properly known by this name in vulgar terminology may be referred to Cheiranthus Cheiri, Linn., of the family Cruciferae; hab. Britain.

Although at times I hear the call
Of Wanderlust, and yearn to be
On foreign strand, or 'neath the pall
Of storm-clouds gath'ring o'er the sea,
On second thought I am content,
Though still my mind's on travel bent.

For even as I sit here now
Beneath the tropic moon, and feel
The trade winds gently fan my brow
And scent the jasmine's sweet appeal
I still can conjure up past scenes!
I still can see my land of dreams!

Whilst I reflect, midst such delights
My fancy takes me back once more
To golden days and balmy nights
On Cuba's verdant, friendly shore.
Methinks my nostrils scent thy breeze,
Thou fairest isle of southern seas!

And now my thoughts roam far afield,-
Old Alger, basking in the sun.
What pleasant memories canst thou yield
Of happy days, spent ere begun!
I love thy streets, thy shops, cafes!
In Alger would I end my days!

In Tokyo I am once more
In cool kimono, at my ease,
Reclining on the cushioned floor
While locusts sing in all the trees.
Japan, quaint land of little men
I fain would visit thee again!

And so it goes; once more I take
My coffee in a Baghdad shop,
And argue with the aged shaykh
Until at last his prices drop.
I do not know just why 'tis so,
But back to Baghdad would I go!

Although I like such scenes as these,
There's one more fair; it is to see
Old Glory waving in the breeze
As home I come again to Thee
America! I love to roam
But better still to get back Home!

WA'AL I SWAN

I keep the old mill over here to Reubenstille
My name is Joshuay Ebenezer Fry
I know a thing or two, you bet your neck I do
They dont catch me 'cause I'm too durn spry.
I've met bunco men, allus got the best of them
Once I met a pair on the Boston train.
They says "How be you?", I says, "That'll do!
Travel right along with your durn skin game!"

Wa'al, I swan, I must be getting on,
Giddy-ap, Napoleon, it looks like rain
I'll be switched, the hay aint pitched
Come in when you're over to the farm again.

We had a big show, here about a week ago
Pitched up a tent by the old mill dam.
Ma said, "Let's go, into the side show,
Just to take a look at the tattooed man".
I seed a crook look sharp at my pocketbook,
He says, "Gimme two tens for a five?"
I says, "You durn fool, I be the constabule,
Now you're arrested sure as you're alive!"

Wa'al I sawn, I must be getting on
Giddy-ap Napoleon, it looks like rain
As I've just said, the hogs aint fed
Come in when you're over to the farm again.

I druv the old bay into town the other day,
 Hitched by the track to the railroad fence.
 Tied her good and strong, but the train it cum along,
 I aint seen the hoss nor the wagon sence.
 I had to foot it home, so I started off alone;
 A man says, "Hurry, your barns on fire".
 But I had the key, in my pocket you see,
 So I knew the cuss was a fool or a liar.

Wa'al I swan, I must be get ting on
 Giddy-ap Napoleon, it looks like rain.
 I'll be durned, the butter aint churned,
 Come in when your'e over to the farm again.

My son Joshuay went to Philidelphiay,
 He wouldnt do a day's work if he could.
 Smokes cigarets, too, like the city folks do,
 What he's a-coming to aint any good.
 He never giv a darn for staying on the farm,
 Writes home that he's a-doing quite well.
 But its sorter funny, he is always out of money
 And Ma's 'fraid the boy's raising some sort of --mischief

Wa'al I swan, I must be getting on
 Giddyap Napoleon, it looks like rain,
 I'll be cussed, the hames is bust
 Come in when you're over to the farm again

Canto 7

However, my happiness has been somewhat marred
By the news that my attorney has taken to using
That vile and worthless abomination
Which folks are wont to call perfume,
But which is distilled from coal tar products.
I dont relish the idea a darn bit.

Canto 8.

Attorneys are to be seen and not smelt.
At least, that is the way I look at it.
Though there are some in Dade county you can smell
But I never smell em if I can help it,
Especially during the months of July to October.
I think there should be a closed season for attys.
Just like there is for ducks and jewfish.

Canto 9.

But anyhow, I have celebrated my birthday
In the most joyous fashion imaginable.
And I wish to state for your information
That Douglas scales say I weigh one thirty two
And a big half. Can you beat it?
Nothing like this Dade county climate.

Canto 10.

In spite of this box of candy
Which I have just received from my attorney,
I may have to fire him and get a new one
Since I wrote Katherine Browne lo thiese many moons
And up to the time of going to press
I have received no response, exprest or implied.

Canto 11.

I took 9 photos of the Fairchild estate
And am sending them today to Daisy Bell.
Hope she will like them and use them.
They have a nice place down there
But twenty five thousand is a lot of m8ney
Compared to three hundred and twenty
And the climate is the same in both places.

Canto 12.

If my attorney sees fit to send me
That book on climate, by Huntington
I think I might find time to read it
Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away.
I hope to get in considerable reading
During, the rest of the time I am here.

Lovingly,

*Wilson, 24 yrs old,
and still coming strong*

Miami, Fla., March 10 1916.

Dear Folks:

Yep, the attorney was right.
This modern poetry business is all to the mustard.
Canto 1 I do one every morning before breakfast.
It accelerates digestion, dispels illusions,
And tones up the system wonderfully.
But before I digressed on the question of dietetics
I intended to state that joy reigns supreme.

Of course, I am a bit mournful at the loss of Doc Harris
Who left last night at 10.30,
Canto 2 But my winter of discontent is turned glorious summer
By the arrival this morning of 3 lbs. Betty Schneider.
Not to mention a wonderful apparatus from the Doctor.
And I also got a book.
This birthday business is also entirely to the mustard.

I might state, enpassant, for your information
That I have celebrated my birthday three times.
Almost equal to a Moslem Moharram.
Canto 3 Wednesday night I dined at Sunnyoaks,
Thyra and Yvonne baked me a big birthday cake
With twenty-four red and yellow candles,
Really a magnificent celebration.

Yesterday, the ninth, we went to our new property
And spent the day getting it surveyed and landscaped.
Canto 4 Now I am going to plant out some palms on it
Not to mention a few ornamental trees.
I have sold Doc my interest in the small lot
Which fronts on the railroad,
And as a result I stand in \$320.

Deering paid \$5000 for 6 acres
Which lies just across the road from us,
Canto 5 So I dont think we are done down,
And I like the property very much.
Tho I cant use it right away.
I think it is a good investment and shall keep it.

My third celebration was this morning,
When I returned from Simpson's place at 10,
And found beneath my mail box two packages,
Canto 6. One from Washington and one from California.
Then did I rejoice and become exceeding glad.
And herewith I return thanks to the donors.

Please turn over

[11-1-18]

When sadness on my fancy plays,
And I have read until the air
Throughout the Lab is bluish haze;
Then, if the weather man says Fair,
With earnest tones I soon beseech
The girls to go to Collins' beach.

Fair Reader! If 'tis in your soul
To love the joys that Nature gives,
Come join us where the breakers roll,
And where the nimble sand-crab lives.
There will you find the remedy
For every mental malady.

And Reader, list! I tell you this
Sub rosa, - dont you dare to squeal;
The thing that fills our cup of bliss
And makes our joys seem very real,
It is to lunch beneath the shade
On chocolate cake by Yvonne made.

*Pls send this
to Pasadena.*

OF ALL KNOWN FORMS of earthly bliss
The greatest one I've found is this:
To dine off Charlotte's angel food.
There is no other "Just as Good."

How Charlotte makes it know I not,
Nor care I, but tis done, I wot
By some rare, secret recipe
Thats quite unknown to you and me.

I'm sure the food is not so nice
That angels eat in Paradise,
Its magic passes all renown
For did it not bring Edwin down

Clear from Topeka, thirty miles
His face abeam with winsome smiles
In contemplation of a feast
Quite heavenly to say the least?

Come, let us all its praises sing!
Our shouts will make the welkin ring.
(Whate'er that is, I do not know,
But every poet has it so.)

And as for Charlotte, long live She
That cake to bake for you and me.
When next the angel food comes round
May I be first upon the ground!

- For reasons of personal safety
the author refuses to reveal his
identity.

We've harped too much on Wanderlust, I'm satisfied of that,
For now I've put it to the test, the whole thing's fallen flat.
We talked about the "Demon's strength" and all such silly things
"I hear the Call" we used to say, "tis in my soul it rings".
In poetry that stuff will go, but when it comes to prose,
Some things, perhaps, will look less bright, but truer, goodness know!
We'll not attempt to clothe the facts with virtues not their own
But, using Omar's words, "Divide the Desert from the Sown".
Perhaps my point is not quite clear, and so the theme I'll state:
Hereafter let us keep our facts and fancies separate!

And now you ask Why all this talk? What am I driving at?
It happened that an hour ago, while I in silence sat
And calmly viewed the Malecon, the ships upon the Bay,
I lifted from That Box its lid, - the fourteenth time today.
And as my gustatory nerves were roused to keen delight
By one of Thyra's luscious cubes, I almost said outright:
"The Wanderlust, it is a snare; a sad delusion too;
Nor do I for a moment think what Thyra holds is true,
It can be cured; the greatest bliss I ever hope to reach
Is right at Home, amid the waves, at old Miami Beach!"

La Habana, 3 de julio de 1915.

Ah, Florida, I love Thee, Yes!
But better far I love Thee when
Thy pine-flats free from red bugs are
Nor skeeters whisper in the glen.

A poet's license lets me use
Thatblast word, "glen", for if in Dade
A glen exists that earns the name
I know not where, nor how 'twas made.

In these the summer months I sit
And vainly wait for signs of breeze
Enclosed within my trusty net
Without which buzz Anopheles.

What joys do I derive from thee
O trusty net! Thy praise I sing.
And yet, when sand-flies gather round
Not even thou canst comfort bring.

The sand fly, minute hexapod
For downright cussedness outranks
All other Diptera I know.
He plays the most outlandish pranks.

For ofttimes when I've doused the glim
And crawled beneath my trusty net
Yon sand-fly spies me in the gloom
And starts his supper out to get.

(That last line may not sound just right;
I put it as the Germans would.
I've just gone through the Fremdenblatt
And think the German style is good).

But anyway, the sand-fly comes,
Not one, but dozens, I affirm.
Their sucking mouth parts soon extend
To depths beneath my epiderm.

And then my thoughts return to earth,
And while I scratch, and lose my rest
I wax sarcastic as I say:
"Ah, Florida, I love Thee, Yes!

Paul: fly sent home

Swingle is overstepping his bounds considerably, as he has nothing to do with avocados, and a/c the ethics of the Bureau ought not to meddle with other folks' projects.

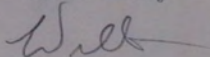
It being the Easter season, and Easter cards being now in order, I lifted up my head and recited the following verses to accompany mine:

They say in every youth a poet dies.
 I often think the one in me is dead;
 At least he sleeps, his dreams all undisturbed
 By Time's relentless, neverOceasing tread.

Poet, Awake! If thou art dead, Arise!
 Bestir thyself but for a single hour.
 My Easter Greetings must be borne by thee,
 So hasten hence, while yet thou hast the power!

A/c John Belling, Master Poet, them verses is all to the mustard, and he allows as how I ought to be the most popular young man in Washington, if I only wanted to exert myself socially. I dont think it is worth while for me to try to beat Paul's time, however; since he has already earned a place in the smart set, he has the lunge on me.

Yours truly



For men like little Pipp I trow
Four-bit cravats are good enow,
But for a gentleman like Paul
They are not good cravats at all.
And since I go by Paul's decree
They are not good enough for me,
So on to little Pipp they go.
The colors,-well, they are not slow!
Cravats should have a lot of snap
All others are not worth a rap,
Beware the wishy@washy stuff,
And pale magentas, likewise buff.
The spectrum knows no tones like these
It does not deal in fine degrees
Of color,-Take the Primaries!

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Some verses dedicated to those alleged
Psychologists who advocate Platonic Love.

O little ones, O pretty ones,
Come here, and gather round my knee!
Now listen to some sage advice
That may to you of service be.

When you grow up, take heed to shun
Psychologists of every kind,
Nor listen to their counsels, which
Like subtle poison kill the mind.

"Myself when young", as Omar says
Did read and study with great zest
McDougall, Wallas, Munsterberg,
Old Henry James and all the rest.

And what the outcome of all this?
Ah, little ones, what fools are we!
Platonic Love soon proved itself
A pure impossibility.

Why should so-called psychologists
Perjure themselves, and tell these things?
Platonic Love does not exist;
Its pursuit nought but sorrow brings.

I care not what says Munsterberg,
Or Henry James, or any one;
The whole thing is a pack of lies,-
Platonic Love? IT CAN'T BE DONE!