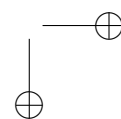
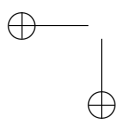
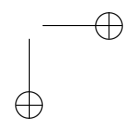
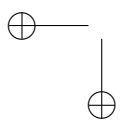
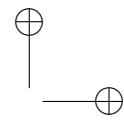
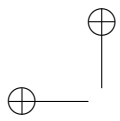
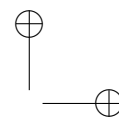


ON THE CONTRARY



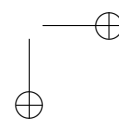
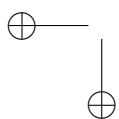


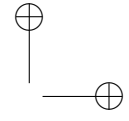
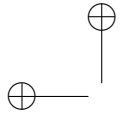


ON THE CONTRARY

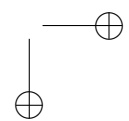
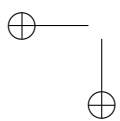
Phyllis McGinley

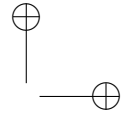
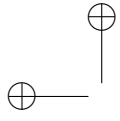
IWP



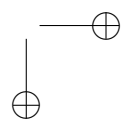
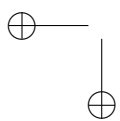


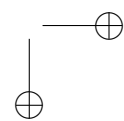
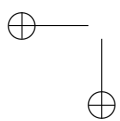
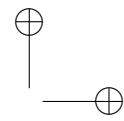
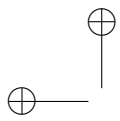
2026
First Published, 1934

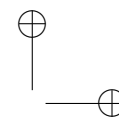
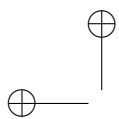




FOR JULE
WHO I HOPE WILL LIKE THIS



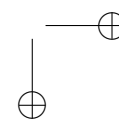
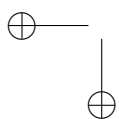


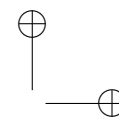
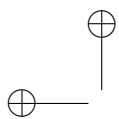


CONTENTS

PART I

<i>Song From New Rochelle</i>	3
<i>The Lost Leader</i>	5
<i>Melancholy Reflections After a Lost Argument</i>	7
<i>August</i>	8
<i>Crewel, Britannia!</i>	9
<i>Ordeal by Family</i>	11
<i>Don't Write, Wire</i>	13
<i>Fashion Note</i>	16
<i>Madam Scans the Morning Paper</i>	18
<i>The Pathetic Plight of Polly Pecan</i>	19
<i>Nine Days' Wonder</i>	22
<i>Ode to Mr. Zimmerman</i>	24
<i>Oliver Ames at Breakfast</i>	26
<i>Call for Einstein</i>	28
<i>The Garrulous Banana Man</i>	29
<i>Bitter Ballad</i>	31

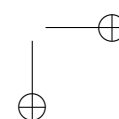
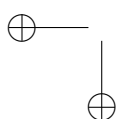


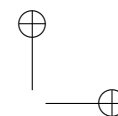
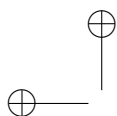


<i>Every Man Has His Price</i>	33
<i>Valentine for a Charge Account</i>	35
<i>Toast to a Great Reformer</i>	37
<i>Trial and Error</i>	38
<i>Tirade on Tea</i>	39
<i>O.K., Parnassus</i>	41
<i>Death in 40th Street</i>	43
<i>Ballad for One Born in Missouri</i>	45
<i>Apology for Amnesia</i>	47
<i>Lines in Praise of Our National Capital</i>	49
<i>Marginal Notes</i>	50
<i>Daniel Boone Overdid It</i>	53
<i>A Tired Ballad of Travel</i>	55
<i>The Odious People</i>	57
<i>A Marching Song</i>	60
<i>Malediction</i>	62
<i>Advice to Mr. Milquetoast</i>	64
<i>Slightly Addled Spring Song</i>	65
<i>Verses</i>	67

SUBURBAN PORTRAITS

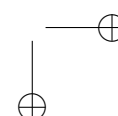
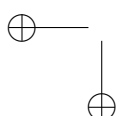
<i>Booster</i>	71
<i>Mimic</i>	73
<i>Householder</i>	74
<i>Song for a Reference Library</i>	75

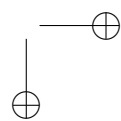
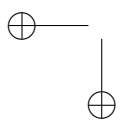
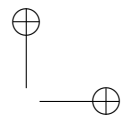
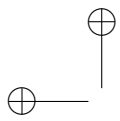


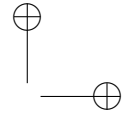
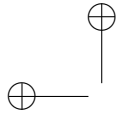


PART II

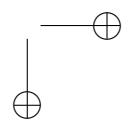
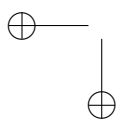
<i>The Cat That Turned into a Tiger</i>	79
<i>I Prefer Them Straight</i>	81
<i>Women of Jericho</i>	82
<i>Marriage Broker</i>	83
<i>Lame Arrow</i>	84
<i>To a Reckless Lady's Ghost</i>	86
<i>Swift Knowledge</i>	87
<i>May With a Difference</i>	88
<i>Parable for Poets</i>	89
<i>Song From Town</i>	91
<i>To a Modernistic Christmas Tree</i>	92
<i>On the Siding</i>	93
<i>Song I Would Sing If I Could</i>	94
<i>Kitten Up a Tree</i>	95
<i>The Children's Hour</i>	97
<i>Atavism</i>	98
<i>Complaint</i>	99
<i>Club Woman</i>	100
<i>What a Lady Told Me</i>	101
<i>Warning</i>	102
<i>No Antidote</i>	103

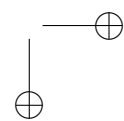
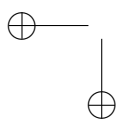
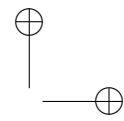
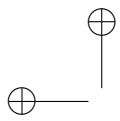


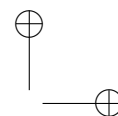
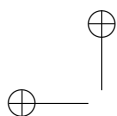




PART I







SONG FROM NEW ROCHELLE

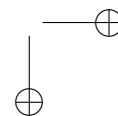
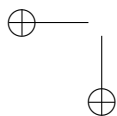
WITH A REFRAIN TO BE CHANTED SOLEMNLY BY A CHORUS
CONSISTING OF N.Y., N.H. & HARTFORD R.R. CONDUCTORS,
PASSENGER AGENTS, AND JOHN COOLIDGE

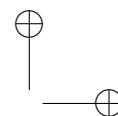
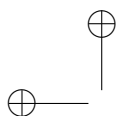
Monday's child is fair of face,
 And her chauffeur's a handsome fellow.
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
 So she gracefully hails a Yellow.
Wednesday's child has a red coupé
 With a little black horn she toots,
But I was born on a Saturday,
 And Saturday's child commutes!

CHORUS

*No responsibility is assumed for errors in time tables, nor
for inconvenience or damage resulting from delayed trains or
failure to make connections.*

They that live on Washington Square
 May sleep as long as they please.
And they slumber deep and they slumber fair
 In the affluent seventies.
In Tudor City, the good and mild
 Lie late with a brow serene,
But I am only Saturday's child
 So I get the eight-sixteen.





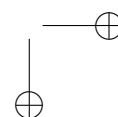
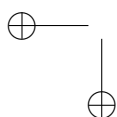
CHORUS

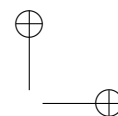
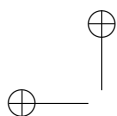
Buy tickets before boarding trains and avoid payment of extra charge.

The other girls go out to play
 In the fields of corn and clover.
And the other girls can always stay
 Until the party's over.
But just when the height is at its fun
 And the yodelers growing vocal,
I am the one who needs must run
 To catch the Stamford Local.
It's I that hostesses yearn to shelve;
 The bridge-table Blight am I.
(If Cinderella went home at twelve,
 She probably lived in Rye.)
Before the chorus has ceased to smile
 Or the maestro dropped his baton,
I am the lass in the middle aisle
 Who's trying to get her hat on.
O, gayety dwells
In the best hotels,
 But little to me it boots,
For I was born
On Saturday morn,
 And Saturday's child commutes.

CHORUS

The schedules shown herein are subject to change without notice.





THE LOST LEADER

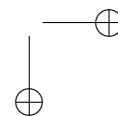
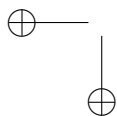
A BALLAD INSPIRED BY AN ADVERTISEMENT OF BORDEN'S
CHEESES IN THE ROTOGRAVURE SECTION OF THE TIMES
MARKING THE FIRST USE OF COLOR IN THE HISTORY OF THE
PAPER

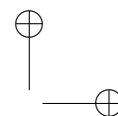
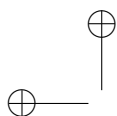
The ancient order passeth, and twilight comes apace.
Now let the mumbling worshipers depart this stricken place.
Our pillars crack and crumble, our fortresses are rent,
For the Times is using color in its Sunday Supplement!

O Mr. Ochs, O Mr. Ochs,
Fasten your windows with double locks!
For I hear the sound of their horns and hammers –
Maggie and Jiggs and the Katzenjammers.

I laughed at war and rumors. I stood up brave and bold
When they told me, Heraclitus, that I could not trade in
gold.
They cried a revolution, and I sneered (with circumspection).
But the Times is using color in its Sunday Picture Section!

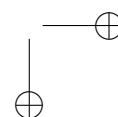
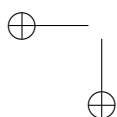
O Mr. Ochs, O Mr. Ochs!
Call in your shepherds and fold your flocks!
For the Wolf-at-the-Door has slipped his muzzle,
And bays on the trail of the Cross-Word Puzzle.

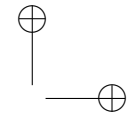
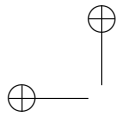




Ah, where was Russell Owen when the fatal deed was done?
And where was Bernhard Ostrolenk and Percy Hutchison?
Ah, where was Dr. Finley, and did he never guess,
As all the news that's fit to print went shuddering to press?

What have you left in your musket box
For the last assault, Mr. Adolph Ochs?
Can you still resist with a visage solemn
The comic strip and the children's column,
The anagram and the When to Trump,
Orphan Annie and Andy Gump,
Or has your terrible knife grown duller,
Rusted by ads in triple color?
Gird for the struggle that you must wage
With Harold Teen and the Woman's Page.
Man the bulwarks and see it through!
Fight them off with a Book Review.
For I hear them coming with clubs and rocks.
Now Heaven defend you, Mr. Ochs!





**MELANCHOLY REFLECTIONS
AFTER A LOST ARGUMENT**

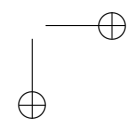
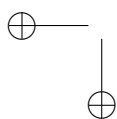
I always pay the verbal score
With wit, concise, selective.
I have an apt and ample store
Of ladylike invective.

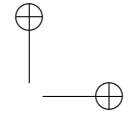
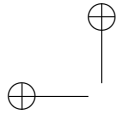
My mots, retorts, and quips of speech,
Hilarious or solemn,
Placed end to end, no doubt, would reach
To any gossip column.

But what avails the epigram,
The clever and the clear shot,
Invented chiefly when I am
The only one in earshot?

And where's the good of repartee
To quell a hostile laughter,
That tardily occurs to me
A half an hour after?

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Who nastily have caught
The art of always striking when
The irony is hot.

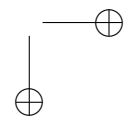
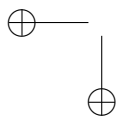


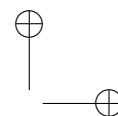
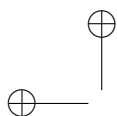


AUGUST

Now like an unkempt wife, a blowsy napper,
Yawning away the middle afternoon
In paper curlers and a cotton wrapper,
Reluctant to bestir herself too soon,
Dozes the town. Boredom and heat assail her.
These are the dusty, unimportant days
When bathing suits are cheap at Lord & Taylor,
And blondes go by in velveteen bérêts.

Now fades the glamour of the sidewalk table.
Penthouse and roof their early glitter lose,
And now the very weather is not able
Longer to strut in masquerade as news.
Fails even now, across the somnolent city,
The voice of Macy chiding his committee.





CREWEL, BRITANNIA!

BRITISH NOTABLES KNIT FOR A HOBBY; THE PRINCE OF WALES, HIS BROTHER, AND SOME MEN OF NOBILITY ARE SKILLED AT NEEDLEWORK AND RESORT TO IT FOR RELAXATION — *Headline in the Times.*

Father, stable the good brown mare that now I need not ride.

Lay on the shelf my cricket cap, and whistle the dogs inside,
For it's I must follow my Prince, Father; he will not be gainsaid

Who calls on the youth of England to take up the needle and thread!

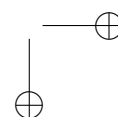
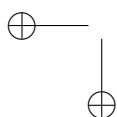
The King is in his counting house, counting up the debt.
The Queen is at the milliner's (and guess what she will get!)
But the Prince of Wales is sitting
Intent upon his knitting.

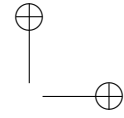
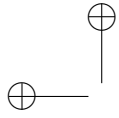
So give a cheer for England that is Old England yet!

Lord Harewood is making a red cravat (there is none so deft as he);

And Baron Gainford a pillow top of the crewel embroidery;
And I long for a scarlet vest, Father; so, please, won't you go and wheedle

My sister out of her sewing box and her shiniest knitting needle!

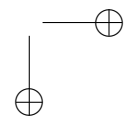
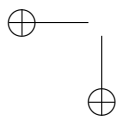


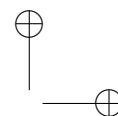
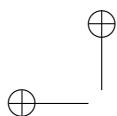


Chamberlain is silent now and Masefield's gone ashore.
The Coward's far across the sea and lights our stage no more.
 But sound the clashing cymbal.
 David's found his thimble!
He's working at his petit-point with bold Harry Hoare.

Prince George has knitted himself a scarf all of the Saxon
 blue,
Bordered and edged with fringe, Father, and thus would I
 learn to do;
Crocheting and tatting and creweling, each in its proper
 cycle.
Then they'll make me a peer of the realm, Father, like the
 noble Lord Carmichael.

Americans in poverty are timorous and shrill.
Americans are frightened, and they clutch the dollar bill.
 But the knightly hands of Britons
 Are knitting woolen mittens.
So give a cheer for England that is Old England still!





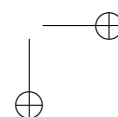
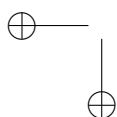
ORDEAL BY FAMILY

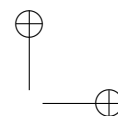
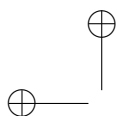
I've been out where the Blues begin,
Stopping at home with my kith and kin,
Where the handclasp's firm, and the smile is humorous,
And Family Friends are a bit too numerous.

Oh, Family Friends are staunch and sound.
Their virtues all are double.
Family Friends, they rally round
Whenever you're in trouble.
Family Friends are worth their weight
In any goods you carry.
But they incline to speculate
On when you're going to marry.

Family Friends, if they're feminine,
Wear their chins in a triple line.
Or, if of masculine gender, they
Have positive views on the NRA.

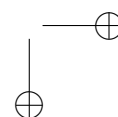
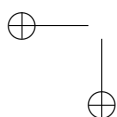
Oh, Family Friends will fight for you
To the utmost ditch.
Family Friends are loyal and true,
Sometimes even rich.
But Family Friends are apt to fret
About your squandered wages,
And lest you haply might forget,
They always mention ages.

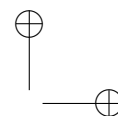
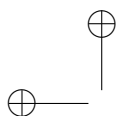




Oh, Family Friends sit round in a ring
And give you counsel on everything.
They think red nails are an incongruity,
They urge you to buy a good annuity.
Their smiles are kind and their eyes are mild,
They want to fatten you up, poor child,
And feed you lovely chicken-and-waffley
Meals designed to upset you awfully.
They say "How tragic!" and "What a pity!"
And of your life in the fervid city,
They ask in an interested kind of way
But never listen to what you say.

Oh, Family Friends are noble folk,
 With noble views on life.
Each husband tells his little joke,
 Applauded by his wife.
All the men are gentlemen,
 The ladies more than such,
*And now that I'm away again,
 I miss them very much.*



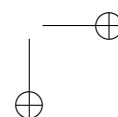
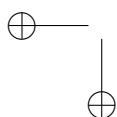


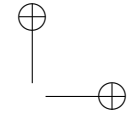
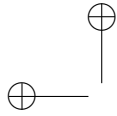
DON'T WRITE, WIRE

A POEM COMPOSED AFTER ATTENDING AN EXHIBITION OF
THE LOVE LETTERS OF THE POETS

Oliver Ames is a gentleman of
Qualities wise and witty.
And Oliver Ames, my own true love,
Has journeyed to Salt Lake City,
Whence each day (as I swore he'd better)
He sends me a lyrically worded letter
That throbs with ardor and pulses with passion
In somewhat the following fervent fashion:

*Darling, I've just
A minute or two,
But I simply must
Get off to you
A dutiful note as I said I would.
I haven't been feeling so very good.
The boys, here, threw me a little revel,
And my head aches now like the very devil.
The weather is fine and I wish you were
Here. Love.
Hastily,
Oliver.*

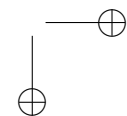
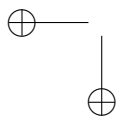


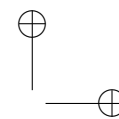
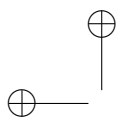


For Oliver Ames, my all-in-all,
Clever at How and When To,
Is hardly ever poetical
In letters he puts his pen to.
So, disappointed, taking it hard,
I hurried out with a library card
To feast my mind on the missives planned
By poets, taking their quills in hand.
Among my betters
I sought my wish
I read the letters
Of Percy Bysshe.
I peeped at Poe in the common mail,
And Johnson writing to Mrs. Thrale,
Thackeray, Longfellow, Bobbie Burns –
All the gentlemen served their turns,
I stripped the veil from the private lives
Of bards addressing their loves and wives.
And these are the amorous works of art
With whose old sweetness I fed my heart:

Dearest Mary,
So Shelley wrote, *I've time for the very*
Briefest note,
But I am well and I hope you're so
Here is the coach and I'd better go.
Love.
P. Shelley.

O, Hail, Blithe Spirit!
That's what you said, or something near it.
And Robert Burns when he wrote his dear
Railed at too many mugs of beer
For the boys had given a little revel
And his head ached then like the very devil.
Boswell cried that his horse was winner,

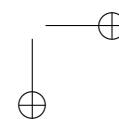
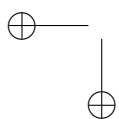


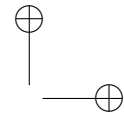
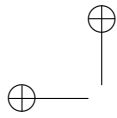


Thackeray ardently hymned his dinner,
And Dr. Johnson with classic phrase
Sighed of nostrums that filled his days.
He spoke of pains in his legs and back
And listed the virtues of ipecac.

For Oliver Ames, my bosom's staff,
Whenever it's his ambition
To put out a palpitant paragraph,
Falls heir to a great tradition.
The hands are wrung and the lips are bitten
But the sentiment never gets really written.

And he and Shelley and all the others
Under the skin, in this, are brothers.





FASHION NOTE

MANNERS AS WELL AS CLOTHES ARE SWINGING BACK TO THE MODES OF THE 'NINETIES — *Magazine article.*

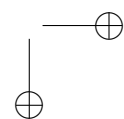
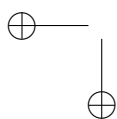
How nice to be a lady and with the ladies stand,
A tidy fillet on my hair, a glove upon my hand!
How pleasant, now, to go about, voluminously skirted,
And let the blush diffuse the cheek it long ago deserted.

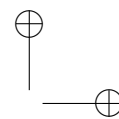
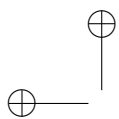
*Fold your fan to suit the mode.
Flutter when you smile,
Dresses are befurbelowed
And ladies are the style.*

Oh, sweet to pass the tall drinks by when gentlemen have
spiked them!
Oh, lovely! that I dare confess I never really liked them.
For now the fetters fall away, the female soul goes free,
And any maid may advertise her new gentility.

*After dinner leave the men
To quaff, alone, the cup.
Ladies are the style again,
And how I eat it up.*

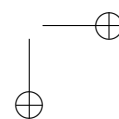
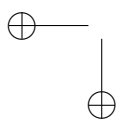
Sing a song of coronets, reticules, and bustles,
The train that trails along the floor, the petticoat that rustles.

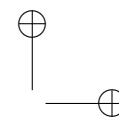
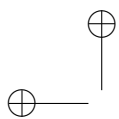




It's "Will you waltz?" and "Sir, your arm," and "Do you dare, you rogue!"
Victoria's the style again, and ladies are in vogue.

*Then let us lay a sprig of rue
Upon the flapper's grave;
And shed a shiny tear or two
For girls that Gave and Gave.
For now the brittle day is done
When girlish lives were zestful.
And gently I affirm, for one,
I find it very restful.*



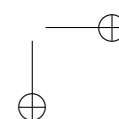
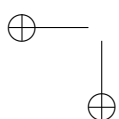


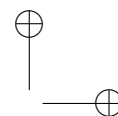
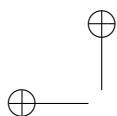
MADAM SCANS THE MORNING PAPER

Present calls for Martial Law.
High Official slays self – confesses
To scandal involving the Senate. Ah,
Broader shoulders on all the dresses!

Fliers rescued in mid-Atlantic.
Captives turn on inhuman jailers.
King deposed from his royal antic.
They're having a sale at Lord & Taylor's.

Spanish envoy delivers warning.
Pope indignant. Brazil relents.
There's nothing much in the news this morning,
But blouses a dollar and fifty cents.



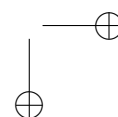
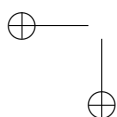


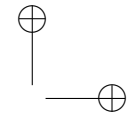
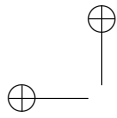
THE PATHETIC PLIGHT OF POLLY PECAN

OR, THE NYMPH IN THE BATHROOM

Polly Pecan was a pretty girl.
Her hair had a naturally curly curl.
Her legs were straight and her nose was cute,
And she didn't giggle or play the flute.
But pity Polly,
The poor little thing!
She couldn't be jolly
Or laugh or sing,
For when she attended the Firemen's Ball,
She flowered alone on the crannied wall.
She sat in a corner and twiddled her thumbs,
While her friends walked off with the sugar plums,
And Jared Jones, whom she loved completely,
Always avoided that corner neatly.

So up one day at the break of dawn,
To the pharmacy went Polly Pecan,
And said to the druggist, "I want a lot
Of practically everything there you've got."
He brought her lotions,
He brought her soaps,
He brought her notions
In envelopes;



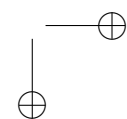
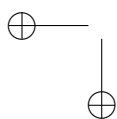


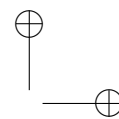
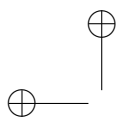
Toothpaste, powder, and cream he brought her,
Depilatory and gargle water.
For Polly believed, without abatement,
Anything stated by printed statement,
And print had told her in lively tones
The way to captivate Jared Jones.

Polly Pecan, by days and hours,
Spent her leisure in soapy showers.
She scrubbed till her family couldn't endure her.
Her heart and her breath got purer and purer.
 But her hopes grew flatter
 Than paving stones,
 For what did it matter
 To Jared Jones?

How could he learn what he might be heir to,
When he never saw her and didn't care to?
She couldn't call up and say, "Darling, see,
I am not now as I used to be.
Every morning, including Sundays,
I brush my teeth and I rinse my undies.
I'm sweet and fresh as a climbing rose,
Hygienic from head to toes –
And as for proof of my current state:
Visiting hours from five to eight."

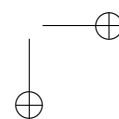
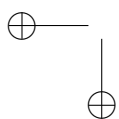
She couldn't send him a telegram,
Or write a report like Wickersham,
Or shout it from the city walls,
Or advertise in the Personals.
 So pity Polly,
 The poor little girl;
 He waltzed with Dolly,
 He ogled Pearl,

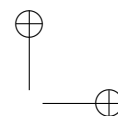
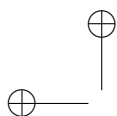




While she still sat and twiddled her thumbs,
And watched him squiring the nice-but-dumbs.
No lass more fragrant from Queens to Pelham,
But even her best friends wouldn't tell him.

The moral here is obvious – refute it if you can:
Fine feathers make your lady, but a rival makes your man.





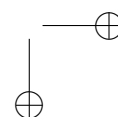
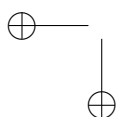
NINE DAYS' WONDER

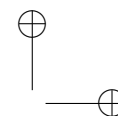
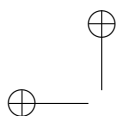
MRS. ROBERT MCADOO HAS ALL SMART NEW YORK TALKING
ABOUT HER NEW EVENING COIFFURE. — *Excerpt from Vogue.*

Along the penthouse porches, a thrilling whisper stirs,
It moves among the débutantes and fans the dowagers.
It ripples through the drawing rooms where Elsa Maxwell
sits;
It agitates the bosoms of the diners at the Ritz.
It rocks the stout foundations of the Hammonds and the
Coes,
For Mrs. Robert McAdoo's affecting velvet bows.

*Does a government fret,
Or a man bite a dog?
That's nothing to set
Manhattan agog.
That's little to cry
On the palpitant air,
When young Mrs. McAdoo,
Gay Mrs. McAdoo,
Ties up a bow
In her glamorous hair.*

What matter now the bulletins that clutter up the press
When Mrs. Robert McAdoo draws back a saucy tress?



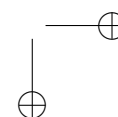
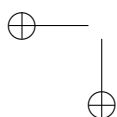


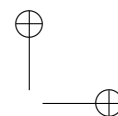
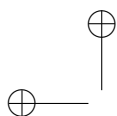
What matter to the Chosen Ones, the Few Who Really
Count,
That Lippmann still is handing down commandments from
the Mount?
While now upon unheeding ears, indifferent as the Pole,
Fall echoes of an Admiral communing with his soul.

*Up, editors, swoop
Like hawks to your prey!
Is this how you scoop
The Vogue of the Day?
Let copy rooms rave
And linotypes stop!
For young Mrs. McAdoo,
The Mrs. McAdoo,
Fastens her hair
With a bow on the top.*

Ah, beautiful the shining waves, and not to tamper with,
That decorate the artful head of Mrs. Shevlin Smith;
And everybody I have met quite favorably reports
Upon the locks, insouciant, of Mrs. Morton Schwartz.
But how can any splendor last or glory long endure
When Mrs. Robert McAdoo invents a new coiffure?

*Sensations must fade
Like a far-away fable,
That render no aid
To talk at the table.
Wears and their rumors?
What do we care,
When young Mrs. McAdoo,
Smart Mrs. McAdoo,
Goes out to dance
With a bow in her hair!*

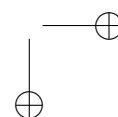
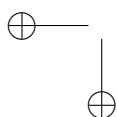


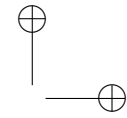
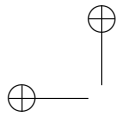


ODE TO MR. ZIMMERMAN

At seven hundred and thirty-four
Mr. Zimmerman keeps a store
With his name in brass
On the window glass
And curtains over the door.
And a fragrant place is the corner place
Of Mr. Zimmerman's pride.
My nose goes up
Like a terrier pup
Whenever I step inside.
For coffee bubbles behind a screen,
The air is rich and murky,
And the smell to the west is still unguessed
But the northeast smell is turkey.
And the counters, the shelves, the tables, the chairs,
Are running over with beautiful wares:
Caviar, herring, and onion pickle,
Braunbrot, sauerbrot, pumpernickel,
Sweet cream patties and hard rye loaves,
Ham stuck full of spices and cloves,
And hundreds of cans enchanting me
With lithographical artistry.

I'll route my aunts to Village-ish haunts
When they visit the town to see 'em.
I'll send my beau

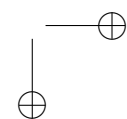
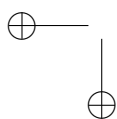


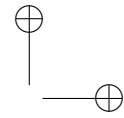
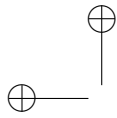


To a musical show
And my friends to a good museum,
But I'm going down to the corner,
Insouciant as you please,
To sniff at dishes
Of pickled fishes
And little curled anchovies,
At big black olives and olives green,
Salami, schnitzel, and sardine,
Potato salad and ring of noodle,
Crumb cake, coffee cake, apple strudel!

For many a lass grows blithe and gay,
Enthralled by a Coty blending;
And jasmine under the moon, they say,
Conspires for a happy ending.
But art or nature has not contrived
A smell that ever can lessen
My constant love
For the fragrance of
The corner delicatessen;
For pears in savory sauce immersed,
Wiener sausages, liverwurst,
Stuffed tomato that no one wants,
And Roquefort cheeses and Liederkrantz,
In Mr. Zimmerman's lovely store
At seven hundred and thirty-four
With his name in brass
On the window glass,
And Plenty behind the door.

For there may be many a handsomer and slimmer man,
But no one keeps a store like Mr. Zimmerman.



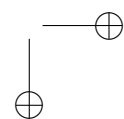
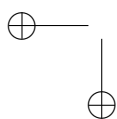


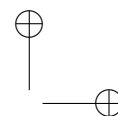
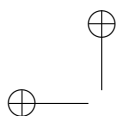
OLIVER AMES AT BREAKFAST

OR, THE TACTFUL WIFE

Oliver, Oliver, yes, my sweet,
I sympathize with your woes.
Your favorite necktie is simply *gone!*
You're harried, neglected, and put upon.
You can't get a thing that's fit to eat,
And no one repairs your hose.
Yes, my darling, I own to all.
I'm sure it was I who forgot that call.
I realize, too, that I ought to stop
Squeezing the toothpaste out at the top.
The bacon's soggy, the toast the same,
The coffee tasteless, and I'm to blame.
You might as well be a boarding-house boarder,
The place is constantly out of order.
And I am the criminal, I'm afraid,
Who blunted your beautiful razor blade.
I've purposely hidden your other glove.
My housekeeping talent's slight.
But let's take a look at the paper, love,
To see if I guessed it right.

*Yes, Static Stocks are down again.
It's all my fault.*

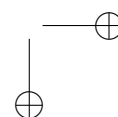
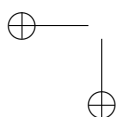


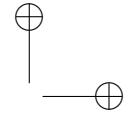
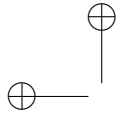


*Static Common closed at ten,
(I'm hardly worth my salt.)
Oh, I can see from where I stand
I've built my castles on the sand.
For Static Stocks are falling, and
It's all my fault.*

Oliver, Oliver, yes, my dear,
The day is indeed auspicious.
And *what* an excellent new cravat!
You've made a remarkable choice on that.
And how delighted I am to hear
The coffee is so delicious.
The cook's improving – I think it's due
To speaking to her as you told me to;
And I can readily see she's taken
To heart your counsel on broiling bacon.
The lawn, I agree, has begun to grow.
How clever of you to arrange it so!
And I could vouch that you had a share
In supervising this morning air.
You're a wise, infallible, handsome He,
And I squirm with joy as you beam on me.
I coo like an amorous turtledove,
Fondly, though circumspectly.
But just let me glance at the paper, love,
To see if I guessed correctly.

*Yes, Static Stocks are up again.
It's all your doing!
You held them when they dropped to ten.
Now look at what's ensuing.
Oh, I can see from where I stand
Prosperity is just at hand.
For Static Stocks are rising, and
It's all your doing.*

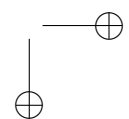
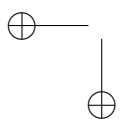


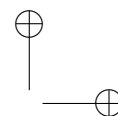
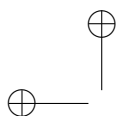


CALL FOR EINSTEIN

Pythagoras proved what the centuries rue:
One added to one is infallibly two.

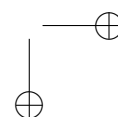
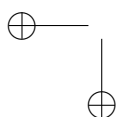
But something's gone wrong in our personal heavens.
Our sum adds to nothing but sixes and sevens.

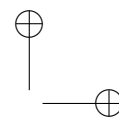
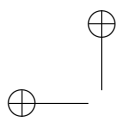




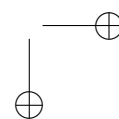
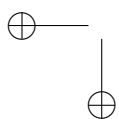
THE GARRULOUS BANANA MAN

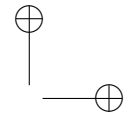
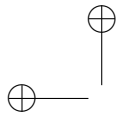
Have you ever met the Banana Man
Who drives about with an ancient van,
In a scarecrow hat and a couple of coats,
Dispensing fruit and bananecdotes?
His cheeks are thin as his shoulders are.
Even his horse is banangular,
But the little Banana Man doesn't care
If you give him pennies or buy his ware
So long as you trade with bananimation
In the proper coinage of conversation.
O, there isn't anything else that can
So utterly charm the Banana Man
As a chance to draw up his cart and wax
Eloquent on a thousand facts,
To shake his head in a manner wise,
Weigh, consider, bananalyze,
Argue, ponder, observe, discuss,
Free from spite or bananimus.
And his face grows bright and his eyes get bigger
As he states a proverb or quotes a figger
To prove his point on whatever he lists
From the Nobel Prize to the Fusionists.
And there isn't a question false or true
The Banana Man can't bananswer you
As he drives about in his carry-all
Behind a plodding bananimal.





And he doesn't bear grudges or hates or rancors.
He'll chat with children or even bankers.
From the whole great world he has peeled the skin,
And all of its folk are his kith and kin,
Yes, all of its people his very clan.
May luck attend you, Banana Man!





BITTER BALLAD

INSPIRED BY DISCOVERING IN THE SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT
FOUR PAGES OF COMIC STRIPS DEVOTED TO ADVERTISE-
MENTS

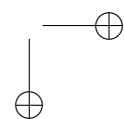
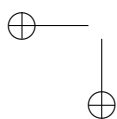
Come gather about my knees, darlings, for this is the Chil-
dren's Hour.

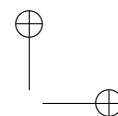
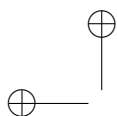
I'm going to read you the comic sheet; it will do no good to
glower.

Cluster, my angels, cluster, and gaze in the right direction.
It's Sunday morning, my gentle brood, so hey, for the Picture
Section!

Here's a pretty page to scan.
See the little house,
And the funny gentleman
Quarreling with his spouse.
Now they're making up again,
Amicably mated.
All their spat was simply that
Their coffee wasn't dated.
Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!
Their coffee wasn't dated!

No more the Kids and the Captain enchant the Sabbath eye.
The Hooligan clan has perished, and Maude the Mule, and Si.



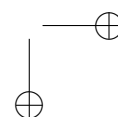
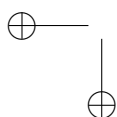


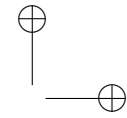
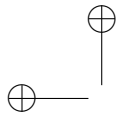
But rally around, my ducklings, and while my voice still
serves,
I'll read you how Better Tobaccos are soothing a Nation's
Nerves.

There's another witty one.
Hold your youthful sides!
Betty hasn't any fun,
Envy all the brides.
Now she uses Toothie-Twine,
And, I do declare,
Here in style she treads the aisle.
She's caught a millionaire.
He, he, he! He, he, he!
She's caught a millionaire!

Somewhere out in the wilderness, or maybe the *Evening
Journal*,
Maggie and Jiggs and the Newlyweds are waiting the Life
Eternal.
For a woman's only a woman, and a good cigar's a boon,
But a comic strip, my fledglings, now is a Super-Suds cartoon.

Lookit at the movie star
Praising her Gal-Oshes.
Here's a maid who's popular
On account she washes.
Aren't the funny little ads
Cutting clever capers?
*What, my crew, is this you do?
You're tearing up the papers?*
Ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho!
They're tearing up the papers.



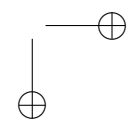
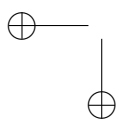


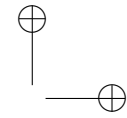
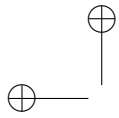
EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE

OR, THE WEAKNESS OF OLIVER AMES

Oliver Ames has Sales Resistance.
He says to book agents, "Keep your distance!"
He looks on ties when the ties are red
Nor ever loses his handsome head.
When the oil well murmurs, the gold brick glistens,
He never sees and he seldom listens,
And he daunts by dogged and sheer endurance
The gentlemen sponsoring life insurance.
But oh, Oliver Ames
 Has tendencies I deplore!
Plop! goes his pride
When he steps inside
 A fancy-grocery store.

For once in a spirit of careless fun
I led him merrily into one.
Our hearts were light and our joy was utter.
He wanted a fourth of a pound of butter
And maybe some milk from a union cow.
But it doesn't matter about it now,
For there in orderly rank and station
A hundred eatables winked temptation,
And oh, Oliver Ames,
 The Man Who Walks by Himself,

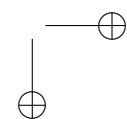
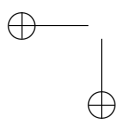


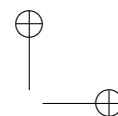
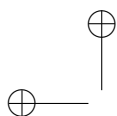


Departs from grace
When he's face to face
With a fancy-grocery shelf.

He stared at pickles in bubbling brine
And straightway his eyes began to shine.
He gazed at olives, rotund and sleek.
And a feverish glow came on his cheek.
But my spirit failed and my soul was shaken
When he reached his hand for an Irish bacon,
A box of biscuits, an Edam cheese,
And a bottle of insolent anchovies.
Yes, the moth to the bine, the bee to the clover,
And cat to catnip the wide world over,
And never a masculine heart eludes
The siren call of the Fancy Foods.
So we staggered out to a trolley car,
Laden with sweetmeats and caviar,
With succulent figs from a far-off figgery,
And sausages brought from an elegant piggery,
And jellies from many a foreign jellery,
And antipasto, and hearts of celery.
And brandied pears, and a cookie cutter;
And all we'd forgotten was milk and butter.

For oh, Oliver Ames.
My tricks-of-the-trade surmounter,
Goes down for a loss
When he looks across
A fancy-grocery counter!





VALENTINE FOR A CHARGE ACCOUNT

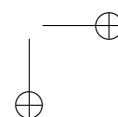
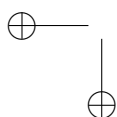
My leopard changes early
His spots of little worth;
And, growing lean and surly,
My fox betrays his birth.
But lovely as a fable
In every furrier's mart,
Behold the glossy sable
That owneth all my heart!

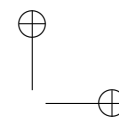
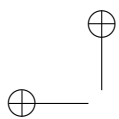
*Then must I longer here repine?
Jaeckel, be my Valentine.*

How bright the diamonds, glancing,
Bedeck the other girls!
While I must needs go dancing
In simulated pearls.
I'll tell each wind that bloweth
My yearning grows apace
For what the jeweler showeth
In every velvet case.

*Rubies are red, sapphires are blue.
Marcus & Company, I love you.*

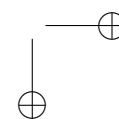
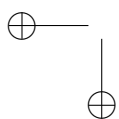
For shops and stores and sellers
My gemlike passion burns:

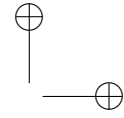
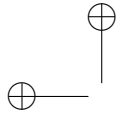




For Saks and Bonwit Teller's,
De Pinna, Altman, Stern's;
For all that with acumen
Abet the Primal Cause:
Jay-Thorpe, The Tailored Woman,
And Bloomingdale and Hawes.
Young March is in the offing;
The cinder's on the wing;
And soon must I be doffing
My winter robes for spring.
O Wanamaker, Gimbel,
All vendors of attire,
The bleeding heart's my symbol,
And you are my desire!

*If you love me as I love you,
Not even bills on the first of the month can cut our love in
two!*





TOAST TO A GREAT REFORMER

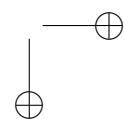
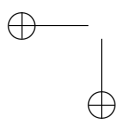
AFTER HAVING DEVOTED AN AFTERNOON TO TWO VIGOROUS
LITTLE BOYS

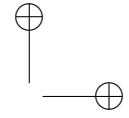
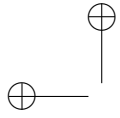
Despite the fact I'm simply mad
About attending fires,
I've never claimed that Nero had
A nature one admires.

And though I sense his point of view
On those that peek and pry,
The deeds that Bluebeard used to do
I cannot justify.

The Borgia and the Medici
I contemplate with pain,
Nor can accept the specious plea
That Abel goaded Cain.

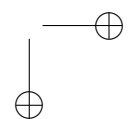
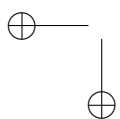
But Herod saw how after while
This sort of thing would start. . . .
*And he's a gentleman whom I'll
Defend with all my heart!*

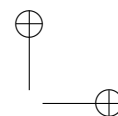
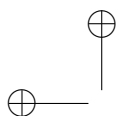




TRIAL AND ERROR

A lady is smarter than a gentleman, maybe.
She can sew a fine seam, she can have a baby.
She can use her intuition instead of her brain,
But she can't fold a paper on a crowded train.



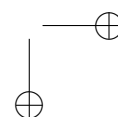
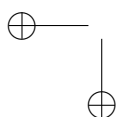


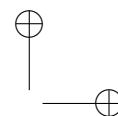
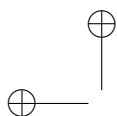
TIRADE ON TEA

Though my interest in viands is easy to whet up,
As gourmet's apprentice I scarcely would set up.
Contrive me a dish – I am quick to surround it.
I've taken my food as I generally found it,
Nor ever aspired to the epicure's rôle.
I've put up with flounder presented as sole,
With chicken that gamboled, with broths dietetic,
With singular sauces, and gravies synthetic,
With buttermilk wedded to culture amoebal.
But out on the man who invented the tea ball!

*For dearest of fluids to me,
Tea is my love and my lack!
But tea, it should taste of tea
And not of a cotton sack.
Oh, delicate leaves, ambrosial,
How have you gone to slaughter!
Wrapped in a bag with a colored tag,
And dangled in lukewarm water.*

The tea rooms of Gotham, they succor me still.
I view them with favor, I wish them no ill –
The Modern, Colonial, Gothic and Mission,
The Late-New-York Central, the Post-Prohibition,
Their muffins are light and their waffles are valid.
They'll serve you a quaint but respectable salad.

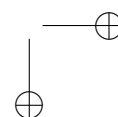
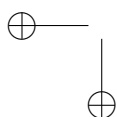


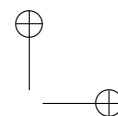
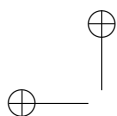


They've mastered the secrets of spoon bread and scrapple,
They'll stay you with flagons and comfort with apple.
But a curse on the tavern where tea is tied up
In an odious netting and steeped in a cup!

*For tea should be made in a pot,
In a vessel designed to brew it,
Ample and clean and hot,
With a lid and a handle to it,
And a quilted cozy to cover it all
While the odorous steam condenses
Along the spout whence the gold pours out
That presently soothes the senses.*

Yes, tea can be nectar though mortals devise it,
And I hold in abhorrence the ones who misprize it;
Who ask for the vintage of coffee and Tokay
But dampen a tea ball and think that it's O.K.,
Who measure a dressing for mustard and oil,
But never insist that tea water boil.
Then out on the trifler, the rogue, and the dullard
Who only demand that the cup should be colored!
They may buy all the tea that is stored in a warehouse,
But needn't expect me to drink it at *their* house.

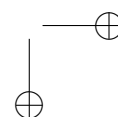
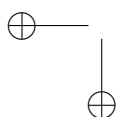


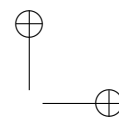
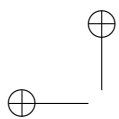


O.K., PARNASSUS

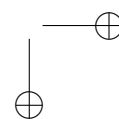
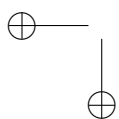
WRITING IS AN INTERESTING BUSINESS, WHETHER ONE PUR-
SUES IT AS A VOCATION OR MERELY AS A SIDELINE — *Bruce
Barton in a Farewell Address in the Herald Tribune.*

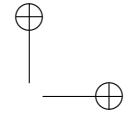
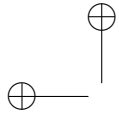
Oh, send up sky rockets by the carton!
The Muse is endorsed by Mr. Barton!
The Pride of the *Tribune*, before his flitting
Has set his seal on the writing game.
(Fascinating as flagpole-sitting,
Though the technical background's not the same.)
Do seasonal fads begin to bore you?
Then writing's the positive hobby for you,
Keeping you out of the dews and damp,
Better than gathering postage stamps.
Are jig-saw puzzles as ashes and dust?
Does bridge fatigue? Then you simply must
Take up the recentest Sport of Kings.
Why, everybody is writing things.
Ring out, wild bells, the glorious tidings!
Poet and scribbler, burst from hiding!
Strum on your harp, and tune your tuba:
Writing's been recognized, just like Cuba.
Bruce approved it before he went
And syndicated his sentiment.
Mr. Barton, who sponsored God,
Has given Shakespeare a friendly nod;





Bowed to Milton, Montaigne, Defoe,
Slapped the back of Boccaccio,
And found a moment, though time was scanty,
To say an affable word for Dante.
“Writing,” he cries with a stern elation,
“Is really an interesting occupation,
A quite nice trade with rewards surprising,
(Though not to be mentioned with advertising.)”





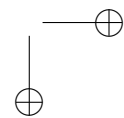
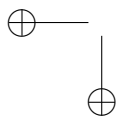
DEATH IN 40TH STREET

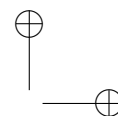
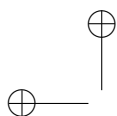
LAMENT UPON DISCOVERING, SOMEWHAT BELATEDLY, THAT
WOOLWORTH'S NO LONGER SELLS ALL GOODS AT TEN CENTS
OR LESS

Tall Nineveh is ended,
And gone with Priam's boy,
Those towers that defended
The windy plains of Troy.
And Tyre's a mumbled story
By learned men discussed.
And now another glory
Is falling into dust.

*For they're lifting up their prices at the ten-cent store,
And Woolworth's isn't Woolworth's any more, any more!
They're showing goods aplenty
For fifteen cents, or twenty.
Oh, Woolworth's isn't Woolworth's any more.*

How fond my recollections
Of that enchanted time
When things were sold in sections,
And every part a dime.
A thousand shining lures, then,
Broke down the last defense.
And everything was yours, then,
For ten amazing cents.

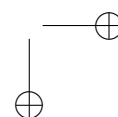
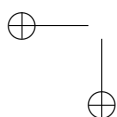


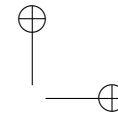
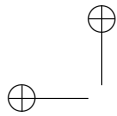


*But they're raising up their prices at the ten-cent store.
The splendor of a nation is stricken to the core.
As sure as you're alive,
They'll charge you twenty-five!
Oh, Woolworth's isn't Woolworth's any more.*

Farewell to glass and napery,
 And candies bright and hard.
Farewell to window drapery,
 A dime the quarter yard.
Farewell to beads and laces
 I loved so long ago.
And to the Dresden vases
 Designed in Tokio!

*For they're pushing up their prices at the ten-cent store.
The writing's on the wall and the sign upon the door.
And Barbara Hutton's married
To a handsome prince, and harried.
But Woolworth's isn't Woolworth's any more.*





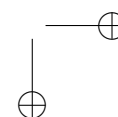
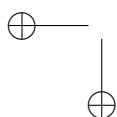
BALLAD FOR ONE BORN IN MISSOURI

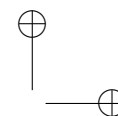
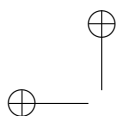
JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS HOPEFUL — SAILS FOR ENGLAND —
Headline New York Sun.

Rise up, devout America! The blessed hours strike.
Rise up, rise up, Republicans and Democrats alike.
For summer is icumen in to meadow, field, and slope.
And James
Truslow
Adams
Is burgeoning with Hope.

*Pack up your troubles
And sing in your shower.
The Senate's in session
And Borah's in flower.
They're jailing a tailor
For passive resistance,
But James Truslow Adams
Sees Hope in the distance.*

They've torn apart the alphabet; they're running through
the "Z"s,
And Revolution rends the ranks that once were Tammany's,
While Freedom from her mountain height leans down to see
the fun.

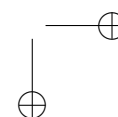
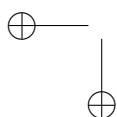


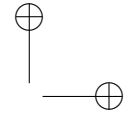
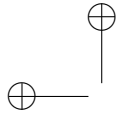


But James
Truslow
Adams
Is Hoping for the Sun.

*Let's deck us with vine leaves
And dance down the road,
The snail's on the thorn
And the thorn's in the Code.
For Farley's the postman;
Let no man begrudge it.
And God's in His Heaven
Adjusting the Budget.*

The Ship of State has listed but it rights itself once more.
Now timidly Prosperity seeks out her native shore,
And Capital grows proud again and Labor whets her tool.
*But James
Truslow
Adams
Sets sail for Liverpool.*

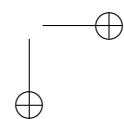
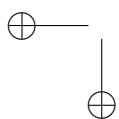


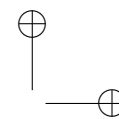
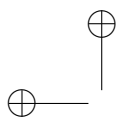


APOLOGY FOR AMNESIA

Mr. Addison Sims and friends
Are praiseworthy folk, but dreary,
Who boast of a prowess that often tends
To make me a trifle weary.
Theirs is the Tribe of the Elephant,
Of affable femmes and fellas
Who proudly endorse each memory course
And do not forget umbrellas.
For the friends of Mr. Addison Sims
The Past is a picture that never dims.
Dates and faces their brains encumber,
They know your name and your telephone number.
They memorize facts with a glance that's cursory
And always send cards on an anniversary.
When *Mrs.* Addison Sims' around
You do not doubt that the clock is wound,
The check made out to the worthy cause,
And the laundry list where she thought it was.
And they all remember to bring a key,
And they quote from the Iliad accurately.

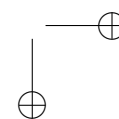
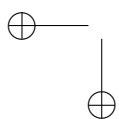
Yes, Addison Sims and Addison's buddy,
They live by the line and letter,
But bring me a volume where I can study
At being a good forgetter!
For I am *always* remembering,
With sullen and cold compliance,

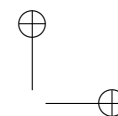
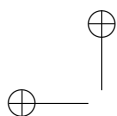




Though this memory stuff may be well enough,
Forgetting's a cozier science.
And who wouldn't yearn with fond affection
For life uncluttered by recollection
Of awkward promises, hard to keep,
That plague your days and disturb your sleep;
Of withering comments you should have parried;
Of gilded boys that you might have married;
Of the speech extempore, mad, impassioned
You were moved to give at the fifth Old Fashioned;
Of budgets, birthdays, and bills that daunt you;
Of popular songs that rise and haunt you;
Of the faint rewards that you get from Mammon;
And the bid of one that you made a slam on!

Oh, train your minds and your memories
With systems and fuss and fretting.
Go round remembering all you please,
But I'll practise up forgetting.





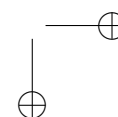
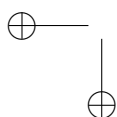
**LINES IN PRAISE OF
OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL**

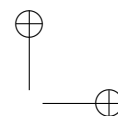
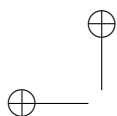
COMPOSED WHILE WAITING FOR A GREEN LIGHT

O, I have been to the Capital, and it's there I'd end my days,
Where the Judas tree is flowering now and the dogwood
lifts its crown;
Where the fauna and flora and Senator Borah attract the
passing gaze,
And it's twenty cents for a taxicab to any place in town!

O, I have been to the Capital, where the D.A.R. convene,
(Their bosoms are built on the Lane Bryant plan, and
they favor armaments),
Where party quarrel and mountain laurel enrich the public
scene,
*And I rode five miles in a taxicab and it cost me twenty
cents!*

Then ho! for the beautiful D. of C. where our leaders guard
and guide us.
I'm going to live in the Capital and leave this life so
drab.
I'll weep no more as the meters soar, but nonchalant as
Midas,
For twenty cents I'll ride around in a Diamond Taxicab!



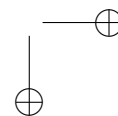
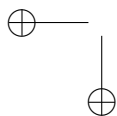


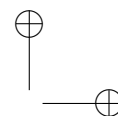
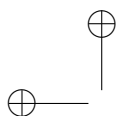
MARGINAL NOTES

FOR A MAGAZINE ARTICLE ON
"THE ART OF MAKING FRIENDS"

From Hollywood, Cal. to Boston, Mass.,
Atlanta to the sea,
Culture is rearing its ugly pate,
And the word's gone forth you must cultivate
Your Personality.

By exercising on greens and horses,
By reading books and by taking courses,
By eating meals that are chiefly lamb,
By breathing straight from the diaphragm,
By counting ten when your temper rises
And answering back in a gentle tone;
By startling people with odd surprises
Like knowing French, or the saxophone;
By banishing Error and slaying Fear,
By seeing your dentist twice a year,
You, too, may shine like the morning star,
Healthy, scintillant, popular;
Loved by those who are not your cousins;
Naming your friends by the scores and dozens,
Counting your friends by throngs and bands,
Like the Junior League or the ocean sands!
Well, charm is a quality, notable,



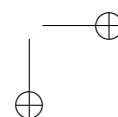
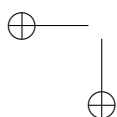


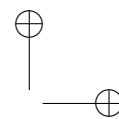
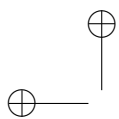
That I probably can't claim any of.
But list to a lady who still contends,
Take it all in all, that a Host of Friends,
Is what you can have too many of.
For every comrade who's entertaining,
Rich in umbrellas when rain is raining,
Quick to kindle and slow to freeze,
You'll find eleven or so like these:

Friends suburban who jeer at cities
And live for gardens and whitewashed pickets;
Serious friends who join committees
And sign petitions and sell you tickets;
Friends, confiding, who Bare the Soul;
Friends who stand on their heads, and roll;
Friends whose parties are Simply Riots;
Matchmaking friends, and friends on diets;
Friends inquisitive, dull, or mocking;
Strenuous friends who take you walking;
Cynical friends who look askance
And say it's feattier done in France;
Friends whose pity bedews you dankly;
Friends who feel they must tell you frankly;
Erudite friends who bow you down;
Friends who dote on a National Hook-up;
Sociable friends with a friend in town
That, willy-nilly, you've got to look up;
Friends depressed by the Cosmic Riddle;
Musical friends who play the fiddle;
And, just when the budget is almost treed,
Finally, certainly, friends in need.

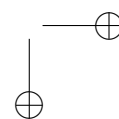
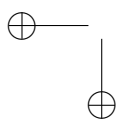
Moral:

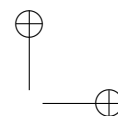
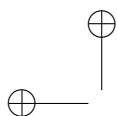
Relations are errors that Nature makes.
Your spouse you can put on the shelf.





But your friends, dear friends, are the quaint mistakes
You always commit, yourself.





DANIEL BOONE OVERDID IT

OR, OLIVER AMES AS SPORTSMAN

I know that it's summer as well as the swallow.

I'm sure of the summer as grasses or sod.

For honey bees labor in garden and hollow,

And Oliver's buying a fishing rod.

Yes, this is the season arboreal,

For Oliver's testing a fly.

He's dreaming of feats piscatorial

And raiding the Angler's Supply.

Now papa trout hide in the rivers

And little trout leap in the brooks.

And Oliver patently quivers

To meddle with tackle and hooks.

On Wednesday he sorts out his Coachmen.

On Thursday he flexes his pole,

But Saturday morning he's off without warning

To play through the thirty-sixth hole.

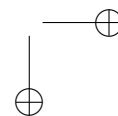
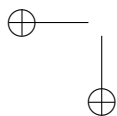
*For fishing is a fine sport, of all sports the flower,
But at the Country Club a man can get a decent shower.*

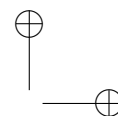
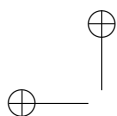
When maples grow drunken, the staid and the sober,

When geese straggle southward, pursuing the sun,

How Oliver pants for the trails of October,

And fondles the stock of his hunting gun!



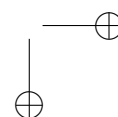
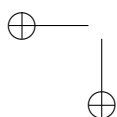


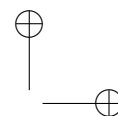
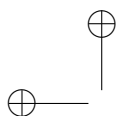
Then it's hey for the song of the cartridge,
And ho, for the murderous steel!
For the woodlands are shrill with the partridge
And swamps are alive with the teal,
And Oliver, gayly emphatic,
Must follow the far-away flutes,
Disrupting the peace of the attic
In a purposeful search for his boots.
His finger is keen for the trigger.
The hunt is his goal and his star.
But caddie behind him, on Friday you'll find him.
Attempting to make it in par.

*For hunting is a grand sport, an excellent, a winner.
But when you knock a ball around you're home in time for
dinner.*

A sportsman is Oliver – nothing can cure him.
If reckless the pastime, he woos it the harder.
In winter the skiing to Placid would lure him.
In spring it's the bridle path fires his ardor.
But Boreal breezes are cutting,
And cantering stiffens the joint.
So practising up on his putting
Seems frequently more to the point.
And no matter how urgent or pressing
The other things issue their call,
Each season will find him addressing
A mutely intractable ball.
On Monday it's, "Hand me my racquet."
On Tuesday, "One creel is enough."
But Sunday my darling is up with the starling
To scramble around in the rough.

*To blessed old Saint Andrew, let Oliver give praise.
For every sport delights a man, but golf's the game he plays.*





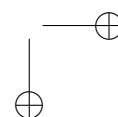
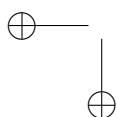
A TIRED BALLAD OF TRAVEL

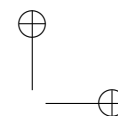
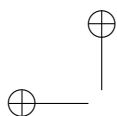
BROUGHT ON BY AN EXHAUSTIVE
PERUSAL OF THE ADVERTISEMENTS

Say, do the balmy breezes plow on old Nantucket still?
Do flowery trails wind fragrantly along Sagachet Hill?
Are the rosy salmon leaping now in gray Columbia's waters?
And how is the Real Home Atmosphere at the Inn of the
Seven Daughters?

In Yellowstone, in Yellowstone,
The foaming geysers play.
And likewise do
The fish that strew
The Road to Mandalay.
And trains and ships to take me there
Unendingly go by;
And I should seek like other folk
The ploughing keel, the pouring smoke,
And the cinder in the eye.

Tell me how on Hawaiian shores the blue Pacific smiles.
And the glass-bottomed boats, do they still put out from
the Catalina Isles?
And down by the wash of the tropic seas, where the cruising
steamers stray,



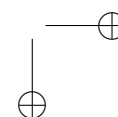
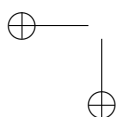


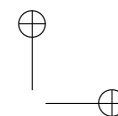
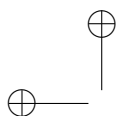
Is the Air-Cooled Dining Room worth the trip at eight eighty-eight per day?

Switzerland's for plutocrats,
The brave deserve the Fair,
Ni-a-ga-ra
Is said to draw
The honeymooning pair.
The Whitneys go to Bailey's Beach
To bathe in waters saline,
And I should up at break of dawn
To take a trip at least upon
The Hudson River Day Line!

I know that, tall, in Alaska now, the totems wait for me,
And little villages win the heart in Glorious Normandy;
That islanders pluck their gay guitars in Majorca, after dark,
And a very nice bus would carry me up, I think, to Asbury
Park.

Vacation Time has come again.
A Thousand Playgrounds call me!
And I would heed
Did not the need
For action so appal me.
The flush is on the eastern sky,
The liner's in the slip;
But the haze is also on the eye
And the yawn upon the lip.
I'd board a train, I'd breast a wave,
I'd mount an Alpine boulder.
But strenuous delights are those.
Ah, draw the shades and let me doze
Above a travel folder.





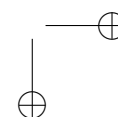
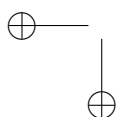
THE ODIUS PEOPLE

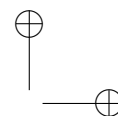
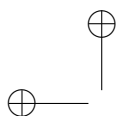
Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of Miss De Ryder and Freddie Sneer,
Of Freddie Sneer (may his fame grow wider)
And the indescribable Miss De Ryder,
Who'd win by a couple of necks, I guess,
The Pulitzer Prize for hatefulness.

Come, toast in cider
Or ginger-beer
Miss De Ryder
And Freddie Sneer.

For they are a Socially Prominent pair.
You see their photographs everywhere.
Their least remarks and their lightest feats
Are headline stuff for the Sunday sheets,
And the costlier magazines all display
What Miss De Ryder and Freddie say.

Freddie's the boy who breaks the date
With the decorous lass, and delicate,
The little girl of the trembling lips,
Who makes her home in the cartoon strips.
He woos her, wins her, and then he ducks,
And all because she was down on her Lux.





And Miss De Ryder's the Public Cat.
Her conversation is largely chat
Concerning the lady across the street
Who doesn't know Sun-Brite keeps things neat.

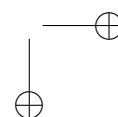
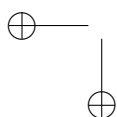
You've seen her pictured in printed fables,
Whispering softly at dinner tables,
Criticizing the creaking stair,
Or her partner's nails, or the silverware.

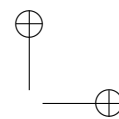
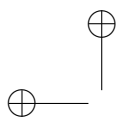
Does Lucy Lentil forget to launder?
Freddie's telling his comrades, yonder.
Would Listerine benefit Sidney Screws?
Miss De Ryder is spreading the news.
Or ridiculing the tongue-tied elf
Who never purchased a Five-Foot-Shelf.

Their vigorous laughter is right at hand,
When you First Sit Down at the Baby Grand,
And theirs is the smile that they do not quench
When you speak to the waiter in new-laid French.

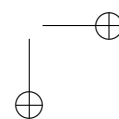
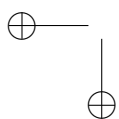
They do not toil and they do not labor,
But they spin neat scandal about their neighbor,
With malice, seasoned and apt and ready.
Oh, a charming couple are she and Freddie –
A pair of manicured party-blighters,
And well beloved of the copy-writers.

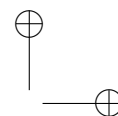
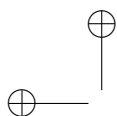
I do them homage, I doff my cap
To a first-rate cad and a super-cat.
May they marry each other in time, and rear
A small De Ryder, a little Sneer,
Who'll turn their talents without forbearance
Upon themselves and upon their parents,





And all of them come
In their bowed old age,
To a tumbled home
On the comic page.





A MARCHING SONG

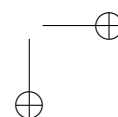
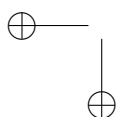
TO BE SUNG NIGHT AND MORNING
BY THE MT. EVEREST EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

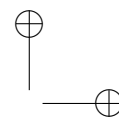
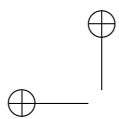
The plight of heroes hungering for syndicated dangers,
I trust that you'll consider with appropriate emotions.
For there's scarce a mortal acre unexplored by prying strangers,
And they've flown over all the better oceans.

*But we know a mountain,
A great big mountain.
We'll climb it to the summit, and what hardships we'll endure!
Each reckless lad will try it,
And a belted Earl will fly it,
And we all will have our pictures in the Ro-to-gravure!*

Let other famous gentlemen evoke the public shivers
With sailing little sailboats to the world's remotest ends.
Let Mr. Haliburton swim in esoteric rivers,
And Dickie name a country for his friends.

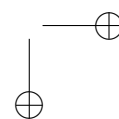
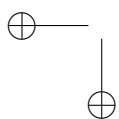
*But we'll climb a mountain,
A nice, high mountain,
Complete with floe and glacier and bottomless abyss.
And by proper rite and drama,
A real Thibetan Lama
Will endeavor to persuade us from peril such as this!*

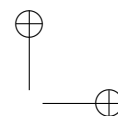
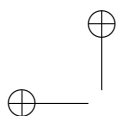




What though the cold assail us through our scientific clothing!
Though coolies may be whimsical and guides inclined
to capers;
Though dust invade our provender, thus filling us with
loathing,
We'll carry on for England and the papers!

*For we've found a mountain,
An Asiatic mountain.
We are the final pioneers, the Men Who Stand the Gaff.
And gallantly and gaily
We'll climb a column daily.
Then all the Sunday magazines will print our photograph!*





MALEDICTION

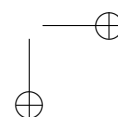
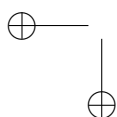
ON AN EDITOR, SOLICITING MY VERSE
AND ADDRESSING ME AS MISS MCGINTY

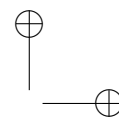
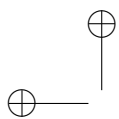
Wants and ruin and fever and chill
To him who thinks I am Miss McGill.

Dandruff, debt, and a painful finis
To him who labels me Miss McGinnis.

But a termagant wife named Araminty
To anyone hailing me Miss McGinty!
May his arches fall and his clothes get linty
And all of his children be fat and squinty.

And as for you, Mr. Editor,
I wouldn't *consider* rhyming for
Your pages puerile, your sheet infernal,
Your incontestably yellow journal.
May your leading articles give offense
To people who pay for advertisements;
Your authors fail you, be hard to handle,
Sued for libel, involved in scandal;
And all of your readers holy terrors
At finding typographical errors.

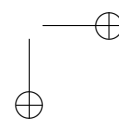
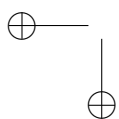


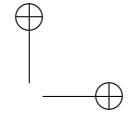
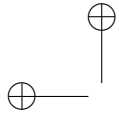


I wish you hardship, I wish you toil,
Sinus trouble, perhaps a boil,
A staff that tries to explain inflation,
And a steadily falling circulation.

Out upon you, and fie, and shame,
For garbling my practically favorite name!
May your head hang low and your praise sound thinly.
Amen.

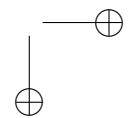
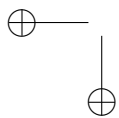
(Signed) Phyllis Louise McGinley

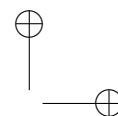
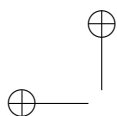




ADVICE TO MR. MILQUETOAST

Be noisy, ambitious, demanding the odds,
When you balance your fate on the knees of the gods.
Let your prayers weigh upon them, lest small ones, perhaps,
Unnoticed, slide down from the deific laps.





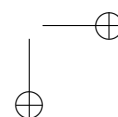
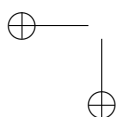
SLIGHTLY ADDLED SPRING SONG

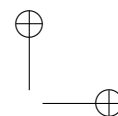
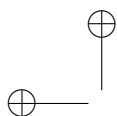
Come, wave a hand to winter
Departing down the year,
And hail the grassy splinter,
And give the buds a cheer.
Let's hark to Omar's sentence
And feed the vernal fire
Our garments of Repentance
And all our old attire.

*It's March and it's April and then it is May,
And jonquils are modish and snow is passé.
It's spring on the mountain and spring in the dell
And spring in the souls of Patou and Chanel.*

The birds resume their matins,
The tulip lifts her cup,
And see the printed satins
That everywhere bloom up!
In all the sheltered places
The violet woos her leaves.
And hats are off the faces.
And tucks are on the sleeves.

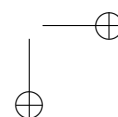
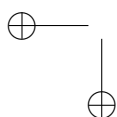
*It's spring in the valley and up hill and down;
Especially it's spring in the windows of town.
How bursting the crocus, how mossy the boulder,
And how debonair the new slant to the shoulder!*

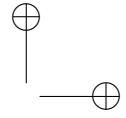
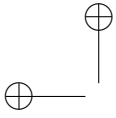




Then welcome in the season
 With looks as gay as hers,
Who eggs the willow trees on
 And frowns upon our furs.
For down the lane carouses
 A daffodil revue,
And little ruffled blouses
 Bedeck the avenue.
From winter's chilly clutches
 The yearning heart escapes
To lingerie in touches
 And collars out of capes;
To shoes and gloves and purses
 And bluebirds on the wing.
While all the world rehearses
 A dress parade of spring!

*Go get me a garland to bind in my hair,
And a gown with a train and a coat with a flare.
It's raining down roses, but I'll tell you flat,
The spring can't arrive till I've bought a new hat.*





VERSES

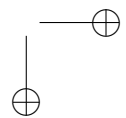
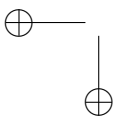
COMPOSED UPON THE OCCASION OF COMING ACROSS A BOOK
ENTITLED "NARRATIVE OF A TEN YEARS' RESIDENCE IN
TRIPOLI" BY "A SISTER-IN-LAW OF MR. TULLY"

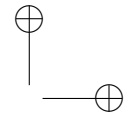
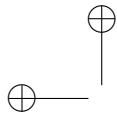
There lies a sweet, a sunny land across the colored sea
Where authoresses walk abroad in anonymity.
Where no one flaunts a private life, nor weeps that she should
 lack it,
Or wears a heart upon a sleeve, or blurb upon a jacket.

*Then ho! for Publicity,
 Cunning and skilled,
That makes you the choice
 Of the Booklovers' Guild!*
But over in Tripoli,
 Ladies of Station,
Prefer the acclaim
 Of a noble relation.

From east and west and northward, the lady writers run
To wash their inhibitions out and hang them in the sun.
And someone turns Theosophist, and someone takes a lover,
Which makes dramatic reading when it's printed on a cover.

*Cut a new caper
 In any locality,*

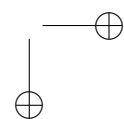
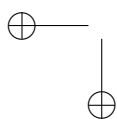


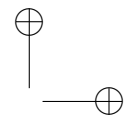
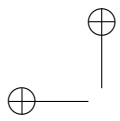


*Publishers dote on
A Rich Personality.*
But in fair Tripoli,
Land to my liking,
Brothers-in-law
Are more honored than Viking.

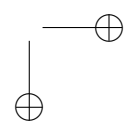
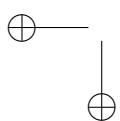
The grinning God of Ballyhoo takes up his megaphone,
And fifty million worshipers bow down before a stone,
But far away in Tripoli his message carries dully
To ears that harbor happily the words of Mr. Tully.

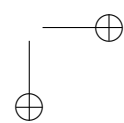
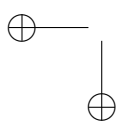
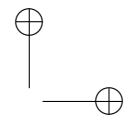
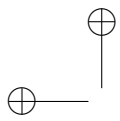
*Ponder an attitude.
Murmur your cues.
Here are the boys
From the Sunday reviews.
The Cameras are coming,
Hurrah and Hurrah!
Ah, fly Mr. T.,
With your sister-in-law.
Fly to a fastness
Where nobody sees
Royalty value
In publishers' teas.
Nobody lectures
On Alternate Nights.
Nobody dickers
For cinema rights.
Nobody's running
To twenty editions;
Nor suing his agent
For sins of commissions.
Guard her from perils
That threaten her, ominous,
Cherish, protect her,
And keep her anonymous!*

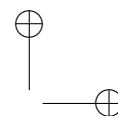
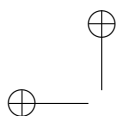




SUBURBAN PORTRAITS

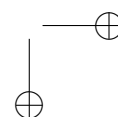
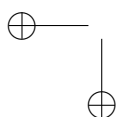


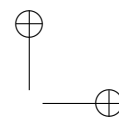
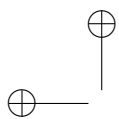




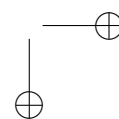
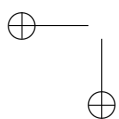
BOOSTER

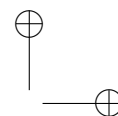
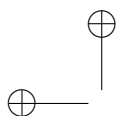
The sparrow lives the year around
In Featherstowe-upon-the-Sound.
There isn't any town, he says,
With Featherstowe's advantages –
A wealth of grass, a lack of slums,
A higher grade of buttered crumbs,
And (though it sounds a little narrow)
Acquaintance with the Nicer Sparrow.
He speaks with somewhat bitter words
About those bored and restless birds
To whom the fall must always mean a
Pilgrimage to Pasadena,
And who in summer hasten for
Alaska or the Labrador.
The pleasures at their very gate,
They can't, he chirps, appreciate.
For although, in December, snow
Does pile the paths in Featherstowe,
And one must range afar to seek
Assistance when the roofings leak,
And though his city friends may grouse
About *exploring* for his house,
The air, the view (and lower rents)
Outweigh such inconvenience.





The sparrow really wouldn't care
To have his dwelling elsewhere.
And since by trivial wing he's rooted here,
It's very nice that he is suited here.

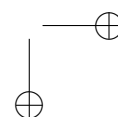
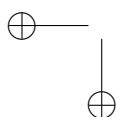


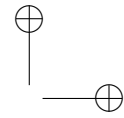
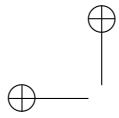


MIMIC

The mocking bird is seldom slighted.
She seems unfailingly invited
To where the Nicest People go
That congregate in Featherstowe.
Nor when she comes can they refrain
From asking her to entertain
By taking off the speech and air
Of any friend who isn't there.
In her enchanting Southern drawl
She apes the foibles of them all,
Setting a pompous head a-bob in
Imitation of the robin
And mimicking with clever throat
The thrush's sentimental note.
The guests all swear they simply love
Her gay, malicious versions of
That flighty younger whippoorwill
Languishing upon a hill,
The cardinal's overrated whistle,
Or blackbird preaching to a thistle.

Their laughter's light, amused, and pearly,
But no one cares to go home early.
Which may explain why she's invited
Everywhere, and seldom slighted.

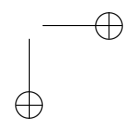
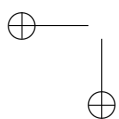


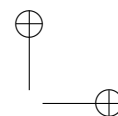
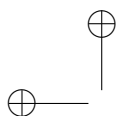


HOUSEHOLDER

The wren's uncompromisingly
Aligned with domesticity;
Believes the Home should be a Shrine,
And its attendance half divine.
By very force of character,
Almost she has persuaded her
Pacific and devoted spouse
To share her passion for the house.
A model husband, he takes care
Of anything that needs repair,
Encourages her at her labors,
And brags about her to the neighbors.

And yet he cocks a wistful eye
When dizzy humming birds go by.





SONG FOR A REFERENCE LIBRARY

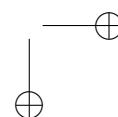
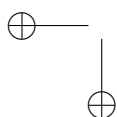
EIGHTY CENTURIES OF EXPERIENCE LOOK DOWN UPON YOU.
THEY HELP YOU MEET YOUR PROBLEMS OF TODAY WHEN
YOU OWN THE NEW ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA — *Advertisement in the Times.*

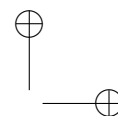
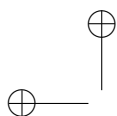
The Sphinx's riddle's answered, the world's enigma's solved.
For this was Man from Simian unerringly evolved.
For this the Ark outrode the storm — that I might buy myself
The sum of human knowledge in a five-foot shelf.

*Then why the cheek
And the lip so pale,
The furrowed brow
And the bitten nail,
When problems little
And problems big
Can all be answered
In A-to-Zyg?*

For this the mighty Euclid regarded Beauty bare,
For this our seers and warriors have parried with despair.
For this mused Galileo, Demosthenes waxed fiery,
And Seabury conducted an interesting inquiry.

*I love my love
With a capital "L,"*

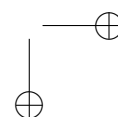
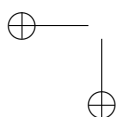


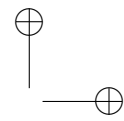
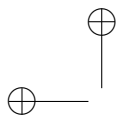


*And he'll love me
While I still can spell,
For if my darling
Grow loath and wary,
I'll seek the reason
In Libe-to-Mary.*

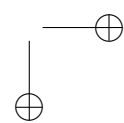
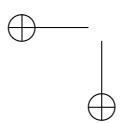
My heart is in the Highlands, my goods with a receiver.
In March I had an income tax, in June I'll have hay fever.
And hope's a graying ember, and the dentist bill is due.
But I shall find a remedy in Volume Twenty-two.

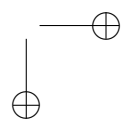
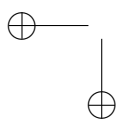
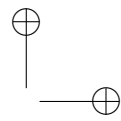
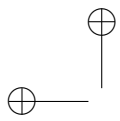
*I'll take my dollars,
I'll pool my cents,
I'll buy me a yard
Of Experience.
For time is fleeing,
And life soon done,
And the Grave awaits me
In Game-to-Gun,
But ah, the Index,
Like Art, is long!
And eighty centuries
Can't be wrong.*

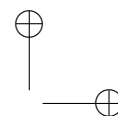
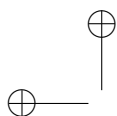




PART II







THE CAT THAT TURNED INTO A TIGER

She called it pretty
And stroked its fur;
“Darling kitty! . . .
How sweet a purr!”

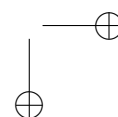
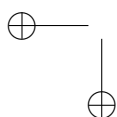
Saw it dream
With its senses whole;
Fed it cream
From a china bowl.

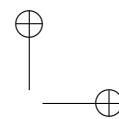
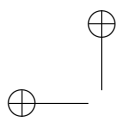
Eyes like amber,
It kept her side.
But once from slumber
It leaped and cried

With tiger-whining,
With snarling glee.
Its eyes were shining
Incredibly,

Burning, flashing
With tiger-bale;
And it was lashing
Its striped tail.

Then that, the fawner,
The much-caressed,
Sprang upon her
And ripped her breast;





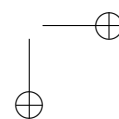
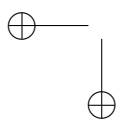
To savage crooning
The Beast, the Thing,
Sent her swooning
And shuddering,

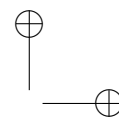
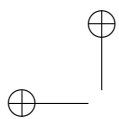
Till she called it loud
With a holy name
And the Thing was cowed
And the kitten came

Back to the shell
Of her drowsy pet,
But what befell
Undoes her yet.

From dusk to dawn
She is never at ease,
Though the kitten yawn
Mild as you please,

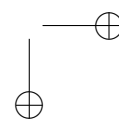
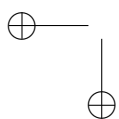
Though it dream in the dark
And make no stir.
For the tiger's mark
Is red on her.

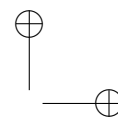
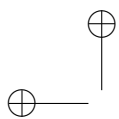




I PREFER THEM STRAIGHT

The Harlequin devoutly sighing
For Hamlet's look and frown,
Revolts me less than Hamlet trying
To play the antic clown.

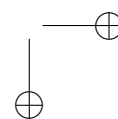
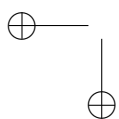


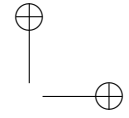
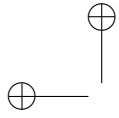


WOMEN OF JERICHO

Though seven times, or seventy times seven,
Your armies circle our beleaguered town,
Not with their clamor may our gates be riven;
O, not by trumpets shall the walls go down!
Send out your troops to trample the fresh grasses
With horns and banners! They shall find defeat.
These walls can bear the insolence of brasses
Sounded at noonday in the dust and heat.

It is the whisper, only, that we dread:
The hushed and delicate murmur like low weeping
Which shall assail us, when, as do the dead,
The warders sleep and all the town lies sleeping.
That holy word is whispered which can fell
These armored walls, and raze the citadel.



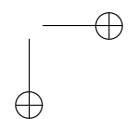
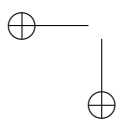


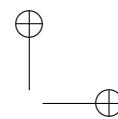
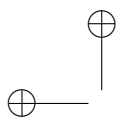
MARRIAGE BROKER

Shame on the avaricious bee
Of manner sycophantic
Who goes about cold-heartedly
Exploiting the Romantic;

Whose mercenary life is spent
Purveying matrimony,
With no regard for sentiment,
Or anything but honey;

Who knocks at every petaled door
And, bartering in dowers,
Arranges loveless matches for
The marriageable flowers!





LAME ARROW

Fit the round peg
 To the angled socket;
Find good coins
 In an empty pocket;

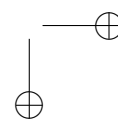
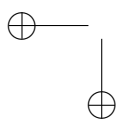
Move a mountain
 And weigh a feather;
Parallel lines
 Let come together,

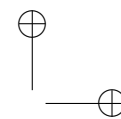
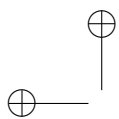
But never expect
 This miracle:
That man and woman
 Can ever tell –

That lover and lover
 Will ever say
Truth to each other
 Till Judgment Day.

For the wingèd word
 From a lover's lip
Has a weighted shaft,
 Has a loaded tip!

Curved and circling
 It cleaves the dark,
Forever failing
 The chosen mark.



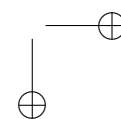
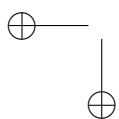


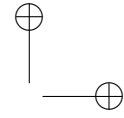
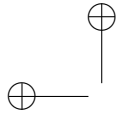
Always a trifle
Too low or too high,
That the target heart
May live thereby;

Always a little
Too high or low,
That the victim heart
May scatheless go.

For breast and bosom
Meet swift as flame,
But never the arrow
Shall find its aim.

And this the Archer
Has done in ruth,
Lest one should perish
Of perfect truth.



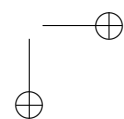
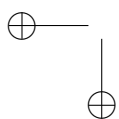


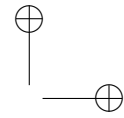
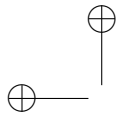
TO A RECKLESS LADY'S GHOST

Now your little feet have braved
The pathways to Persephone,
Dear Improvident, have you saved
Anything for Charon's fee?

How your spendthrift soul must shiver
Where no lighted shelter is!
For upon the waveless River
Rides no other boat but his.

Darling, do not be afraid!
Smile on him as on your lover.
You are such a lovely shade,
He will row you over!

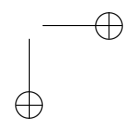
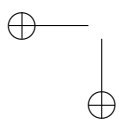


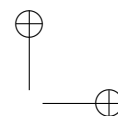
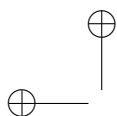


SWIFT KNOWLEDGE

She said; "He is so kind and wise a lover!
Love is a calm; not fever and not blindness,
As I believed. Thank God I could discover
How the heart flies to follow after kindness.
Go, silly girl, to weep into your pillow,
And burn to kiss the careless hands that hurt you,
Until you find a staff not made of willow
And lean upon the blackthorn stick of virtue."

She said: "There was a time that I, with pity,
Remember now, before the heart could learn it:
How love is grave and tolerant and witty,
Compact of kindness, or the soul must spurn it."
Speaking, she shivered, suddenly turned cold
With the swift knowledge *this* was growing old.





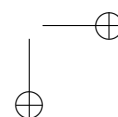
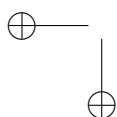
MAY WITH A DIFFERENCE

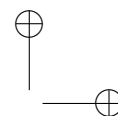
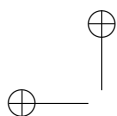
How nice the world is looking!
How burnished, everything!
I have not lately seen it
So greenly glittering.

When we walked out together
The universe was spread
No farther than your elbow,
No higher than your head.

I saw the dogwood dimly;
The laurel in a blur;
And misty shadows, moving
Far off, the people were.

Now every face and flower's
A sudden, clear surprise.
*I think, when we went walking,
The sun was in my eyes.*





PARABLE FOR POETS

When need is sorest
 And night hangs blind,
Avoid the forest
 That shades the mind.

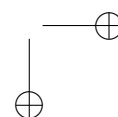
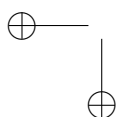
Walk the highway
 In brotherhood.
Shun the byway
 And skirt the wood.

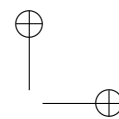
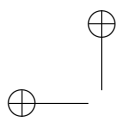
For all night prowling
 The hooded black,
Go coldly howling
 The grim wolf pack,

Nor swiftness will matter,
 With fear for spur,
Nor craft to scatter
 Your provender.

Fling their fury
 A phrase, and flee.
Let them worry
 A simile.

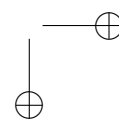
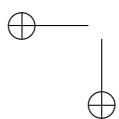
Tribute pay them
 In salty rhyme.
Confuse them, play them,
 For time... for time...

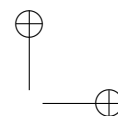
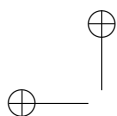




But all is wasted.
In vain be fleet.
These wolves have tasted
A ruddier meat

Than that you flung them –
You'll fall on stones,
At dawn, among them,
They'll pick your bones.





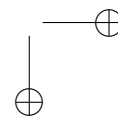
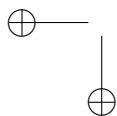
SONG FROM TOWN

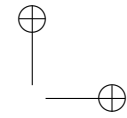
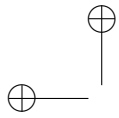
If I were in the mountains, now,
That bred and nourished me,
The wind would tease the aspen bough
To cool hilarity.

In colored canyons, I could learn
Steadfastness from a pine,
And fill my hands with leaves and fern
And roving columbine.

I'd have no need to shut the sun
From windows facing south.
Down every slope would coolness run
To kiss me on the mouth.

O, hills desired! But this is how
Perverse I am, and queer.
If I were in the mountains, now,
I'd wish that I were here.





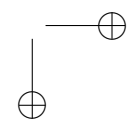
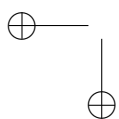
TO A MODERNISTIC CHRISTMAS TREE

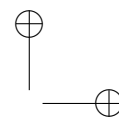
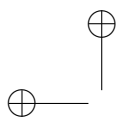
From what astounding forest,
From what enchanted wood
Were you brought here to startle
This mortal brotherhood?

What storms do you remember?
What white and magic rain?
What glittering elves that sought you
On wings of cellophane?

Did lacquered birds confide you
Their eggs of colored glass?
And came there once a maiden
Across the tinsel grass,

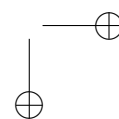
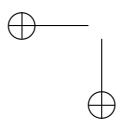
A slim, enameled princess,
Forced cruelly to toil,
So that she wept, beneath you,
Bright tears of silver-foil?

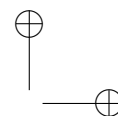
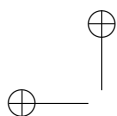




ON THE SIDING

In dusty cars, the huddled sheep
Go by to slaughter, unaware.
And silly-eyed, one looks at me
With a vague, recognizing stare.





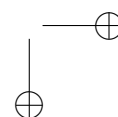
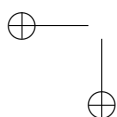
SONG I WOULD SING IF I COULD

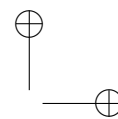
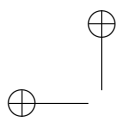
It's March in Westchéster,
I shall not complain,
Though a shouting nor'wester
Blow up with the rain.

Who cares if the hollow
Be sodden with snow?
Green April will follow,
And crocuses blow.

What matter how chill lies
The mist on the sound,
Since daffydowndillies
Stir under the ground.

Let blow the nor'wester!
The blizzard let screech!
It's March in Westchéster,
And I'm in Palm Beach.





KITTEN UP A TREE

AN ALLEGORY OF FLIRTATION

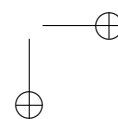
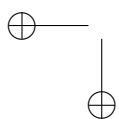
A pole! A ladder! Anything!
Arouse the sleepy town!
O, who is brave enough to bring
This frightened kitten down?

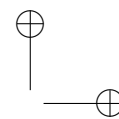
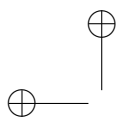
Enamored of the moving shade
And of the giddy leaf,
How could she know a clever maid
So soon might come to grief?

We saw her mount along the bough
At her fastidious ease.
And there was none to tell her how
Inexorable, trees,

As up the slippery avenue
She delicately went,
Occasionally pausing to
Admire her own ascent.

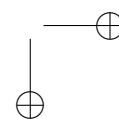
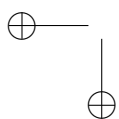
And now she shivers on a limb.
Her little claws are blunted.
A helpless pussy, by two grim
Finalities confronted.

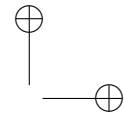
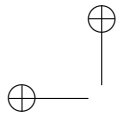




The tossing branch will not be still;
The trunk is dread and steep.
For going back she has no skill,
No courage for the leap.

A ladder, quickly! Someone, come!
We lose the dwindling light.
Ah, who will save a kitten from
This most outrageous plight?



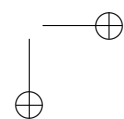
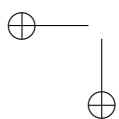


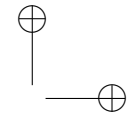
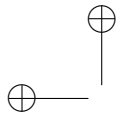
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The melancholy days are come
That annually deposit
Beetles in the bureau drawers
And rocks in the closet;

Sprawling garments everywhere,
And all to take a stitch in;
Warnings from the janitor;
Complaints from the kitchen;

Salamanders in the sink,
From which the life's departed.
The camps are closed, the camps are closed,
And school hasn't started!





ATAVISM

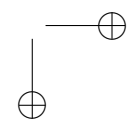
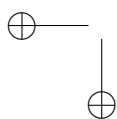
Eve came to Adam, weeping through the clearing
(This was out of Eden when the gate was shut and sealed),
“Adam, I have hurt me, and badly, I am fearing;
Fallen on a sharp stone beside the barley field.”

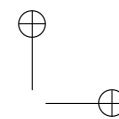
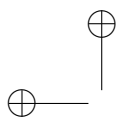
But Adam did not heed her, weary from his toiling
And homesick for the Garden where had never been a stone.
So Eve gathered nettles and set the pot to boiling
And comforted and kissed him and bore her pain alone.

.....

Adam came to Eve, once, when the day was pressing
Heavy on her heart that remembered other days;
And “Eve,” cried Adam, “quick! This bruise wants dressing;
And see the ugly blister that my sandals always raise!

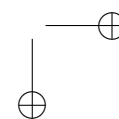
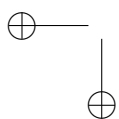
“Is this a wifely welcome to hearten my returning?” ...
So Eve took her sorrow off and into strips she tore it
To make her man a bandage for his hurt and his yearning.
And thus she trained her daughters – and the Devil take her
for it!

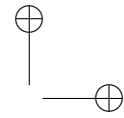
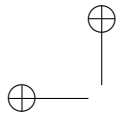




COMPLAINT

There seems some fatal lack in me,
A curious infirmity
By fault whereof I never can
Discern the picturesque in Man.
No taxi driver, caught or cruising,
Has ever uttered an amusing
Oath, mot, reproof, or epigram
In my vicinity. I am
Ignored by wags in liquor shops
And philosophic traffic cops.
No fellow in a ragged coat
Tells me a racy anecdote;
Nor are my greens and fresh tomatoes
Purveyed by accidental Platos.
And if, forgetting his high station,
A waiter grants me conversation,
I find his comments rather leaning
To entrées than Life's Inner Meaning.
Infected by some mortal taint
Seems my perception for the Quaint
Which other folk are always lighting on
(And getting quite well paid for writing on).





CLUB WOMAN

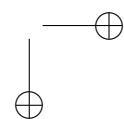
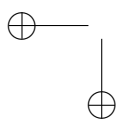
She scarce had entered in the gate
Or nodded to the Lord,
Before she startled at the state
Of Michael's ancient sword.

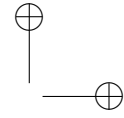
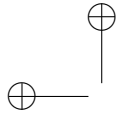
The pearly mansions lacked repair.
The pavement gold was flawed.
And she demanded with an air
The private ear of God.

But God was busy at a Task.
She could not speak with Him;
And it was no avail to ask
The smiling Seraphim.

The spheres continued with their song.
Wide peace lay on the City.
And no one wanted to belong
To any sub-committee.

She scoured the pearl herself; she sped
To cleanse the blade in fire.
Then, picking up a harp, she led
The archangelic choir.





WHAT A LADY TOLD ME

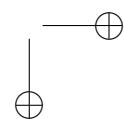
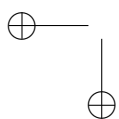
When I petition Heaven for
My virtue's careful wages,
A Seraph's my ambassador,
The Cherubim, my pages.

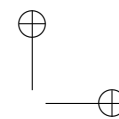
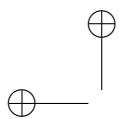
Yes, all the favors fall on me
For which I've ever panted.
In life I beg variety?
Variety I'm granted.

And do I ask for frocks to wear,
Or hearts to hold in tether,
Or fame or pleasant friends or hair
That curls in rainy weather?

Then frocks and curls shall both be mine,
And beaux to kiss and flatter,
And friends that ask me out to dine.
But here's a curious matter:

Angelic envoys love delay,
Or else my burdens daunt them.
They bring the boons for which I pray
When I no longer want them.





WARNING

Whenas in quaintly ruffled clothes,
Just now the sportive damsel goes,

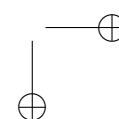
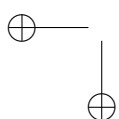
Let her be sure she put it down
A pretty costume, not a gown,

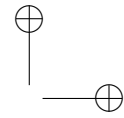
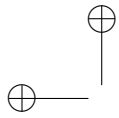
Or she will see herself betrayed
By reticule and soutache braid,

Bound over by a tilt of hat
To coquetry and parlor chat,

And of her nonchalance bereaved
By dresses fancifully sleeved.

Let her beware, lest she should find
That bustles are a state of mind.





NO ANTIDOTE

How did this virus
Work on me
To mar the mind's
Integrity?

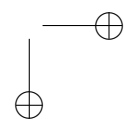
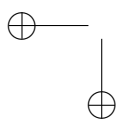
Unhurt, immune,
I could withstand
Whatever potion
Malice planned;

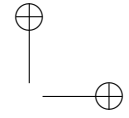
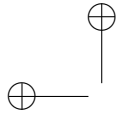
Nor grief had venom
Strong enough
To taint my spirit's
Healthy stuff.

But only love,
But only love,
Could brew the bane
I sickened of.

I, who had once
Despised a haven,
Have grown timorous
And craven;

Have grown greedy,
Who no more
Than lessened hunger
Asked before.





When first I drank
The vessel up,
What sharp contagion
Stained the cup,

Thus to dissolve
All hardihood
And curdle kindness
In my blood?

And how shall be
Again made whole,
My ailing and
Infected soul,

When that which brought
The mischief in
Withholds the only
Medicine?

