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THE WORLD'S
WORKERS
HARRY GRAHAM

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THE WORLD'S WORKERS

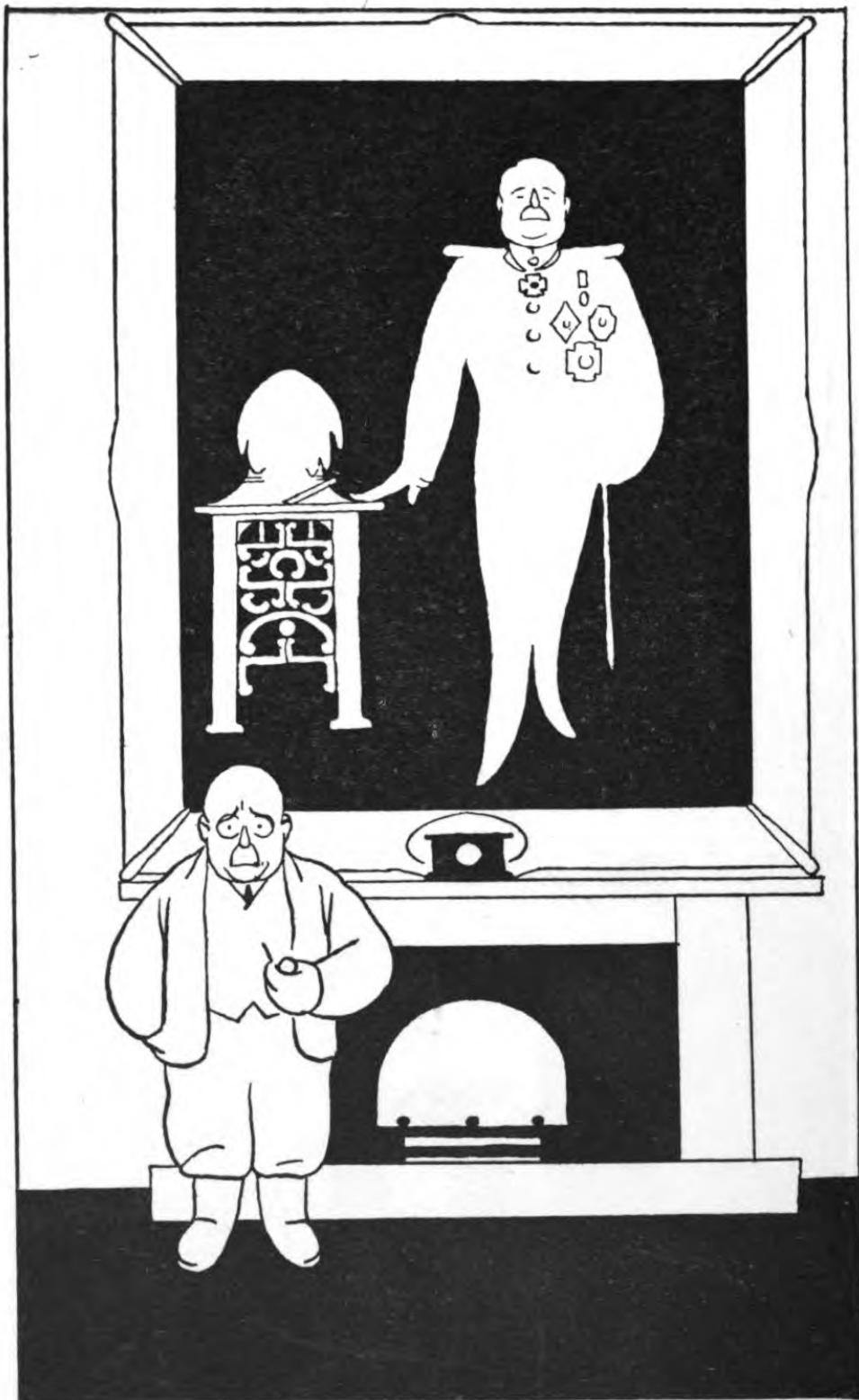
BY THE SAME AUTHOR

RUTHLESS RHYMES FOR HEARTLESS HOMES
THE WORLD WE LAUGH IN
STRAINED RELATIONS
VERSE AND WORSE
BALLADS OF THE BOER WAR
MISREPRESENTATIVE MEN
FISCAL BALLADS
MORE MISREPRESENTATIVE MEN
MISREPRESENTATIVE WOMEN
FAMILIAR FACES
DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES
CANNED CLASSICS
THE MUSE IN MOTLEY
RHYMES FOR RIPER YEARS

A GROUP OF SCOTTISH WOMEN
THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS
SPLENDID FAILURES

THE BOLSTER BOOK
LORD BELLINGER
THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN
THE COMPLETE SPORTSMAN
BIFFIN AND HIS CIRCLE
THE LAST OF THE BIFFINS





Fougasse

THE WORLD'S WORKERS

BY

HARRY GRAHAM

With Illustrations by

FOUGASSE



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TO
V. G.

Nov. 1ST, 1928

THE MILLIONAIRE

I. THE MILLIONAIRE

When you enquire of millionaires
 Their candid personal impressions
Of an existence such as theirs,
They emphasize the woes, the cares,
 Of those with great possessions ;
They prove, with chapter and with verse,
That Money is a Perfect Curse.

But though with passion they maintain
 (And seem to have no doubt about it)
That lucre is but dross, and vain,
This truth does not appear so plain
 To those who are without it.
Wealth's a delusion, if you will,
But Poverty is trickier still !

With money, so they all profess—
 And I've no wish to beg the question—
One cannot purchase Happiness
Or Peace of Mind, or yet Success,
 Or a robust digestion ;
But one *can* buy a good cigar
And plovers' eggs and caviare !

And if such luxuries appeal—

 Although I can't repeat too often
That wealth is an elusive eel,
That there are wounds no gold can heal,
 Harsh blows no coin can soften—
I'll show you, though it may be rash,
Two methods of acquiring cash.

The first (and simpler, so I'm told)

 Is when a fortune you inherit
From some rude forebear who, of old,
Accumulated stores of gold
 By fraud, or force, or merit,
And while in storied urn he rusts
You go on animated "busts" !

The second way when, poor by birth

 And sacrificing all save honour,
You rise at last by solid worth
'Mid moneyed heirs of Mother Earth
 ("Joels of the Madonna")
On stepping-stones of your dead self,
To fame and fortune, place and pelf.

I knew a man named Rudolph Schmidt
Who started life without a nickel
But, having boundless nerve and grit,
He built a business, bit by bit,
A plant for pickling pickle
Which (may I say without offence ?)
Was—well—a “ plant ” in ev’ry sense !

He formed a Trust in Marmalade
And, when the moment seemed auspicious,
He cornered turnips for the Trade—
‘ Swedes to the Sweet ! ’ said he, and made
Preserves that were delicious,
Containing, as they did, a deal
Of pure (if part-worn) orange-peel.

He reaped his labour’s rich rewards :
A wife, a country-seat at Putney,
A yacht and two Hispano-Fords,
And, later, in the House of Lords,
As Baron Schmidt of Chutney,
He helped his peers to legislate
On matters vital to the State.

There came a slump in his affairs,
But, ere the bubble was exploded,
He'd let the public in ' upstairs,'
And nearly half a million shares
On honest mugs unloaded
Who found his jam contained a pill
And they themselves in pickle still !

Well, that was many years ago ;
To-day, though faint, he's still pursuing
The hard-won ' dough ' of friend and foe ;
He never lets his right hand know
Whom his left hand is doing,
And when he does the good by stealth,
He blushes not to find it wealth.

* * * *

My second cousin, Lord St.Bees,
Inherited estates in Devon,
And as his sire who, if you please,
Suffered from ev'ry known disease,
Lived on to ninety-seven,
St.Bees was more than fully-grown
Before he came into his own.



Jungersen

But though he had so long to wait
 And deemed his father hard to pardon,
He grew less bitter against Fate
When coal was found on his estate
 And, in the kitchen-garden,
A zinc-mine and a sulphur-spring.
' O Death ! ' he cried, ' where is thy sting ? '

He realized his fondest dreams,
 To landlords he became a model ;
Indeed, he carried to extremes
His vast co-operative schemes
 And was inclined to coddle
The men who worked his zinc and coal ;
He seemed to think they had a soul !

Less of a master than a mate,
 He fraternized with Union Bosses
Who hastened to co-operate
In profits—though, I needn't state,
 They never shared the losses !
Their lines were cast in primrose paths :
Free coal, free zinc, free sulphur baths !

And yet—consider, if you can,
 Who read these melancholy pages,
Man's inhumanity to Man!—
His pampered workmen soon began
 To strike for higher wages,
'Downed tools' and, in a serried batch,
Went to the nearest football match!

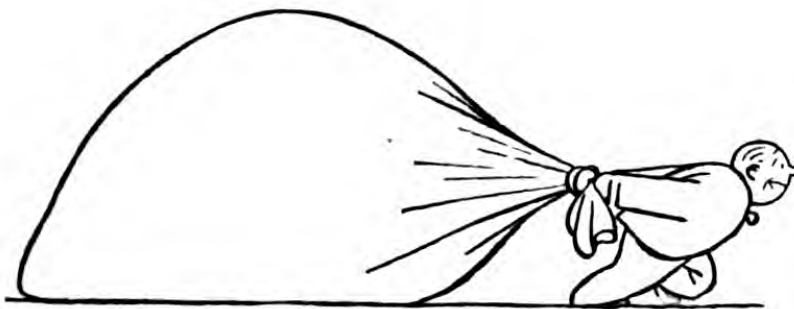
Ruined by such ungrateful hounds,
 St.Bees, who'd loved them as a brother,
Had but—incredible it sounds—
A bare two hundred thousand pounds
 To rub against each other!
Sheer destitution, you'll admit,
For men like him (or even Schmidt).

To-day, though, you'll be glad to learn,
 His methods have been reconstructed ;
His lands he was inspired to turn
Into a Limited Concern,
 On business lines conducted,
And while his workmen toil like blacks,
St.Bees evades the Super-Tax.

* * * *

Yes, riches are indeed a snare,
And fraught with miseries unnumbered,
With burdens ev'ry millionaire
Unselfishly declines to share
With fellows less encumbered.
The wine of life is full of lees
For men like Schmidt and Lord St.Bees !

And yet, though wealth may prove a tie,
The cruellest of gilded trammels,
An earthly load and, by and by,
The Final Straw, the Needle's Eye
Of all potential camels,
I should rejoice to be so bound ;
I'd gladly drag that burden round !



11

11

11

THE ACTOR

II. THE ACTOR

The mummer's ancient calling,
The business of the mime,
To some may seem appalling,
To others quite sublime ;
The line of thought that you pursue
Depends upon your point of view.

'Twas either Froude or Ruskin
Who rather rudely said
That wearers of the buskin
Were far, far better dead ;
While Thomas More remarked to Vaughan*
That players should be shot at dawn.

But while this harsh suggestion
Was wittily conceived,
To-day there seems no question
That it can be achieved,
Since mummers are the sort of men
Who don't get up till half-past ten.

* Which Vaughan was this ?—*Pub.*
Either the Silurist or his twin brother.—*H. G.*
What is a Silurist ?—*Pub.*
I don't know.—*H. G.*

Though Horace ranked the actor
 With beggar and buffoon,
That eminent detractor
 Was born some years too soon ;
To-day, so Goethe said at least,
A player may instruct a priest.

The modern type of mummer
 Is quite devoid of vice,
Like Wolsey, ' sweet as summer,'
 Like Sidney, ' chaste as ice,'
And faithful to one wife alone—
Not necessarily his own.

Yet the routine of acting
 Is oft a dreary grind—
The public so exacting,
 The critics so unkind ;
A man may find the outlook bleak
Who paints his nose eight times a week !

That's why I'd like to tell of
 A dear old friend of mine
Whose talents are thought well of
 Wherever footlights shine :
One Jordan Slingsby Chudd by name,
Not totally unknown to fame.

In youth, while he was serving
 His apprenticeship to Art,
He got Sir Henry Irving
 To hear him read a 'part.'
The Master gazed at Jordan Chudd,
And shook his head and said: 'My Gud!'

Abashed, but not downhearted,
 Ambitious, if forlorn,
Poor Jordan gaily started
 On tour with Sarah Thorne.
They opened, Monday, Isle of Wight;
He got his notice Friday night!

When heard of next, my hero
 Was playing one-day 'stands,'
Performing as a Pierrot
 Upon the yellow sands,
With tambourine, and features blacked,
Doing a 'Massah Johnson' act.

By chance—and I thank Heaven
 Such miracles occur—
One evening, about seven,
 A West End Manager
Passed by and, hoping to discern
Fresh talent, witnessed Jordan's 'turn.'

He'd bought an Eastern drama,
A Hullish-Dellish play,*
In whiel a cruel Lama
Decoyed a maid away ;
The poor girl's honour was at stake
Till rescued by a Sheikh (or Shake).

He saw Chudd's blackened features—
The hue burnt corks produce—
' The meanest of God's creatures,'
Thought he, ' have got their use !'
And offered him three pounds a week
To play the Sheyk (or is it Sheek ?).

They tried it out at Dover ;
Chudd triumphed in the part—
He'd black'd himself all over :
A sacrifice to Art—
And later, when it came to town,
He won a well-deserved renown.

Thenceforward, in all dramas
That gave sufficient scope
For ' vamps ' in pink pyjamas
And villains full of dope—
In plays of thunder and of blood—
A part was found for Jordan Chudd.

* Hellish-Dullish ?—*Pub.*
Perhaps.—*H.G.*

Though keen to be a hero
 Of somewhat subtler form
In pieces by Pinero,
 By Barrie, Shaw or Maugham,
His public would not let him take
The rôle of anything but Sheikh.

And when, in 1920,
 He found the perfect play,
The low-brow *congoscenti*
 Had nothing left to say.
'Twas called 'Her Caveman Desert Prince,'
And he has played it ever since !

He's toured it in Australia,
 He's trailed it round the States ;
No play could be a failure
 That booked so many ' dates ' ;
And it has made him richer far
Than almost any rival ' star.'

Playing an adaptation
 On the Parisian boards
He gained a decoration—
 ' Pour la Valeur ' (with swords)—
And Guitry cried : ' C'est magnifique ! '
And kissed him upon either cheek.

Last year, when he was knighted
And took a special ' call ',
His colleagues were delighted,
There seemed a chance for all.
Such men as monarchs love to dub
Rushed off to join the Green Room Club.

To-day he stands, Sir Jordan,
Supreme among the ' stars,'
The Vicar's pet Church-warden,
The idol of Bazaars,
But still, with energy unique,
He paints his nose eight times a week !



THE COMPOSER

III. THE COMPOSER

When Orpheus with his magic lute
Set trees and frozen hilltops swaying,
The very nightingales were mute
With envy all the more acute
By reason of his playing ;
The voiceless throistles drooped and died
With all their music still inside.

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
To concords sweet so ill-adjusted,
Who never sings (as Shakespeare said)
About his bath, about his bed ?
Let no such man be trusted !
But human linnets we *may* trust
Who do but sing because they must !

Ah, then, how wonderful to weave
Those themes of which such songs are woven,
Harmonically to achieve,
With crochet and with semibreve,
Sonatas (like Beethoven)
With variations in F sharp
And obbligatos for the harp !

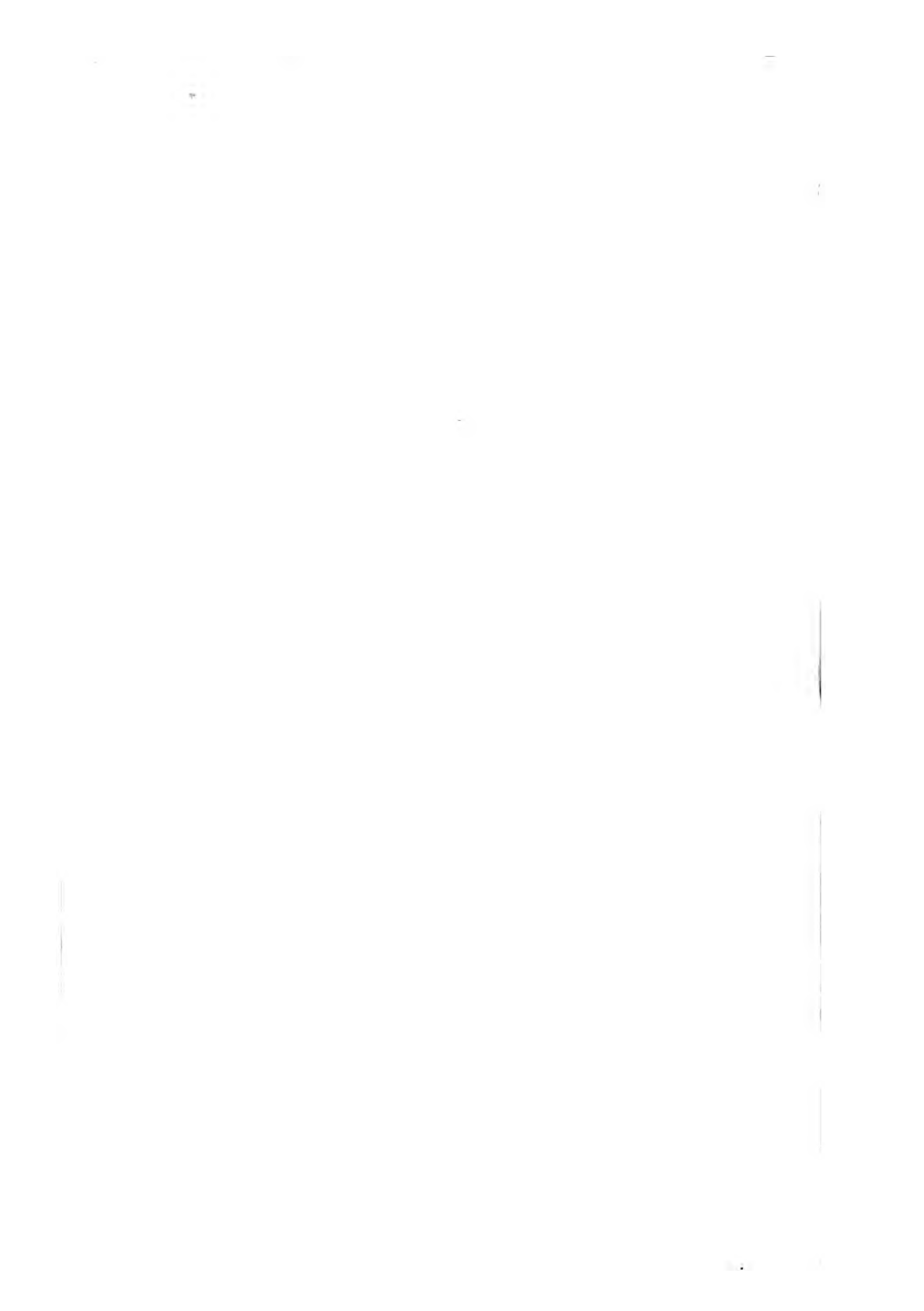
Indeed, how could the world exist
 Without such art, divine yet human,
If no melodious alchemist
Had written rhapsodies (like Liszt)
 Or symphonies (like Schumann),
Or overtures, or suites, or psalms
(Like Berlioz and Bach and Brahms) ?

* * * *

There's no composer that I've met
 Like Hake P. Trype, of Peanut City.
His father was a Polish Lett,
His mother Eskimo, and yet
 You needn't waste your pity :
By domicile (and by divorce)
Hake's pure American, of course.

From childhood he, with zeal well-placed,
 As soon as he began to toddle,
Developed a precocious taste
For contrapuntal music, based
 On quite the latest model ;
Content to sit the whole day long
And thump a broomstick on a gong.





Gee, how he made his home-town hum !
 You can imagine it, dear reader !
At ten he learnt to play the drum ;
By twenty-five he had become
 A famous Jazz-band leader !
Pan with his overrated pipe
Could not compete with Hake P. Trype.

At dances he was all the rage,
 At Cabarets the central figure ;
Conducting nightly on the stage
Of Music-halls, he asked a wage
 More princely and much bigger
Than managements had ever stood
From Richter, Beecham, Henry Wood.

And when he started to compose
 Those songs that brought him fame and money :
The well-known Blues, ' My Tamm'ny Rose ! '
And ' No one knows where Sweetie goes ! '
 And ' Bo, you're sure some Honey ! '
The publishers on bended knees
Implored him to accept their fees.

Then came the flow'rs of all his crop
 (Published by Woozburg of Chicago) :
The famous one-step, ' Punkeyed Pop,'
And what was called ' The Handel Hop,'
 Founded upon the *Largo*,
But with a deal more pep and snap
Than Handel ever had, poor chap !

Hake never *wrote* a note, 'tis true—
 He couldn't, and he thought it boring—
He'd have ideas and hum them through
To experts who were paid to do
 The necessary scoring,
So that the world might read at sight
The songs he was ' too proud to write.'

His lyrics, too, were not his own ;
 For inspiration he depended
On men like Schnufflestein and Bohn,
On Jake and Oscar Finkelsohn
 (From *Mayflow'r* stock descended),
More shrewd than he, and abler far
To make such lyrics what they are.

His sentimental ballads bear
The hallmark of his genius clearly ;
His masterpiece, ' The Dago's Pray'r,'
And ' Mammy's Empty Rocking-chair '
(Which critics prize so dearly)
Are both completely true to type—
You feel at once : ' This is pure Trype ! '

Acclaimed by public and by Press,
His triumphs constantly repeated,
No great composer boasted less ;
Had Wagner tasted such success
He would have grown conceited
And felt inclined, so one declares,
To give himself a few more airs !

Mourn not for the illustrious dead !
No need to search in nook or crevice
For men to stand in Chopin's stead,
Or in Puccini's path to tread—
' Ars longa, vita brevis ! '—
While still the land of Star and Stripe
Produces men like Hake P. Trype !



THE STOCKBROKER

IV. THE STOCKBROKER

Does the unenlightened rabble
 Realize how much Romance
Fills the lives of those who dabble
 In what's known as High Finance ?
Does it care a whit or jot
For such matters ? It does not !

To his business many a man goes,
 Heedless of the price of gold,
Caring naught about Contangoes ;
 Even Discounts leave him cold—
Callous as a pachyderm,
Be the markets dull or firm !

He may know what Bulls and Bears are,
 Of Consols perhaps he's heard ;
He's aware that certain shares are
 Ordinary, some Preferred ;
But, with no financial touch,
All the rest seems Double Dutch !

Pastor, plumber, poultry-fancier—
Each may learn to ply his trade ;
'Tis not so with the Financier,
The Financier's born, not made !
He must have that instinct rare
Which the French describe as *flair*.

* * * *

I'd a cousin in the Army
Who so little brains had got
That his comrades thought him barmy,
Potty, loopy, off his dot ;
Ev'rybody must admit
That he *seemed* a quarter-wit.

Failing thrice to get promotion,
His commission he resigned
And, with an instinctive notion
That Finance might prove more kind,
Joined the well-known bucket-shop
Run by Messrs. Skippe and Hoppe.

With a little underwriting
And some jobbing on the street
He was able, like the whiting,
Just to make the two ends meet,
And he slowly made his mark
As a cute financial shark.



Jungersen



Though his brains were mediocre,
 He'd financial flair enough
To impress a leading broker
 With his latent pow'rs of bluff,
And employment to obtain
With a firm in Mincing Lane.

Ev'ry morning in the City
 Kindred spirits he would meet,
And he'd listen to those witty
 Stories that one can't repeat
To one's aunts or send to *Punch*,
Till the time arrived for lunch.

He'd enjoy a nice *siesta*,
 Ev'ry afternoon till four,
Waiting for some stray investor
 To approach his office door ;
Friend or stranger, kith or kin,
Each got equally let in.

In all Stock Exchange transactions
 He displayed such *savoir-faire*—
Carry-overs, calls, and fractions,
 He'd discuss with such an air—
That he quickly made a name,
And a partner he became.

Now, arrayed in sponge-bag necktie,
Smart top-hat and short black coat,
He peruses dull prospecti,*
Companies he helps to float,
And is noted in ' the House '
For his industry and *nous*.

* * * *

When I feel a strong temptation
To invest my overdraft,
He's the only near relation
With the necessary craft
To supply me with advice—
Up to now he's done so twice !

Yes, I've never quite forgotten
How he made my pulses thump
When he put me into Cotton
(Just before the famous slump),
And advised me not to sell
Oils (the day before they fell) !

* Should this not be *Prospectuses* ?—*Pub.*
Yes.—*H. G.*

I recall, too, *inter alia*,
How again he put me in
To a tin-mine in Westphalia
Which had ev'rything but tin ;
As its name might well suggest,
'Twas a phalia, and went West !

Still, the fact one can't ignore is,
That he isn't always wrong,
And his repertoire of stories—
All as broad as they are long—
Can compare for width of range
With the wittiest on 'Change.

His is such a safe position ;
Whether clients lose or win,
He just pockets his commission
With a sympathetic grin.
As he told me once, in joke,
' I'm the Broker—they're the broke ! '



THE ORATOR

V. THE ORATOR

At public banquets where you dine
From sev'n o'clock till half-past nine
On tepid food and virgin wine
 Supplied by a contractor,
There comes a moment of suspense
When it grows clear to men of sense
That after-dinner eloquence
 Is an essential factor,
And vet'rans, in such matters versed,
Resign themselves to hear the worst.

Whoever fills the Chairman's post,
Ubiquitous as Banquo's ghost,
Proposes some important toast
 And calls on other speakers,
While, as the hours drag slowly by,
With stifled yawn and glazing eye
Mechanically you apply
 Your lips to empty beakers !
From ev'ry heart in that dull throng
The cry goes up : ' How long ! How long ! '

Too oft some orator, a 'dud,'
Has drained your strength and sapped your blood
Till boredom like a steady flood
 Has overwhelmed and swamped you,
And you have sat with senses blurred
And listened to each falt'ring word,
And with increasing nausea heard
 Each ill-prepared impromptu,
Feeling that life might seem less glum
If you were deaf or he were dumb !

How pleasant, then, at times to meet
A speaker, able and discreet,
Who, when he gets upon his feet
 At meeting or Convention,
Is fully competent to cope
With phrase, with metaphor and trope.
And knows exactly how to dope
 Or rivet the attention,
To hold you with his glitt'ring eye
Until the fount of speech runs dry !

Ah, such an one was Colonel Yeo,
The Senator from Gasville, Mo.,
A kind of modern Cicero
 And such a fluent talker
He was considered in debate
The longest speaker in his State ;
His style so pithy yet ornate,
 A prominent New Yorker
Once said of him—in fun, of course—
He'd talk the hind leg off a horse !

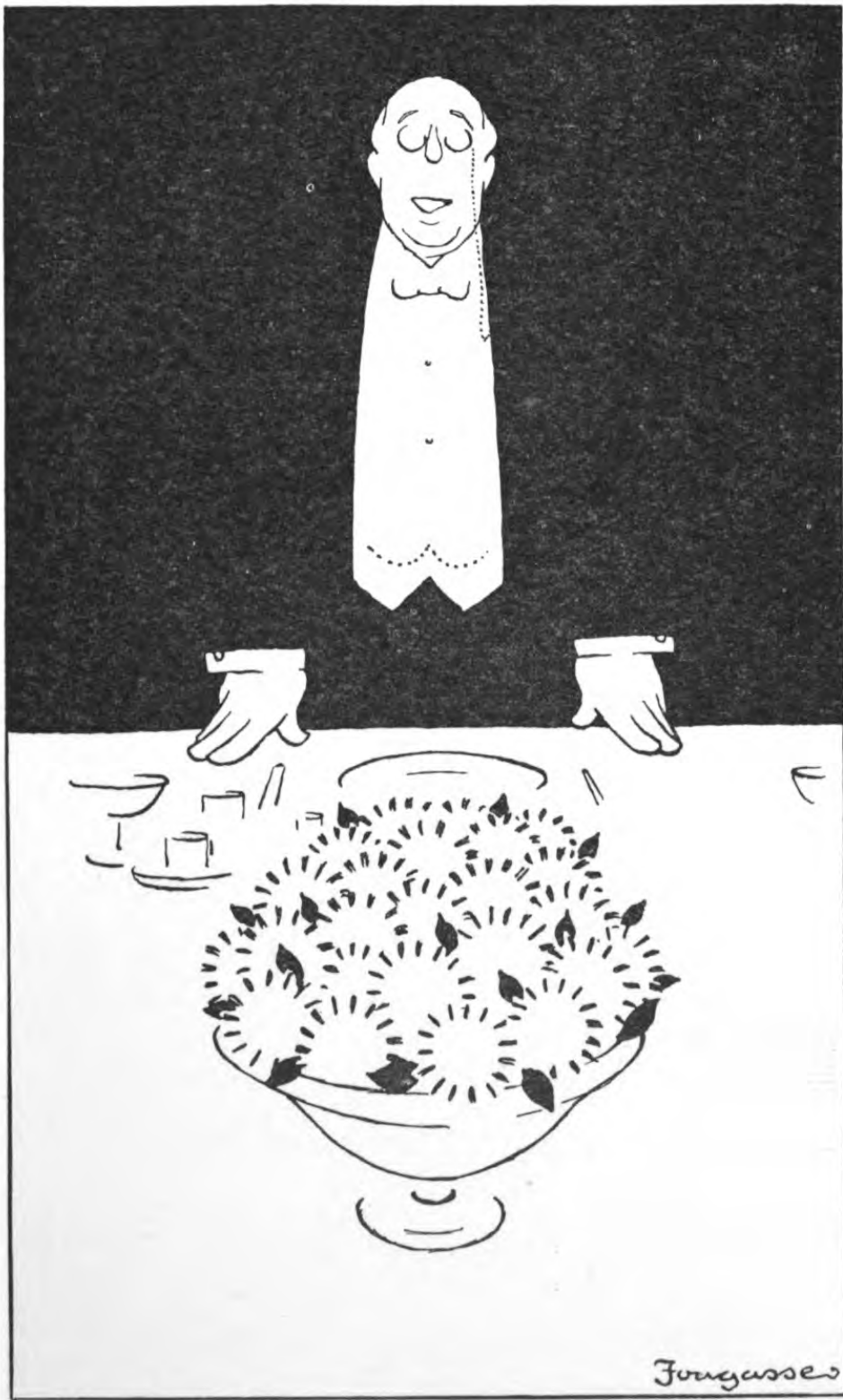
A friend of mine from Omaha
Had twitted me : ' You English are
Too inarticulate by far !
 Big stiffs ! The dumbest ever ! '
I looked him coldly up and down
And said : ' I bet you half-a-crown
I'll find a man in London Town
 Who's just as glib and clever
As Colonel Yeo ! ' ' Indeed ? ' he cried,
' We'll match them, fifty bucks* a side ! '

* Dollars or cents, I forget which.—*H. G.*

At once I settled to employ
The services of Canon Gloy
Whose Lenten Sermons, as a boy,
 I'd known to last for hours.
Preaching for Hampshire v. The Rest,
The length he kept had much impressed
The Bishops who required a test
 Of his long-distance pow'rs,
And ev'rything combined to show
That he'd make rings round Colonel Yeo.

I hired a hall in Wigmore Street
Where the protagonists could meet.
The public hastened to the treat
 That I was guaranteeing.
I got the Master of the Rolls,
The junior Warden of All Souls,
And Admiral Sir Percy Jolys*
 To do the refereeing,
And Mr. C. B. Cochran came
To act as Umpire in the game.

* Pronounced *Joles*.



Fougasse

At eight o'clock, one Monday night,
We opened this historic fight.
My champion started off all right
 In his best pulpit manner ;
The text he chose was ' Honest Doubt,'
(A subject dear to the devout),
While Colonel Yeo told tales about
 Two negroes in Savannah—
A theme that seemed to lack the poise
And dignity of Canon Gloy's.

At midnight neither gave a sign
Of weariness ; the stout Divine
Was now discussing ' Palestine :
 Its Fauna and its Flora ' ;
But while the Colonel drained a jug
Of some perhaps more potent drug,
The Canon sipped a modest mug
 Of '28 Kia-Ora,*
And ' bookies,' to my secret joy,
Were laying six to four on Gloy.

* A vintage year.

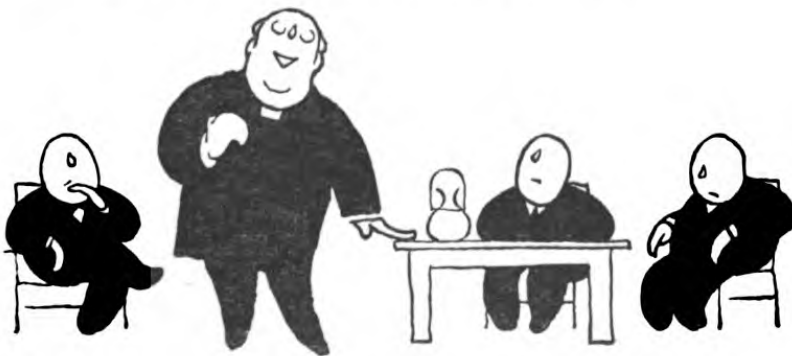
At dawn on Tuesday both grew pale,
Their eloquence began to fail ;
The Colonel told a tedious tale
 About two other niggers ;
The Canon made some dull remarks
On Jonah and his way with sharks,
And gave his views on Noah's Arks
 (With diagrams and figures),
But neither seemed inclined to yield ;
'Twas even money on the field.

It was, indeed, a ding-dong race !
Although the Canon set the pace,
The Colonel gallantly gave chase,
 Determined to outlast him !
And when, we thought, the former led,
Although 'twas only by a head,
The latter, like a thoroughbred,
 Came up inside and passed him !
Then at the turn, he gave a peck,
And they were racing neck-and-neck !

The contest ended none too soon,
At three on Thursday afternoon
The Wigmore Hall was thickly strewn
 With men and women snoring,
But Mr. Cochran, eagle-eyed,
Drawing the referees aside,
Had Colonel Yeo disqualified
 For bumping and for boring ;
And Canon Gloy romped gaily in,
The winner—by a double-chin !

* * * *

While foreign pride was thus restrained
And our supremacy maintained,
The Canon, with fresh laurels gained,
 Resumed his life of ritual,
And Colonel Yeo, 'tis understood,
In an endeavour to ' make good,'
Entered a Trappist Brotherhood
 Where silence is habitual.
Here, mute, inglorious evermore,
He bumps about—but cannot bore !



THE SPORTSMAN

VI. THE SPORTSMAN

The lover, in Edwardian times,
 Whose heart had taken sev'ral tosses
Would rush to Equatorial climes
 To shoot rhinoceroses ;
His soul found solace in the cry
Of stricken hippopotami.

The swain whose lady proved unkind
 Would fly from her capricious humours,
And creature comfort seek to find
 In extirpating pumas ;
His sense of misery he'd lose
When he had killed some kangaroos.

Nigerian natives spent each day
 Beating impenetrable coverts
Where beasts of prey were brought to bay
 For broken-hearted lovers
Who sought oblivion's cup to quaff
By tracking down the sly giraffe.

So Cupid from the burning shores
 Of Africa (and even Asia)
Evicted scores of carnivores,
 While mammals and crustacea
Repaired to local game-preserves
With wounded limbs and shattered nerves.

Alas ! Our English youth to-day
 Who never falls a slave to passion—
And, if he did, would not allay
 His grief in such a fashion—
Unlike his am'rous forebears, lacks
The stimulus to slaughter yaks.

He never faces fearful odds
 (With trigger-finger growing shakier)
Grappling with giant gastropods
 Or battling with batrachia ;
He never seeks Love's anodyne,
Pursuing prickly porcupine !

* * * *

My Uncle Claud, in early life,
 Adored Aunt Mabel blindly, madly.
Though, later, she became his wife,
 She used him then so badly
That there was nothing he could do
But go and hunt for caribou.



Although she threatened to relent,
 He brushed aside her lame excuses
And off to Canada he went,
 In search of moose (or mooses),
To scour each prairie and plateau
For bison and for buffalo.

Now, in his house in Eaton Square,
 Where he resides with dear Aunt Mabel,
The sporting trophies ev'rywhere,
 On floor and wall and table,
Recall the days of long ago
When she persistently said : ' No ! '

Here in the lounge (or entrance-hall)
 Ten tiger-skins conceal the lino ;
The hat-rack that adorns the wall
 Was once a baby rhino
Whose leg by Rowland Ward was planned
To make a fine umbrella-stand.

A splendid stuffed orang-outang
 Within the dining-room is standing,
While herds of guilty chamois hang
 Their heads on ev'ry landing,
And floors are strewn with crocodiles
That greet your feet with frozen smiles.

Upstairs, the desiccated pelts
 Of prairie-dog and armadillo
Enrich the bedrooms' sombre felts,
 And, over ev'ry pillow,
There hangs a huge memorial wreath
Of alligators' wisdom-teeth.

But though his skill with rod and gun
 Congests my uncle's house with trophies,
He has, alas ! an only son
 Who such a perfect oaf is,
He takes no interest in sport,
Except the purely English sort.

A first-class shot, he loves to stride
 Through turnips with his old retriever ;
Most gallantly to hounds he'll ride
 When hunting with the Belvoir ;
His language, too, is of a kind
That leaves the Master's far behind !

And yet he seems much more inclined
 Idly with dog and gun to potter
Than to pursue the carted hind
 Or spear the drowning otter ;
He somehow doesn't care a scrap
For shooting pigeons from a trap.

When hounds have run a fox to earth,
 And some one digs it out and brains it,
He feels no tendency to mirth,
 Or, if he does, restrains it ;
And when he sees a rabbit coursed
His laughter is distinctly forced.

Though he was crossed in love, last fall,
 Aud jilted by Lord Oxhed's daughter,
He did not hear the Tropics call,
 Or feel the lust of slaughter ;
He did not hasten East to shoot
A wombat or a bandicoot.

Compelled to sacrifice all hope
 Of winning back his faithless charmer,
He never stalked an antelope,
 A mountain-goat or llama ;
Unlike his father, Uncle Claud,
He never even went abroad !

In London his palatial suite
 Contains no gibbons, gnus or gophers ;
No leopard-skins obstruct the feet,
 No bears bedeck the sofas—
The only flat in Lincoln's Inn
Without a single tarpon's fin !

And since he's quite the common type
 With which these islands are infested,
The skunk, the chipmunk and the snipe
 Can slumber unmolested,
And Greater Britain—to our shame—
Is being overrun with game.

Well may the Motherland look glum
 If, through the lack of sporting scions,
Her Empire threaten to become
 A corner-house for lions,
Her far-flung realms, from cape to cape,
Be handed back to pig and ape !

Well, too, may each F.R.Z.S.
 Deplore my cousin's inhibition,
For no one occupies a less
 Commendable position :
The only man in England who
Has *twice* been blackballed for the Zoo !



THE GOVERNOR

VII. THE GOVERNOR

Can one tell a sadder story
 Than of human pride brought low,
Vanished pomp, departed glory,
 Faded pageantry and show,
As when exiled kings surrender
All the sweets of bygone splendour ?

Can one see a sight so baneful
 As a throneless potentate ?
Can there be a plight more painful
 Than the statesman's, robbed of state ?
All instinctively one winces
At the thought of fallen princes.

* * * *

No one can to-day be reckoned
 So forsaken, so forlorn,
As my Uncle Harold, second
 Baron Hollingsworth of Bourne* ;
None can find this life more dreary, ah !
Than his stricken wife, Valeria.

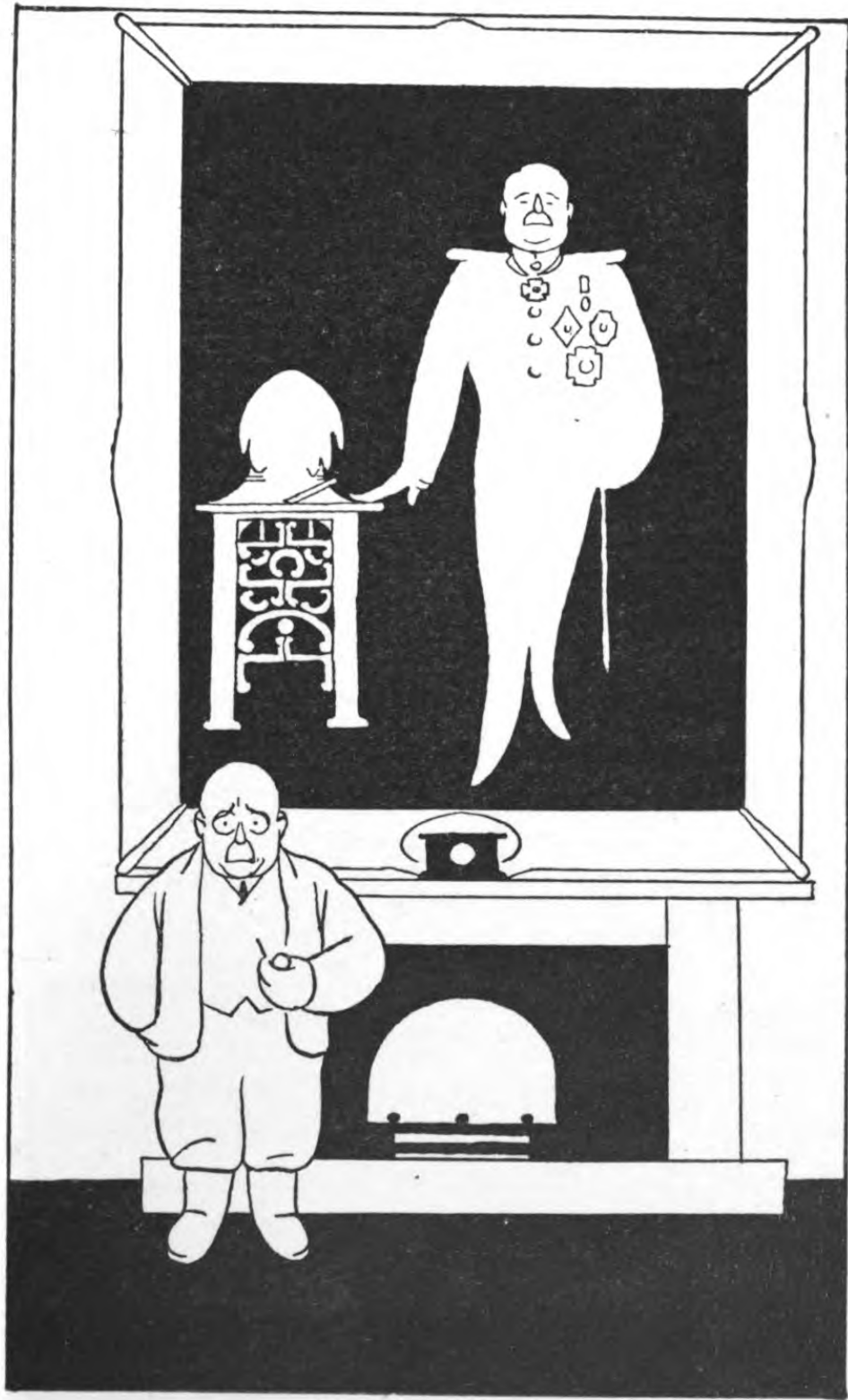
* The Surrey Bourne, not the Lincolnshire town.

Privileged for years to govern
 Bungalay, that Eastern realm ;
Baked like biscuits in an oven,
 Dauntlessly they manned the helm,
Till the taste for pow'r despotic
Drugged their souls like a narcotic.

Throned in pseudo-regal splendour,
 Long they ruled a subject race ;
Oft to them would Rajahs render
 Homage with peculiar grace ;
Crimson rugs were spread before them,
Elephants in triumph bore them !

By a Bodyguard surrounded,
 While the troops presented arms
And ' God Save The King ' resounded,
 They were welcomed with salaams—
Men and women bobbing, bowing,
Crouching, curtseying, kowtowing !

Hollingsworth was hailed and fêted,
 Pundits treated him with awe,
A.D.C.'s anticipated
 All his wants ; his whim was law !
When he spoke, the Native Council
Ate his words (as birds eat groundsel).



Fougassen

Hours of too infrequent leisure
 He'd devote to shooting quail
Or those man-eaters that measure
 Fourteen feet from tip to tail,
Fattened up as food for powder
From His Excellency's *howder*.*

Lady H. would lay Foundation-
 Stones of Women's Institutes
Or, at some obscure hill-station,
 Found Asylums for Deaf-mutes,
Practising her Hindustani,
On the local Maharanee.

So, on paths begirt with bunting,
 They pursued their royal way.
Ceremonial, tiger-hunting,
 Occupied them, night and day,
Till—their term of office ended—
Homewards wearily they wended.

* * * *

Now, on their estate near Chertsey,
 Uncle Harold and his spouse
Miss the women's formal curtsey
 And the men's obsequious bows ;
'Tis a source of constant worry
That they cut no ice in Surrey.

* Should not this be spelt *howdah* ?—*Pub.*
Yes.—*H. G.*

If upon her county neighbours
 Lady Hollingsworth should call,
Where are escort's glitt'ring sabres,
 Hosts expectant in the hall ?
There are no triumphal arches
At ' St. Divot's ' or ' The Larches ' !

When at weekly Mothers' Meetings
 She presides, no banners wave !
At the Vicarage her greeting's
 Cold, and no one sings ' God Save.'
Sick at heart, she wonders why no
Crimson carpet masks the lino.

With no Aides to wait upon her,
 No postilioned state-barouche,
No resplendent guards-of-honour—
 Chilled, as by a moral douche—
Poor Valeria feels quite lost in
Harold's humble Baby-Austin.

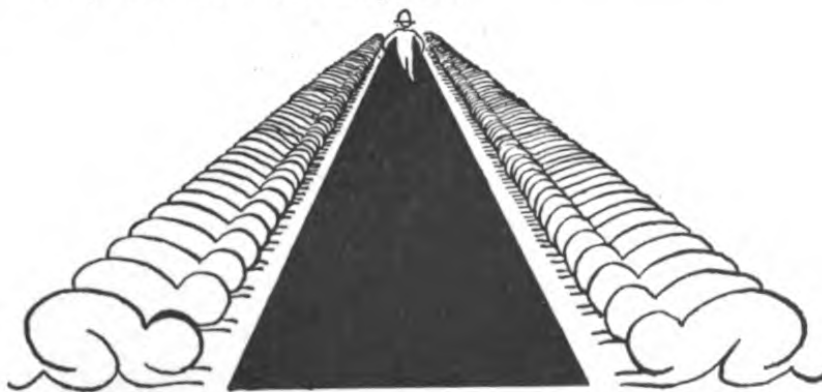
Roaming with his double-barrelled
 Gun, in search of game to shoot,
How he yearns—does poor dear Harold —
 For *shikari* and *mahout*
And the type of pukka man's sport
Based on elephantine transport !

Wives of great men oft remind them
Of the glories that are gone ;
Splendours they have left behind them
They delight to harp upon ;
'Tis a habit that Valeria
Mingles with acute hysteria.

Oft, when he and she are lying
Each within his * narrow bed,
Harold hears his consort sighing
For the days, alas ! long dead ;
Oft in nightmares she will holler
Vainly for a punkah-wallah !

Still, though ceasing not to mourn, from
Dawn till eve, o'er past concerns,
Till they reach that distant bourn from
Which no Hollingsworth returns,
Proud they sit (in Harold's study)
With their heads unbowed—but bloody !

* Or ' her,' as the case may be.



THE SPECIALIST

VIII. THE SPECIALIST

In childhood's happy days, I well remember,
The perfect health that normally was mine
Would show, towards the fag-end of December,
Some temporary symptoms of decline ;
Quite often at this season of the year,
As Nanny said, I'd ' come all over queer ! '

I'd feel a certain tightness of the clothing,
All solid food seemed hateful in my eyes,
For turkeys I'd evince a sudden loathing,
I'd turn away in horror from mince-pies ;
The sight of a plum-pudding in the room
Would fill my soul with inspissated gloom.

My parents, much alarmed at my condition,
Would send me off to bed without delay,
And summon Dr. Botts, our pet physician,
Who lived at *Mon Repos*, across the way—
A model leech with stethoscope in hat
And perfect death-bed manner and all that.

He'd smile at me and rub his hands together :
 ' And how are we to-day, my little man ? '
Then, as he praised the seasonable weather
 Or mourned the latest earthquake in Japan,
He'd feel my pulse and contemplate my tongue,
And lend alternate ears to either lung.

My mother, in a state of nervous tension,
 Would hover in a frenzy round the door
Till he allayed maternal apprehension :
 ' A little gastric trouble, nothing more ! '
' Dear Madam,' with a twinkle he would say :
' It's just the Proper Colic for the day ! ' *

I still recall the seidlitz and the senna,
 The ' Mixture as Before ' that he'd prescribe,
The dose of Greg'ry Powder—pure Gehenna—
 The arrowroot he forced me to imbibe,
And how my childish chest, in early years,
Was tickled by the whiskers in his ears.

* * * *

On reaching years of manhood and discretion
 I suffered from an ailment that combined
With fits of unaccountable depression
 A strong distaste for work of any kind,
And sympathetic friends, wherever met,
Would urge me to consult the nearest Vet.

* The First Sunday After Christmas.



Jungassen

Sir Borwick Botts, the son of that physician
 Who tended me so well in early life,
Was famous as a surgeon with ambition
 Who'd operate before one could say ' Knife ! '
A great bacteriologist besides—
I heard him lecture once (with lantern slides).

He told us how a merciful Creator
 Who made the Earth and saw that it was good
Had had a most unlucky brain-wave later,
 From motives no one wholly understood,
And with, no doubt, some excellent excuse,
Let millions of malignant microbes loose.

It seems that these had multiplied so quickly
 They'd got above themselves and out of hand;
They threatened thus to make the world more sickly
 Than Providence could possibly have planned,
And so 'twas left for Scientists to find
Bacilli of a more benignant kind.

These phagocytes (he called them), if injected
 In bodies that were ailing or infirm,
Their efforts most obligingly directed
 To ousting ev'ry homicidal germ.
Sir Borwick said that (for a trifling fee)
He would insert some millions into me.

And when against this virus I reacted
 He told me that my health could be improved
If all my teeth and tonsils were extracted
 And my appendix forcibly removed ;
He adumbrated further excerpts still
But I demurred—I'd sooner far be ill !

* * * *

Last year, for the ' Mixed Doubles ' at Le Touquet,
 I stayed with friends who did me far too well ;
My host had got some brandy with a *bouquet*
 More fragrant than the finest of Martell.
How badly in that Tournament I played !
I'd mixed too many ' doubles,' I'm afraid !

I feared my brain was mortally affected.
 My speech grew blurred, I'd spots before my eyes ;
Premonitory symptoms I detected
 Of what is known as premature demise,
And when I started seeing purple mice
I hastened to seek medical advice.

The Specialist that people recommended
 Was Mr. Botts who (need I scarcely add ?)
Was grandson of the doctor who'd attended
 My family when I was quite a lad :
A very famous psycho-analyst
Whose treatment few diseases could resist.

He'd cured Prince Adelpaten of Moldavia
Of conduct that was causing much alarm ;
He'd healed Lord Quex of amorous behaviour
Less suited to the boudoir than the farm ;
He'd rectified the manners, frankly lax,
Of sev'ral titled kleptomaniacs.

He sat me on a sofa that was handy
And bade me lay my soul completely bare.
I told him how I dreamt about old brandy
And floating naked down a crowded stair ;
I added that my state of mind was such
I feared that I was drinking over-much.

' That quite confirms,' he said, ' my worst suspicion !
Your strange instinctive terror of the glass
Is no uncommon form of inhibition,
Most normal in a person of your class,
Resulting, if one only knew the truth,
From something that occurred to you in youth.'

' Perhaps a man named Hennessey or Dewar
Alarmed you by mistake when you were young ;
Perhaps your nurse was bitten by a brewer
Or else a bar-maid biffed her with a bung !
But, anyhow, experience has taught
How such an inhibition can be fought.'

'Come then,' he cried, 'and show us what you're
made of !

Just realise the folly of your fears !
Is port a drink we English are afraid of ?
Shall Britons blench at sight of German beers ?
No wines of even our Colonial brands
Can make the Bulldog Breed throw up its hands !'

He treated me from April to October,
And now I treat myself—don't ask me how !
No more a cruel complex keeps me sober ;
Old brandy has no terrors for me now !
Some day, I hope (D.T.—I mean D.V.),
He'll do to others as he did to me !



THE JOURNALIST

IX. THE JOURNALIST

To some who've come to riper years
 The mem'ries of the past still linger
When journalists led drab careers,
With pencils parked behind their ears
 And ink on ev'ry finger ;
When whiskers hid their lack of collar,
And Grub Street's synonym was Squalor !

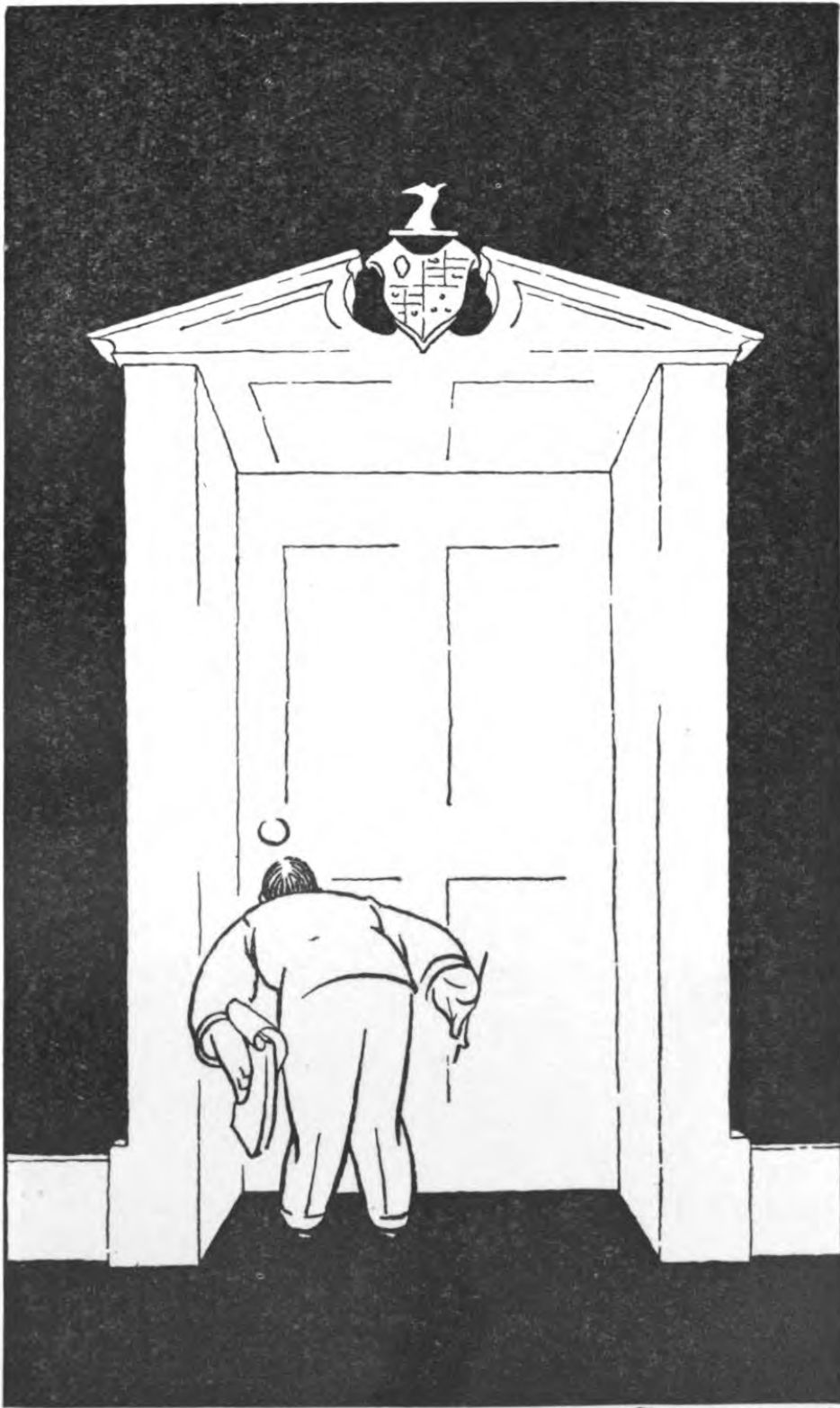
Those penny-a-lining days are gone ;
 How light the pressman's task has grown, ah !
Now ev'ry goose-quill is a Swan,*
And writer's cramp unknown upon
 A Portable Corona ; *
While England's proudest sons and daughters
Are all society reporters !

* Are you paid for these advertisements ?—*Pub.*
I hope so.—*H. G.*

My cousin, young Lord Brazencheek,
Is one of those who write or edit
A social column ev'ry week,—
A man of charm, of fine physique,
Whom one may justly credit
With gifts of nat'ral self-expression
Unmarred, unhampered by discretion.

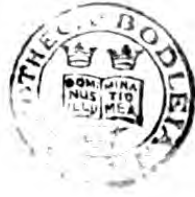
He writes of titled friends he's met,
Celebrities he's been to stay with ;
Tells all about the Smart Young Set—
Which ones are married still (or yet)
And whom they've run away with—
And keeps the few he doesn't mention
On tenterhooks of apprehension.

The choicest ' copy ' he derives
From City magnates he plays golf with ;
The secrets of financiers' lives,
And which of one another's wives
They threaten to get off with,
Supply suggestions for his journal
Of Triangles that seem Eternal !



Jougasse

G



Among his friends, the older folks
Are apt to look a trifle solemn—
A sense of outrage it provokes
To find their gossip and their jokes
Repeated in his column—
And club Committees say : ' The Blighter ! '
And blackball ev'ry other writer.

The facts, however, must be faced :
He earns the most colossal wages,
And though his style may be debased,
So cunningly the public taste
He panders to and gauges
That ev'ry one, from duke to draper,
Feels bound to read his beastly paper !

* * * *

His sister, Lady Marrowfat,
Who follows in his footsteps meekly,
Provides the proletariat
With half a page of social chat
In yet another weekly ;
The groundlings, from her so-called ' Letters,'
Discern the doings of their betters.

I must confess I always find
Her literary style too specious ;
Her baby-talk that seems designed
For those of frankly feeble mind,
So arch yet so facetious,
No depths of bathos ever misses,
It plumbs fatuity's abysses !

To read her letters one would think
That what are called the Upper Classes
Do naught but marry, eat and drink—
That on a precipice's brink
Their whole existence passes
In one long round of social orgies
That range from Night Clubs to St. George's !

The photographs she loves to print
Portray the social world a place full
Of beings of a negroid tint
Whose attitudes, these snapshots hint,
Are painfully ungraceful.
She shows them walking, bathing, smirking—
But, oh ! she never shows them *working* !

Those pictures of the *haute noblesse*,
So sparsely clad upon the Lido :
' Lord A. and Friend ' in bathing dress,
And ' Lady B. ' in even less,
Disguised as a torpedo—
How often in the fire I've flung them !
My name, alas ! was not among them !

You think me jealous ? Well, you're right !
I feel the social stigma strongly.
I'd love to figure, if I might,
In groups that ' read from left to right '
(Though always labelled wrongly).
But though I'd give a goodish lot to,
' And Friend's,' the nearest that I've got to !

* * * *

Dear Lady Marrowfat, I pray
You will not grudge me *one* exposure !
Do snap me, looking sweet in grey,
At Ascot on the Gold Cup day
In the select Enclosure,
Or later (with my Aunt Astarté)
Gracing a Royal Garden Party !

And yet, perchance, 'tis thus you spread
The seeds of social Revolution ;
In dreams I sometimes see you led
(With Brazencheek two lengths ahead)
To public execution,
And, as I read your childish tattle,
I hear the drums and tumbrils rattle !



THE TRAVELLER

X. THE TRAVELLER

In foreign travel one may find
A means to exercise the mind,
To broaden those parochial views
Which stay-at-homes so seldom lose
Until, with Baedeker in hand,
They leave their own, their native land.

A relative of mine, Aunt Maud,
For years had longed to go abroad ;
She pined to breathe the ampler air
Of Schnitzelbad or Plage-sur-Mer ;
She often felt that she would choke
If she remained at Basingstoke.

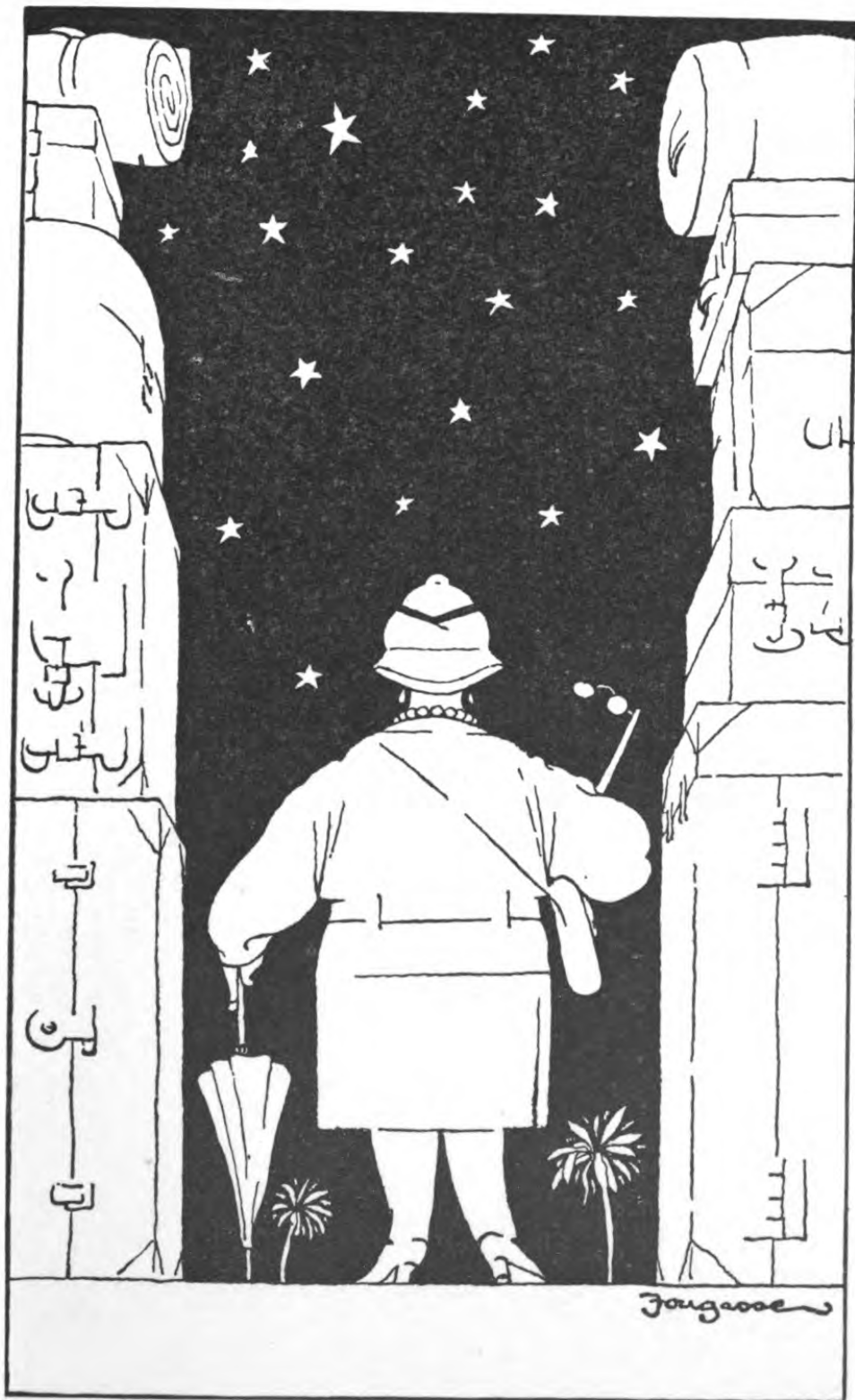
Alas ! She could not ever rouse
Responsive feelings in her spouse
Who, when the subject was discussed,
Displayed no signs of ' wanderlust ' ;
' The air of Basingstoke,' said he,
' Is plenty good enough for me ! '

In vain Aunt Maud, at Christmas, eyed
The Continental Railway Guide ;
At Whitsun, wistfully she'd look
Through folders sent by Lunn or Cook ;
She stared at maps, all Easter week,
Like Cortez, silent, in a pique !

The strain at length became too great.
Encouraged by her daughter Kate,
Her husband's wishes she defied,
Turned (like a worm too sorely tried)
And, heedless of the nuptial yoke,
Shook off the dust of Basingstoke.

As when some parrot from the East,
By Fate from gilded cage released,
Will scarcely pause to wipe its mouth
Upon the perch ere hastening South,
So flew Aunt Maud, without delay,
And booked her passage to Bombay !

The Vicar begged her not to go,
Suggesting Aix-les-Bains or Pau
As better suited to her age
Than any land where tigers rage
And still grass-widows, one presumes,
Cremate themselves on husbands' tombs.



He told of Chaplains from these Isles
Who'd been consumed by crocodiles,
Who'd tried to start a Sunday School
For Moslems, near a sacred pool,
Whose flock, upon St. Cuthbert's* day,
Had pushed them in and run away !

He told of others who'd been stung
While Offertory Hymns were sung,
Ere they'd converted one Hindoo
Or learnt to preach in pure Babu.
(Some Brahmin rival, need I state ?
Had put a cobra in the plate !)

Unmoved, Aunt Maud declared that she
Must hold the gorgeous East in fee,
Must hear the sound of temple bells,
Must taste the joys, and smell the smells,
Of rickshaws, sweepers, and bazaars,
And tiffin 'neath the deodars !

* * * *

* The Patron Saint of fishes.

She bought her outfit at the Stores :
A spear for sticking pigs (or boars),
A solar helmet, called *topee*,
Two punkahs and a puggaree ;
An air-gun, too, because (with luck)
She hoped to bag a Bombay duck.

She had her sunshade lined with green,
She filled her pockets with quinine ;
Mosquito-netting, too, she bought,
And—this was quite an afterthought—
A horsehair switch for keeping flies
From elephants' and bullocks' eyes.

She ordered special underclothes
Of dungaree and cellulose,
A jaeger sleeping-bag with flaps,
A rubber bath that would collapse,
And, since her figure was rotund,
She bought an ' outside ' cummerbund.

So, in due course, she reached Bombay.
She'd meant to make a lengthy stay,
But, just within the week, alack !
A cable came to call her back,
Announcing that her daughter Kate
Proposed to wed a plumber's mate !

She hastened swiftly home, in time
To stop her offspring's social crime.
(The plumber chose another mate,
But rendered an 'account to date,'
Including in his modest claim
'Man's time' and 'Making good the same' !)

* * * *

Back home in Basingstoke to-day,
Aunt Maud still dreams about Bombay.
She much surprised the local cow
By weaving garlands for its brow.
Her country-seat—it's called 'The Pines'—
Is run on Anglo-Indian lines.

Her coachman has become a syce,
She makes her chauffeur live on rice ;
Her ancient butler thrilled with joy
When first referred to as her 'boy' ;
For meals he rings a temple gong,
And wears a very smart *sarong*.*

* The *sarong* is worn only in Burmah.—*Pub.*
And at Basingstoke.—*H. G.*

The Vicar, when he comes to dine,
Describes her curries as divine.
Her daughter Kate has found at last
A suitor of becoming caste—
She's got engaged to Lord St.Barbe :
Half-witted, but a *pukka sahib*.

* * * *

I love to hear Aunt Maud enlarge
On problems of the British Raj ;
On questions that concern the East
Her talk is a perpetual feast ;
And who so qualified to speak ?
She's *lived* in India—for a week !

