



Drawn by Mark Fenderson

IT MIGHT BE WORSE

"You don't know," said Spot, "what a dog's life is mine. Dear Puss, how I wish that my life were like thine."
 "If it were," replied Puss, "don't you think you'd repine—
 If, instead of one dog's life, you had to live nine?"

Lines to My Growing Son

STOP pulling father's papers round,
 Don't pick holes with his pens,
 And please remember not to drink
 Your versifying daddy's ink:
 It costs him many yens.
 Now, come, give dad that book you found
 Before you have it all unbound.

Stop playing with that match, my dear
 (Yes, I've no doubt it burns);
 Now, *why* should daddy buy you meat
 If you forever try to eat
 The small change that he earns?
 You need n't cry and think it queer
 When that shoe-button hurts your ear.

'Cause you can't eat the gravel walk,
 Don't bite your nurse's arm.
 She'd let you eat it, but she feels
 That it might spoil your other meals
 And do your tummy harm.
 And really, son, papa must balk:
 You've marked the whole house up with
 chalk.

You *will* lift pussy by the foot:
 No wonder you got scratched.
 Don't fall down-stairs; you'll break your legs.
 And don't play ball with fresh-laid eggs,
 Or how can they get hatched?

If in the grate your head you put,
Of course your hair gets full of soot.

ENVOY

Wherever you're going,
 Come right back now!
 Whatever you're blowing,
 Do stop that row!
 Whatever you're drinking,
 Will make you sick!
 Whatever you're thinking,
 Forget it, quick!
 Whatever you've found to play with,
 Drop it!
 In short, whatever you're doing,
 STOP IT!
 Julian Street.

A Protest

I AM not fond of finding fault when things
 go wrong with me,
 I rather pride myself upon my broad
 philosophy.
 I'd rather smile than weep about the
 troubles of this life,
 And never yet have failed to find some joy
 amid the strife;
 But honestly I draw the line at calling down
 a blessing
 On "Predigested Turkey stuffed with Anti-
 septic Dressing."

In foods I'm not particular—'most any kind
 of pie
 Will find a welcome at my hands, a twinkle
 in my eye.
 If hard-boiled eggs are all there be, why,
 hard-boiled eggs I'll eat,
 And manage, even if they're cold, to hold
 them quite a treat;
 But ne'er will I be reconciled in all this
 world of guessing
 To "Predigested Turkey stuffed with Anti-
 septic Dressing."

An ancient steak, a chop of veal, with tough
 sole-leather hide,
 Will always find a nice warm spot awaiting
 them inside.
 The chicken-neck such as they serve where
 comic writers dwell,
 I'll taste, and, if I'm forced, admit I like
 it pretty well;
 But never will I render thanks, to taste for it
 confessing,
 For "Predigested Turkey stuffed with Anti-
 septic Dressing."

The breakfast foods I do not mind. Saw-
 dust is often good,
 And shavings, chips, and splinters, too,
 especially when stewed.
 The coffees, too, in which there is no trace
 of coffee left,

I do not find of virtues quite teetotally bereft;
 But never can you make me like, with all
 your nice finessing,
 This "Predigested Turkey stuffed with
 Antiseptic Dressing."

ENVOY

Cook, for the love of Savarin, and other
 noble chefs,

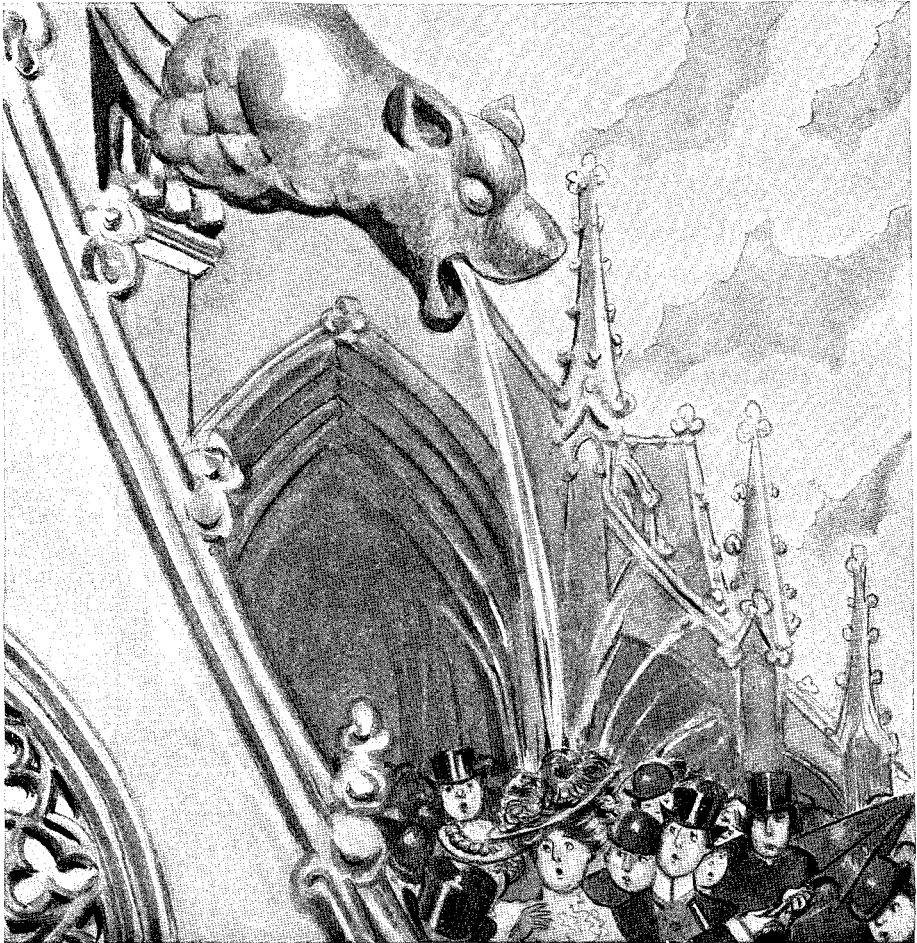
Why don't you leave this health-food stunt
 to other plain D. F.'s?
 Come, serve the good old stuffs of yore, and
 not this nerve-depressing,
 Canned "Predigested Turkey stuffed with
 Antiseptic Dressing!"

John Kendrick Bangs.

The Mythological Zoo

BY OLIVER HERFORD

With pictures by the Author



Drawn by Oliver Herford

III. The Gargoil

THE Gargoil often makes its perch
 On a cathedral or a church,
 Where, mid ecclesiastic style,
 He smiles an early-Gothic smile.
 And while the parson, dignified,
 Spouts at his weary flock inside,
 The Gargoil, from his lofty seat,

Spouts at the people in the street,
 And, like the parson, seems to say
 To those beneath him, "Let us spray."
 I like the Gargoil best; he plays
 So cheerfully on rainy days,
 While parsons (no one can deny)
 Are awful dampers — when they're dry.