

The Old Junk Store



On the Street of Many Nations,
Jumbled up like old relations,
With its dingy windows standing,
'Way down by the ferry landing.
Dusty, dirty, bowed and bending,
Like some crippled sailor, lending
Just that air of ancient ages,
To Life's stained and time-worn pages.

Here are treasures old and musty,
Lying in their corners dusty.
Long their art and magic vanished,
Once beloved, but long since banished.
All their old ideals shattered,
You shall see them bent and battered.
Loving hands caressed with care
All these relics old and rare.

Antique carvings, monsters finny,
Old mud idols from New Guinea;
Or a woven skirt of grass,
From some dark Hawaiian lass.
Spear and gun and feathered arrow;
Fish-hawk, crane and Java sparrow.
Sextant, compass, Master's Guide;
Lying heedless side by side.

Ancient books, by ancient scribes,
Totem poles of many tribes;
Old-time rods and fishing tackle,
Leader, trace and deadly hackle.
Helpless, heedless; useless needless;
Needless so it seems.
Dry and rotten, long forgotten,
Just a weave of dreams.

On the Street of Many Nations,
You shall find these old creations.
Just an "Old folks' home for relics;
Heathen gods and saints angelic.
Garish stores their wares are flaunting:
Here, dead yesterdays are haunting.
Here the Past shall speak to you,
By these treasures ever new.

