

Mr. Morgan's Plans

(COPYRIGHT)

"WON'T you tell us, Mister Morgan,
What you really mean to do?
Come now, Pierpont, tell us frankly,
For the question's up to you.

"Is it gospel, Mister Morgan,
That you own the big steel trust,
And that after you had bought it
You had left just scads of dust?

"Some folks say you went to Europe
With a trillion plunks or two,
And that if you like that country
You will bring it back with you.

"It is rumored, Mister Morgan,
That you don't know what you're worth,
And that you are slyly planning
Just to buy the whole blamed earth.

"Is it true you have an option
On the sun and moon and stars,
And that in your inside pocket
Is a mortgage on old Mars?

"Don't buy heaven, Mister Morgan;
Please don't, Pierpont, for you know
If you push us off this planet
We must have some place to go."

"Well, as to my buying heaven,
I ain't quite made up my mind;
But I'll tell you one queer set-back
That most everywhere I find.

"There's one thing that folks who own it
Will not sell for gold; it's strange,
But no wife, I find, will part with
Her loved Souvenir Kitchen Range."

—POEMS OF A GREAT RANGE