

Was most surely conceived by some son of evil.
Oh, a lover of artistic sense was he,
And millions for paintings of merit gave he.

A funeral casket of fabulous worth
Will consign his mortal remains to earth,
And columns of newspaper notices say
That a king of finance has passed away,
With a lengthy list of his wealth as well,
And of what he bequeathed to charity tell.
Charity? What, did he know the word?
For never before did he give, we have heard.
The cries of the needy, the orphan's prayers,
Too intent on his millions to heed their cares.

It has been related by those who know
That along death's pathway he feared to go.
He pleadingly offered a wonderful price,
If the surgeons would save him by some device.
Oh, yes, he had need of saving, they say,—
This once powerful rich man who died to-day.
A cold, hard man with his soul on gain
And never a thought for poverty's pain.
A man worth millions has died, they say,
While millions are starving in the world to-day.