

Uncle Walt

LITTLE GIRL, so glad and jolly,
playing with your home-made dolly,
built of rags and straw, fill the sunny
air with laughter, heedless of the sorrow
after—that is childhood's law! Let no sad
and sordid vision cheat you of the joy
Elysian that to youth belongs; let no proph-
ecy of sorrow scheduled for a sad tomor-
row still your joyous songs! Soon enough
will come the worry, and the labors, and the
hurry, soon you'll cook and scrub; soon with
milliners and drapers you will fuss, and
read long papers, at the Culture Club.
Lithe your form, but soon you'll force it
in a torture-chamber corset that will make
you bawl; and those little feet, that twinkle,
you will squeeze, until they wrinkle, into
shoes too small. And those sunny locks so
tangled will be tortured and kedangled into
waves and curls; and you'll buy complexion
powder, and your bonnets will be louder
than the other girl's. Little girl, with home-
made dolly, cut out woe and melancholy,
jump and sing and play! Fill the ripping
air with laughter! Tears and corns will
follow after! This is childhood's day!

*Little
Girl*