

Uncle Walt

CHARLES THE FIRST, with stately walk, made the journey to the block. As he paced the street along, silence fell upon the throng; from that throng there burst a sigh, for a king was come to die! Charles upon the scaffold stood, in his veins no craven blood; calm, serene, he viewed the crowd, while the headsman said, aloud: "Cheer up, Charlie! Smile and sing! Death's a most delightful thing! I will cure your hacking cough, when I chop your headpiece off! Headache, toothache—they're a bore! You will never have them more! Cheer up, Charlie, dance and yell! Here's the axe, and all is well! I, though but a humble dub, represent the Sunshine Club, and our motto is worth while: 'Do Not Worry—Sing and Smile!' Therefore let us both be gay, as we do our stunt to-day; I to swing the shining axe, you to take a few swift whacks. Lumpty-doodle, lump-ty-ding, do not worry, smile and sing!"

*A Glance
at History*