

So we, at times unthinking and unheeding,
Catch, register and vocalize the call
Of deep to deep, and give you for your reading
The writing on the wall.

By wire-run landways, by Marconi's steeples,
From ship to crag, or by the cabled seas,
We gather all the hap of outer peoples--
Yea, from the least of these--

And spread them fresh, a never-ending wonder
Of webspun world lore--more than man can know--
Joint product of Watt's steam and Franklin's thunder--
The day's grist of the Hoe!

(The Poet Whispers.)

I say, old chap! I'm sorry I was funny--
Or tried to be--but, really, you're immense!
Give me a paper, please--No, keep the money,
I've got more dimes than sense.