

The Poet "Low-Rate."

The Civilian has had evidence aforesaid of the fact that throughout the civil service there is many a neglected flower blushing unseen. A case of this kind has just developed and incidentally *The Civilian* has found a new friend. As the circumstances attending the coming of this new friend are somewhat interesting, not to say unique, we think it worth while to briefly narrate them. A gentleman, who is head of a branch in the service, sent us the following memo., accompanied by some verses entitled, "Lines to an Improvident Man," which appear on the opposite page.

Memo to *The Civilian*:

The foregoing lines were written by a member of my staff, Mr. ———, whom we call our poet "Low-rate." They are interesting suggestive, and might prove instructive and good for the community if given publicity, and for that reason are sent your paper for consideration. The difficulty is that the very persons who need such advice are the ones who think it does not apply to them.

In acknowledging the verses, the editors expressed susceptibility to the lines, owing to the well-known fact that all editors are notoriously improvident, and referred touchingly to the delicate subject of finance. The reply may not be generally adopted as the new style for official departmental correspondence, but they surely establish the poet "Low-Rate" as a good sport as well as a good poet. The reply is as follows: Mr. Long Stroke stands for the editor.

My dear Mr. Long Stroke
Permit me to say
I'm pleased with your letter
Received here today,
In which you acknowledge
The lines I have penned
On the person who borrows
Small change from his friend.
I knew you would like them
And as for the fee,
Why, that doesn't matter
A tittle to me;
I didn't expect one
And further will say
I'm tickled to help you
In any old way.
Now hearken: bi-weekly
You publish, by "Wegg,"
A column of topic
At "Sign of a leg"
It's good—I look for it
And read it with glee
It tickles my palate
It's bully—you see.

I'm Low-Rate—The Poet
And offer you now
A fortnightly poem
If you will allow;
The only request I am eager to state
Is that you'll head your column
As one by "Low-Rate."
You can have it for nothing
Until you get rich
And then you can give me
A kopeck, or "sich"
Other retainers
As may seem enow,
Or meet out a pension
To help keep my Frou.
And now should you wish
To accept it—just pen
A letter accepting
And telling me when
You'd like to receive them
And I'll do the rest;
Or—if you Don't want them
Well, p'raps you know best.