

Poets and Others

Typing Was Hard, But Paid

One Saturday noon, in the early Spring,
As the whistles did blow, and the bells did ring,
As I was walking along the street
En route to dinner, a man I did meet,
Who did raise his hat and bow his head
As unto me these words he said :
“You’ve a holiday now for the rest of the day,
Have you not ? Just permit me to say
I’ve a nice little letter I’d like you to write,
Then I’ll give you a dollar. Will the price be all right ?”
And I thought of this social, whose date was fast nearing,
Told him I’d be delighted, and went never fearing
The dollar indeed would be easily earned ; but shades of
the sages !
This “nice little letter” numbered twenty long pages !