

TO-DAY—BRITAIN

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,
On the banks of the River Slow;
Where blooms the Wait-a-while flower fair,
And the some-time-or-other scents the air,
And the soft Go-easy's grown.

It lies in the Valley of What's-the-use
In the province of Let-her-slide;
That old "tired feeling" is nature there,
It's the home of the listless "I don't care,"
Where the Put-it-offs abide.

The Put-it-offs smile when asked to pay up,
And they say they will do it to-morrow,
And so they delay from day to day
Till Death sidles up and steals them away,
And the Creditors beg, steal or borrow.

* * * *

TO-MORROW—AMERICA

My friend, have you heard of the town of Phret,
On the banks of the Torrent Push,
Where burst the buds of the Dope Fiends' Plant
And the Get-there-or-bust plan makes you pant,
By the Bitter, Selfish Rush.

It always lies: it lies hard there;
It lies in the Province of Do.
All kindly feelings are throttled there;
It's the Den of the Tiger, "I don't care,"
Where the Me-firsts trample on you.

The Me-firsts sneer when a man asks aid,
And they say, "We know that game well,"
And they greedily prey on their neighbors each day
Till Death sidles up and carts them away,
And they find themselves (rightly) in hell.