

THE STOCK EXCHANGE

AN ECHO FROM TWICKENHAM

JOHN BULL.

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

BULL. Arthur, the club and closure born to wield,
And shine alike in senates and the "Field,"
There are who measure statesmen such as you
Just by the work and by the good they do.
Not to perspire is all the art I know
To make man elegant and keep him so,
But if a leader live as if to rule
Were just to look about him and be cool,
'Twixt hole and hole successive blandly err,
(As by St. Andrew's so at Westminster),
What—Bowles will ask you—is that leader's worth?
Mark Joseph bringing empire to the birth;
See Morley, stern ideologue, lash sinners;
See Primrose wax efficient—after dinners;
The daily telegram by Wilhelm sent,
And Roosevelt's bi-monthly accident!

Balfour. Come, come, good John, don't Clifford it with
me:

The manliest note is not the upper C.
Let us admit I am not, as you know,
A strenuous Roosevelt, or bustling Joe,